

Poetry Series

Chandra sekharan

- poems -

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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

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

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

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

Epicurean Marriage

Phase I

Half a decade of dedicated dating and romance
Together we danced and dined walking, running and swimming
Towers, bridges, dark caves, theatres, shopping malls
Speedy yachts house boats in lotus lakes
Forgetting environment with unified body and soul
Leaving indelible impressions everywhere
We dated for five years
Once, while on an Eiffel like tower she whispered
Darling we will get married, will wind up dating
And live as husband and wife during this life and
Next birth and several other births.

Phase II

Too much of love and affection unbearable
We decided to separate once for all
She married her old boy friend, half of her age
I married my former fiancée, double my age
They came to attend our wedding
my wife stared at the groom, with piercing look
And blasted dear son why you married this old bitch
Her son who is also my son walked away with a smiling face
Holding his wife's arm

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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.

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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

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

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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

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

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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

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

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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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!

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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

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.

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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.

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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 Dr.Christi 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.
Sweety 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
"Mr.Phinfong originally from Korea settled in US
Nutrition specialist.We 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.

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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

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

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

P.M.CHANDRASEKHARAN

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