Poetry Series

abhilash fraizer

- 28 poems -

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abhilash fraizer (8-6-1975)

Writer from Kerala, the Southernmost end of India. Charmed by words from early childhood, I wrote my first creative piece of writing at the age of 10. Classics that filled my lonely teenage years flamed my imagination that burst into words, which stealthily intruded my notebooks. Loved poems, novels, short stories and every piece that bloomed out of sheer imagination and passion. Written quite a few poems, novels, short stories and personal reflections both in English and my mother tongue. Published a few books. Feel like born to write and love to write. When I stop writing, I wither...hence I write.

Works:

The End of Wars, Dalamarmaram (Rustle of Leaves) : Nin Viralthumpil (At your fingertips) : Ramazhayude Theerathu (On the Banks of Night Rain) , Christmas Manju (Christmas Dew)

A DOG’S LULLABY

Motherless,
Loveless
Babe in the street waste bin,
Just out of the womb,
Blood red!
Puking out the gall
Of perennial human agony,
Screaming out
All the woes of humanity!
Unsung lullabies
And unpoured bosoms;
Drained out hearts!
Unwelcome child.
Motherless,
Loveless
Kid of the waste bin!

Comes a mother dog
Seeking her lost pup!
While she was asleep
By the wayside, by the street,
Stolen!

The waste babe whines,
And the mother dog listens…
She licks,
She hums,
She lulls…
Her spirit sings…
(We call it growl,
Ignorantly!
We, who have lost,
The sense of language
Of the universe!)

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A vacuum of dreams!

The playground is forlorn
The player a grieving loner,
Games were battles; they decided my fate!
One after another, every defeat
Were stepping stones to vacuum!

Life, with its broken garlands
And glasses drained out of love,
Once again comes to welcome me
And wish me good morning,
Mornings are always good, I say!

Alone in the tower of dreams
Against the vast, vast horizon
Overcast with clouds of words,
Weaving the dream I have loved ever
Waiting for the shower I have loved ever...!

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Bathing in warm water...

Bathing in warm water
Rekindles in me
All the warmth of my childhood!
Even today, on this cold rainy day,
As the warm water slithered through my limbs
A rapture transported me
Back to my olden days,
Steamed with my father's love,
For it was he who bathed me
When I was a kid.
What feeling, what delight,
And what forgetfulness I felt
When the warmth enveloped
My painful nakedness,
My loneliness!
Even now, when the chill of life's agonies
And painful isolation
Make me shiver,
I go back to my bath
For an ablution
In the warmth of water,
Nay, in the warmth of love!

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Between the islands

A raindrop fell between us.
And swelled between us;
And we became two islands
With a river running between us.
Every morning, in the river
I saw your eyes, swollen with tears.
And I wished I had a boat
To sail across the river
And haven on your shores.
Or rather the rain pours to the full,
Drowning my island and yours
And make us one, one single Sea!

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Beyond!

Life is a combat with time...
Still I dare to dream of outwitting time,
Having sipped eternity in a sleep as profound as death!
Search Out!
Search for the semen of eternity
Sowed within
And explode
To conquer all frontiers,
To swim to the beyond,
To taste unbound freedom
Of soul, of soul!

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Blood Red Life

It was when you walked out of my life
That my life first tasted blood,
The blood oozing from my heart!

Then when I lost my name,
When I was thrown out of lives and houses,
When I was friendless, beaten up
And left a tramp to tread
Endless paths of loneliness...
I drank blood and I retched blood!

Then I was no one’s son
And no one’s brother,
And no one’s lover...
I was a nameless traveller,
Who lost his way
And torn off by the beasts,
And my life is Blood Red!

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Cyclone

You blew into my nights
With acidic breaths.
Never a touch-
But a cyclone of passionate words
Winding my sleepless nights…
And blowing me off to ethereal worlds!
Just words!
Glowing in the dark night…
And piercing into the soul
Like laser beams…
What passion,
Unseen spaces of love,
Unheard rustles of heart…
Unknown breeze,
Humming,
Then storming…
Cyclone…
Unslept,
Yet drowning into
Depths deeper than sleep!

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Everlasting things are incomplete!

Dreams, fallen from the stars,
Glistened in your eyes, dear.
They spoke to my soul
Of an everlasting love,
You and I yearned for…
Your eyes once sheltered me,
Your eyelashes fanned my soul,
And taught me to dream
Stars and galaxies…
Holding your slender hand
I swam down the layers of love,
And sailed the oceans of love…
They were the days…
Dreams of fallen stars
Still open their eyes…
But in my memory!
Everlasting things
Are to be left incomplete!

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Good Night, Dear!

For you, before the night falls,
I pour out my heart's melody and music,
In celebration of a sweet meeting with a poetic friend.
And when night, the darkest of my friends, do come
to call me back to my dreams,
I keep your rhythmic words
in my heart
As a lantern, as a candle,
Yea dear friend,
As a moonlight, woven with beautiful words...

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Hymn to the Night

O Night, the darkest of my friends!
I've just tears to give you!
If you ask for more and plead
I've a heartful of sighs too!
Yet, never think that I am thankless
For thy priceless caresses and solace,
For the soft hummings of thy breeze,
And for thy blissful misty silence.

To the day I have given all I have;
And nothing is left when I come to you!
Tears, tears and tears alone
I pour out into thy dark feeble hands.
Yet, not a word of complaining
Slips out of thy dark blue lips.
You know, darkest of my friends,
That at last only tears are left for you!

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I long for mountains...

I longed if there were mountains
Yes, if mountains there were here...
For my aching silence to climb
And to get lost in that fetching loftiness;
In that dark, in that deep, in that green,
In that ever-growing awe of the unknown!
I longed if there were mountains
Yes, if mountains there were here...

Here, in this plain, I am stricken
Badly stricken by a short-sight
See wrongly, value wrongly, judge wrongly
And the truth is found bitter, unpalatable!
Hence, I long if there were mountains,
Yes, if mountains there were here...

To have clearer, loftier eyes
Blessed with the farthest sights
To see the truth as whole, not in parts,
Dancing in wonderful harmony!
I longed if there were mountains
Yes, if mountains there were here...

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I love shipwrecks

Out of my wrecked ships,
I fall into your ocean –
The ocean of your love...!
So did I learn to love shipwrecks!

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I touched my father’s heart

Today
My heart shuddered for
My two month old son, my first born,
Fallen ill…
I touched my father’s heart,
That once throbbed for me,
Down numberless days and nights,
Whenever I fell ill…
Ages ago…
I touched my father’s heart,
That has sailed through
Thrice and more attacks…
That has gathered icebergs
To block the flow…
I touched my father’s heart
When my little first born
Touched his first illness,
And struggled for breath
In the frozen monsoon nights…
At the fringe of ages,
Where every fatherhood meets every sonhood,
My heart touched my father’s heart…
I lived my father’s heart…!

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Irresistible invitation of nature.

Rain!
Irresistible invitation of nature,
To the primordial joys-
The joys before the civilizations were born,
And walls bisected hearts.
Remember!
Rain falls on good and bad alike,
Black and white alike!
Rain!
Calls me back to my best days.
To the pool of my purest dreams,
And upto the clouds of my aching joys!
Rain!
The silver cords cast from heaven
For my soul to hang and swing
Like an everlasting kid of nature!
Rain!
The tenderest strings of celestial harp
Where we play the tunes of love,
Psalms of endless romance!
Rain!
Come again,
And pour for ever, your everlasting boons!

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Let my soul fly out!

Let my soul fly out!
Out of this cage that chokes me
To the heavens of free air,
To the land of sunshine…!

Let my soul flow out!
Out of this carnal urn
To the river of my high dreams,
To the sea of unbound freedom…!

Let my soul sing out!
Out of this agonizing silence,
To the hearts of my loved ones,
To the woeful ear of humanity…!

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Live like the Sun!

Live like the sun
and set like the sun,
Even if it's for one day!
Smile like the moon
And light up the night,
Even if it's for one night!

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Lull me back to my pristine dreams!

Your song lulls me back to my pristine dreams!
Your smile buys back my long lost soul…

Walking down the hills, you came
A shepherd girl…
Waking from my nightmare, I heard
Your music…
Long lost sheep inside my chest,
A wanderer untamed
Was lulled by your song,
That flowed from you soul…
Now you tend my sheep;
He is meek to the core!

Your song lulled me back to my pristine dreams!
Your smile bought back my long lost soul…

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Moth(URD) ER INDIA!

Before the dawn,
When the chains were still on,
They chanted: Mother India!
Now the chains are gone,
And the dogs are on a roam,
And they roar: Murder India!
In a free India,
The dogs freely roam,
Stealing the tiger claws
From our nation's pride
And tear our sisters,
Our brides, our mothers!
In buses, in streets,
On beaches, in coaches -
Stray dogs let loose…
In a ‘free, free' India!
Free rape, free bribe,
Free theft, free murder…
India of mother murderers!
Amidst the noises and barks
Of unruly urban extremities,
My heart attempt to say:
‘Mother India…'
But alas! My strangled voice,
Caught in the tiger claws, scream:
‘Murder India! '

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On silent intervels

On every silent intervel
Heart keeps awake
With melodies of warmth...
Every heartbeat sings in rhythm
For our precious ones...
For you are special among many...!
Dancing words are our common flag;
And soulful song our spirit...

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Rainbow

Rainbow
Bent like an arch of desires,
shelter of our dreams,
Colour it seven times,
gaze at it seventy times…
And find out
the colours of a life.
and dreams of a lifetime…
Rainbow
tears hidden behind
the multi coloured arch,
sorrow of skies,
and the sweat of heavens…
what do our world know?
a rain withheld hidden!
Rainbow
brother of rain or sister?
or love unpoured?
hidden sorrow or vibrant dreams,
the world can never go on without,
your seven colours,
and seven seventy gazes…

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Re-Creation

In a world of noices and wars, my friend,
keep a space for melody in your heart...
Nurture your soul in love, and exhale
The deepest truths of your heart...
Learn to sing lullabies, O dear
And wake up the child within you
In a world of over-grown men and women,
Yea dear, let us create men again,
Men and women with truth in their heart
And rising sun in their souls.
Let birds sing once again,
And flowers bloom with fresher hue.
Let the rustle of breeze and brooks
fondle your infancy regained
To a newer dawn, a fresher day!

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Song of a stone

I am a stone
In a morn I was thrown
Into the gloom of Gathsamene.
I was alone, I could only mourn
Until on an eventide, when the one
Who is the loneliest of all
Threw himself upon me.
His sweat like scarlet dew anointed my loneliness!
Centuries passed...
I am still a stone;
But, with a song in my soul!

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SOUL SONG

Need a burning ray of light
To break these icy shackles!
Lazerbeam-like sword
To slice this frozen mountain
And set free the subdued soul!
Oh! Prometheus!
Who will ascend
The holy hilltop for me
To steal a tiny blade of light?
Ages piled upon
Caging my soul within
With its song muted!
Hei Apollo!
Throw me your lyre
To retrieve my long lost song!
Give me a ray from you eyes
And redeem my soul song!

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Stepping into endlessness

Writing a poem is
Stepping into endlessness

A moment ago
You are in time;
And return to time
Once the pen is still!

Poem is a beam of permanence
Flashing in mind,
With no shadow cast,
But throbbing words,
With life imbued.
To light up many a mind
Like stars of night
As long as time lasts,
And beyond, perhaps…

Writing a poem is
Stepping into endlessness

A moment before
You are nothing;
And after –
You are the same thing.

It is that moment which matters
Between time and time,
Between silence and silence
When eternity hugs time
And words kiss the deepmost silence.

Writing a poem is
Stepping into endlessness

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The Eucharist

Divine vermillion frothing up
From the bottomless cavern of life!
The steam of love rolls up into the air
In some holy holocaust's fashion!
Oceans are sleeping there;
Their whirlpools encircling
The deepest sighs of humanity
As the warmest hugs of a love-sick God!

Ice and fire, in utmost rapture
Merge meekly to fill the cup!
The Lamb, innocence incarnated,
Is mystically reborn in bread and wine!
Calvary, Tabor and the empty tomb,
Like a choral symphony, in unison,
Sings the sweetest hymn on earth
In the holy hour of the mystery great!

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The feather touch of poesy

Its heart-warming and soothing
To find friends with poetic wings
And watch them hover
On the sky of imagination
And dance upon the wave of words..
With the feather touch of poesy
we shall wake up the world,
gently, gently...to the sooth of truth and love...
Yea, the feather of poetry
Has its own way of awakening,
and singing...to dawn, to dawn...

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Tiresias can dream still, But...

Blind-eyed Tiresias had thousand colored dreams,
Our thousand eyed world don't!
Then, what is blindness?

We have nurtured scarlet-dreams,
Smeared with our brothers' blood!
We have taught to kill and to burn
The dreams of the innocence,
We have stolen the green dreams
From the nature's heart;
We have wiped away the rainbows
From our children's eyes...
And gifted them guns instead!

Old Tiresias still have a thousand dreams,
Even though has no eyes still!
Tell me, then what is blindness?

Let Einsteins and Newtons of today gather
And research for a pair of new eyes
To cure, and to heal the visions!

Remember: Sleep is not a bridge
between eyes and dreams!

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When Life Whispers!

At the end of all
We would sit by the seashore
Wrinkled, grey-bearded, mellow
And once again kids
With wide opened eyes
Brimming with zest once lost
On our tedious way hitherto.

We would gaze at the horizons,
At the splendid orange sun.
When the sea breeze caresses our white hair,
I would whisper in your ears
Those age old lines of poesy
Our favourite,
Which you and I loved once
When we were kids, then youth
And lost awhile,
For we were too busy!

You would smile once again,
Your eyes would sparkle
And mirror the splendour of the orange sun,
The charmer of our olden days.
And I would re-gather
The pristine childhood joys
From your heart, through your eyes.
Heavy years would then melt down
And time will fly away like a sea bird
Across the endless sea,
And between us
Time will lie endless
Like the infinite sea...

And you would whisper in my ears
The song of my sweet yesterdays,
As you always did ages ago,
When time was small and the earth greener,
Hearts warmer and eyes brighter!

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