Poetry Series

Geetha Nair

- poems -

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A Li’l Bit Of The Sky

I aint very ambitious,
Am just a plain li'l girl, you see
And all I have
To call my own
Is a sweet dream to be free.
I don't want too much of money
Or a Lamborghini
(A small Maruti would do just fine!)
And when I die
I wanna be a star.
Up in the night sky
I wanna shine.

That's all that I want,
Truly my Lord.
Not much,
Just a li'l bit of the sky.
All I want is a li'l bit of the sky.

Don't wanna be drop-dead gorgeous.
Don't want a hero or a super-stuntman.
Just a sweet dear guy
To curl up with
And be as happy as we can.
Don't wanna be a teacher
Or a great preacher
(Just wanna live a life that is mine)
And when I die
I wanna be a star.
Up in the night sky,
I wanna shine.

That's all that I want,
Truly my Lord.
Not much,
Just a li'l bit of the sky.
All I want is a li'l bit of the sky.
A li'l bit of the sky...

Geetha Nair

Can't Save You From Drowning

You called me up,
at one at night,
you couldn't tell
between black and white
I play your shrink
Am on the call
And now am giving up
Oh! This won’t work at all.

No, I can't save you from drowning
I barely swim myself
No, I can't save you from drowning
I barely swim myself
Am just hanging on.

I assure you,
all is gonna be fine.
My own life,
am just walking the line
you assure me,
all is gonna go well
but we both know
only time will tell.

Just hang on,
you'll learn.
Just live on,
you'll learn.
You won't need help swimming anymore.

No, I can't save you from drowning
I barely swim myself
No, I can't save you from drowning
I barely swim myself
Am just hanging on.

We'll survive.

Geetha Nair

Chaos and Peace

in chaos I found peace,
now in peace I find chaos.

rushed every morning
like my life depended on it
(and indeed it did)
got crushed in the crowd
used to say,
it helped me keep fit!
it was 'chaos'
perfumes and fish,
all rolled into one
one characteristic smell
it was 'chaos'
smiles and frowns
on the same face, at once.

then, in that 'chaos'
I found my peace.
in my crowd
I found solace.
(but I guess I didn't know it then)

felt the world rush by.
every morning,
thought today i die.
in the mess of my life
there lurked a certain order.

then I quit.
left in search of peace.
in search of solace.
the very things that ran up to me
I deciede to run up to them.

now I do not rush.
I do not run.
there is no crowd.
no need to frown.

the beautiful order I got,
I managed to mess.
in the peace i bought,
I managed to get 'chaos'.

Geetha Nair

Death of a Dream

I’m mourning the death of a dream
A good one it was
With promises of a bright day
And sprightly gait
A light heart
Cool shadows under breezy trees
And soft fragrant grass
Caressing the feet.

It was but a dream,
And I have now woken.
To a concrete prison
Where love binds me
With no way to escape.
No breezy trees
No green grass for me.

(Mumbai-March 21,2010)

Geetha Nair

Individuality

Individuality exists in text books.
In novels and newspapers and speaking trees.
In old magazine leaves turned into cones for holding roasted peanuts.
In speeches delivered by the great ones.
In advertisements and apparent soul-stirring songs.
In the drone monologue of a radio jockey.

Individuality is a sham.
It doesn’t exist
If you want peace in your family.
If you want to get on with your life without being hounded by a million-gazillion, irrelevant, annoying, unmoving, gigantic factors.
If you want to stay alive and not get thrown out of a running train.
If you wish to not be alone.
It doesn’t exist.

(Mumbai-March 21,2010)

Geetha Nair

It Rained Today...

It rained today…

The skies, all gray
The mood is set,
For us, today.
Is it you or is it me?
Or are these tears ours?
These tears that dropp down,
Like wild flowers.
It’s been so long
Since we have met
Still we belong.
Neither your nor mine
It’s ours, this time,
We belong, no need,
To talk or mime…

It rained today…
And I saw you through the clouds
And every drop
That touched my soul
I knew -
It was you.

Wild winds blow
In the cold, we shiver
Fondness in the heart just grows.
The wait was long, but
It’s meant to be
We belong,
You and me…
Out peeps the light
Through the cracks,
And for that single sight
We do thirst.
Like the soothing rhythm of the rain,
Walk this walk
Down the lover’s lane…

It rained today…
And I saw you through the clouds
And every dropp that touched my soul
I knew -
It was you.

Geetha Nair

Satellite

Am floating around
Far away from the ground
No baby of the earth
On the ninth cloud
I see the space
I see the oceans
I see the stars
I see a million suns

Like a satellite
I belong to the space
I'm a satellite
All day, all night
In an endless chase.

My vision goes far
I see worlds at war
I see darkness and light
With my electronic eyes
I see clouds beneath
I hold the waves
And toss them back
O baby, they're my slaves.

Am a satellite
I belong to no man
Am a satellite
In full flight
Run on my own plan

No earth, no moon,
I play my own tune
You cannot touch me
Try as hard as you might
Am a world of my own

Satellite. Yes.

Geetha Nair

Saw You Feeding The Crocodiles

Weird ways you've got,
Strange eyes speak of
Stranger wars being fought.
The lessons you were taught
If you see a hopeless life,
You would rather let it rot.

You crept away
You thought nobody saw,
But I was there, alright,
And I couldn't believe my own two eyes
When I saw you feeding the crocodiles.

Strange eyes.
Strange wars.
Hopeless lives.
Let them rot.

What is it that you see
That you choose to defile
Your very own, shelter, your very own tree.
Why is it that you would rather flee
When you actually can rise up
And let your life be merry.
But the lessons you were taught…

You crept away
You thought nobody saw,
But I was there, alright,
And I couldn't believe my own two eyes
When I saw you feeding the crocodiles.

Strange eyes.
Strange wars.
Hopeless lives.
Let them rot.

Geetha Nair

The Busy Man

Not that I don’t long for you,
Don’t think, don’t miss, don’t pain,
But I live the life of a busy man with
No time to spend in vain.
How each day of mine passes!
I slog from morning till late night
Then I decide I shall write to you
But end up just sleeping tight.
You know the woes of a busy man,
Now, don’t you, my dear –
Every minute is of great value
But don’t you have any fear
‘Cause every time I see the flowers,
The cards, the gifts, the cake-shop
All those birthdays and dates I ‘ve missed,
Right back into my mind they drop
And I pause, and I stand for a while
May be, I should give you a call
The next moment my mobile beeps
O! The stock market has taken a fall.

Geetha Nair

The Monsoon and Her

Rains were special for her
They always brought great changes to her life
The monsoon understood her
In a way no one else did
The monsoon stood by her
In a way no one else could

Years came, years went
Hopes failed, hearts broke
But he stood by her,
The monsoon
He understood her like no one else did.

It was in the rains
That she always found
A way to shed her tears unseen
It was in the rains
That she always found
A friend to look up to

She could look up at the sky
And the grey towers would talk to her
They were as lonely as she was
They were as much in pain as she was
And they would cry with her

They wouldn’t mock her
They wouldn’t judge her
And when they went away
She knew they would be back the next year
They wouldn’t leave her
Wouldn’t leave her alone
To face the world all on her own

The rains were special for her
The monsoon understood her
In a way no one else did.

Geetha Nair