

Poetry Series

Chandra sekharan

- poems -

Publication Date:
2009

Publisher:
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

Chandra sekharan()

rasekharan was born in Onchiyam, Kozhikode District, Kerala during the beginning of 1941. He had his schooling in Kerala and technical education in Madras. During the span of four decades, he had travelled extensively throughout India for official purpose. The poems are the result of his exposure to various individuals and institutions during his vast trips.

Autobiography

Read my autobiography
Creation of unconscious mind
Never read what my conscious mind writes
It will be like biographies of celebrities
Twisted and distorted
Several light years away from truth
Mine is a deep and dark void
Nothing happened and nothing will happen.

Chandrasekharan P.M.

Chandra sekharan

Black Bat

My happy boyhood days
Spent in my grandparent's ancestral house
Indelible impressions of life
Playing, playing and playing
With lots of children
Most of them relatives
Pleasure of joint family system
My frequent dream was that of black bat
Flying below joisted and
Deteriorated wooden ceiling
Will cling to ceiling for sometime
Head down looking at children
And children looking up at me
They pelted rolled waste papers
And bits of used pencils at me
Avoiding the attack
I used to encircle below ceiling
Clinging to ceiling and swinging
My friends were furious
Game went on
Inadvertently, something bad happened
During my acrobatics
My wing hit against an old blade
Of rotating and creaking ceiling fan
Fell flat on floor
Unbearable pain of approaching death
Sound of jubilant children's clapping
Increased my pain
Abruptly I woke up
I was lying amidst
My paternal grand parents
On silky and cushioned bed
My grandma was tightly holding my
Shivering palm
And queried
"what happened dear
You had mischievous laughter for some time
And suddenly started screaming
As though you got injured and suffered"

My dream of myself flying around
As Black Bat happened
About six decades ago
Now I am a septuagenarian
And still those dreams remain as a mystery

Chandra sekharan

Blasting Of Moon & Sun

Bombing and blasting of our beloved moon
Though a scientific feat
Pains my heart and will hurt
Everybodys heart
One of the prettiest sights
We could watch from our earth
Is drifting full moon amidst dark clouds
As toddler I used to stand
On riverbank
Either side with sprawling, vast, greenish, paddy field
And watch moving moon in sky
Moon was witness for several millions of romances
Moon also would have wept now
When man – a most cruel animal of earth
Bombed on its surface and generated huge dust

Our next target could be burning solar surface
If sun is bombed, blasted and finished off
We all should be happy
Earth will be shrouded by darkness
We will be free from all miseries
We suffer by exposing to light and cancerous solar rays
Such as infra red and ultra violet
We will be totally liberated
No racial, religious, colour based, linguistic, discriminations
No king and queen, no president, no ministers, no judges,
No police, no expensive global climate control
International seminars and conventions
All are equal, all are masters
We can eat, drink and dance in darkness
We would realize value of darkness by eliminating
All manmade dogmas made only for the benefit of few
Law makers and dictators,
Self styled or undemocratically elected

Chandra sekharan

Butterflies

A man who would have never smiled
Sat in the corner of garden
Leaning on to lamp post
Was wearing torn, old dress
Vast garden with full of
Flowers and butterflies
Butterflies of various varieties
Were hopping between beautiful flowers
Garden with varieties of flowers,
Butterflies and plants
Decorated surface of earth
I went and sat next to him
He did not say anything to me
He didn't even look at me
He was constantly looking at butterflies and flowers
I attempted several times to talk to him
He avoided me
Nobody knew what he was thinking
One day suddenly, he held my hands
And said
"I am fascinated by beautiful and wonderful butterflies
They won't harm or hurt us and give joy to our eyes
I have an urge to keep them
On my palm to caress
But they fly away
Rest on flowers and suck honey
I silently pray that these beautiful species
Should not extinct".

Chandra sekharan

Cage

There is a saying
That Age is a Cage
We forget the fact that our
Birth itself is coming out of a cage
Which is a mini Universe
Carried by our mother
When we are in her cage
She struggles and suffers
With joy
When is our total liberation?
That is a cage less life
That happens when I am alone
On top of this world
Free solitary life
Looking at stars, sky and clouds above
And oceans, mountains, rivers,
Greenish Amazon like jungles below
But
Here I become lunatic

Chandra sekharan

Cat And Robot

My pretty Japanese wife
A Robot of high caliber
My two kids
Son and daughter
Smart and cute Robots
Why
I myself is a Robot
Controlled by my cranky cat
Not a Robot
But eats away mouses of computer.

Chandrasekharan P.M.

Chandra sekharan

Centaur

Like a powerful centaur
He galloped from Macedonia
Conquered
Persia, Egypt, Greece, Babylon
And North of India
Annexed and expanded his empire
Majestically returned to Macedonia
En route he massacred millions
And became great conqueror
Before he could reach his home land
All captured countries
Were declared independence
By his supporters and enemies
He died of stroke at tender age
Today his descendants
Are begging in streets
Old kingdoms are perishing
New empires are flourishing
They also would follow their predecessors
Pages of history are full of
Wars, battles and mutinies
Temporary treaties
With hidden intention of back stabbing and toppling
Blood thirsty centaurs are galloping

Crushing and killing millions

Chandra sekharan

Chimera

Sight of chimera
Frightened all people
Including animals and birds on earth
It had lion's head spewing fire balls
Have poisonous serpentine tail
Belly of goat filled with stolen wealth
Chimera was performing Dracula's dance of horror
By stamping on bodies of all creatures on earth
Including infants, children , men and women
Like vampire it was sucking the blood of all
And was getting bloated
It's head resembled that of
Cruel dictators, kings and politicians of earth,
Who would dance on the corpses of human being
From the fire balls, other Chimeras were borne
And were fighting each other for survival
Suddenly and unexpectedly
A gigantic dinosaurs with millions
Of water cannons fitted on the body
Appeared on earth from some other planet
To save human beings and other creatures of earth
It sprayed water on to the fire spewing mouth of Chimera
This time all Chimeras got united
To fight against common enemy
They destroyed all cannons
And drank all water stored in the belly of dinosaurs
Equaling to the entire ocean of earth
Few human survivors can be seen
Struggling in the flame
Emanating from the mouth of Chimera
How long the survivors would last?

Chandra sekharan

Death Of An Egoist

Earth celebrated
Death of an egoist
Who declared
Just before his death
With out him
Entire universe would perish
But
Millions and billions of globes
Are continuously
Revolving on self axis
With
Unending motion of galaxy
Shining much brighter than before
But
Tiny man with shrouded brain
Stood like unruffled rock
Skeptic to bow his head
And
Had final sleep on small earth

Chandrasekharan. P.M

Chandra sekharan

Elephant And Land Lord

Arrogant, aristocratic land lord
Had one dozen majestic elephants
With big tusks and trunk
Tiny eyes and tail
Disproportionate to their dark, big body
Several mahouts were deployed
To tame tuskers
They were forced to swallow
Sumptuous food
Big banana plantains, leaves of several trees
Land lord was very lavish
In exhausting wealth for welfare
Of big animals
He was miser for servants, mahouts and other dependants
Once a bearded, stooping
Starving man with torn clothes
Appeared near the massive gate
Landlord was standing in the huge portico
And enjoying playful behavior of well-fed elephants
Landlord on seeing the beggar like man near the gate
Ordered watchmen
To untie German Sheppard's
Dogs leapt barking towards the helpless poor man
Was biting and slicing him into pieces
And landlord burst into laughter
Enjoying the barbaric torture meted out to the poor man
Landlord again commanded all the dogs to return
They obediently did and their master appreciated this act
All the elephants lost their joyful mood
Stood silently, shedding tears
One elephant was so sad that
It struggled hard and broke from thick chain tied to the stone pillar
It ran towards smiling landlord
Pierced his bulging belly with sharp tusks
Land lord collapsed oozing out
Fountain like blood
Elephant raised his trunk towards sky and roared
Entire area reverberated
Ferocious, he swirled his trunk

Sucked up bleeding body of lord
Swung and slashed against tall column of portico
Body of landlord almost dead was dumped on the ground
And then
Stamped and crushed his head to death.

Chandra sekharan

Epitaph

Epitaph was written
While I was in my mothers womb
It was engraved on all milestones
But not on any tombstone
It reads here lies a noble soul
Neither born nor dead

Chandrasekharan P.M.

Chandra sekharan

Evening Of Life

Traveled and traveled
Now I am on top of a cantilevered cliff
Projecting into a deep sea
Tired I stood there With crumbling legs
Immovable arms, cataract eyes, struggling to breath
Deep sea below, nonstop waves touching rocky valley
Faraway gigantic ships were vanishing like toys
I turned back to have a glimpse
Of vast path traversed
Wonderful, beautiful scenes
Affectionate men, women, kids, full of life and love
And other innumerable animals
Sky scrapers, highways,
Rivers, jets, cars, malls, theatres
Oh God, let me not leave this world
when the layer of darkness spread over earth
I could see millions and millions of human beings
Struggling nude, shelter less, nothing to eat
Skeletons carrying rocky boulders on head and shoulders
Beaten up by masters to build another Taj
For the emperor of democracy
Again turned back and looked at the sea
Tired red globe was sinking
Just before final immerse, like me.

Chandrasekharan. P.M

Chandra sekharan

Frozen Thoughts

</>I pulled out from freezer
Heated and melted
Became liquefied and gaseous
Started flowing
Spreading on entire Universe
Velocity faster than light
Catastrophic flow
Annihilating everything en route
Engulfed me and my freezer
Freezer empty of thoughts

Chandra sekharan

Glittering Gold

Narrow muddy road from village to nearby town
Reddish sun was about to touch
Vast, greenish paddy field on western hemisphere.
A young woman and her daughter
Were rushing to market for purchase
And return home
Before dusk drowns the earth in darkness
She was wearing a thick and heavy golden necklace
Around her fair, slim, long neck.
It was dangling left and right depending on her body movement
Suddenly a young cyclist came fast
In the opposite direction from market side
He stopped the bicycle by the side of the woman
Who was panic stricken
And abruptly snatched away necklace
Leaving reddish, bleeding scratches on her neck
Frustrated woman and her daughter started crying
The thief pedaled and rode fast
After some distance thief stopped pedaling
And turned back at the woman to study her reaction
He was astonished
Holding the hand of daughter
Woman was standing there and laughing
He shouted at her
"why the hell you are laughing? "
Woman sarcastically replied
"You fool that is not real gold. It is fake"
Thief suddenly took a U turn and reached
Victims who were laughing non stop
He flung the snatched chain on her face and shouted
"You bloody cheat, why are you wearing
Such useless ornaments "
Disappointed he rode back towards market
Woman picked up the lost chain from ground
With a proud and smiling face and kept it in her hand bag
It was too late for her to go to market
She cancelled shopping and returned home
While walking, her curious daughter asked mom
"It is really true mummy, isn't it real gold"

Mummy replied with the sad face
"Yes dear it is pure gold which your late father bought from Dubai
And he made this necklace
To give you at the time of wedding
This is the only asset your dad made by working
In hot deserts of Gulf for three years"
Woman had become a widow during her tender age
After giving birth to this only daughter
She continued to walk holding the hand of her daughter
And thinking about glittering gold and lost husband

Chandra sekharan

Habeas Corpus

The giant sized, hungry, furious
Tiger was hiding among green bush of jungle
Leaves of bush dancing
By the touch of gentle breeze
Tiger's piercing eyes were
Focused on a deer moving forward far away
To drink water from river
Slow moving deer
One of the natures finest carving with life
Turned back, saw the head of fast approaching tiger
Started running
Tiger leapt fast
Deer to escape was running zigzag
But tiger like a fast bowler galloping
Over took deer
Took a U turn
Caught the neck of deer
Deer collapsed on the muddy ground
Tiger took away its struggling,
Blood drenched, moaning prey
To the shadow of a big tree
To quench its hunger

Few days later
This tiger was entrapped and encaged
By a bearded, muscular, tall hunter
An agent of animal trafficking mafia
Holding his gun he stood in front of the tigers den
He looked at the tiger and smiled
Tiger reciprocated
Looking at the hunter tiger thought thus;
"You are worse than me
I kill only for my food when I am hungry
I don't kill and eat my own species
But you kill your own people
For sadistic pleasure
For capturing other people's land, property and women

I mate only for breeding
But you rape and ruin innocent girls
Before their pubescence
You are barbarous and treacherous
Destruction of earth commenced
On the day the first man was born "
The cage with the tiger was already sold
And ready to get airlifted to another country
Where democratically elected ruler
Suddenly imposed emergency
After dissolving parliament of elected members
Declared himself and his dynastic son
As life time presidents
They need several tigers
To finish off their political enemies
Tigers would be forced to starve
For several days
And the ruler's opponents
Would be pushed
In to the starving tiger's den
No habeas corpus

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Hurry – Hurry

Prayer hall
Place of tranquility
Priest is in a hurry
While performing his rituals
Frequently looked at his watch
To reach home and take children to school
Devotees are also in a hurry
Children to attend school
Youngsters to meet girlfriends or boyfriends
Husbands, wives,
Employers, employees
Businessmen to make more money
And settle down in Switzerland
Politicians to win all elections
And amass unthinkable wealth
All in a hurry even in a prayer hall
Octogenarians about to crawl
To reach the nearest graveyard

Chandra sekharan

Investment

Every day, on the way to my office
I used to park my car
Offer prayers at the temple
Near the front entrance of the temple
There used to be chain of beggars
With stretched arms
This class is one fourth of
Our country's total population
One day I saw a beggar woman
With a cute, good looking female baby
Cuddled up in her dirty lap
Baby – fair with curly hair
Charming, smiling, innocent face
Put some coins in the cloth
Spread in front of her
And asked "your daughter? "
"No sir, I bought the infant for Rs.100/-
From her mother
Who was about to dump
The infant in the dustbin
Surrounded by street dogs
Before the sunrise, the day she was born"
"Why her mother did this? "
"Mother was a prostitute
And this was an unwanted baby
And would be a burden to her
This baby has brought fortune for me
My daily collection is Rs.500/-"
A good investment – I thought
Who knows?
She will be another Merlin Monroe

Chandra sekharan

Jet Journey

JET JOURNEY

Super sonic jet took off from
Seaside Air field on a rainy day
It zoomed up towards gloomy and cloudy horizon
Within few minutes started jerking and reverberating
Piercing through mountain like dark clouds
Hanging from nowhere
Silvery and ready to move anywhere
Oh god save us
Cruising silently
Rays of sun traveled through voids of clouds
Sky above and clouds below
Bluish, hemispherical sky like an umbrella above
Silvery cotton beds of clouds below
Journey of solitude
Few hours felt like static and motionless
Started descending for landing
Braking through thick clouds
Wings hissing, flaps opened up to release
Suppressed passion of all passengers
And jet commanders
Eagerly searching for safe runway to land
Will it be a silent ocean bed infested with blood thirsty sharks
Or Turbulent earth infested with human wolves
More ferocious than sharks

Chandra sekharan

King Tyranny –v The Great

Entire world celebrated
My royal swearing ceremony
I was crowned as King Tyranny V
My octogenarian father King Tyranny IV the great
Was on ventilator for few days
The moment I was enthroned, he had his last breath
He ruled thirty million mass of
Different religions, culture, communities and languages
For more than 40 years
For elite class of my country
Who were sycophants of my royal family
It was a gay day
They drank, danced, and crooned day and night
For the poor it was as usual
Nothing to eat and nowhere to sleep
My father and grandparents
Who were ruling several decades
Had sucked their blood and squeezed their flesh
Leaving their crawling skeleton on muddy ground
My father had deployed few Ukrainian
Beauties as my body guards
They were all tall, blonde, well figured with bluish eyes
Most of them were holding guns
With mysterious smiling face and cruel heart
Few days after my swearing ceremony
I felt my immovable golden throne
Was jerking and revolving
Felt I was waiting in a transit lounge
Looking at adjacent departure hall
I wanted to run away
One mid night when my Ukrainian beauties
Were fast asleep
I escaped from my huge palace
Wearing unidentifiable attire
Barefoot I was running and running
Reached a river bank
Wide river, depth unknown, pleasant and silent flow
River originated from nearby greenish
Chain of mountains

With dense, dark jungle
Full of wild animals and reptiles
River began from small springs of rocks
And big water falls
Water gushed down from mountains
And started flowing on plane land
Touching grass and small green plants
On either sides
After flowing several miles it merged
With turbulent ocean of high waves
I recalled my boyhood days of royal safari
Together with my father and army
Used to climb the hill on caravan for hunting
Now the cool breeze touched my skin
My bare feet was penetrating into
Wet and slushy soil of river bank
Suddenly I saw a convoy of
My army men riding galloping horses
Led by my army general
They were on a hunting spree
To mountain jungle
To capture tigers and elephants for king Tyranny V the great
Nobody knew
King renouncing his kingdom
Was on his way to jungle
Routes were known to him
During his earlier hunting visits as a prince

Chandra sekharan

Law And Common Man

Stage 1 - Sessions court

From gallery we could see the accused

Alleged crime, assassination of friend's wife

Who was his earlier wife

Three months of legal battle by legal luminaries

Strong evidences

Accused was acquitted

His cheerful wife took him to village home

Stage 2 - High court

Again arguments and counter arguments

Lasted six months by legal luminaries

Strong evidences

He was convicted- lifetime imprisonment

With sorrowful heart his wife came and returned home

Stage 3 - Supreme court

Final arguments and counter arguments by legal luminaries

Strong evidences

Accused was acquitted

Cheerful wife came again

And took away the husband of supreme happiness

Bewildered Common man blinks

His heart and foot are deep rooted in grassy ground

They knew the truth

Chandrasekharan P.M

Chandra sekharan

Life Of An Executive

Human life I led only for three years
Three years from the day I was ejected from
My mother's womb
These three years were heavenly
Playing and playing, laughing and laughing
I was basket ball for parents and relatives
To be in the air was most thrilling
Of course they took care that I don't fall
On the ground and injure my jaw
Flowers, butterflies, riverbanks, sea shores,
Small hills with tall trees, toys, Tv's
Everything I loved and enjoyed
On fourth year my mom took me to
Kinder garden left me with lot of toddlers
They were strangers, dark, fair,
Dwarf, tall, yelling and exhibiting teeth
I thought my mom was taking me to jail
To put behind bar
Lost my freedom
I was keen to go back to my
Beautiful garden with full of flowers and butterflies
School, university and got job
Everywhere tough competition
Darwin's theory of survival of the fittest
Mind became corrupt cunning and crooked
Forgot to get married
Jet travelling, lunch and dinner at
Airport restaurants and star hotels
3G on for twenty four hours
Laptop always on lap
Restless fingers
Jugglery with digital figures
And percentages
Physically and mentally I was getting wrecked
Darker, dwarfer, and monstrous
At the age of thirty I became Regional head
of Multi billion dollar global consortium
I felt as though something unknown was pushing me around
Without any specific aim

Am I tool for others happiness?
When I was alone in high altitude together
With my laptop and 3G I used to dream
About the golden days before I attained
The age of Four
My mind went on drifting
They promoted and posted me at Global head quarters
As International president
Took me by morning flight
They brought back my dead body
By next day evening flight
Funeral took place
Nobody attended excepting my mom and dad.

Chandra sekharan

Lyrics

Never cuff your opponent
Maintain minimum one meter distance
And hit his nose with your tongue
But be careful
Never allow him
To drag you to court
For defamation
When you are angry
Sing sweet lyrics
Of abuse or eulogy

Chandra sekharan

Mask

I was born without any facial mask
But lived with mask only
Mask concealed my feelings
World could see only my
Twinkling pair of eyes
Like two deep dark bore wells
Gazing at stars
My passionate feelings and
Impressions were shrouded
By mask of heavy steel
What does the mask contain
Whether Gandhiji's face
Or
Hitler's face
I am ignorant
During my last day on earth
My majestic and
Imperialistic physique
Was cremated with unmasked head

Chandra sekharan

Morphing

Twittering from heaven

"I am being morphed together with
Sixteen thousand and eight gopikas"

He was Bhagavan Sri Krishna

Twittering continues

"My spiritual oriented

Love life with Gopikas would have been morphed

By a devotee – a software engineer from earth

To show the world

My occult power

Gopikas were spiritually entertaining me

By dancing and offering flowers"

Chandra sekharan

Mundane Thoughts

MUNDANE THOUGHTS

Hermaphrodites

Super naturals

Either spiritually or physically

Eunuchs

cruel dictators and blood thirsty

Gay men and women

without soul and sprits lost

Excessive epicureans

with wretched spirits and wrecked life

Endangering their own existence

Pragmatic intelligentsia

Preserve energy

Like gigantic dams

Diverts energy rarely for procreation

like other animals of the world

Chandra sekharan

My Birthday

Birthdays are unwanted milestones
To unknown destination
Today is my another birthday
I am alone
Stood erect with folded palms
In front of sanctum sanctorum
Within the closed chamber
My deity illuminated and garlanded with flowers
Remains silently listening to
Chanting of mantras and ringing of bell
By holy priest
I anxiously awaited opening of door
To have a glimpse of my goddess – my savior
Tiny temple with red tiled
Gable roof was facing adjacent rail tracks
Sound of fast trains running to and fro
Used to disrupt our silent prayers
Trains were carrying passengers and goods
To Megha super cities and ports
Here I am praying alone
Chill dawn of winter and drops of mists
Made my bare upper body shiver
Here my mother, grandmother and great grand mother
And several thousands of relatives
Used to pray for several centuries
I prayed " Oh Goddess let all of us in the Universe
Including invisible creatures
Live ageless and agile "
My prayer was unheard by
Cracking sound of super fast trains
Running like mad dogs.

Chandra sekharan

New Class

A new class is born
Out of last clash of classes
Clash between yesterday and tomorrow
Fought ferociously
And new class of today exists
During last clash several millions
Shed their blood
Mountain made of corpses
For the sake of one power greedy man
And he sucked blood of all
Headless crowd muttering
Socialism, capitalism, imperialism
Dialectical materialism
Nazism and fascism and communism
Out of shadow of this cranky man
A dictator and a new class is born
This class will not last long
And another catastrophic battle would take place
All for welfare and destruction
Of human being.

Chandrasekharan P.M.

Chandra sekharan

No

Chill winter
Men, women and children
Stood on sandy river bank, shivering
Covering part of their bare bodies
With wet arms
The curious eyes were
Set on bloating
Corpses of floating
Teen age girl and her infant
Died and tied together
Muddy, turbulent flow
Took a diversion
Bodies hit against a curving branch
Of a big tree touching river surface
Corpses got stuck
Crowds surrounded
Police reached and enquired
Bodies of Bulnaz and her infant
A rape victim and prisoner
Crime - physical relation without wedlock
This Sixteen years old girl was walking alone
During day time
On footpath of highway to market
Suddenly a royal rollsroyce
Abruptly halted by her side
Three giant sized thugs came out of the car
Dragged her into the car and sped away
She was taken to the palace of the ruler
And prince charming raped her
She has very little data stored
In her semi conscious mind
Her tender bones and flesh were squeezed
Her soft and flowery skin became hardened
Painful ecstasy
When she regained her conscience
She saw her dumped in her dilapidated house
She became pregnant and the news spread in her street
She was jailed
Nothing happened to the rapist – prince charming

Because he was a man
In the prison she gave birth to a boy
On a blood spattered stone floor
Prince charming was enjoying life
Outside prison in cozy palace
After the birth of the child
Rapist was invited to the court
And was questioned
He escaped from punishment of six months jail
By agreeing to marry Bulnaz
Against the wishes of Bulnaz
Bulnaz and infant were released from the prison
But their bodies were found floating
A prison guard standing on the top of the watch tower
Was shouting "daily I see several such bodies floating
Which would not have happened
Even in stone age era
Is there any law to protect these
Millions of helpless victims"
He heard the echo of
"No" from all surroundings.

Chandra sekharan

Nymphomaniac

Visitors on marine beach are seeing him
For the past two years
Tall, slim, young, handsome man with
Protruding parrot like nose
Wearing pant and shirt with full of holes
Sitting on sea side rock projecting into the sea
With bearded, fair face
Curly, unruly, long hair
Fluttering in sea breeze
He was sitting in an inebriated mood
Singing elegies, serenades
Dawn and dusk did not differentiate
He was looking constantly at the waves
And tides
Icy sea breeze could not harm him
Ferocious high tides used to engulf him
He would sit like a rock on the rock
Watch water dribbling down on the
Vertical rock
Some times he used to murmur at the onlookers
And crowd would disperse
His only friend was a sea snake
Which used to crawl from sea
On wet, rough, uneven rock surface
And wait and look at him for some time
Then would withdraw back to sea along with
Ebbing waves
He had forgotten his ebullient years
Spent in Washington as an executive of world bank
Faint memories about his girl friend for
Almost six years who made him emaciated
And emotionally mad
A slender baby faced New Zealander pediatrician
She was his blood and energy
Suddenly, she eloped with the a stranger
Who looked like a demon, cannibal
She was a nymphomaniac
Last he saw her was in a speedy blue Benz
Driven by her new lover

before leaving Washington he consumed few
drops of very expensive and rare elixir
to keep him alive without sorrowful memories.

Chandra sekharan

Obituary

Here lies a noble soul
Who did everything to others
Did nothing for him
He loved all including animals and insects
He hated nobody
No foul words came from his mouth
Man with radiant face
And tranquility
He never advised others
Listened to others advices
He was above human race
A chill, moist, oasis, amidst
Vast unending desert of hot sand dunes
He is immortal
Lives in the heart of millions
Transcending historical eras

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Oh God!

An imprisoned embryo
In mothers womb
Struggling for early exit
Its non stop, powerful kicks
Mother biting her lips
Because of unbearable pain
Shedding tears of expectant mothers joy
She counted seconds, minutes, hours,
Days, weeks and months
Waited and waited
The embryo wanted more food, for more Strength,
more air to surge out
And finally the day of deliverance happened
Infant rushed out
With a thundering explosion
Of blood and flame
Impact was so catastrophic
Parents were blown up
And shattered into millions of blood coated
Burning molecules
Was it a human baby with suicidal bomb
Both father and mother were
Hard core spiritualists
Extremistic terrorists
They wanted their god to rule the world
They said their god had sermonized
That non believers should be either converted
Or wiped out
Their baby's explosive birth
Was highly symbolic
Oh God!

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Oracle

Yesterday a friend of mine Kundu passed away
Had seen him in ICU in coma two days ago
He was breathing with ventilator and mask
With dead brain as proclaimed by doctor
Was detained in ICU for the arrival of
His sons and daughter from various Global capitals
They all came saw his motionless, sleeping body
Mask was removed breathing stopped
Body was brought to his house and
Kept in ice box of entrance hall
When I reached, house and surroundings were
Jam packed with mourners
Many mourners were placing flowery wreaths
Bereaved and screaming wife, sons and daughter
Were by the side of ice box
Their crying faces were covered with flowing tears
Wife was shouting " My dear Kundu God could have
Taken me instead of you. There is no life without you"
She was beating her chest
Sons and daughter were repeating similar things
Few mourners were trying to pacify them
But were not successful
Daughter was shouting " dad if I had not gone abroad
You would have lived longer and I would not have missed you
I am cursing myself"
None of the dead man's brothers or sisters were present there
Since they were all chased away from his
House long back by his wife for family feud
Gradually situation became uncontrollable
Mourning bob became restless
Everybody was looking at the wrapped up body of the dead man
Suddenly a little movement was noticed on his body
Fingers and foot started moving, mouth and eye lids opened slightly
Mob including wife and children were horror struck
They summoned the family doctor and doctor said
"his brain was dead but not his body "
Suddenly the entire icebox with the body started shaking
The lid of the box was thrown up to ceiling
The dead man bailed out of the box with bulging eyes

Tongue jetting out
He stood like an oracle
Chased away the entire mob including wife and children
He gesticulated by jumping up and down
Totally tired, suddenly he became silent and stood there
Like a saint fed up with materialistic life
He screamed "I am ready to bless anybody other than my wife
And children whom I would
Have exploited and harassed for the betterment
Of myself and my family".
When incident reached such critical situation
Wife and children rushed forward
Caught him and pushed him into the box
And sealed with the lid
He was dead and funeral procession proceeded

Chandra sekharan

Our Skeltons

Sight of my own lonely Skelton
Without skin, flesh and blood
Kept in cup board
Creates horror and turbulence in my bones
But - when
Kept with my beloved and dearest
Rubbing against her shoulder bones
Thrills my bones
Exchanging warmth of passion
Surviving several historical eras
We would only pray
That no human bombs
Would perish us or
Would smash our bones into ashes

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Poets And Philosophers

Poets and Philosophers
Their feet deep rooted
In slushy and grassy soil
Heads protruding above
Drifting, silvery clouds of sky
Intellectual academicians
They have no greediness for
Money or power like
Crooked, Cunning politicians
Human love they advocate
Float on dancing, colorful flowers
Of cool and breezy earth

They look down
Upon faces of schadenfreudes
Who hilariously laugh when
Their best friends accidently die
When their kith's kid gets kidnapped
When friends wife eloped with another friend

They look down
Upon faces of dynastic rulers
Who inherited power
From parents and grandparents
Who amassed unthinkable
Wealth and property and
Deposited in other countries
Mysterious safe deposit vaults
Annihilated all opponents
Physically and intellectually

They look down upon faces of
Undemocratically elected democratic rulers
Who amassed wealth for
Their several wives
Children, grand children and grate grand children
Annihilated all opponents
Percentage of poverty rose from
Fifty to Eighty

Country got flooded with
Vampires and cannibals

They look down upon faces of
Proletarian leaders
Who slaughtered bourgeoisie
And once in power they forgot revolution
And embraced illusionary evolution
For attaining personal benefits
To cling to power and suck blood of masses
Percentage of poverty rose from
Eighty to Ninety nine

Poets and philosophers
With no individualistic aspirations
Wrote books and poems
Their immortal classics
Would transcend all corrupt and dark eras

RSEKHARAN.

Chandra sekharan

Poets Lane

I live in poets lane
Not in millioners lane
I am not a poet
But taught poetry
A poet laureate friend of mine
E mailed
" Poems are scribblings of lunatics"
We have a beautiful poets park
Adjacent to our lane
We all meet there every evening discuss poetry
We love nature, forest, mountains,
Rivers, flowers, tall trees, creepers
A poet declared
"I write poems for myself and not for others
We unearth hidden miseries of charming world
And poems are written"

Chandrasekharan P.M

Chandra sekharan

Rats

As a toddler I grew up in my
Grandparents ancestral house
Large house with several rooms
Sloping red tiled roof
Semi dark, even during mid day
Located in the centre of vast estate
With reddish gravelly soil
Horizontal terrain with several elevational layers
House encircled by tall trees of
Coconuts, Jackfruits, mangoes, bananas
Tamarind, papaya, pepper creepers
Such large house occupied by only
Four human beings
Myself, grandparents and a servant maid
House was infested with
Reptiles, lizards, small crawling snakes
Cockroaches, spiders, squirrels, frogs
Millipedes, centipedes, cats, kitten and rats
Black bats flying and clinging to ceiling, heads down
Best place for zoological research
House was surrounded by foxes, dogs, butterflies
Fluttering between flowers
Big poisonous snakes
Cows, goats and mongoose
Crows, chicken, woodcutters, owls
Cooing doves on red tile roofs
Ground filled up with
Dry leaves fell from trees
Every day when the dawn strikes
I could see solar rays
Fresh after a night sleep
Penetrating through tall trunks of trees
My grandfather used to offer prayers
To Sun God, standing erect
By folding palms facing rising sun
Same time, sitting in our north side verandah
I used to help my grandmother
Killing rats
Trapped in wooden boxes

My grandmother was
House hold totalitarian
She had unfathomable affection towards me
Rats were menace to our food grains
Stored in large wooden granaries
Clock of my grandmother's life
Stopped when she was only Sixty
And when I was only Ten
Memories about her and rats killed
Still after six decades lingers in my mind

Last three decades I live in a pent house
Located on Fourteenth floor of a residential apartment
My tower is very close to an International Airport.
After retirement, I sit in my balcony
And watch busy aircrafts landing and taking off
Recently I noticed my neighbour
Standing in his balcony holding a glass casket
A struggling, black creature was inside the box
was head of zoology department
In University located in our city
Out of curiosity I asked him
"What is that doctor? "
"A rat"
"Where did you get it? "
"From a village in North Malabar
My research assistant who hails
From that village brought it
We are preparing thesis on
Rats, mice and bandicoots "
Rat held inside could not be from my
Ancestral home in North Malabar
My old house of grandparents and tall trees were
Bulldozed long back for
Construction of luxurious resorts
Meant for foreigners and their currency.

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Re Incarnation

Death is the result of two mergers
Departed soul with celestial galaxy
And soul less body with earth, water or air
Galaxy is always full of
Homogenous souls ejected from bodies
Of animals, reptiles, beggars, birds, billionaires
Murderers, presidents and ministers
United without any individual identity,
Invisible, untouchable
It orbits around trillions of universal globes
Nothing perishes in the universe
Only transformation takes place to all
Moving and encircling soul in space
Is keen to re enter into an organic shell
To continue the cyclic life
This could be re incarnation
Hitler and Mussolini as deers
Of Amazon jungle
And Sadam Hussain as Bush IV

Chandra sekharan

Republic

This Republic, this country is mine
I fought for the freedom from foreign emperor
Although queen was romancing with me
With the knowledge of emperor
I was elected after winning freedom
For my fair skin and westernized
Culture and oratorical skill
Whatever I spoke was not understood by public
I am the ruler
I have declared eternal emergency
Introduced indirectly dynastic rule
Ordered my coteries to scream from everywhere
To enthrone my son as vice president so that
He can be the next ruler
Like me, my son also is a poet, philosopher and ruler
My philosophy will be taught in all universities
Although I don't have any philosophy of my own
I grew up in a castle of fear complex
My grandfather an advisor to one of the feudal kings of olden days
Was butchered by violent communal assassins
They sprayed bullets as though he was a dog
Till movement of his last finger stopped
Like me I want my son also to enjoy life with all luxuries
He should have everything made of gold
And play with trillions
My thousands of sycophants bowing in front of me
Will give meticulous informations about my
Enemies movements
Excepting my son the rest are my enemies
Mass in front of me believe that I am a socialist
Based on what I speak.
They are not bothered about my trillions in swiss bank
I erected my statues everywhere
On seashore, riverbanks, hilltops, airports,
railway junctions and bazars
All statues are protected with gun holding black cats
Millions were spent by sucking out
From starving and bony Bellies of billions
Ordered sculptors to carve my son's statues also

My mind was filled up with horrors
Of oil thirsty imperialists hanging Saddam
Who inturn had massacred millions
To enable him to cling to golden throne
History shows big lists such as Stalin, Hitler, Idi amin, etc.,
Who killed several millions for their personal greed
Will my biographer include my name also in that list?
I don't care, I want to enjoy
My son has to enjoy
My generation have to enjoy
But I have an imperialistic enemy abroad
Whose eyes are on my country's natural resources
If my enemy can finish me, he can add trillions and trillions
To his Amazon wealth, depth unknown
He may also try to disintegrate the country
And divide into federalistic regions
And he dreams
By inter fighting the regions
My Republic would perish.

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Roses

Roses are not for plucking
It is for beautification of gardens and parks
For the onlookers sensual joy
Morning I would pluck and clip on to my shirt
What Nehruji did till his last day
Evening flower fades
I would dump it in the dust bin
Cyclic life continues
Single, isolated, blossomed rose plant
By the side busy high way
Would be a pathetic sight
Any time it can be destroyed
By a fast moving vehicle
Like nymph held by cruel hooligan.

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Sceptic

God stood in the queue
To get the boarding pass
Long, unending queue
He was taller than the rest
Holding his air ticket
Without destination
Showed only place of boarding
Slowly moved forward
After few hours reached counter
Duty officer scrutinized tickets
And queried
"Aisle, window, rear or front? "
"Anywhere "
He typed on the computer
Through the top slot of printer
Boarding pass slipped out
Like birth of an infant
Duty officer handed over boarding pass
And air ticket to God
He went through the security check
Entered departure lounge
Crowded with passengers
Shouting, reading, gesticulating
Most of them were in a hurry
Few were sipping coffee or cool drinks
God stood taller than the rest
Suddenly an announcement was heard
"Due to bad weather and thick fog all flights
Are delayed
Regret the inconvenience "
Waited and all hours passed
Passengers were restless
Became impatient
But God alone was quiet
He simply smiled
Without any botheration
Again another announcement
"Weather worst. Regret to announce
That all flights are cancelled temporarily"

God folded the boarding pass
Dumped it in the dust bin
Came out of departure lounge
All others followed him
But one man remained in the lounge
Motionless like a rock
Dwarf, fair, bald with dark glass
Protecting his eyes
And thick black mustache
Who was he?
A sceptic, he missed flight
And also God.

Chandra sekharan

Schizophrenic

Phase I

Received an email

"Your transit lounge ready,

No.3 14 on 31st floor of Sakinaka Tower D

Get key from watchman"

Being frequent global flier

My company had sanctioned a rest house

At Mumbai

Negligently I drove during my first trip

To Tower E and reached 314.

Pressed calling bell.

Door partly opened.

A tall hefty fellow with silvery attire

Stared at me with reddish bulging eyes

"Who is this"?

" sorry I want to see watchman to collect key"

"Nonsense - get lost"

He was about to bang door on my face

Suddenly a sweet little lady with Mongolian physique

Emerged from behind

"No no please come in"

She invited me to step in with charming gestures

And they gave clearance

It was a large deserted hall with few furnitures.

As though they were ready to vacate

End of the hall there was a mini bar with full of liquors

Tall man with huge nose, thick curly black hair and

Brushy mustache, ends pointing upwards

Was not ready to spare me

Pinkish, slim, short lady asked me to be seated

Tall man screamed. "You could have seen the name plate outside"

I rushed out and saw the name plate

" Captain Jinos kadre"

After I sat, well mannered lady introduced herself

"I am ti Professor of Nutrition Technology on
deputation from United Nations."

She looked up with difficulty to the tall man standing

Next to her with serious face and said

"My husband Jinos Kadre captain of Pan American Airways

May I know your name please "

"Chandrasekharan. Going to Occupy 314 of D Tower.

By mistake I landed here

Sorry for disturbing you".

Although Captain was still stubborn

Sweet little lady offered me a peg of Champagne

"Sorry madam I am in a hurry to catch flight to Changi."

"Jinos brought just now Airbus A 380 from Changi to Mumbai

With more than 300 passengers

We both are US citizens. I got doctorate in Nutrition Technology

From Ohio University □

We were dating for 10 years and last month only we got married

At Las Vegas."

Christy was only half of Jinos height and said again

"Originally I am from Fuji Island and he is from Hungary"

"What about you? "

"I am Chandrasekharan from Chennai.

Originally from Malabar, Kerala"

"O Karala – a Worm like tiny place but beautiful and wonderful

World is full of migrants

We migrate for better living, comforts, love and wealth

Our ancestors who were conquerors, annihilated, aboriginals

Red Indians, Dravidians, Jews and built empires with blood soaked rocks ".

Captain was impatient and lifted her up in his massive arms

She was giggling, cuddling and swinging her

Both legs out of happiness and he pressed her infant face

Against his broad hairy chest

"Christi I am in a hurry. I will miss my flight. See you next time".

I departed.

Phase II

Again after a gap of 18 months I visited 314 of E Tower intentionally

To meet my sweet little Christi again

Amazed I was.

No name plate

Pressed calling bell.

No response.

Again pressed. Door partly opened.

Sweetie looked at me and invited me inside.

This time hall was fully decorated with carpets, flowers, Chandeliers

And profusing odour of perfumes

From the abutting chamber, a short man
Dwarfer than Christi came out
He was roundish and totally bald
He looked at me with smiling face
And said "Hello"
Christi's face became radiant and introduced
"ong originally from Korea settled in US
Nutrition were University mates at Ohio.
We got married last month while cruising in Icy Atlantic Ocean
He is a wonderful person and we love too much."
"What about Jinos? "
"He was tall, muscular, hefty, powerful but no love and affection
He was a Schizophrenic
Mental disorder, he lost his job
Hundreds and hundreds of passengers and crew members
Would have lost their lives, if he had commanded the air craft"
"Even after 10 years of dating you could not judge"?
"He was good during pre marriage days.
Post marriage he became Schizophrenic and
We got separated
Phin is a wonderful person full of love and affection
His blood, bones and flesh are flooded with love only."
Saying this she jumped up and sat on his fleshy lap
And clung her slender arms around thick neck.
her pinky cheek brushed against soft and hairless cheek of Phin
I left in a hurry
Lest the spark of love from brushing cheeks would splash on my face.

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Secrecies

Human beings are shrouded by secrecies
The rest are not
Husbands and wives
Parents and children
Employer and employees
Ruler and ruled
All are divided by wall of secrecies
If secrets are exposed and revealed
Volcanos would erupt everywhere
And would kill man kind
Let us get pleasure out of concealed secrets
And mysteries
Like flowers and butterflies of enclosed vast garden

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Shark Smooch

Costa Concordia
Fully illuminated luxury vessel
Floating silently on bluish sea water
Carrying 4200 joyful holidayers
In inebriated, revel mood
People singing, dining and dancing
Ship deviated from nautical route
Hit against rock of Giglio Island
Ship tilted and started sinking
Within few seconds illuminated heaven
Became a dark hell
Happily dancing crowd
Started crying in utter darkness
Dashing against tables and chairs
To save life
Freighted crowd were
Diving down to reach life boats
A desperate sailor gulped
Juice from a trembling tumbler
Sliding down from a tilting table
He dived down to a life boat
Bad luck, he missed the boat
Fell in to the turbulent sea water
He was drowning
Not even a thread to hold
Sailor's body was getting filled with sea water
Just like ship's hull
Sinking and dying sailor,
Suddenly saw a big shark approaching him
Shark kissed on his bleeding nose
Which was sucking sea water
Next day a dead shark was lying
On the shore of Giglio Island
Sailor's bleeding head was projecting
Out of shark's mouth
Sailor in a hurry had consumed
Juice mixed with the poison before jumping
And this poison killed shark also.

Snoring Billionaire

My crowded flight from Delhi to Calcutta
I was in business class
Just before announcement of departure
A hefty passenger
Wearing safari suit
Clean shaven face without mustache
Dark, dwarf and bald
Body was as big as aisle
Reddish greedy lips, carried thin laptop
Walked as though he was
Pushed forward by invisible force
He squeezed his body
In to his seat next to me
With a jerking sound
His watch with thick golden strap
Was showing International timings
All his ten fingers were
With diamond studded rings
He struggled to fasten seat belt
Since length of seat belt is insufficient
He looked at me through his dark glass
And said "sorry"
For hitting my belly with his elbow
While fastening his seat belt
I simply murmured, though he encroached half of my seat
He leaned on his back rest
And pushed himself backward
As though seat was meant for sleeping
On his rear passenger's lap
The moment he leaned back
He started snoring
Sound of low and high pitches
Sound reverberated the aircraft
Pilot switched on the aircraft engine
Engine sound and snoring sound competed
Meanwhile airhostess came with plate of sweets
Seeing the passengers next to me
Lying almost flat with his huge body
And roaring sound

She was astonished
She gently patted on his shoulder
There was no response
She asked me whether this giant
Was my relative and I said "no"
She wanted him to sit erect
As per air traffic norms
Flight was about to take off
All her attempts were in vain
On the contrary
The intensity of snoring increased
Suddenly a passenger from rear seats
Tall, slim, fair with dark glasses
Rushed to the bewildered airhostess
"Madam don't disturb him
You know who he is
He is a multi multi billionaire
Owns several mines, steel plants,
Resorts, ships and estates
Have link with mafias, ministers
Politicians ruling and opposition
If required he can buy a fleet of
Aircrafts like this"
Airhostess stood silent and motionless
Started squeezing her lower lip
Passengers were impatient for the delay in taking off
She rushed to the cockpit
Meanwhile aircraft was slowly
Cruising towards the main run way
She brought the co pilot with her
Copilot and snoring billionaire's aid
Indulged in noisy argument and counter argument until
The aircraft reached the launching pad
My gigantic co passenger
Was asleep snoring, unaware of what was happening around
Probably he was dreaming of his coal mines and ships
Suddenly the blackberry of copilot
Made a musical sound
He pulled out mobile from his pocket
And listened to the caller
Caller gave instructions
Caller's voice was tough and rough

Copilot as a respect to the caller
Was bending and bowing
He was answering
"yes Sir, yes Sir
We will not disturb him, let him sleep"
He then discontinued the talk
Whispered something secretly
To billionaire's aid and airhostess
He rushed back to his cabin
Flight took off and when it started ascending
Billionaire's aid and airhostess
Were pressing his head on to the seat
So that billionaire's body will not roll down backward,
Snapping the seat belt
While air craft is flying in upward inclination
Other passengers like me started wondering
"Oh great billionaire
You are really great
All laws are made for your benefits
And laws are made by you
Laws will not take its own course
Though politicians declare otherwise"

Chandra sekharan

Songs From Grevyard

Dark midnight
I was alone in vast graveyard
Between turbulent sea shore
And hill valley of tranquility
Thousands and thousands of tomb stones
Protruding from greenish grass
Feathertouched by icy breeze
Stones with invisible epitaph
Few slanting, few vertical
I could hear songs from all stones
Songs of sorrow and songs of joy
Each stone had its own unique song
Few were singing for several centuries
And few started singing recently
An isolated tiny stone sprouting from grass
Looked at me while singing
And it had a glimpse of glittering stars in the sky
Music of this tiny stone was totally different
It was feeble, innocent voice
Voice totally uncorrupt
Could be that of an embryo
Died in mother's womb
Full of deep love and affection
Towards the universe it has never seen
Listening to the song emanating from this stone
I hugged and embraced and slept
In the grassy graveyard of tomb stones forever

Chandra sekharan

Space Craft

Billions worth space craft with four astronauts
were blasted off from launch pad
with thundering sound,
Thick huge smoke, spark and fire
Engulfed the entire area
Initially it travelled vertically, then tilted and
Rocketed towards outer space
They are on a voyage to study other planets
As well as our planet
Even after several centuries
We are yet to study the secrets of
Our own planet
Zooming space craft was watched
By millions in televisions
Billions of children, pregnant women and
Elderly population
Without even food and shelter could not watch
They are struggling for survival
Millions are being annihilated
Mercilessly by Tsunami, cyclone and earthquake
And the question remains unanswered
Why we spend billions and trillions
For space craft which some times
Would kill even astronauts also.

Chandra sekharan

Trip Through Dark Tunnel

Our train
Superfast, super luxurious
Was running non stop
As though to reach the other end of the world
Thousands of holidayers
With different culture, attire, language
Complexions and manners
Accommodated in one dozen
Beautifully decorated
Extremely comfortable coaches
It was racing forward
Without much noise
With occasional musical whistling
While bending left or right
Through large fixed glass windows
We could see unending sward
Disappearing fast
Tall, slender trees dancing
Depending on direction of wind
We could see small greenish hills
With projecting rocks on top
Vanishing in a twinkling time
We were crossing rivers
With turbulent, speedy flow of water
As though keen to merge
With shallow sea on the other end
Cluster of villages
With red tile roofs
Narrow passage lanes
And beautiful gardens
Grazing cattle and goats
Stopped eating and
Looked at the fast moving train
And few frightened ran away to take shelter
We were all reveled
Enjoying, drinking, eating
Singing and dancing
Few senior citizens
Indulged in conversation of

Serious topics
Of politics and philosophy
During dusk we could see full moon
Rising above jungle trees
And on the other side
Burning reddish solar globe
Getting slowly immersed
Into the bluish ocean
Our princely train went on running
And running
Until we reached
The circular entrance
Of a lengthy and dark tunnel
Tunnel of several kilometers
Piercing through several rocky mountains
We were told
That our tunnel was dug
Below lakes and thick forest
Located on surface of mountains
As we entered the dark tunnel
We enjoyed the journey
Because of the sudden change in surroundings
We had light and music in our compartment
Gradually we all became silent
No songs, no conversations
We all became grim faced
Children fell asleep ignoring their toys
Suddenly the speed the train got reduced
We could hear the metallic sound
Of clash between wheel and rail
The train came to grinding halt
Could be engine failure
Within few minutes
Light and music also went off
Could be battery failure
Dark compartments and dark tunnel
Panic stricken
We were all glued to our seats
Our train was lying
Like a dead snake in tunnel
Few hours passed, no indication of movement
At times we could see the flashing light of

Speedy train
Running in the opposite direction
We were hungry, thirsty and sweating
Screaming sound of the children, we heard
Hours of harrower and hell in darkness
Beads of tears soaked our cloths
We could not come out of the coaches
Since the tunnel was infested
With poisonous reptiles and dangerous animals
Suddenly there was a slight movement
Train jerked and was moving backward
An engine was towed to the tail bogey
And we were being hauled back
To the entrance of the tunnel
From where we started our dangerous journey
As we were approaching the entrance
We could see rays of sunlight
Peeping into the tunnel
Horror of tunnel ended, we came out
Our glorious train was dumped on a side track
Like a used, bony abandoned race horse on roadside
Or
Like a hulk permanently berthed
We were all tired and half dead
Struggling and crawling
We managed to come out of the coach
Interior of the coaches appeared
Like a battle field of lost war
We saw trains rushing towards the entrance
Of the tunnel like fast bullets
Will they also have our Titanic experience.

Chandra sekharan

Tsumanmy And Meditation

I was meditating on a silvery pyramid like rock
Propped up from ocean bed
Amidst vast expanse of unending bluish ocean
I sat erect and cross legged
Stretched, straight arms resting on my knees
Beard and hair of several years
Like entwined brownish cobras
I never felt chill freezy breeze
Scorching heat of sun heavy droplets of cyclonic rain
Suddenly, on a blissful day
Tsunami christened as Gayathri uprooted my rocky island
My body was thrown off to violent and turbulent ocean
With mountain like tides playing basket ball
With my cross legged, unchanged meditating body
Tsunami failed and my spirit succeeded
My immortal spirit flew away to the vast invisible upper horizon
And became part of eternal galaxy
My abandoned trunk was gifted as food to sharks
Up from sky I looked down
Had glimpse of meditating billions on earth
Awaiting another Tsunami

Chandrasekharan. P.M

Chandra sekharan

Two Wonders

Niagara

"Maid of Mist" was cruising slowly
On turbulent "Hudson" river
Tilting, jolting and moving
Against strong, moist river wind
We were approaching nearer to Niagara Fall
Trillions and trillions of droplets of water
Hitting the rocks and gushing down
Amazing view would thrill our mind
We were wearing protective clothes
Still felt the powerful drops
Would pierce our skin, flesh and bones
Wanted to escape before it could slice our heart
But could not, our eyes were grilled to the massive
Fall of mixture of foam and fog

Grand Canyon

Stood on semi circular
Glass bridge of "sky walk"
Peeped down through the thick glass
Where we were standing
To have a glimpse
Of Grand Canyon at several thousand feet below
Natural cavity of Colorado, fascinated us
But more than that
Huge cantilevered steel structure of glass base
Puzzled us and were astonished
Hanging bridge projects to the middle of Canyon
I am told depth of Canyon increases every year
Due to soil erosion
And probably after few centuries
We can dive down from bridge
And make "journey to centre of earth"

Chandra sekharan

Village Chief And Chief Minister

He became chief of village
When he was only twenty years old
After the sudden death of aged father
He inherited about hundred acres of land and estate
Including one or two small hills from his father
Within ten years he spread his estate empire
To more than thousand acres
With several hills, teak wood estates,
Coconut trees, tapioca and banana plantations
Several acres of pepper creepers, mango and jackfruit trees
He acquired, annexed and encroached
Major portion of land area in his village
Using his power as village chief
He was restless and sleepless
His only aim was to expand his landed property
As much as possible like Alexander the great
Although he had six children
He would have seen his wife only six times
He earned the enmity of several tribes and communities
He had unbreakable faith in his goddess.
He built a temple for his goddess
On the valley of one of his estate hills
And daily he used to reach the temple
Some times in the mid night to offer his prayers
No other person was allowed to enter the temple.
He considered his goddess as his personal property
One midnight he ran fast and entered the temple
And bolted the door
A large crowd was chasing him
With weapons and burning torches in their hands
To put an end to his life
They waited in front of the temple till dawn and dispersed.
Chief came out from the temple only next day afternoon
Immediately after the birth of his last son
He was missing for several days
His wife and children who did not get any affection from him
Started weeping out of unbearable agony
However villagers found his dead body hanging from the
Branch of mango tree near one of his hills

Rumor floating was that
He was killed by one of his enemy tribal chief
Who lost several acres of land to the village chief
And body was hung on to the tree
His young wife who had never enjoyed married life
Became mentally wreck
Children were too young to understand anything
Chief's estate manager was entrusted
With the responsibility of properties
Manager was very shrewd and cunning
He took away major percentage of property

I being a media person
got an opportunity to interview
Our Chief Minister recently
Minister's secretary had fixed up
One of the royal suits of Taj Palace where
Clinton and other world personalities used to stay
As venue for the interview.
We were sipping costly champagne
I enquired about his ancestors
He said his maternal grandfather hailed from a village
Called Ganugly and he was a village chief
"My grandfather was a stupid, he did not enjoy life
He had rarely seen my mother and his children.
After death of my mother I sold my mothers property in the village
And in the transaction got few millions"
"Why you are remaining a bachelor? " I asked.
" I have billions I don't want to be like my stupid grandfather
Let me enjoy life to the full extend and die."
He answered after gulping half a bottle of champagne.

Chandra sekharan

Waterfall

Narrow dark gap between two dangerous mountains
One with amazing waterfall taller than the other one
Void almost filled up with gushing water
I rolled down in a winch, several thousand feet from crown
Using motorized rollers and rope
Sliding down on rocky surface with thick jungles on either side
Landed in a projecting balcony made of steel and wood
Balcony appeared to be one of the riskiest creation
Droplets of super fast waterfall spilled in the balcony
Stretched my arms to feel the droplets of water
Felt as though I would collapse along with the balcony
Impact of trillions and trillions of water falling from
Several thousand feet above
Hissing sound of falling water was heard from the day
Universe was born
Would, continue till the last day of the universe
Mother of fall is broad, quiet, deep, river
Flowing on upper strata several thousands of miles away
Suddenly it branches off, like a highway bypass
Narrowed down, picks up violent speed and
Finally suicidal dive to unknown depth
Eternal song of water lifted me to a heavenly abode

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Woman On Run

She was the richest actress of the century
Blonde, curly, fluttering hair
Millions dreamt of her
Attractive, curving figure
Even ugliest billionaires fell at her feet
Had several boyfriends and gay men
With whom she enjoyed life
In all parts of the world
Despite everything under her thump
She felt insecure
Restless, sleepless
Something frequently knocked her brain
Though there was no pain
Knocking made severe impact on her
Entire body and molecular cells
She had an irresistible urge to run away
To an uninhabiting planet
She assigned her architect
To design a four legged structure
In one of the hottest deserts
A four legged tower
With roofless chamber on top
Where she can lie down
And get dried and fried

Chandra sekharan

Womb And Tomb

From womb to tomb
My journey took more than eight decades
On eleventh day after my death
I resurrected, sat on my tomb slab
And wrote this poem
Gentle, pleasant odorous breeze
Pushed me always
Felt like sliding on
Wonderful, beautiful, colorful
Bed of flowers shrouding the earth
No cyclone, earthquake,
Tsunami or terrorism
Nothing to shorten my life span
But I wept and laughed
In both the containers
Of womb and tomb
Without contaminating
The inner environment
And listener was only myself.

RASEKHARAN

Chandra sekharan

Wonder Land

During my interplanetary travel
Once I landed in a peculiar planet
Called wonderland
While landing I felt as though
I was floating in a flower decked garden
Country was full of flowery gardens
Greenish landscape with beautiful
Lagoons and rivers
Highways decorated with arch of
Creepers and flowers
Clean wide roads with no dusts
Small cars with no emissions
Elegantly dressed people always with
Smiling and charming faces
No sky scrapers
All medium sized echo friendly structures
Healthy smiling children with
Pinky flower like faces
"What is the religion here? " I asked guide
"No specific religion here
Our religion is love all and no hatred to anybody"
"Who is ruling this planet? "
"Elected senate members would select
A president and he will appoint ministers
Their term would be only for one year".
"Then what will happen? "
"Another team will be elected".
Pointing to a gardener he said
"Salary of president and gardener would be same
And even gardener can become president
Our planet has no judges and police
Since nobody commits a crime
Women can move freely through streets
Even in the midnight
No raping and no murders
Life style of all the people are almost similar
Retired people will be taken care by state
Education and health care are
Responsibility of the government

No savings required for anybody"
Planet with out slogans, banners, cutouts and statues
It was a wonderful land with cheerful population
Water, atmosphere and drainages not polluted
Ozone layer thick and undisturbed
Not bothered about anything
Everybody was working for all
Without any selfish motive
"I would like to stay here for ever "I told
The wonderland guide
He answered with a smiling face
"We don't entertain people from other planets
Especially from earth.
We have heard that people from earth are
Born corrupt and devilish with divine mask"
Disappointed I flew back
To my hell like earth.

Chandra sekharan