

Poetry Series

**chayamsu v r**  
**- poems -**

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## chayamsu v r(03-03-1954)

i was working as a high school ed on 31 march teaching poems in colleges for literature graduate ng poems both in english and books have been published yet, as i am not at all much graphy, content writing, captions, acting in drama, reciting poems and so sionally taking part in poets' get together and presenting poems in malayalam, my native ed my career as a writer recently more than two decades back.

# A Request To Rain

I know you won't care  
To peruse this thoughts.  
Is it not your frailties  
Of vehement adversity,  
That served my name creep  
Into your thoughts  
And tagged that i am,  
My dear rain?

We say, we are accompanied.  
Simply foolish a thought  
It is.  
Born alone.  
Die alone.  
Are you born with me?  
Are you ready to die,  
When i die tomorrow,  
Or the very next moment,  
Even stopping abruptly,  
My lunacy of writing this and that,  
That sometimes disturb you?

Please do not tag me with your ways.

Leave me alone, here in the curly ways,  
(No ways are straight, so far!)  
Like a wild flower bloomed to doom,  
Giving life to many bees', tomb.

Let me experience warmth of the sun-  
No one could give me this much warmth,  
That inspired me into the life, though burning,  
That went ahead till this split second.

So please,  
Let the blistering summer alive  
Let it burn the whole earth,  
And let me burn into ashes  
To earth in the sun-burnt grave

Do not downpour as i am burning,  
As the cool crematorium kills.  
As the cool crematorium kills.

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# An Ode To Flames

it was an accidental coincidence,  
as two flames met in the forest, dense.  
both of them met in a graveyard,  
before this, when someone doomed.

each tongue told whooshing the other;  
in exclamation, accompanied by a gesture,  
their hands swept the bushy head over  
in talent, from front to back in tremour.

yet they gave hands and words each other.  
ans strolled and strolled in dextrous flair.  
until swaying in the breeze they entered  
the pitch-blend dark cave as they dared.

they saw some strangers groping, as they  
in great rejoice, were sure to fire away.  
both of them started dancing in ecstasy,  
and hugged and kissed in a mood, so easy.

as they became a virtual bride and groom,  
the men in the cave enlightened to bloom.

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## Animal Lessons Part One-Chameleon

i've never sucked  
anybody's blood  
with gaze.  
changing hues  
is not opportunism.  
pray, not interpret me  
in your language

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## Animal Lessons-Part Two-Rat-Snake

do not disturb the life  
fraud,  
which has no place  
for straight lines.  
ask the rivers  
they can stream straight

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# Autographs

open your notebook.  
read the throbbing of our love.  
an odd gesture warmed up your tone,  
as you tumbled down on a dried flower,  
that pursued a peacock feather,  
that lay in an endless hypnosis.  
a tremor passes  
through your frail fingers  
to your encircled bosom,  
beneath which those throbbing were heaving:  
'it never bore any fragrance! '  
you were about to fling it away,  
as its shrunken petals whispered:  
'i'm a dried flower,  
foresaken by my talent,  
but dipped in thoughts of wounds  
that scratched our breasts,  
as we fell on the sprawling playground.'

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## Autographs-Two

dear friends,  
i am starting my journey;  
the words wavered half in throats  
were full of hopes....  
the memories fly away to a far off place.  
now i see  
they were the throbs of the ages  
which has no home-coming.  
the rains drained  
in the burnt out days,  
when i've lent you my heart,  
on my journey which has no return  
to our memory.

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# Because Of The Deep Love...

you all utter a cry aloud  
into the dense crowd  
for me, as now i am dead  
and laying on the bare bed.

my body is surrounded by  
the nobles of splendid tie,  
all, who were the kith and kin,  
in deep love, have crept in.

all silent, the eyes lucent,  
with rills of tears spent.

some pranked my corpse  
with the large cotton drops;  
and some, prepared a grave  
out side the bath, very grave.

my fresh corpse was cared,  
carried to the southern yard.  
far away at the grave yard,  
the sheet, stained red, was removed  
'three holes! rude! ', they discovered  
below the flesh of bare breast,  
where darted the dainty bullet,  
into my hearty plummet.

they found another hole divine,  
on the waspy waist, a trifle one.  
he punched and dunk in blood,  
savoured until fed up with me.

no one could love like this,  
but my, my own, dude.  
he wished, nonelse be rude  
to me but he only, so crude.

'reeva, you are not dead,  
but only lives in our heart.'

the chief mourners, many of them,  
together chanted the requiem.

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# Butterflies Are Pretty Creatures

butterflies are pretty creatures: \*

it's not because they are stolen  
by the big business people  
to take them stuffed into the glass cases  
that spruce up the guests rooms;

it's not because  
they are the things of beauty  
in frightening silence  
when we are moody;

it's not because  
they flirt with flowers bloomed  
for we people  
who are entitled to steal their show  
with our own selfish egos;

it's not because  
they come in silence  
with rhythms in their wings  
to harmonize the melodies of nature;  
with clubbed antennae  
to feel we the foes, in vain;

and at length, it's because  
when the flowers doom,  
at the onset of dusk,  
to creep into the darkness  
where the silky moths appear  
with stout body,  
when we let the lamps illuminate,  
to make us aware that  
we are moth eaten, old and timeworn;  
they say: 'you people are sadists.'  
the very message from papilion\*\*  
in the sunshine who are impatient  
to be in the same flower for long;

but because they keep up  
the greeneries around us;  
make us fall  
into a spellbound blindness  
to curtly cut away  
all the charms of nature.  
it's for we are killers;  
it's for we are killers.

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# By The River Nila We Sat Down And Dreamed

Once this was our dear river,  
where we sat down and dreamed  
on the wet sands,  
various people come and go.

some reached very early  
and gone very late  
saying nothing.  
and not seen thereafter.  
some came there very late  
and gone very early,  
as if it's too late.  
poor worms!  
not at all conscious  
of a time or a place  
or what to do at what time.  
they knew not  
what follows what,  
what gives rise to what,  
like the we laymen.  
some waited like us,  
in vain,  
they haven't seen anything change,  
as they were blind.  
some with a rapture,  
like the birds who heralded the ages  
with their melodious chirps,  
over the brain of men  
who lay in ambush to  
spare a single cartridge,  
on the sharp chirps,  
as they thought they have freedom,  
not knowing it's not indulgence.  
some came as advents on the sands  
heaped a dune and two and more and more  
and bundled off.  
thus one by one and in gangs  
raped and raped her.  
yet no culture came.

yet my dear river  
as if ignorant,  
drops and drops her tears,  
as if it was serene,  
for us to quench our thirst,  
and many die there and many here,  
quenching thirst,  
and taken soon to grave mountains,  
where the flames lick the blues above  
honest unfailingly,  
and mocking at us:  
'oh! you quench our hunger too.'

once this was my dear river,  
where we sat down and dreamed  
on the wet sands,  
various people come and go.

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# Chilling Mood

the birds fly away.  
the passersby part away.  
we are in dreams.  
o! monsoon clouds,  
downpour into  
our anxious chasms

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# Dismay

sun in brittle temper  
tried to burn out the day  
since dawn on his way  
to the sea sombre.

but fell into dew drops  
arrayed on the grass tips;  
and dropped on his own earth;  
and vanished in dismay  
not knowing it was his set.

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# Draining

it was not the day  
when the rain drained.

as the windows opened,  
no moonlight!  
but a soft light  
seeped after the rain.

as the doors opened,  
it was a drenched breeze  
that ran off the porch.

it was a paper boat  
that flapped up  
even before the feet cooled  
in the eaves water.

on the fringe of porch  
one has left  
his scent of bath,  
taken under the tickling trough.

in an oblivion,  
not knowing what's pouring down,  
and forgetting  
to do the hair,  
to wear the attire,  
and the sleep  
there's a tree.

an ally turned to be a void,  
draining all the memories.  
and the half-lost drops of tunes  
on the fencing thickets  
where the serpents take a slumber.

dripping moments,  
on a sudden,  
fell silent,

listened in the quiet:  
no  
neither did i hum a poem  
nor a man did walk in my bosom.  
grandpa might have breathed a sigh  
having slaked the burning thirst.

there's a bud to bloom for morn!  
o! it is not yet wet a little.  
poor bud!  
let it fall asleep  
under the leaf that  
caught and tangled in a web.

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# Dream

i stole into her room,  
not to wake her,  
as her eyes were full of dreams.

one dream flapped its wings  
and flew to the serene blues  
away from her bustle of dreams,  
and fell down, sprinkling flashes.

i saw a dropp of dream  
gazing at some butterflies  
straying in their subtle hues  
to the brittle rays of blooming buds.

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# Farewel Song

if you meet me by chance  
among the caravan of ages  
passing through the deserts,  
stare at me  
as if we had never met.

if you meet me  
amidst the passers-by,  
see me,  
as if we were not at all acquainted.

if you come across me  
among the old portraits you fondle  
as a memento of voyage  
through the ages,  
just fall among the novel images  
scratched on the walls  
of your bowels.

if you see me delirious,  
deliver chirping coos  
into the ears of your fellow travelers  
who you think you love.

if you notice me smiling,  
distort my lips  
with your gaze of temper.

if you see me lethargic,  
pour the elixir of dejection  
into my yet throbbing being.

if you see me standing  
in the sun blistering,  
bid me farewell  
to your own shadows.

if you see me standing  
in the torrent raining,

wave your hands  
with the inducing calmness  
pervaded under the umbrella,  
and stride away  
into the 'wild wind'  
of your subtle ways,  
as if it were not your concern.

if you hear me singing  
my swan song,  
applaud in thundering claps,  
in great comfort,  
that it is my valediction.

if you see me silhouetted,  
paint me with  
pitch-blend darkness.

if you see me thirsty,  
stream away  
into the apparition  
of vague memories.

and glide and glide  
in your own streams  
and herald the new ages  
with the chirps and shrills.

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# Forgiveness

...then my lovely woods,  
insane for a dainty dawn,  
when some early rays in stray, shattered,  
sprinkling dew drops,  
woke up into the wings of breeze.

i was strolling in my garden,  
when some buds with drunken fragrance,  
unfurled into a bunch of blossom,  
to sip the cent of morning dew.

with a dizzy spell i walked ahead.

when i saw them sprightly dance  
in a sublime thrill,  
i stretched the mighty hand  
to twist the powerless stalk,  
granting not a single word to talk.

a single squeeze!  
my fingers crushed it down.

on throb, two throbs, then some whispers  
went out from her silken petals,  
as easy as her death:  
'now i leave my trail of fragrance  
as a token of lofty pardon  
behind the paths you trailed ahead.'

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# Freedom

every man has his own flies,  
every man has his own ways.  
he can hunt and kill his flies,  
for their bright and humming flights,  
once and twice in graceful glides,  
skimmed and chirped in the void of skies.  
men were there to wait and trap,  
grow and kill them by a clap.

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# Friendship

you had told me,  
to meet in course of time.  
but you didn't come.

my mobile is hanging  
from the ceiling of my tomb  
as a memento of our love.

i'll give my ear to the calls  
you make daily dawn.  
the ringing never answered  
will remind you of another toll  
that would hail you  
to disturb my solitude.

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# Fruits, Shehanai, Romance -An Ode To The Celebrity Late Mr Bismillah Khan

tastes cooked in  
some anonymous agonies.  
sorrows void of causes are  
terrible baneful dictresses.  
it was not from a void,  
yet, not signed by any name.

my bosom babe,  
when i am distressed with romance,  
i remember the absurd maturity  
of those  
relishing sweet fruits,  
boiled in the  
warm water of entity,  
which i sent to you  
for taking during  
that insane voyage.

\*\*\*\*\*  
when your fingers kissed the strings,

the shehanai began to sing  
from an unconscious mind-  
a dhun, as if a tune of prieries flowing,  
or may be a khamaj,  
or malkauns?  
rills running to the sea,  
the whispering of octaves-  
slowly  
all five tones  
effuses and effuses from your shehanai;

or a lullaby  
to make you sleep  
in peace?

the madrigals

sung by the shepherds?

on the canvas of poesy  
braced around,  
a vigour,  
may be from your own  
pictures of virulent life,  
with  
expressions changing,  
talents changing,  
is experienced.  
so early the dawn  
you play the miya ki thodi  
in the loneliness!  
your sweetheart  
hasn't appeared yet.

or  
singing about gunakali,  
the buddy of malkauns?  
it was only for you  
nayyara noor and anvar maksood  
wrote this verse  
&quot;i am fearless  
all of them wish  
they could marry me.  
the strong hurricane  
the freezing chill,  
blistering warmth,  
nothing is a fetter to us.  
want you

to come this way,  
know: you are not alone.&quot;

then in malkauns  
&quot;aaye soor ke panchi aaye...&quot;\*  
sitting in the blistering sunshine of  
connaught place  
the wings of that bird is melted.  
then the colours of the sky  
began to pervade itself

slowly into the vanishing sun  
and into night spread with black velvet.  
some song in kajri\*  
flowed from the pitchblende darkness

it is full moon  
when the drops of moonshine rain  
gestures,  
change and change like life.

the waves swapping  
on the sand spreads and rocks!  
sometimes the sprawling lake  
sleeping weary and silent  
after a ten-knot gale!  
the babbling streams!  
a marwa? a thatt\*  
some agonies are read here!  
the solicitude sunk in compassion  
is strongly imprinted here!

is it not that anonymous pain  
that raises the waves of love  
in shehanai?

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# Funeral Speech

once a dog  
was pissing on a wall.  
the wall fell on the dog  
and it died.  
alas! poor dog!  
the last sacraments over,  
all gathered around  
the ground,  
where the flames were hissing high,  
and howled in high dudgeon:  
'we must give an half-leg support  
to boost our morales.'

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# Goodnight

another night has come  
flinging far off  
the riddles of the day.  
the night breeze,  
laden with a sublime fragrance  
creeps somewhere into the heart.  
before flapping up the wings  
into the orbits of your lovely dreams  
let me wish you  
a blessed night.

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# Guantanamo You Are Not Only A Poetry

001

Guantanamo you are not a poetry at all  
what all you accounted was  
that of the blood you sucked.

afghanistan, iraq,  
african capes,  
the southeast asia,  
where all the streets and avenues  
what you've chewed and spat  
was the fresh flesh fragranted  
with new blood of ours.

guantanamo, do you know me?  
i am from yemen.  
through the plastic tubes,  
prepared by the hottest ovens,  
especially for the death factories,  
what you gave me was the  
only the question,  
'are you hungry? '

soon, the venomous bubbles of gas  
in the matrix of your empirical insolence,  
answered it, blasting into the void.

002

guantanamo, you must have known  
nicholas nickelby\*, the teacher.  
when the children of dotheboy's school  
braved to be hungry,  
mr squirrel\*, the principal, poured sulphur liquid  
into the dry throats of kids;  
mr smike, the poor boy who absconded,  
was brought back;  
this time blows were given  
on his cheeks by mr squirrel,  
instead of the sulphur gruel.

and then it was this nicholas\*  
who blew on the cheek of squirrel  
and uttered, 'wretch, touch him again.', \*\*  
as a reward for his punishing smike.  
you are more cruel than his uncle ralph;  
i say this, as your ancestors came  
from the same england;  
you can't help rising such a detainment.  
to pay tribute to your mother

guantanamo, you are not at all a mother.

003

are you smiling at cuba?  
no guantanamo, you can't.  
your smiles won't bring to you  
even the smallest grain of sugar  
to smear on your tongue  
your smiles won't bring to you  
not a counter of cigar to puff at

004

mr patriot uttered:  
what did you say? fed us?  
ha! don't you know, we are fasting?  
we all refused the gruel mixed with  
your venomous milk.  
if our ancestors had fed us with native venom,  
it would have been far healthier and tastier  
than a drop of poison from abroad.  
that's why we are on hunger strike.  
this hunger is not at all greater  
than the soil of our land, we know.

005

the plastic pipe you pushed into our throats,  
vomited the fat and odour of olive oil  
into our stomach,  
how soon it passed out!  
we heard mr leonardo, your bosom friend,  
whispering keeping the lips hugging your earlobes:



'it was simply a flow of foams and bubbles! '

when mother reached us feeding  
what did you do to her?  
mother only surrendered to death!

you unclothed my father and hung him,  
hung him head down,  
inflicted heavy blows on his medulla,  
pierced his urinal pass-ways;  
your drainage brimmed with blood he spewed;  
you left him, from a purposeful hearsay,  
we all knew, for a natural death.

007

we see dear mr herbart,  
in the celebrated city square,  
you were spending time with her.  
the silence of the midnight has flung her  
squeals and screams into the air,  
that echoed on the walls of the detainment,  
and shattered on the floors,  
like a big glass pane falling from the window.

guantanamo, you are not at all a poetry...

008

do you know, what my bosom friend  
mr patriot, yes, my friend  
in the detainment told me? :

'the chest piercing pain;  
in my throats, in my stomach-  
all, all pain only.  
but for the cause of my land...  
so never mind! '

009

guantanamo, i've never forgotten:  
the moaning of a girl;  
your mr hostile was raping her,  
sin dug

never spilled a drop of tear  
when he said this.  
he raised his hands  
to shout against something, in vain...

010

'this is tormenting, mere infliction, '  
the four-men-inmates uttered.

011

a man with scowling vision  
came as if he were the physician,  
he said: we look after them well, nursing too.'

this time the watchdogs never burst into laughter.

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# Half-Nakedness

(daddy, who's this gandhi? :  
he's a fellow  
shot dead by our godse.)

gandhi,  
don't be at your freakish whims  
that you can please us  
with the half nakedness.  
we know,  
fasting of a single man  
won't bring freedom to a nation.  
and  
however long one spins a loom  
he can't knit the flag of a state.  
a pinch of salt can't satisfy hunger,  
easwar and allah never belong  
to a single party.  
even before you could  
we had known that  
if one shows the other cheek  
the bullet will be piercing the bosom.

no-  
not your notes of silence  
can be put in the ballot box.  
give your bamboo stick  
to the guards on sentry.  
or else,  
you won't be let in the house\*

whatever may be  
your statues are to conserve  
for, we called you  
'father' once.

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## How Is It Measured?

the rain came.  
the rain drained.  
some cool drops flashed into the heart,  
retrieving something forgotten  
somewhere else.

next time if it rains,  
catch a few drops in your hands.  
the drops you hold is  
the amount you love me.  
the drops you don't,  
is the amount i love you.

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# Indulgence Of A Bud

'i know you'll pluck me.  
you'll squeeze me.  
yet,  
i am here,  
to unfold my petals for you  
to pervade the fragrance for you  
to love you  
to be affectionate to you  
to show you  
freedom is indulgence,  
like a fling of sunshine,  
like a drip of moonshine.  
i am along that wild ways, '  
the bud whispered.  
then slowly opened  
into a lovely smile of indulgence.

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# Lack Of Pomp

'only a sweet crooning  
to herald my being,  
and the forsaken feather  
to haunt the whole being,  
and the warmth of brooding hearth  
flashes on you yet.  
so simple was our life, '  
the birds chirped in ecstasy

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# Let Us Wait For That Dooms Day

Dear bosom friends, hark!  
before the clouds plummet dark:

we all meddle with the nature,  
and lament for the worst we nurture.  
remember, the sun is to collapse on  
his ten-billionth birthday; come on.  
not to chant requiem, dear sapling,  
over the dead, as we are pondering.  
we are but growing supple weakling;  
but to wish him an happy day of birth,  
falls, in around five billion years, one day.  
please allow him to have a natural death,  
do not try to swallow those fresh beams astray,  
as the enchanted men of black arts but for stay.

we know nothing brings burning warmth  
than the hard stay on this ever green earth  
for, we people who struggle for the hearth,  
as the green leafs die and die for the moth.

with you people i am ready to tolerate,  
all the darting beams of boiling heat,  
seldom chanting the hymns of abuse,  
for a tone of full throat ease to amuse.

without getting even a pinch wound  
to live for five billion years around.  
no tomorrow night or the day after,  
as the offspring wish for pleasure.

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# Melancholy Of Cadence

music has been scattered into broken throats  
on a string of the waning lyre as i tried.  
lyre was broken down and splashed,  
some in my notes, and some in yours.  
as you played them as if yours  
i was playing mortal throes.  
swooning and fainting hear this world  
falling tones in some sobbing sighs.

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# Milkice

o! my slate and o! my pencil,  
count you all these sums for me,  
by the break of morrow dawn,  
i'll buy a milkice for you.  
it is not a single one,  
each of you'll get a one.  
o! the slate,  
if you cheat me counting wrong,  
i'll break you flinging down.  
o! the pencil,  
i'll break you hitting hard.  
'am not lacking counting sums!  
'amn't feeling sleepy now!  
if i don't clean all these plates,  
don't i brim these water drums,  
o! my slate and o! my pencil!  
won't they grind me into flour?

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# My Mother

on my way home  
the dark sky  
darted drops  
and drenched me.  
'an umbrella should've served you'  
stormed at me was my own brother.  
'you should've waited till it drained',  
chirped my lovely sister.  
'get a cold and you'll see',  
gales of scolds that father flung  
silenced all the thunders  
so far heard.  
amidst the curses and abuses  
i found my mother drying my hair,  
drenching me with cursing words:  
'stupid rain'

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# New Year

like the soft tone of rain,  
like the drops after drain,  
let, on the ages, my memories shower  
to bloom and bloom in your heart.

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# Peacocks

peacocks i painted  
in my childhood,  
neither elegant nor lovely,  
stroll lively  
in my yards and orchards.  
in my lofty years  
saw a sales-boy  
on the side-way  
trading in peacock oil  
scraped and stuffed peacocks  
stood in rows  
with sublime elegance.  
they remembered  
charcoal lines  
on the ancient walls;  
the feather-kids,  
born in books  
and flown to the hillocks

now my children draw,  
in indiscriminate hues,  
the peacocks on the roadside,  
with the undiscoverable woods  
in their mortal eyes.

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# Rain Song

the void  
roared in full-throated ease;  
the vibrant blues  
flung a lightning or two;  
strolling clouds  
splashed sprinkles  
on the earth.  
a crispy chill crept on to her,  
and she shivered in ecstasy.

fragrance of a refreshed soil  
softly spread in the sullen air.

tomorrow,  
at the moth-hour,  
the winged termites will come  
for the next day's crows and sparrows,  
when a lonely sqyirrel  
calls his mate,  
and beat the rhythm  
to the chirps of birdies.

chayamsu v r

## Rain Song-2

a cool breeze  
rustled through my trees.  
a floating flock of clouds  
whispered in my ears;  
'let us downpour.'

one drop, two drops  
seeped and seeped out  
from my hands  
in boundless zeal.  
i simply gave a pat  
on back of clouds.

soon i heard a thunder shattering  
in winning streaks, a lightning too.  
o, monsoon,  
come soon!  
come soon!

chayamsu v r

# River Of The Dead

the bridges stood gazing  
at the corpse in the stream floating  
-a dream  
flung by someone

how old this pearl is!  
don't know!  
long ago,  
very long ago,  
there was a creature  
in this shell,  
seeking preys in the waters  
of life-time,  
falling prey to water-bird  
forsaken in the womb of river.  
the waves brought them ashore.  
in the night rain  
it bore the ocean.  
and in the ocean  
throbbed the sun.  
the child who haunts  
the shores of downy sun  
to pick the pebbles,  
gazed at the floating clouds  
in the water blues of the shell.

let me call you  
the river of footprints!  
on your bosom  
were the flights of centuries!  
you draw the footprints  
on the sandpaper of memories-  
of millenium,  
of the herds of elephants  
who came in pursuit of water,  
of the savage haunting preys,  
of the flocks of deer ran in panic,  
of the bloodstains of helplessness  
panted on the tip of lance.

you keep still  
in the bowels of fresh soil,  
the footprints of the travelers,  
the migrants,  
the men who fought battles,  
the retreated!  
you keep yet,  
imprinted in the heart of secrets,  
not fading away,  
in the shower and snow,  
for the ages infinite.  
let me call you  
the river of footprints!

as scarecrow to your mysteries  
i install the skull  
found out on the shores  
from the dawn of history  
and the dead strips of the ages,  
in the scattering rocks-  
like a cleft on the black-stone  
the scar of chop on.  
the caved in eye pit  
the darkness of spite  
the wide mouth still  
yell anger roars  
and shouts  
that should've done when alive.

chayamsu v r



# Sculpture

the face  
in its self being,  
gets hard,  
like the blackstone.

talks with display  
of one rhythm,  
of sole sentiment,  
Of same dialect.

not turning the head  
to the calls from behind,  
defying the calss heard ahead,  
and the smiles seen before  
with a look, strict,  
to the infinite.  
the face in its  
self being  
sets hard  
like the mortar.

chayamsu v r

# Soft Corner To The Sun Shine And The Rain

Today the sun shine gives  
A gloom gleam!  
Let us make him happy.  
He may be pondering  
The ages past  
In dim shine,  
Over the favours  
He has been doing since birth,  
Passed along his veins  
Of thousand rays.

We scold him:  
When the sun gleams  
In scintillating hues,  
We utter 'woh!  
What a blistering shine! '  
Hering this slyly the dark clouds  
Veil him with woolly woolly sheet.

We fall into chagrin  
'So gloomy he is! ' say in grin,  
Unwilling  
Even to give him a stare.  
Give him a smile  
And herald him,  
With a pitcher of water;  
Thirst is for him too;  
We can share it  
Happiness is for him too

002

There is rain,  
The most wonderful thing,  
To give us the elixir of life,  
When we say,  
'What a nasty rain! '  
And crown with an umbrella.  
As she is away we utter in dismay:

'Where is she?  
She has not been seen for long!  
We feel blistering warmth! ;  
We lament and lament.  
(Someone might have run away  
Not come back her home,  
She is so lovely.  
We can see tomorrow  
The bones and marrows of her scattered  
Under the black-palms.  
Poor she!)

We sweat and swear  
In the name of gods,  
Unseen since the globe  
Commenced a spin,  
Some times to bring  
Lovely charming stars  
For us, lovers, to play with;  
Some times with a cool cool shine  
Blanketing us to  
The warmth of a flaming hug;  
Then we hear the nocturnal chirps,  
Sitting on our terrace-  
We the real lovers of ourselves;  
And on other times,  
Pitchblende darkness,  
For all other shines for us to see.

Give her a glad eye,  
Give her a fast hug too  
If she is willing;  
Happiness is for her too.

chayamsu v r

## Soft Throbs

you look at my eyes  
and see i love them.  
you chant my name  
and see i love it.  
you love me yet  
and see how great is my heart,  
where you have a place,  
that you call your own.  
be my bosom friend,  
but to see how i love my life,  
and to enjoy your dreams,  
in which you stroll in my corridors,  
that come true.

chayamsu v r

# Sublime Bondage

o, mother,  
where are you now?

i am alone!

when i lay on your laps  
and fed on your breasts,  
how easily and quickly,  
like a bird,  
after its chirps and coos  
and day feeding,  
i slept!

now it is frozen a night,  
without your warmth  
and solacing sighs,  
something heavy  
loads upon my chest.  
do you see it?  
come and sing  
one lullaby,  
pat on my back  
and entice a nice sleep  
into me,  
with soft dreams.  
moro  
they would turn real.

i am faltering  
in your absence.  
let all your throbs  
pervade unto  
my frail being.

chayamsu v r

# Summer River

she takes a fright  
of one-eyed day,  
and slyly peeping night,  
and the breeze  
that comes in silence.

she fears lorries running,  
breaking reins and roaring.  
and the midnight train,  
flaming with a drowsy brain.

she fears scarecrows  
in the cucumber basin.  
and the ball making disputes  
always, passing lines  
and even the aged bridge.

it is in her dome of glass  
sitting hidden a cowherdess lass  
waiting for a blue-cloud  
who has stolen sarees from her.

chayamsu v r

# The Dew Drops Called Love

dew falling in drips bears  
whispers of the foliage.  
let us share the beats of heart,  
and awake into a start.  
only these drops  
can bring the harmony  
of love in berth and death  
in its sublime faith.  
see! these drops of love  
bear the taste of tears  
of bondage  
and shower and shower  
into the lamented.

chayamsu v r

# The Dots And Lines

my bosom friend  
scratch a line  
on the large canvas  
stretched on the easel,  
resting on the axis  
with a spinning frame;

no?

at least let your pencil  
dart into the white canvas  
that would bill a mark  
to grow and grow  
into a long line  
that widen into  
a large thoroughfare  
where we all walk yonder  
to the fringe of life  
together  
inhaling the green fragrance  
of pastoral pleasures,  
when all all  
utter at the onlookers  
'we were were here;  
the unforgettable masterpiece.

chayamsu v r



# The Enlightened!

a blind girl was there.

many a good foe  
from she scored off her friend.

in hope  
she grew her tolerance  
and kept it up her sleeve,  
to hate him too,  
when the ages sound.

in deep thoughts  
cross-legged sat she  
under the banyan plant.  
one twig, two twigs and a lot,  
grow in sprouts and spread  
and sheds its shade,  
as the ages lit the lamps.

now it's high time.  
she saw him close-  
a throb of trance.  
as he groped and groped and walked ahead  
haunted his words to her tide of pride  
'careful were my eyes to you'.

chayamsu v r

# The Loss

the dead stories  
returned once,  
seeking child.  
the child,  
who was hearing the stories  
had dead  
by then

chayamsu v r

# The Lost Memento

on the ways,  
he wished  
had he a homecoming.  
by that time,  
he had sunk himself,  
in the luxurious waves  
to be the fittest,  
rough and stormy  
loud and noisy,  
lacking in restraint,  
lacking in discipline,  
clamorously crying loudly,  
to retrieve the rises and sets  
utterly futile.

chayamsu v r

# The Music, The Waves And The Children-The Symbol Of Freedom

"your voice is wild and simple.

you are untranslatable

into any one tongue."- anna akhmatova,

~~~~~

like the straightforward moves

of the innocent waves,

over the fencepost\* on the cost

to the unwanted sands for them, -

where children once strolled

to pick the frozen pebbles\*\*,

your voice gives a magical whispering,

into the ears of the listeners,

until it is melted into the soul,

with aspirations of a tranquility,

when they are in lethargy.

.

chayamsu v r

# The New Year

like a solitary hawk,  
the ages winged its way  
across the bay  
of the time,  
while the haughty tides of the time  
splashed spittle on our lives.

not even a nibble of good grief  
nor pleasure gone  
with a single fling.

all anew cling  
to our chores and bid us:  
'come, we can bid or time'

chayamsu v r

# The Pendants

we parted and strolled,  
with all the memories,  
of alluring love,  
along the forlorn outskirts.  
we lounged about the jostling streets,  
to find out the sunshine spread.

'one of my pendants is missing.'

i reached the garden again,  
where we haunted now and then,  
gave her the pendent-twins,  
after many an anxious days.

as she glad-eyed them,  
her voice brimmed with satiety, rang  
'i am fond of serene sky,  
like the pendent ultramarine.'

we reached the flowering plants,  
where we had our loving treats,

two blue pendants lay blushed,  
there bashfully cuddled.

chayamsu v r

# The Tarantula Domain

all the men and women  
with the cam and paper  
reached the sprawling spot  
where some cobwebs stretched,  
from which dangled some tarantula,  
ready to come down and creep.

'every tarantula has a day, '  
they heard the web-men say,  
'ere the next kid was born,  
either in a manger,  
or a desert  
or even in a prison.'

after, they knew for certain,  
all the tarantula have a fall.

giant house spiders as big as human  
have invaded the whole land.  
stately creepy-crawlies,  
curious insects,  
crabs, scorpions, centipedes  
and even the little ants,  
explored every nook and crack  
and flabbergasted to see  
these kingly spiders  
have decreed the whole land  
as theirs, across the country  
along with the pied pipers.

biggest arachnid, as residents  
were they, clad in the cloak  
of golden hay mown and dried,  
in the green, like an immature leaf,  
and in the blues, like the sky, serene.

they are looking and looking  
for a spot to lay hundreds of eggs  
when the fall, autumn, has come,

when the giant house spiders,  
the males, looking for females,  
and seeking some dry place  
to mate after a washout summer.

but their sudden haughty rush  
of the cluster of tarantula  
was utterly in vain, here,  
in the sandy, stony, and rocky land  
looking at the sea  
unfailingly with a red alert,  
exhorting to a people  
in hopes and aspirations:  
rise in struggle  
one day these giant spiders will fall.

chayamsu v r



# The Time Of Desolation; The Time Of Satiety

This is the time of isolation;  
the interminable warmth of that kiss  
vanished into a hallucination,  
sticking the window panes,  
stares at me; stares at me  
with a single look  
i can perceive its bliss

then

among the sun burnt  
cluster of palm trees  
even being seen by none  
that warmth will come up  
ferrying the seven sees,  
in a thrust

in the wriggling school of fish,  
when the waves loss their rhythm,  
bursting into a sly laughter,  
that warmth will be running after me...

yet

that moment  
not giving a hold to you,  
slipping away,  
there...,  
it's there...,  
i desolate you  
and brim with sublime satiety

chayamsu v r

# The Woods

these woods-  
a continuous scream  
of a green being  
who prayed and prayed and died.

chayamsu v r

# Thereafter

the corpse, when dead  
waked and walked away, nude,  
saving the last faces,  
under-cloths,  
and the sweat and spittle  
for the kinsmen.

the police took the under-cloths;  
spittle and feces,  
for the street dogs,  
and some sandals  
swept the last sweats.  
thus that death was  
not orphaned.

chayamsu v r

# They Were The Throbs Thudding Into Your Heart, My God

a man died  
and while his soul was strolling  
in a heavenly corridor,  
even before the body burnt to ashes,  
he found out,  
but a shocked god,  
nursed by the most lovely angels,  
concerned with his life.  
'what hell is going here? ',  
the soul asked.  
'you are with a heart calmly beats',  
the god spoke in a husky whisper.  
'my friends live in my heart, '  
the soul said.

chayamsu v r

# To The Rain

How long i've been looking forward  
to that day you come to me and clad?  
but you like the breath of a breeze,  
like a one-day winter freeze\*  
came and gone, quite unknown  
why, not to anyone known.

my dear rain, my dear rain  
you are to serve others, aren't you? \*  
the rain is tagged, on this earth, here,  
with clouds above, in the blues, there  
with a rope of malicious question,  
'you did go hastily,  
dribbling, to wet me simply,  
and passed past, did you? '

like all the english teachers,  
-some would be the hampers^-  
i never nicknamed you, 'question tag! '\*;  
never never cared for a cane to darn,  
on the ignorant\*\*, with innocence, born.  
with talent they gave you a name,  
and brought you all a kind of fame-  
'the snuff', 'mustache', 'the long stick'-,  
all such were they in our mind stuck.  
but 'you did go hastily,  
dribbling, to wet me simply,  
and passed past, did you? '  
is but to name, a question tag,  
we can see what does it mean.

this is not simply such a tag,  
it's a puzzle, a fight of tug.  
all these are now, wanting rain.  
when the mother of rain,  
hears the curses, wow! :  
'what a blistering heat! ',  
when it's drought and drought;  
'what a heavy rain! '

when a gang of silvern fiber,  
brings a gay tie up in the faber  
patio, yards and the woods,  
with the clouds astray up,  
on or before they fall from top.  
given you a life, a cloud nine  
to that mother of rain?  
to that mother of rain?

see how she can send her here,  
into the drought bowels of yours,  
who, now and then curse,  
to see and not to see, here.

chayamsu v r

# Turned Out As A Wind

it was not known when,  
but a gentle wind was blown here  
puffed up with a lot of care  
that would reflect someone's pain.  
catching the hands of feet-burnt shadows  
brought them back to the spread of shades.  
a tree with fits of anger  
was given a pat on the shoulder

buzzed and howled a swarm of flies  
in the reddened eyes of a baby-cow.  
they had made a meal of eyes  
ere the flies were driven off by the wind.

the wind has fanned a mother who stews some tar  
and an half-burnt baby too.  
a blind man  
who had scratched and scratched  
and turned out insane,  
stoned at the wind too.

once more wind was blown in disguise  
as a word that spoken soft.  
reached the shelter of cracking fireworks  
but to put out the flaming fire,  
caught in the flame  
and charred and backed off.  
kissed and kissed on the hoods of brooks  
with swollen glands of small-pox pus,  
and fell down fainted in a fatigue.  
crows and cats of market places  
took their turn to pick their shares  
while this wind was ablaze with blue.  
if you were a gentle wind  
if i werte a gentle wind  
we could've wiped out  
the sweat of wind.

chayamsu v r



## Two Sculptures

in the iron cage  
in the courtyard  
the idol felt alive  
when it barked  
in canine delinquency!  
in the patio  
the old sculpture,  
bent and leaned,  
plunged into plumb seat,  
seemed alive  
when coughed sometimes!

chayamsu v r

# Void Is Void

Full of void,  
not knowing  
when it's filled  
with all sorts of this and that  
to pervade as contagion.

\*\*\*\*\*

like the scent of a fallen flower,  
into an oblivion of rendezvous,  
interminably as others do,  
forgetting\*, it was once a blossom,  
that spread more fragrant a smell,  
and swelled the nostrils to thrill,  
when they poked their nose  
and inhaled freely others.

they were there full of life,  
for them not at all a strife.\*\*)  
they poked the fire and removed the ash  
which promoted burning;  
and fed on simply moaning,  
in the flames steadily sweeping.

the bone-smelling ashes,  
which is not able to remember,  
whose being made this much ash,  
they clean, to prod with a stick,  
even in her ribs, made the ages weak; \*\*\*

to search through a receptacle:  
which once she cared as life,  
full of hopes to enjoy aloof,  
but to share with others' life  
though all stood seeing spectacle;  
as usual they all rummaged,  
in others' pockets,  
for a handkerchief  
wet with their industry,  
to wet their dried eyes,  
like the hearts of chief mourners.

and at length to modify the trash  
with new born infant jealousies  
that would rise you to the chance,  
when they heard her say:  
'all these are not for me,  
all these are not for me.'

chayamsu v r

# We Hail Thee, O Ages.

the streaming whisper of the time  
throbs on the whole being,  
as the dusk dooms,  
for us to awaken  
into a new dawn.

chayamsu v r

## When The Ages Coaxed A Smile...

when the ages coaxed a smile  
from the dawn,  
the night fluttered in the cages,  
to stumble over the thresholds  
of the ages.  
when the lodestar  
curiously crimsoned the dawn,  
i shuddered into a wake;  
the twilight  
transcend a spell of rituals:  
'there's our visual re-assurance,  
against our gloomy null and void,  
to see the hues of a new dawn,  
to chirp into the vibrant blues'

chayamsu v r