Poetry Series

M.D DINESH NAIR

- poems -

Publication Date:

July 2011

Publisher:

PoemHunter.Com - The World's Poetry Archive

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M.D DINESH NAIR (9 -21)

.....amidst the lands green yet barren and minds loitering but laden must live a poet`s mind. It must at times hover over the skies quite beneath the world unknown. A wet pen, a concerned mind and a lover of true verse make things happen....
These poems tresspss the boundaries of caste, creed, nationaity and religion. The lines flip not, the lands wither not and thoughts never retreat.....
In the own words of the poet

' My poetry is my mind spoken out,
My poetry is then your minds reached out too,
And my poetry is woven with the thread of love
For thee all my brethern '.

Born at Kurianad in Kottayam Dt in Kerala, India Dinesh Nair had early schooling at his native place and high school education at Trikkur in Thrissur Dt.He did his degree[1985]and post graduate degree[1987]courses at St Thomas`College, Thrissur where his literay talent and social identity got recognition.Active association with a few literay clubs and students`organisations made him a very different youth within.
A winner at various literary competitions including those conducted at the University level, Dinesh Nair`s stories and poems were broadcast by A.I.R.In 1987 and 1989.He took a post graduate diploma in journalism from AICCS, Kolkata in 1989.
With teaching experience over twenty one years at three prominent corporate Junior Colleges in Vijayawada, A.P Dinesh Nair is presently working as the Head of the Dept of English, NRI Academy, Vijayawada.
His poetic works pertain to themes drawn from far and near and aim at sharing views with the other poet members with the same wavelength of thinking.

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Works:

MOSTLY SELECT POEMS AND SHORT STORIES

A BREATH I CHERISH

I cherish your breath a lot.
As your breath is a sweet sob
That chimes out tales for a reverie.
Perhaps you breathe for none but me.

At times I miss your breath
As I flee to a world of solitude.
But then is heard your breath winding in
To reach the peaks of my utopia.

Your breath gets cannonised
And my entity rebounds unto you again.
A love is born and blossomed
As I search for you in the dark.

I cherish your breath a lot.
As I too begin to breathe like you.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A CAMEL

A camel
That walks alone
Across the desert unending
Has no pretentions.
Every camel is so.

A camel
That has a hump large and
A physique strong
Is a marvel to none.
No marvel at all.

A camel
Treads before me at times
Leaving a track to follow and
I carry my small luggage
No caravan is seen.

A camel,
A desert,
A track and
Me.
There is a breeze blowing from somewhere!

M.D DINESH NAIR

A CANDLE AND A MAN.

Someone lights a candle
And I see the things around.
A candle must burn like this
Nay, every candle must burn like this.
I begin to tell every one.

A candle dies as it lives for us
And we appear to live while we travel towards the end.
A candle lives and lives while it appears to be dying..
A lot we have to learn.
I begin to learn none.

It`s a candle which lives and lives throws greater questions
And I begin to be introceptive
-A mental exercise on a confined mind.
When shall I begin to live like a candle?
When shall I give out a flame that lives?

The questions begin to boomerang on me
As I sit in the candle light and see everything.
I see everything?
I miss to see a candle too.
The ghost of a candle haunts me.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A FACE WITH A DIFFERENCE

I see somewhere around me
A face with a difference.
I see a face that`s not set on my face.
Its lips don`t kiss mine.
Its breath doesn`t feel mine
But I continue to see that face with a difference.
In the midst of faces that smile and sack
This is a different face indeed.

When I draw a picture of a face
I shall consider this one indeed.
This face has a thousand reflections
And in the twilight of my evening
I shall cherish this one face ever and ever.
In the corridors of my future unwoven
I shall chase this face henceforth.

My eyes see the difference
And that face begins to merge with mine.
My face turns upward to see
The things brighter and shapely.

I have now a face.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A FLOWER FOR YOU MY DEAR

A flower will bloom on my plant too one day
And I shall offer it to you my dear.
My flower will have many petals,
Its colour will be that turns you envious of it and
Its fragrance will traverse beyond your stretches.

When I offer you my flower you will visit my garden perchance
And you will nip all the buds at once.
My flower will frown at me then and
I shall cry unto the skies
Till the stars invite me to join them for ever.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A FRIEND UNSEEN

He is my other friend..
A strange image but a tall one.
He chit chats less, makes rare visits,
And never eats with or says 'see you'.
He is a guy who wasn`t there by me before

He is my other friend...
A breeze of the kind across the phases of my summer,
A soft hand touching my wounds for a healing.
My other friend is there by me.
He is a guy who is seen around my small abode.

In the depths of the torments
Inflicted by the rest and the well known
My other friend surfaces like a pearl.
He lifts me up from the nadir of despairs.

Oh unknown spirits, who is this guy?

M.D DINESH NAIR

A HEAVEN AND TWO HELLS

A heaven opens its doors
And two souls enter,
A king and his rod of power;
And somebody sings a song musical.
Two hells open their doors
And ten thousand souls enter,
A man and his dead brethern;
And a cry for the second burning is heard.

The meadows of the green planet go dry
The sheep bleat, the shepherd goes missing
The mothers show their breast-nipples sealed
The infants wail, the fathers wage a battle to be lost.

Once again the heaven opens its door
And the king and the rod wait to enter.
So do the two hells with two doors
A crowd is pushed in once more.
The burning flesh chokes the nostrils
But the sweet song is played on....

A bird flies unto the sky
As the torrents swallow its feeble frame.
The green planet celebrates an existence.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A MAN OF OBLIVION

Oblivion is my refuge and
It`s worth a life`s deductions.
From the day my life sprang up
From the mercy of the Creator
My oblivion has been my pal beloved.

Oblivion is my strength and
It`s nothing less than a grace.
Transferring my pains and woes
Into its inner chambers my entity triumphs
And my ego surges forward.

My oblivion has two phases-
One is of my life haunted by myself,
The other is of my life ravaged by time.
As the lilies fade out the former does and
As the islands in the Pacific submerge does the latter.

What is an oblivion of your kind?
Do you ever make such deductions?
As a new stream of new pathos rushes
To run along the abode of your oblivion,
Do you know the bliss you scale down?

M.D DINESH NAIR

A PLEA TO ALL..

Share a thought fine
It may enlighten a mind for ever.

Speak a word musical
It will console a life for a brief span.

Execute a deed great
It should transform a race for now.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A PRAYER FROM EAST AFRICA

We have a face that looks like yours
We have brethren who look like you
We have a bending head and folded arms
We have a life that you gave.

Our God where have you gone?
As we paint Jesus in black and without golden locks
Are you angry with us like men beyond the Atlantic?
As we quote the Quran from the silhouettes of hunger
Are you angry with our un-Arab looks?

Could we dream of a rain cloud ever
That brings in a rain of a loaf of bread?
Could we hope for a smile on your face
As you begin to forget the Sodom Gomorra?
You may answer in a decade our God.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A QUERY

The query is ever mine...
In my dreams I see you dreaming!
In my hopes I feel you resurrecting!
In my realisations I find your revelations.

In your dreams do you at least see me sleeping?
In your hopes do you find a phoenix dying?
In your vast domains of learning do you figure out me as a letter?

There are a few clouds over our heads:
I am waiting for a rain to wet my mind in it
You are craving for a lightning and thunder
And your answer has never been told!

M.D DINESH NAIR

A REELING FOR ALL

My students reel under the burden of new knowledge!
Whereas I stuff their minds with my old fables.
I read out a verse of Auden or Tagore
And begin to think of a great poet remembered.
But my students continue to reel under the Sun
Of new opportunities in the next phase of theirs.

My students of past are now in tens of thousands
Making dollars in the land of the kangaroos below the Indian Ocean
And beyond the Atlantics where the War mongers live in fear.
They reel under the clouds of new packages and amenities.
My voice is down, my energies are fading and
I reel under an agony `WHICH IS UNKNOWN TO THEM`.

My new students take an outh that 'they will not',
That 'they will not reel under the SUN of past'.
They whisper into my ears the glory
Of the emerging India - a new land of newer billionaires
And ask why they should make voyages now
As the new packages and amenities are great in the land of
Gandhi too - the land of three hundred million have-notes.

My new students whisper into my ears a new poem
I don`t know its script, nor do I know its rhyme and rythum.
I don`t know the poetry of the present.
But I know it for certain, you all bet
All are reeling under a thing or another
For there are always verses to spill over times.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A REVOLUTION WITHIN

A revolution within the mind
And a revolution within that`s beyond
Are the needs of the hour...

I search for the mind first
What is beyond that is a dream to come true.
But a revolution is the need of the hour...

A fire extinguishes somewhere,
Its smoke reaching far and wide.
But there is nothing new in both!

A flood begins atop the glacier of the river far away,
Its water licking up the lands of the hungry lot.
But there is again nothing new in these too!

A revolution within my mind
And a revolution within that`s beyond
Are a poet`s perceptions perhaps.

Nothing brethern.. nothing at all can
Bring in a revolution in this life
As the game of dice is played on and on...

M.D DINESH NAIR

A SMALL NEED...

Let me write some poems
Let me be a poet.
Give me a pen,
Give me a paper,
And give me a few thoughts.
Let the world know me a lot
Let me be a clot.
Give my poems a rhyme
Give them a rhythum too.
And give me a name.
Let my poems be recited by all
Let my lines be quoted by the world.
Give me your fingers
Give me your mind as well.
Let me too be a poet.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A SMILE REBORN

A smile had long been missing from my face!
As for that matter from many a face around me! !

But I smiled yesterday believe it..
And it lasted for a few seconds indeed!

A nomad in mirth and his kiddy sibling
Passed by me singing a lyric of their own fibre...

I murmer the lyric unto the skies and my poet brethern
Who have not smiled for long....

' When you smile you are a man
Or else you are a ghost indeed'.

What made them sing so I know not...
But I had ceased to be the ghost in me for a while....!

M.D DINESH NAIR

A SONG FOR ALL

A dream lets out a clarion call
For a song for all - you and me.
A song for all is sometimes not to be sung.
It needs no singer nor any music.
A song for all needs no listener either.
It`s often heard from within.

A song for all is often silent
As no torrents thereof transmounts the minds.
A song for all sometimes cristalises into a mute babe.
Then it cries for our care later.
A silent wave of a song not sung
Craves for an entry into our spirit stubborn.

The notes firm for a life time
Make the song unsung a nightingale sweetly dumb.
Your breath substantiates a life`s tale.
If I miss to feel it, I miss to hear a song.
Dear mortal enlightened, have a mind
To breathe your song into my indifferences.

A song sung for ourselves for once
Will make the cuckoo nostalgic ever,
And she will come to our dwelling places
To absorb the new notes unlearnt earlier.
A song for all may be a dream,
But its mute riches have no reverses.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A SONG FOR YOU

With notes so dear to you
I have written a song.
It rhymes with your dreams
And has a rythum of your musing lines.

With tunes so clear to you
I have given a music.
It chimes with our sighs
And has a rein of our living times.

With feelings inward in me
I wait for you my pal, forward in glee.
As the hands of the clock strike in spree
My mind hears your steps within me.

Where you are, I know not.
Shall I begin to sing the song?
Where you are, you say not.
A song for you I have....

M.D DINESH NAIR

A TIME GAME

The night dark fades out
And the day bright sets in.
It`s an embrace of the sunlight
And the riddance of the mist..

A day of frantic order takes over.
Hours of toil and frugile rest,
A broken conversation,
Many missed calls
And an evening for recollections.

A twillight shrinks,
The day glorious fades out
And the night elusive steals in.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A VEILED FACE

An exulted order of the past
A veiled face appears.
Life within longs for a mast
A timid wish withers.
The unveiled eyes see
A world of beauties meagre
And it craves for being seen
By the world not so obscene.

An exulted order of the past
A guiled sweet smile crushes.
Life within falls for torrents fast
A soul snails into a world of bushes.
A sob deep within is heard
A hand that cares is seen.
An old God`s dry song is read
But any bliss around is not seen.

M.D DINESH NAIR

A VEILED MIND

A mind too can be veiled
The truth strikes the terrains of prudence.
'You begin your search and you will be hailed
By most minds veiled with cadence'!

A man man sitting near a fire
Announces the severity of the chill
But knows it is not that cold rare.
The innocent fire burns on for him still.

A woman sulking at her man`s beast within
Cries for the glimpse of liberation spoken of
But denounces the samaritan at once soothing.
The beast triumphs over the preys born of.

A small child sits in the lap of the old granny
Sings into her ears an elegy on the separation ahead
But walks with the parents spiritedly to the world of fancy.
The old granny moans for her return never ahead.

A rose is about to be bloomed one feels
Its petals begin to show a smile sweet
But retreats into the plant with steady heels
One leaves the orchard with a sigh unsweet.

All die young and old all die left and right
'May there fly into the skies` infinety their souls free.'
Does a world transparent survive there straight?
Will these veils still cling to the souls unknown and spree?

M.D DINESH NAIR

A WAR WITH YESTERDAY

A war with yesterday ends,
A phase of life emerges as the victor
And today is born..

A war with yesterday!
And a compromise with today!

A galaxy of anxieties
Surrounds a man who is just a planet of an explosion.
A caravan of tomorrows
By passes him who is a pedestrian of odds.

Was his war with yesterday a heroic act?
An answer evades his territory of prudence.
After a long wait a rain shatters the land dry
And he looks through the windows of fear.

The war with yesterday ends for ever
But there is nothing else to begin.
A small stream struggles to find its way forward
As new pebbles arise from a slumber.

A war with today is in the offing-
Victors are masked as ever before!

M.D DINESH NAIR

A WORD TO NATHALIA

Nathalia, I still remember those days.
When you were a village dame or a mermaid!
Nathalia, I still remember your eyes.
When you could see the things vivid.

Nathalia, I had two coins with me -both silver
And you stole the one with a tail and no head.
Nathalia, where is that coin? Where is that silver?
My coin bought me a book which I never read.

Nathalia, I hear you are an angel or a goddess now
And tales are woven around your eyes and the like- they mince no words.
Nathalia, what can retrieve my precious coin?
Let me see my Nathalia back like in those days.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AFTER ME FLOOD

I must live my life for
Now I am there.
I shall eat my fruit full
Next the seed will be crushed.
I shall fly my kite high
Next the sky will be erased.
I do not know who will live next for
After me it will be a flood.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AHMEDI NEJAD, LISTEN PLEASE.

Ahmedi Nejad,
Why don`t you offer a bunch of flowers
Instead of challenging every move of the U.S and the west?

Ahmedi Nejad,
Offer a garland of brotherhood from the middle east.
And speak the language that the Quran permits.

Ahmedi Nejad,
You can mouth out a piece of advice as well
When you put on a face emotional ever.

Ahmedi Nejad,
If someone offers you an embrace of human love
Quote not the words of a God who made wars.

Ahmedi Nejad,
Wars have never won anything worthful.
They have shed nothing but blood.

Krishna went heeded in ancient India - the myth says.
In the land of the Pandavas who triumphed over
Their cousins astrayed - but blood was shed
But the battle of eighteen days brought nothing eternal!

Gandhi too went heeded next in modern India -we all know.
In the land of divisions the Indians won over
The incarnation of Britain - and no blood was shed
And the war of two hundred years brought a glory great.

Ahmedi Nejad,
Let us say no to nuclear dreams
And thus let us make the world less nervy.
Are you listening Ahmedi Nejad?

The World`s police will change oneday.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ALL ABOUT TWO FRIENDS

Two true friends they were.
A kite and a sparrow living in a tree.
They chit-chatted all day long
And forgot the rest of the world.
None an nothing could separate them

There came a dark and short man once
Who smiled and smiled at the sparrow and
Said aloud, 'It can`t be, how is it that you are here now?
The sparrow turned pale and looked at his friend, the kite.
The little man was looking into a foliage now.

Two true friends they were.
The kite murmered into the ears of his friend,
'Fear not my friend, I shall take you to another tree high and tall
And save you from this dark and short brute..come with me'.
As they flew off unto a far away tree, the'brute'down still smiled.

Two true friends they were.
The kite made the pal sit on a tall branch and said,
'It`s safe here, let me go back and ask that brute who he is? '
The bigger winged beauty flew back to old tree and the'dark brute'
And he hovered around both for some time.

The dark and the short man heard the kite speak,
'Who are you to speak to my friend and why did you speak such words? '
The smiling 'brute'said, 'Oh bird, I am the god of death and as per my book
Thy friend, the sparrow should be on the top of a far off tree
And should have been eaten by a huge snake by now, and therefore alone
I spoke to your friend words'.

Shocked, the flew back to the tree high and tall,
His friend the sparrow was not there on any branch!
Down across the shrubs was moving a big python after feasting on the prey.
The kite flew off unto the skies infinite next.
He and his late friends were two true friends.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN ALBUM OF MANY...

An album of sweet faces
Is like a garden of red roses.
A smile that blossoms on a face very dear
Melts away the pains of a day`s wrongs.

An album of sweet thoughts
Is like a mountain of misty heights.
A loving word coming from a mouth so near
Heralds in a song of angels on throngs.

But the album of tomorrows` images
Is like a gallary of frosty nights.
In the dark of nothing transparent
Walk the feet hoping to reach the inn.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN ALIEN... AN EXCUSE

An alien wants to take me away
From this earth of too many aliens!

An alien
With no framed face nor a smiling face.
An alien
Who is all love and care for me.
May I go with him?

Stephen Hopkins gives his warning,
'Don`t play with the aliens'.
In fact all the aliens here have been just playing with me!
He knows not.
May I go with my one?

I shall go one day freeing myself
From all these frames of faces and their smiles.
I shall live in the mist of the Titan of Saturn
As no alien to my host.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN APPEAL TO THE VEXATIONS

As Vexations of the older kind leave our path
A new world of its own has to emerge.
A candle, a smile and a soothing word...
Ha! You and I feel like living a certain phase.

In the midst of furies bound onto us
Aren`t we helpless for along time dear ones? .
Then will flash the beams of this candle,
Blow the wind of the smile and echo the word.

Somewhere there lives a hope unknown to all
A dream begins to embrace our skulls
A sigh of relief is let out of our noses.
We may begin to wake up for ever?

M.D DINESH NAIR

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AN APPEAL TO WAIT

They have the'sixth'sense divine
With which they feel their God.
They have captured the minds of the masses
And conquered the'truth' of eternity.

When the poor poet begins to write a few lines
They fall upon him and call him'ignorant'.
They are blind but they seek and find
The black cat which is not in the dark room.

They have a mask of some 'great' hide
Wherein they hide a face that they lost long ago.
They have shadows disproportionate
And they alone are the advocates of 'sanity'!

Humbled by the truth of surmounting facts
And baffled by the indifference of the pen-pushers
The poor poet declares once again.
'Ignorance thee hath friends in these masked bipeds'.

The mask of sanity will fade away one day
And I shall show you all their faces.
The poor poet declares once again.
'Ignorance thee hath friends in these masked bipeds'.

An appeal to wait it is...

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN ARMY OF PATHOS

An Army of pathos
Marches on into the plains of our lives.
Hungry kids, dead grannies and forsaken huts...

There were life and laughter once.

No agendas die, the politician who learnt at the Oxford repeats,
'Don`t panic, things will be alright soon'.
How can he sleep tonight?

An Army of flickering hopes
Struggles to bring solace to the masses.
Soaring summer heat and reports of sunstrokes...

There were still such times not so bad!

No enjoyments are called off as the haves still chill out their lives,
Let the drowning ones go deep, the survivors must rejoice.
How will this phase come to an end?

The ghosts of the Palastine kids killed
By the incorrigible Isrelites haunt the minds.
When will these armies fade out for ever?
The Nargese licked off the lands of Myamnar
And the army regime said 'no' to the helping hands!

What a nasty human fate it is to be under one`s ego.

The Black Obama may just have paradise for a short span.
But will the Whites honour him over the White Mcain at last?
And Putin in disguise shall rule over Russia yet.
An army of pale sentinels let out a cry weak.

There used to be a life different..

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN EVER MOVING FRIEND

A shadows moves forward,
It`s mine...mine alone ever.
My shadow has a mission
He must tread past me ever and everywhere
Irrespective directions and distances.
He is like a calf mischevious full of energy.

Each time my shadow reaches the destination a lot early
And he sends a message to me with spellings accurate:
'I have reached safe, don`t worry'.
Should I go back now? I am uncertain.
I see very often much to my head-ache
Men and women travelling with no shadows close.

My shadow alone moves on leaving me far behind
And I just wish him all the best while I blow out a sad smile.
One day his destinations will end for want of pathways.
Then he will stay with me I am sure.
And he will triumph in his spring of youth
He doesn`t know about the unlaid tracks ahead.

A shadows moves forward,
It`s mine...mine alone ever.
An ever moving friend

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN ILLUSION

A day will come
A dream will come true
And I shall traverse upon the hillocks
Searching for you.

I am waiting to see you
I am yearning to feel you
And we shall live in the valley
Knowing each other.

These hillocks are hard and high
My feet are fatigued and worn out
And someone is calling me back
Fearing lest I should collapse.

A year passes off
An army of nightmares chases me
And I know the perils of a search futile
Living a life flattened.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN OLD DONKEY FOR SALE

'A donkey for sale' the old man cried
And the crowd went to see the donkey.
It was as old as he - the crowd felt.
'An old donkey for sale ' the old man still cried-
But no new crowd was there to see it.

An odd man came enquiring all the way
'Where can I get an old donkey for myself? '
Then he heard the old man cry 'An old donkey for sale'
And the odd man rushed to him and his donkey.
But he said to the old man, ' The donkey isn`t really old'.

The old man and his donkey are still treading the paths,
The crowds still find the donkey and the man old alike.
The odd man never stops his search for an old donkey.
But a world never emerges at all -
That one can understand the diametrical human minds.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AN UNBORN POEM

An unborn poem
Is perhaps a poetic reverie.
Sure it is, but I must say
Another poem
Has been conceived by me
It is yet to be penned down though.
It needs a pen that will never dry up
And the readers who will turn grey haired never.

Sure it is, and I must say
Within me living on
Is a poem superseding my others
Yet unborn after conception!
Certain poems are so, dear ones.
Between their conception and birth often
Scores of months entwine us the mothers to-be.
An unborn poem never dies.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AND CAPARTHIA SPEAKS NOT...

Caparthia, I have chosen you as my fellow-pedestrian.
And I shall let you know later why I have chosen you.
After all our walk doesn`t end that soon.
Caparthia, look into my eyes while listening
You will see them closed now and then.
I haven`t kept them open for ever, I can`t.

Caparthia, what do you want to tell me?
Stop it, it`s I took a fellow-pedestrian for me
Your words may weave a story long, I can`t hear it.
Caparthia, when I speak you must listen all the while.
And I don`t forgive a fellow-pedestrian deceptive
Every other fellow-pedestrian knows it, but not you.

Caparthia, I often look at you while speaking myself out
You know, I am testing your mind.
I can understand even an expression
That hides your inner rejections.
My ego once hurt will not tolerate anything.
Caparthia, I am beginning to narrate a long tale.

And I hope you will listen to it till the end.
You are my lone fellow-pedestrian!

Caparthia, you are not listening well
Your eyes are not seeing me at all.
You are looking at the setting sun and panting..
Caparthia, I am losing my temper..
I will soon speak cruel words un heard by you.
You will then be turning your face back.

Caparthia, ...stop, don`t you see the road ahead?
And didn`t I tell you about the endless journey?
You are very selfish within, I have chosen you wrongly.
Caparthia, where are you? Have you gone back?
You were heartless to leave me alone on this highway land.
About you what line should I write?

Caparthia, in the pages of history
I will paint you as a woman treacherous..
I won`t walk with you any more.
Perhaps before me what that 'small philosopher poet' said is right.
'Frailty, thy name is Caparthia'.
Once I too say it, the world will believe it.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AND NATHALIA CROSSED THE ROAD

Nathalia stood on the crossroads
With weak legs and a trembling frame.
She wanted to cross the road

I gave my hand and she held it tight
To cross her road unknown to me.
She obviously walked with me for a while.

There on the otherside he stood
Her man with a smile known to her
And she rushed to him as my hand felt a shake.

Unto the skies they flew- Nathalia and her man!
I don`t know just one thing...
Why she took my hand to cross the road.

Things unknown none explains ever perhaps.
You may sigh at the unknown crossroads and
The Nathalias in waiting.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AND ONCE YOU WILL LEARN..

As I mix a hundred colours to paint your picture,
My canvas shrinks in size
And cries it foul.
There you stand with a smile mysterious.

As I hold a brush with a thousand quills on it,
My right hand shivers
And calls it uncommon.
Someone stands by you a with a frown.

You think I wouldn't draw your picture at all.
You feel it's my indifference
And colossal lack of concern.
Your mind turns into an ocean of skepticism.

Still on my large frame of mind
Your portrait hangs for ever
And there I see your smiling face.
My love has ever been thus…

Once when you begin to learn things,
My canvas and right hand will wither away.
Then your portrait drawn in a thousand colours
Will be your last concern perhaps.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ANOINTING THE FILTHY RICH

The men who matter to this material world
Are a few symbols of victory anoited.
They never know those names
The names of those who are defeated.
They never tell how they won
They close their eyes before the shadows
Of the multitudes of the losers.

Warren Buffet, Carlos Slim and Bill Gates,
Lakshmi Mittal and the Ambani siblings-
The feeders of the world are listed and
The FORBES sells copies innumerable
The lost millions submerge where not?

The filthy rich smile and the world too smiles,
The losers shed tears but the world knows not.
From the heart of the EDITORS of the FORBES
Another thought must emerge.. a new page
Of the STORY unknown - about the losers

They won`t sell many copies yet,
For they need all the paper for the first Edition itself
To show the faces of the billions
All across the continents apart.
Then begins a millenium of the LOSERS!

The men who matter to this material world
Are a few symbols of victory anoited.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ANOTHER DAY

Some invite me to their houses
But I cannot go there as I have other plans.
I just say, 'Another day, I shall make it'.
That day never comes.

They invite me again
But I cannot go there still, my plans are being worked out
I just repeat, ' Another day, believe me'.
They smile- They know it.

They look at me
As if to enquire whether I would make it this time.
But I am what I was and how shall I go?
They go away still smiling.

I at last realise and tell it aloud
I won`t go anywhere whoever may invite me.
I have made a big SHELL for all.
And am waiting to withdraw myself into it for ever.

I will take everyone into my SHELL which has a big mouth
I won`t let you tell, 'another day and another day'.
I will drag you all into it for ever, it`s certain.
My SHELL will swallow you all on a day.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ANOTHER HOPE..

When the first hope breathes its last
Another one begins to crawl.
A future stares at it though.

When the crawling ends for once
It sits and looks around
And then reaches out to objects far.

It studies at the school of optimism
But the hands of pessimism grip it next
And it wears an attire of illusion.

The hope blooms in a withering smile
As the images of illusion snare at it for long
And there goes the home bell - it should leave.

It returns to a home deserted
By the lone guardian the bold ego -once a strong friend too
And finds no solace in the vacant chambers of the mind.

The second hope lives alone -how hard!
But no terror enters its domains - ah!
For it should live for a race in dismay...

M.D DINESH NAIR

ANOTHER NIGHT FALL...

Another night fall caves in
With the last streaks of the dead Sun withering out.
A night fall of no norms again!

In the dim light of the room I watched her eyes
They had a shine that was of norms very personal.
A night fall of no nostalgic flavours yet!

In the middle of my sleep I saw her sweet smile
It had the charm of an oasis amidst the desert of my nightmare.
A night fall of no exact dimensions indeed!

I know the boundaries of a small day-
I feel every night fall to be a small den thereof.
And I take refuge in its mistress`s embrace.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ANYTHING YOU ASK FOR

Anything you ask for

Is not with me.

A pity!

Anything you ask for

Is with none at all, I affirm.

A fact indeed!

But you ask for it ever

And I show my blank face.

I am doomed.

In the annals of history

You may get my story printed in big letters

As one who gave you nothing you asked for.

I am planning to go to the Mars

Where none will ask for anything.

There I shall live for ever.

From the skies of the Mars

A flash reaches my very soul of fears

That you will be there too.

I shall ever be doomed

As I can never give you anything you ask for.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ARROW FOR YOU TO SHOOT

Shall I give you an arrow to shoot? .

The arrow is ready to shoot forth

Its tip is sharp and shining

And it is sure to pierce through any flesh and bone.

The arrow is made of age old metals hard

Its frame is lean and long

A shaft that knows no bounds...

And it is sure to strike at the object hard.

The arrow is loved by sages and saints

Its value is unquoted in scriptures ever

And it is sure to remain desired by all.

But where is the bow to shoot it from?

You decide... you alone

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS THE KNOCKING GOES ON...

Every time some one knocks on my door,
What a hell it is!
My door is for my entry and exit -
But some one always knocks on the door.

I never open it for others,
They knock on..but later go away.
What a nuisance it is for
They come back and knock again.

My door is very narrow
It has just to take my frail frame through it
And none`s else.
My door is very strong
It has to last my life time
And not beyond that.

The knocking never ends
But I don`t change my stand ever
I won`t open the door.
They are fools- they think I have not heard
They come back yet.

As long as there is a door, I think
Some one will be there to knock it on..
It is a fate, it`s a norm.
Who said that every door should be knocked at?
Who said that till they are opened one should knock on...?

Knocking my door like this
Will one day ruin it for ever.
Then I will seal the gap thereof for ever,
Next I will open my roof and get in and go out.

Some one will not knock on my wall any more
And none will come with a ladder to climb to roof.
If still they haunt me, I will go to the Mars to live
In no fear of these knocks humans make.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS THERE AREN`T SAFE NESTS...

A migrating bird chirps into my ears,
'Can you make a nest for me that will be safe ever? '
I don`t know what he means by a safe nest
For my nest has been on the verge of a collapse.
He flies away dreaming about a safe nest.
That leaves me with a question, ' Where to fix a safe nest? '
Safe nests should never be on the branches of trees
For trees themselves are tormented by storms and quakes.
Safe nests shouldn`t be on the roofs of man`s homes either
For his mischevious kids may throw away the eggs.
Safe nests should not be under the water or in the skies
For the fury and the terror of these elements are disastrous.
Safe nests shouldn`t be anywhere that eyes see or ears hear
For there are humans living on this earth.
You migrate my dear bird to anywhere you feel it safe
And never return to these unsafe homes.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS THERE WAS NO OTHER OPTION 1

I wasn`t there...
But I emerged from nothingness
And as I wanted to act soon I got into it.
 It had already been very late.

I travelled to the Mercuri and the Venus
Where I could hear no human sob..
I next went to the Mars and the Saturn
Where too none cried or sobbed.

My space shuttle then took me to the Jupiter and the Uranus
Where I heard the silence of the universe,
So was the case with Neptune too.
The Pluto cried for a visit, but I said, ' You aren`t a planet'.

Back at the earth I once more heard
Humans crying and sobbing as ever before-
The have nots and the miserables were they as ever before.
And I ordered the BLAST of the green planet.

The planet Earth is no more there-
And God 'the almighty' said, 'Well done'.
But added, 'Speak up, dear unknown friend'.
I began my story of emergence and relevance.

[to continue..]

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS THERE WAS NO OTHER OPTION 2

.....When I blasted the earth with all life on it
There began a phase of silence in the solar system.
God ' the almighty ' further said, ' What next? '
I stared at him asked, ' What do you mean? '
And a greater silence surrounded us next.

He said, 'Brother, your act leaves me null and void,
Along with this end you know, my relevance has been lost'.
I retorted, 'Your relevance was never my concern
And I have just righted a wrong done by causes unknown'.
God 'the almighty ' fumed within I knew, but He kept mum.

I said, 'Listen, the origin of life wasn`t an error,
As a choice wasn`t there within the first organism,
And life had no pretentions of the kind.
Then, you weren`t there to create a relevance'.
You were not there as none thought and spoke of you'.

I said, 'Listen, then emerged the man the supreme
And he invited you into his lobby to wrong many a right.
Religions and their scriptures had you fattened....
Men and women and the old and the young
Sang hymns and your relevance got a glitter'.

Life on the planet was a mixture of pleasure and pain
And there blew the winds of disaster of might and wealth.
Crumbling the castles of ' civilization and humanity'.
Emerged many animals that crushed the hapless,
Still there were you everywhere signifying no relevance'.

I said, 'Listen, the pathos and the plight of the flora and the fauna
Spread over millenia necessitated my emergence.
From nothingness have I emerged thanks to you,
With blind eyes you saw your ghost pouncing somewhere'.
God 'the almighty' was disintegrating, the image was silent.

The planets minus the earth still revolved round the Sun
And there was an end to the dual notions of
The Great creation and The big bang.
The Milky way and the galaxies lingered on..
God 'the almighty' withered into the nothingness.

As there weren`t minds to think, nor mouths to speak next
The final philosophy of silence began and
I wasn`t there anymore for the work had been done.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS WE TREAD TOGETHER

As she treads the path alone,
As she treads till the walk ends,
I too will stop not, it is my word.

Birds flying to Siberia stop not,
Then why should she and I?
As the boulders large slice her toes,
As the thorns sharp hurt her heels,
She fears not, and I am with her.
Fishermen venturing into deep seas fear not
Then why should we alone?

Every path has to end somewhere,
Every walk has to finish at one point,
We do not stop and fear nothing ever.
In the pains of these fleeting moments,
We must learn to have a dream,
She has dreams and I follow her suit.

M.D DINESH NAIR

AS YOU ARE THERE...

As you are there,
Give me the thunder I need,
Let the lightning accompany him.
Give me the rain I need,
Let the rain bow linger after him.

As you are there,
Give me the love I need,
Let the care of it surround me.
Give me the lust I need,
Let the mist of it submerge me.

As you are there,
Sharpen the sickle for me
And let me get into a feild of harvest.
Choose the gun for me
As I shoot at things far.

As you are there,
There is a glimmer of hope.
You stand by me ever.
There is a world for my conquest
When you lead my chariot.

M.D DINESH NAIR

BEAUTIFUL LIES

Beautiful lies
Take us on the wings of might
Towards the skies infinite
And then dropp us on the heaps of truths-
Brutal truths buried.
Beautiful lies
Get painted on a marvelleous canvas of light
Against the background in twillight
And then shed the shadows of truths-
Barren truths ferried.
Beautiful lies
Send the beams of delight
In the dark chambers made of granite
And then surmount me with truths-
Nightmarish truths married.

Still in the thick coats of beautiful lies
I veil my frame when the Sun is on
And in the cradle of their rhymes
I find my sleep when the Fun is gone.

M.D DINESH NAIR

BENEATH THE HEIGHTS...

Beneath the heights
Flying along the tracks of floating rain clouds
My kite flies not caring for me ever.
Behind the kite my thread trails.
My hands hold it ever.

When the clouds begin to rain my kite sways
But as the sky clears he smiles.
I am not seen by him still.
Beneath my kite my thread shudders.
My hands hold it ever.

Above the heaven`s zenith
He flies, he alone flies.
Far down in the earth`s nadir
I stand alone holding my thread.
Beneath me the tremor begins...

M.D DINESH NAIR

BETTER CLOSE THOSE DOORS...

You better close the doors.
Lest the hot winds should blow in.
Those winds I have known for years together
They are very hot while blowing in
Hence you betther close the doors.

Have you heard of those chambers of hot waves?
With no doors to let them out.
Oh! dear our option is a relief indeed
As we close the doors and keep the hot waves off
But you haven`t yet closed the doors!

Do you know about the lands of fire and flames?
With many a burning issues striking the masses.
Oh! dear, it`s India our mother land
Her hot waves engulf a million hundreds.
Yet I tell you ever you better close our doors.

M.D DINESH NAIR

BETWEEN ME AND 'ME'...

Between me and 'me'
My mind is searching for yet another me.
As I am lost in the throngs
Blasted by the wrongs of a time.

Between a past gone and a future vague
My present is fleeting
As I am lost on a pathway
Drawn from the earth to the sky.

Between a dream unseen and a nightmare encountered
My spirit is fluttering
As I am cornered by my own images
Emerging from the nest of my egoes.

Between me and 'me'
Where is to find the real me?

M.D DINESH NAIR

BEYOND A TRACING I HAVE NEVER BEEN…

Somewhere there around me
I find a new fire burning
With colourful flames hitherto unseen.
I find that it is burning with fumes
Souring to the altitudes hitherto unreached.
In fact my joy knows no bounds.

I feel the thing burning now
Oh, my mind is it!
I find the eccentric crowd cheering
My people are it!
And a gloom begins to embrace me.

The flames flicker and go slende,
The smoke withers and dies,
And the souls unseen creep back into the holes,
I feel a stench of my mind
And a heap of ash remains.

I can`t see new things burning,
Nor can I search for flames thereof.
With what little is left over in me since
I have to somehow trace a form of mine
To speak certain brutal truths to you.

Beyond a tracing I have never been...

M.D DINESH NAIR

BEYOND THE HORIZONS...

Beyond these trees tall and these fields green
I see the horizons a strange sight.
It`s the marriage of the sky and the earth.
A gaze tranquilises my pains.
And I am transported into a world of bliss.

Beyond the the pride of the seen around
Lingers the ego of the unknown!
Banished from the joys of the little ones
My adulthood explores the heights far still
And a strange smile conquers on my face.

Beyond the horizons I see nothing now
Perhaps I need those glimpses later.
The present will soon begin to impoverish me
Delighting the egos of my inner self
And then I shall fly unto the world beyond the horizons.

M.D DINESH NAIR

BUT THERE IS A WALL...

I know how to go there
But there is a wall ahead.
A wall of height and might.
How shall I go there?

I know how to make a door
To make me go there
A door of width and length.
How shall I close it after I go?

I know how to close my door
To stop others from following me
For they must`nt be where I am to be.
How will all judge my gains otherwise?

I know there is a wall
Which has to be built over and over
Even over the door I make.
How will others follow me suit then?

I will reach there first
And none else will reach there next.
I shall have a wall rebuilt for ever
Once a door is made for me....

M.D DINESH NAIR

CAN STREAMS FLOW ALONG THE RIVER SIDES?

Can the streams run upto the oceans far?
Can they run along the side of the rivers known?

You were a river and I a stream
Who flowed together once.

Using the sixth sense I read your mind
The one none could read before.
Each line written on your mind
Unveiled a portrait painted never.

You were a river and I a stream..

Aside my failing senses old
Triumphed my sixth sense young.
You, the river got flooded
And I, the stream was drowned.

Denouncing the last reason left you kept even my soul off-
An act someone else could have done.
Each word spoken at my funeral often
Unravelled the mystery of your mind.

Along the side of the river of your ego,
May I flow as a stream entwining you ever in the next life too?

M.D DINESH NAIR

'CATCH THEM YOUNG' I SAY..

I will blend two minds and will shout aloud
To the world, ' Here is the final human mind'.
I will infuse two hundred passions in to it and will sing aloud
To the throngs, 'Here is a mind that sans no glory heard ever'.
I will invent two million ordinary mortals and will speak
To their hearts, ' Here is your role model to frame a mind still'.

I search for the minds to be blended
And many minds flash before my eyes.
I like none - 'All are too narrow', I tell.
I search for the minds once again
And many more minds flash by, none appealing.
An agony strikes me, 'Where are those great minds? '

A millenium passes,
In the drought of mothers who give birth to none great
My blending dreams remain as a mirage
And I begin to write an elegy on the death of minds.
In the inner self of my mind that can never be blended with any other
A nightmare roams with all its scaring images.

I will blend two minds one day but I will not tell about it.
Or else I will tell someone to find them and catch them.
' Catch them young', I will tell him.

M.D DINESH NAIR

DELUGE

A deluge haunts a race unaware
It is larger than the one 'Noah' faced
It holds all in an embrace everywhere
It engulfs the already 'menaced'

Deluges have no hearts
They have ever been that cruel
A deluge is a nightmare of sorts
It has been on a mission dual

As you fail to see it come
The deluge laughs at you the blind
As I begin to warn you that it`s come
It tides over the realms of my mind.

A deluge leaves no hopes ahead
It is there to right a wrong yet
It will leave a silence of the dead
This deluge will leave HIM scot free you bet.

M.D DINESH NAIR

EASTER 2008

Easter 2008-
A time for a solace to my Christian brethern,
Resurrection laughes at crucifixion.
But Christ still smiles not.

Easter 2008-
A time for making the second phone call
To the ones remembered on December 25,2007
But where is the transition?

Krishna and Rama fade out for a long time
As Christ supersedes in the realms of love Divine.
But he shouldn`t have gone like that
Leaving the doings of a brief life for just a memory.

During the Easter 2008 Christ mustn`t be smiling..
When the crucifixions are still going on...
And Resurrections not succeeding them
Should there be a solace though.

Christ has patience Divine,
His mind may be still overflowing with love Divine,
But will he be just resurrecting every year?
Till this race without a father to look upto is doomed for ever?

M.D DINESH NAIR

EVER GREEN RESOLUTIONS

I take many resolutions and hatch them for eternity
Like millions have done from the time immemorial
Across Europe, Asia, Africa, Australia
And beyond the Atlantic.

I dream about the chicks
Which are never born
And my resolutions hatched for ever
Turn out to be ever green!

My resolutions cry for action
Sometimes they call for 'some action'.
But I throw a mischevious smile
And ask them to learn their history.

I can quote the glory of
Many a resolution never acted upon.
That of a man who decided to be a social animal and
That of a woman who promised to be behind him.

Those resolutions were hatched for ever
Their chicks have never been born.
A spirit surges from within me
And I bury my face in my ever green resolutions.

M.D DINESH NAIR

EYES MEET..

Our eyes meet for long
But a strangeness distracts them apart.
Our eyes meet for some one is watching on
But a smile fails to bloom for once.

Eyes are like that ever
They are just two balls very dark.
Eyes are unable to see ever
They are just two blind owls very reluctant.

When you get four new eyes, come to me,
Two for both of us to see each other once.
We shall begin to see things for ever
But will some one be watching us then? .

M.D DINESH NAIR

FEAR NOT MY FRIEND

As you tread the path alone,
As you tread till the walk ends,
Stop not, my friend.
Birds flying to Siberia stop not,
Then why should you?
As the boulders large slice your toes,
As the thorns sharp hurt your heels,
Fear not, my friend.
Fishermen venturing into deep seas fear not
Then why should you?
Every path has to end somewhere,
Every walk has to finish at one point,
Stop not and fear not my friend.
In the pains of these fleeting moments,
We must learn to have a dream,
We must dream to live a life too.

M.D DINESH NAIR

FREEDOM FOR YOU AND ME

Freedom for you and me

Is an unattainable feeling to flee

From the World itself.

It is a dream to be

In a world of total glee.

Some times freedom has two wings

Both pulling towards left and right differently.

It has the colour of many rings

That surround the Saturn of life coherently.

Freedom is an Utopia

As we we cannot flee to any place at one go.

It is more than a bubble`s Nostalgia

As you and I flee into ourselves at a go

Within the Titan surrounding the Saturn.

M.D DINESH NAIR

GOD IN EXILE

Why is God in exile?
Why is He banished from thy midst?
None gives any answer.

God in exile has no regrets,
God in another world is safe,
Nothing shatters His self and pride.

'God is love', they said.
'He is the redeemer', X said.
And God felt humiliated and He fled.

God in His exile is free from dawn to dusk.
He needs no solace of introception there
He is sure to win the battle of nothingness.

God in exile won`t read these lines
Nor will he bless a poet unknown.
God in exile has gone back to His mystery.

M.D DINESH NAIR

'GOD OF YESTERDAYS'

‘’God of yesterdays, oh hear me once

Where are You now? ’’

You are not around us here!

In this world of materialistic miseries

The humans toil and toil a lot and

It is their sweat that now runs through

The veins of a land once alive;

As not even a dropp of blood remains to surge forth.

The men beyond the Atlantic too fret a lot,

The Somalian kids die of hunger manifold and

The Mumbai slums re-write the history of

The breed of the Indians

Far off the Ambanis, the Sachins and the Khans.

The denizens of a fairy land cannot

Soon emerge from this land of ghostly dimensions

Of the unknown and the mysterious.

The stories of the Krishna who fought injustice,

The Christ who converted water into wine

And the Prophet who excelled in precepts

Have all gone into the oblivion of all odds.

We long to see Your face just once,

We want to mildly judge You once for

We have a law for all errors of Omissions and Commissions.

Oh God of yesterdays, come down to us once.

M.D DINESH NAIR

GOD`S PRIORITIES

His priorities are unchallengably His,
Living amidst the rich and the mighty
He has transformed over the millenia

Offering the second slice of bread to the not so hungry,
Blessing the successfull to succeed further
And protecting the demons of sin and savagery
He lives in the midst of humans recognised.

He never treads the path of the Budha and the Christ
Perhaps His mistaken identities.
Nor is he reborn as a Gandhi or a Lenin
Perhaps they were not his men on earth.

God said to me, ' I am the boss who can never go wrong,
Obey me and worship me like the millions'.
I said to him, 'Let me rot in the fire of hell,
As Your priorities are to chase many hundreds like me ever'.

M.D DINESH NAIR

HER LOVE

Her love is a breeze,
It traverses the spheres of my mind
That has a hundred deserts of its own.
Her love conquers me.

Her`s is a love with an angel`s touch,
It captures the regions of my ego
That has a thousand peaks of its own.
Her love rebuilds me.

Her`s is a love with a fairy`s magic,
It charms the naughty queries of my senses
That has a million tongues of its own.
Her love evaporates me.

Who is she? You might wonder-
She is one who existed long before you.
She lived before the dinausers and lizards
She was somewhere there!

Her love flies high above the clouds
And I snail across the terrains infinite.....
A dream is waiting to come true,
And a hundred nights far it may be....

M.D DINESH NAIR

I KEEP THE HEAD HIGH

An eye sees everything
But the other does not…
An ear hears everything
But the other does not…
What an honest combination!

A mind sees your virtues
But the same mind sees your vices…
A heart longs for you dear,
But the same heart rejects your love near…
What a dishonest mindset it is you think!

But among the blind around,
Then among many a deaf
And the heartless beasts that surround
You have to know my dear,
I ever keep my head high.

M.D DINESH NAIR

ICE MELTS

Ice melts
Like my dejected self sheds tears.
Ice melts
Like your diverted love weds liars.

Once far away in the lagoons of my past
A swan sailed till it was tired.
But now in the deserts of my present
A vulture snails till it is fired.

Ice melts
As the sun unknown rages, they say.
Ice melts
As the run unwon glares, they say.

I hold my stick downward ever
And move on the way forward ever.
Ice melts
And my pheonix waits...

M.D DINESH NAIR

INDIAN LIFE 2010

[.....I request my non Indian visitors to skip this poem]....

I awake from the sleep
And my dreams begins to impersonate as ever.

The memories of the Indus valley,
The glories of the Gupta and the Moghul Empires
And then what the British brought and took away.
Everything withers into a history of its own.
This land tells this humble poet the truths for 2010..

A land with a past and a present unique
Ushers in the images of its thriving entity
And this humble poet pens down these lines.
Historians told our teachers certain lies
And I do not retell them to you, my Indian brethern.

PART-1

As the pride of a land catches a tram
And travels backward and forward in dismay
The pathos of a human block skyrocket unto
Its face half masked and tears transparent begin to roll down.
It`s how things should begin perhaps, or forgive me.

A wise man speaks aloud,
Ignorance in multitude being his sole listener.
With eye brows converged and thoughts electrified
They stand in the queue to cast their votes
Like the well trained cows come home, next they return.

A lady clad in white clutches the thread of things and
Hopes to climb a pillar.
But a young colt wins in direction and speed,
And the men who sqat on the floor
Begin to euologise both - one picture.

Around a toothless tiger old
Some mules conduct a procession,
'A past has to be re-incarnated' they swear.
Everthing rests on the might of the Indra of men.
What will happen? - another picture.

A man clad in white speaks out his thoughts red,
Gets excited and then dissolves into inaction.
As a village responds to a growth
Men in arms and the Khakki chase them out.
The maxims in the Das Kapital get a burial - a picture indeed.

It`s dust or mist everywhere
And nothing can be seen, the seen cannot be shown.
But a few images are surging forward

As the dust and the mist settle down with their fate.
A land looks on..

A fire and an explosion heard from within,
The mighty ocean recedes for now
But the woes teem up with disaster
As the destiny of the land looks like an oracle.
Ah! some time later I fall asleep.

PART-2

An old woman waits for her son at her door steps,
Her grandkids have fallen asleep,
The clock in the neighbourhood strikes TEN.
He had gone to the police station to answer a few queries asked..
But a deadbody never returns on its own.

A farmer tills the land...
As nothing is harvested next, he kills himself- a warrior`s death!
The new Chanakya thundres in the house of men in white,
'All the loans are waived for them'.
But the son of the soil never returns from the abode of fossils.

A man enters the home of a ruler with beard
A few whisperings, a few promises..
Another man comes with a suitcase thick,
Many papers are signed, wild shouts of joy follow,
A dozen things happen followed by a great silence.

Two women enter a glass chamber in the dark,
One counts the currencies bearing a greatman`s smiling face,
As a dark fat animal pounces on the other.
Sobs innumerable are contained in the chamber.
Yet another timid innocence has been crushed.

A small school kid goes to her teacher
And he looks at her below the neck, she is unaware.
The next day is September 5, his clan`s day
And he is declared the best teacher of the year.
Rajdeeps and Burkhas fume on the dias.

Calender sheds its leaves
And new months rush in...
Reluctant rivers run snailing all the way,
The depressed bay of Bengal heaves out a tsunami,
And the Himalayas begin to melt.

But a land looks on...
Neighbouring Chinese pregnant with equal pains
Wait for a poet to deliver their woes.
The reverberations of the utterances in these lines
Are heard from elsewhere..Who will tell me the truth?

A continent must not wither away like this,
Take your pen sharp and make it wet, the rest will follow.
As the green planet looks on...
I quit here dreaming of a day that one would read
These lines plenty and say 'But INDIA will be reborn'.

I fall asleep again as the cruel night fall
Impersonates as an angel
Whom I have seen often on the clouds
That never rain over those men`s heads -now fossils.
I have no regrets - I can wake up again.

M.D DINESH NAIR

INNOVATIONS

Innovations inspire the world in disguise
A transition from the old caves in.
In the mansions of glory and glitter in demise
A formation from the bold ushers in.
Amidst the pains of a birth being given
The mother of the new-born smiles out a moon.
Across the waves of waters unknown to the mountains
The cries of the buried get thundered.

Innovations inhale the rest of the fauna and flora in
And the new man begins to write his notes.
A baby with a lamp tries to walk his streets
As the blue planet breathes her last...

M.D DINESH NAIR

KERALA -GOD`S OWN COUNTRY! Part-1

.....[I request my visitors other than Keralites to skip this poem..}

A dream has been shattered
A hope has died.
The children of a great tribe are dead.
There live no communists now.

An old man has fulfilled his dream at last
But at what cost?
He could have been the fire with flames
He is not even a candle that kills the darkness now.

A new Stalin thrives with vigour
But till when he knows not.
China inspires him and he reasons well
But words mouthful spit venom red.

A ghost of the past still has a nest to go in
But its imp is homeless in effect.
Men clad in white pull a cart pushing it meanwhile.
There are no congressmen now.

A religion and a man with snow white beard at war of nerves,
An ego and a contrast unheard or unseen ever.
The old banner is not torn, ' God`s own country'.
Where does that God live?

A few men with an ideal odd and a past of no glory
Rage in the streets of a captivated brand.
A set of wolves they become sliting throats of each other.
And Kannur we call it in the slender atlas.

Blood replaces the sewerage,
A race to die at metal and stone.
A meet, a promise and an eerie silence.
It is an odd piece of land.

Where are my brethern?
You were lost long ago
In the wilderness of an inertia.
Where is the abode of that God?

A land and its mysterious greenery
Cast a spell on the mind though,
A self-proclamation on the glory of the past
Begins to stink above the backwaters of Kochi.

An introception by a child is in offing.

M.D DINESH NAIR

KISSING A MISFORTUNE

Kissing a misfortune
Is a life`s last endeavour
As you never make a return.

Kissing a misfortune
Is a man`s lost game
As you don`t have a partner in it.

A slipped word,
A wrong unknowingly done and
A right forgotten to be done...

Kissing a misfortune
Is a friend`s tragedy and
Indeed a life`s ghost.

M.D DINESH NAIR

LET US FORGET OUR VILLAGES...

Villages, my friend, are no more those heavens.
You used to tell about villages living, I remember.
Villages, my friend, are no more those marvels.
You used to boast about the ones quite variant, I recall.

Villages have begun to grow its heights,
Its vast expanses shrinking to a few yards.
Villages have sent away their caring mothers to the towns,
Villages have driven away their milky animals to the farm houses.

That`s why my friend, I can`t take you to my village
And when you offer to do so, I am not inclined.
Let us hide in the fortress of this city`s hard walls known to us and
Forget our villages where our memories wander as ghosts.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MOST WANTED

Most wanted are
There in Ethiopia and Somalia,
Many are there in Asia- China and India
The hungry lot, a shame
To the Western Union and the Sub Continental billionaires.
What to do with them?
'Shoot them? Oh not, all will hear them cry',
'Hang them? Oh not, a few may call it barbaric'.

Most wanted are
There among women and children,
Many are there in Homes- Unloved and forlone
The sobbing lot, a nuisance
To the Hillaries and the Harry Potters.
What to do with them?
'Seal their mouths? Oh not, crying women are a feast to the eyes',
'Sell them? ' Oh no you can`t, none will buy these skeletons'.

Most wanted look forward to a future
Which will be spelled down by an alien yet to come
To this land with ten thousand years of 'civilization'.
Somewhere beyond the Milky way that God lives....

M.D DINESH NAIR

MOTHER ONCE SAID...

My mother once said
'Don`t open your mouth before
Elders and those with white hairs'.
My mother also said
'Don`t speak unless asked'.

My mouth asked me once,
'What is my role in your life? '
I said, 'My mother has said nothing about it'.
I added, 'You swallow and eat'.
My mouth has been quiet since.

My friends said, 'Your mother is wise'.
My father said, 'She is my strength'.
I wondered how she could be so great!
Then was born my kid brother with a big mouth.

My mother said to my kid brother too
Not to do those old things
But his mouth spoke everything
Everything that I never dared.
And his mouth swallowed, ate and spoke.

Today my mother is no more
And my father is is weak and worn out.
I still remember my mother`s words.
While my kid brother speaks out his mind
My mouth refuses to speak out its regrets....

M.D DINESH NAIR

MUSINGS OF A MID SUMMER EVENING

1
God declares another spell of sound sleep;
Men and women continue to pray,
Drought, hunger and conflicts rage...
Nothing hopeful happens ever.
2
The Indo-Sino reminders of 1960s
Recede into oblivion.
Bloodstreams may still run
And we shall ever enjoy brotherhood.
3
One dies in an accident
Another one commits suicide,
One dies at a murderer’s knife.
Survival is a great feeling.
4
The tears of the mother are seen again;
The utterances of the son are heard,
Where is the rhythm of life?
5
Butterflies have gone to die;
Dragon flies have flown to wild bushes,
Where shall I search for a relief?
6
In my garment I hide myself,
In their eyes I look naked.
An oasis is needed across this desert.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY BABY YOU LAUGH ON...

My baby, you laugh on for

The tears you shed has no takers and

All say aloud, “Every baby must laugh”.

So my baby, you laugh on…

My baby, do you know a truth?

This world has more laughing babies

Than the weeping ones here and there.

The world has its data for you if you still want to confirm.

My baby, when you learn to laugh

Leaving all your concerns and worries

You begin to tell the world aloud and aloud

That you know the art of living

But I can`t lagh like you, my baby.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY BUS

My bus ever comes late
However early I reach the stopping point.
It moves very gingerly
As my soul sinks in despair.

My bus has no destinations to reach
Though I long to travel to many.
It snails across lands mysterious
As my fears hover over my hopes.

My bus has a driver who never smiles at me
However much I try to show my teeth to him.
He holds his steering just with one hand
As I begin to quiver within myself.

When my destinations I reach
I shall find out an open meadow to lie under a sky.
And I will not return from its bliss
And my bus will return without me.....

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY CONTENTION

My mouth is blocked,
My eyes are blindfolded and
My ears are closed.

But it is my contention
Perhaps mine alone…

Nobody is there with an ear that hears,
Nobody does anything that I can see and
Nobody says that I have to hear.

I too live a life of yours.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY GERMAN FRIEND FREDDIE WHO IS NO MORE..

I had a German pen friend called Freddie.
He had a dream and his large eyes reflected it.
I recollect those eyes ever mine being smaller.
They were too small to accomodate a dream.

Frail Freddie lived in Hamburg north of Berlin.
An average undergraduate pursuing a business option.
Freddie is no more today.
He was taken to the abode of God, they would say.

Freddie used to defend some of the acts of Hitler
I forgave him and he was a fan of his father
A member of the Bundestag a political body?
Frail in frame he was a man with a dream.

Freddie used to narrate the pathos they had and
The unification of the lands with the fall of the Berlin wall excited him.
He wrote two or three long letters on it.
He was a true German after Bismark I felt.

Freddie wanted to see India
He was fascinated by Gandhi and Mother Theresa.
And I started waiting for him, - he could afford to come.
But he didn`t come... he was postponing it, I thought.

Great silence over months and replies didn`t come.
I thought he had forgotten me.
Sixteen years ago I was misjudging a true friend
And I recollect my erratic assessments.

Once a small letter came which told a big cruel truth.
It was Freddie`s cousin writing...
It said, ' Sorry brother Dinesh, it is late communication perhaps,
Your frail Freddie has gone to Christ`s abode-
After a severe attack of jaundice in blood, pray for him'.

I couldn`t feel anything much, a few tears rolled down.
A dream was dead...

Freddie my frail friend is no more.
His visit to India is due for ever..
If we were to be reborn ever [the Hindus believe in rebirth],
I hope we would relive our lives.

Then he will come to Gandhi`s India,
I shall play a host to my frail Freddie
And I shall look into his eyes for long time
Where dreams of two lives may be reflected.

If the god of death still wants to grace my frail Freddie,
I will face him and plead for a turn, 'Take me this time'.
Let him come to India, my spirit will follow him.

My frail Freddie is no more there.
..... A dream is still there.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY PAINS IN SPRING

My pains have four seasons
A spring, an autumn, a winter and a summer.
My spring triumphs over the rest.

In the spring of my pains
I am surrounded by smiles of sweet pathos within
And in my garden the blossoming pains flutter in the morning.

In the autumn of my pains
I am preceded by the hills of hopes mounted
And in my groves the pale pathos shed tears in the noon.

In the winter of my pains
I am hidden by the mist of dejected aims
And on my snow hills the sliding glaciers ensure a fall in the evening.

In the summer of pains
I am blasted by the heat waves of scattered dreams
And on my anvil of my poetry new lines are made.

I like my spring of pains
For I too have a human heart
And my garden of dreams will ever be there.....

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY PETS

[.....unto the unknown or the nothingness
.....when you and I transfer our homes
.....nothing shall we take with us
.....this human ego and prime thoughts
.....will pave way for a hollow entity
.....hence these lines.
.....with due apology for being different this time
.....i share these feelings].....
****
****

MY PETS

We had many many pets
In our ancestral home
Many cats, a few canines, a few sparrows
But my memories relate to three dear ones.

When I was in sixth class I had close pet
'Karuthappan' a fat and clumsy black cat.
He was the eldest of ' Chacky' the ever carrying lean mother.
Karuthappan had yellow eyes and a shining face.

He would eat only from my hand, standing pridely in my lap.
Karuthappan was a spoiled guy who never caught a rat even.
When I return from the school in the hungry evenings
Karuthappan would relieve me my burden of eating much tapioca
He would lick black coffee from the floor.
[Those were the days of emergency and financial difficulties]
Eating and drinking by me was his privilage.

The other cats at home didn`t care for me
And in Karuthappan`s mind I had a place.
.....
One evening on my return from the school
Karuthappan was reported to be running around in panick.
My sister reported that he might have eaten something heavy
But I alone was anxious.
Some time later he came to me with a foaming mouth,
He rolled before my eyes for a while and
In those yellow eyes he had a strange fear,
He might have thought that I could help him out
I couldn`t.
And quiet he became.
My Karuthappan died before me.
He had eaten a poisened mouse, the kids around said.

Karuthappan was buried by me
Mother Chucky came around and sensed the difference.

****
Next I had a close pet friend in 'Manikandan'
[Manikandan is the name of our secular God atop the Sabari Hills].

The male calf grown into a small ox.

He used to be fond of my face which he would lick.
Manikandan would even look at me through the windows.
Obviously he too had a friend in me.
I never thought anything untoward would happen.
.....
Once two persons came to take Manikandan away.
My father had a deal with them.
They carried strong ropes and had muscular bodies.
Manikandan broke his rope and ran around the house,
At last he came where I was standing and stood for a while.
His scared eyes were enquiring why I didn`t stop them.
I coudn`t.
Mani was taken away,
They were slaughterers I heard the next moment.
When he was dying at their blunt knives
What would have passed through his mind, Oh God!
I was ever in his mind.
I am shedding tears here,
With much strain I finish these lines.

****
A couple of years later came he,
The Little Tomy whom my sister bought for five rupees.
He was a red dog with small dark eyes.
We loved each other.
He would accompany me upto my school
Running and stopping for a while across the paddy field.
Tomy never slept at night,
He was that vigilent about safeguarding our half furnished home
And the world of rubber trees around it.
.....
A day Tomy was reported to be missing
And for days he didn`t come home.
We couldn`t trace him up and down.
I expected him to come to me from
A bush oneday..
He didn`t.
He was lost.
What might have happened to my Tomy?
We would not eat a poisoned mouse,
Nor would any one eat his flesh, I am sure.
My Tomy, where did you perish?

.....
It`s years since I have had a pet -
An impact of being uprooted from the first dwelling places.
But I know
Some pets will oneday return to me.
When I will get into the evening of my life.
Even then those pets of my teen years

Will live in my minds.....

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY SHADOW

The shadow of mine has a mission
That he must tread past me ever and everywhere
Irrespective of my directions and distances.
He is like a calf mischevious full of energy.

Each time my shadow reaches the destination a lot early
And he sends a message to me with spellings accurate:
'I have reached safe, don`t worry'.
Should I go back now? I am uncertain.

I see very often much to my head-ache
Men and women travelling with no shadows close.
My shadow alone moves on leaving me far behind
And I just wish him all the best while I blow out a sad smile.

One day his destinations will end for want of pathmakers.
Then he will stay with me I am sure.
My shadow triumphs in his spring of youth
He doesn`t know about the unlaid tracks ahead.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY UNSEEN FRIEND 2

The unseen spirit ever walks by me
Neither in front of me nor at my back!
His concerns are genuine.

The unseen spirit often chuckles.
At times he sings chimes into my ears.
He leaves me not, a mischievous guy indeed!

There we see a blue river far
With banks vast and sandy
The unseen spirit and I walk towards it.
There I think of catching a fish
There are no fish in the river though.

There he becomes a fish for me!
Tell me - who are you?

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY WATCH AND THEM

The watch says ' it`s five to ten'
But I read it as 'ten to five'
And I tell the world, 'there is a lot of time left'
They cheer at me and say a BIG THANK YOU.

The watch strikes TEN - ten times!
I am convinced it is ten`o clock indeed.
I go to them and apologise, ' I am sorry'
But they shout back, ' You blind man! Keep quiet'.

The watch stops striking
I don`t know what time it is!
I ask them, 'time, please'
They tell me, ' Go and buy a watch'.

I go to watch shop and see all brands
I tell the man, 'Give me a good watch'
He shows me one and says, 'It`s the best'
And I buy it and he says A BIG THANK YOU.

Again back at home my watch shows five to ten
And I read it as ten to five as before.
When I tell them, 'there is lot of time left'
They smile at me and refuse to thank me.

A bell is heard at my door
Comes in my shopman who sold me the watch
He says without a smile, 'You gave me only half the price
Take the other half and I am a bit busy'.

As I stand convinced, he asks me, ' What`s the time now? '
I retreat to my inner chamber to discover myself.

M.D DINESH NAIR

MY YESTERDAYS

My yesterdays were bubble like

And they broke before I were to hold them.

Those days had the flicker of the Venus

And I thought they would last for sometime.

My yesterdays were ice-cream like

And they melted before I were to have them.

Those days had the flavour of my mother`s breast milk

And I dreamed I would taste it for some years.

My past was fleeting like a rocket

Unto the skies of my uncompromising present.

In the corridors of the ghostly edifice that sans a solace

I long to see my yesterdays dead or alive.

Who will take me to that past of Utopia?

M.D DINESH NAIR

NEW NOTIONS DIE

New notions are all seen
With suspicious eyes ever.
By all alike everywhere.
A crowd is seen building a temple
For the notions ancient.
Not even an inn
Is seen for the notion brand new
And the crowd never learns.
New notions are next exiled.

Notions old become a diety,
They engage slaves,
The worshippers are transformed
At their will and the diety shows its fags.
The new notions die a premature death,
It is a murder by a crowd.
No tears, no funeral but corpses are there.
The ghosts of the negations loud
May begin to haunt the abodes.

M.D DINESH NAIR

OBAMA, OH OBAMA!

An Obama came, he saw but he conquered not.
The Obama of a game won is no more there.
A land and its white dreams still linger about us.

Nothing happens to America and Europe
As the rest of continents struggle to thrive on.
A recession threatens to swallow the years to come too.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.
But dear Robert Frost, where have you got to go?
Sound sleep knocks at your doors.

M.D DINESH NAIR

OH! MY WHEEL

My wheel does not roll on any more
Perhaps it needs smoother roads
Or it needs to be smoothened further.
Where are those roads?
Who will smoothen my wheel?

I showed my wheel to a motorist
But he said that it was not a wheel at all.
I tried it before a poor mechanic
And he said that he was sane though poor.
Does any one want my wheel?

A child saw me with my wheel in my hand
And persistently asked me what it was.
I told him the truth that it was a wheel
I thought he would take it to play with
But ran away saying that his mother was calling him.

My wheel falls from my hand and lies near
For it can`t roll on and lie a little far from me.
My wheel looks at the road straight and long
And asks me why it is so long and unending.
I have no answer for I know what my wheel is.

Today I have a solution - a solution indeed!
I don`t need a smoother road nor anyone
To smoothen my wheel any more.
Today my wheel is an antique in my cubboard
Envied by my visitors who ask how I got it.

M.D DINESH NAIR

PERCEPTIONS

Burning flowers, running water,
A chirping bird, a sweet breeze,
Rustling trees, smiling school kids,
A sun rise, a charming eve and an unknown nostalgia -
You deem the world to be a perfect one
And eulogise the life therein.

Images not so kind flash across the mind
And the green planet turns turtle.

Plastic butterflies, dying rivers,
Homeless winged beauties, an Andrew,
A wildfire, hungry and forsaken children,
A melting glacier, an eve in adam`s guise and a known dejection -
I turn pensive and strike off your lines
And you begin to call me a pessimist.

Poetry unusual and unseen written ever remain unread
And the odd planet just revolves on the orbit.

Perceptions young become old,
Regrets intimated kill the wrongs,
And the magic of a fascination drives life forward.
Somewhere in the inner chambers of the mind
A parasite lives and triumphs
Over those days of captivity in Mother`s womb.

There floats a cloud promising a shower
But the gusts of the close future roar....

M.D DINESH NAIR

PERHAPS A HEAVEN MAY BE WAITING...

A road winding up to a misty top
Travelled by men with feeble limbs..
The journey never ends.
Where should they halt for a while?

This road gives no options
It winds on with an obstinancy..
The men pant and ponder.
What is the solace to these men doomed?

The sky would have been the better destination
As the transperant elemant isn`t that brutal.
Before you begin to tread the road laid by others
Ask a question, ' Shall I? '

The mist over the unknown tops infinite
Never fades out for you, further the road winds on..
And you will curse the day,
As the world looks on.

When you go for a trekking
Let the sky be your destination.
In the wilderness of the infinity there
Perhaps a heaven may be waiting...

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE ' WISE MEN ' STOP NOT…

The 'wise men' often tell me,
'You are absolutely ignorant'.
They quote the scriptures and state aloud,
'You are quite wrong, it`s the divine order'.
-The old wine in the old bottle.

I remain pensive for hours - new revelations set in.
Reflections of the distant lands Argentina and Somalia
Begin to haunt me - the cries of hunger become louder.
A calamity strikes a fauna and flora - a total wipe out!
-The divine order surpasses all reasons.

Eulogies are still aired and hymns are sung
The ones living in peace whisper and hail,
'God bless you' - and He becomes busy with the task.
A God to bless a fortunate block of race here!
-I don`t have 'the insight' to feel Him awake ever.

As the ' wise men ' continue to speak,
I hear a cradle song being sung from the skies
And it is He snoringly sleeping somewhere, I think.
A pen dries out leaving the paper empty.
-But a heart writes down lines for the 'unwise'.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE DIFFERENCE

A thousand times I tell others,
A hundred times I feel it within me,
Ten to a score times I decide for me
And hardly once have I done it indeed
'I help the ones in need'.

There is some difference

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE DUAL DIVIDED

Quiet flows a small river
And a small boat floats on its silence.
Nothing goes wrong for some time-
Nothing goes wrong....
There blooms a flower on the face of the lone sailor
As the river recedes and his boat triumphs forward,
He begins to sing a song-
A sweet song...
Nothing goes wrong for some more time-
Nothing goes wrong.
A small wind blows,
It grows into a storm next,
The song stops for at once
And the boat turns upside down.
The sea emerges
And it embraces the river.

Nothing goes wrong.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE MIND OF A WOMAN AND THREE OTHER THINGS

The old professor said,
'There are four things which you can`t understand ever,
They are: - the fortune of a man,
The mind of a woman,
The speed of a horse and direction of wind'.

We debated, but realised little.
We were practical and pro-feministic.
The old professor died
Leaving his words ever alive.
Four truths of a life time.

You call a man fortunate- you will see his end,
You bet on a strong horse- a frail one will win,
And you tell a woman, ' I can`t undersand you',
She will just smile at you and
The wind will go astray.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE OLD SCHOOLS REVISITED..

A summer break that told the mind to flee
And a few days of nostalgic splendour
Drew me to a past decades older.
I reinvented myself and my spirits were cheered up.

The schools where I studied
I had my long lost charm found.
Amidst the rennovated walls and roofs
I found my then frail physique rejoicing.

On those benches each I sat for a while
And the watchman grew curious.
In the surroundings of the repainted walls
I smelt the odour of a world ceased.

Nothing comes back for ever perhaps
But how sweet this reinvention is!
On the walls white I too would like to scribble
'Past is gone, present is fleeting and future is vague'.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE OTHER SIDE OF IT...

A sweet smile, a warm presence
Perhaps I could have fallen for them.
A scent captivating, a feeling mesmerising,
Perhaps I would have been imprisoned there.

Not yet for what?
There are no answers at all..
Perhaps from somewhere in the skies above
My mom might be drawing my track ever.

A moment of ficklemindedness,
There begins the span of hollowness.
Unto the heaven that`s not very certain
Let me take my soul white.

(from the early musings..1992) .

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE SCENT OF LOVE

It`s not an illusion as some say -
In between the moments of living and dying
Every one feels the scent of love.
But they tell a big lie and begin to feel contented.
How long will one live with that false pride?
I know not.

It`s a scent with thousand hands
Embracing the needy.
It`s a solace with the wings of an angel
Flying unto your moments dear.
Why are you proud of a world that doesn`t smell some love?
I know not.

The scent of love over reaches the borders of a day.
In the small smile blooming on a kid`s face,
In the sweet word whispered into ears by your dear,
And in the speechless closeness of your pet that never writes poems
The scent of a love triumphs
And you tell a big lie.

Across the skies an unprotected bird flies
It has a destination unknown, a survival instinct prompts its wings.
And you scribble stories on the enviable freedom
Of these innocent shadows doomed to extinction!
Blind and deaf all throughout this life-
How dare you call this life scentless of love?

If you can`t feel the scent of love,
Bury your head in the depths of sympathies unsolicited
And live a life of a nasty creature.
When you wake up unto reality
The last bus to reason will have left you.
The scent of love will haunt you as a ghost, rejoice.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE SEALS IN CANADA

My friends,
It`s a fate to be in the north for you.
My friends,
It`s a pity to be in Canada for you.
They brutally hunt you-
The men wearing weapons cruel like themselves.
They slice you alive, I have seen on the television,
They truck you half dead, I have seen next.
My friends on the snow,
My friends in the snail,
I live somewhere
Unknown to you the hapless.
My friends, my mind weeps for you.
My friends, a day will come soon I think
When these men perish for ever
Then live your lives on the snows
And you need not lament on my extinction.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE SECOND COMING

The second coming has been postponed
By a million years.
Christ has his own reasons.
A priest addresses a mass
All weep for a while.
The second coming has been a Hope.

The Vatican releases the new list of sins
And the filthy rich start rotting in the hell of anticipations.
Then comes the message from the Almighty:
'My son is coming late by a million years'.
The Vatican falls into a gloom of woes.

The Second Coming has been a Dream
And why have Christ and his father done it?
A priest reads out from the Bible:
'Thy Kingdom come'.
The Second Coming has been a Manifesto.

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE SUMMER IN AMERICA

The summer in America will be fine this year
With the cool Obama blowing as a breeze
Across the land of a different clan of men with a rare pride.
The White House may further be luminous
Amidst the moon`s splendour and son`s cadence
And we greet thou Obama from our hearts.

The coming summers in America will be fine as well
With the clouds of war bidding adieu to to the masses
Across the lands where Obama is a ray of hope

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE WHALES

The Whales, the beauties of blue depths
Fast disappearing from a world not their`s
Should make you and I concerned..

From the Pacific, the Indian Ocean,
The Atlantic, the Arctic, the Carrebean
And the South China Sea they fade out..

Please, brethern the most civilised,
Remember them for they oughtn`t to be the dianosors of the future.
The Whales don`t face a comet larger than MAN.

The huge images of life incarnate in innocence
Navigating in the blue depths don`t know the MAN
A need arises, a few men should sit together now.

Be merciful to them, brethern reading the Bible, the Koran and the Gita.
An exinction is not to be at your will or wish ever.
Culture and civilization of six thousand years will mock at you.

For these magnificient friends beaming out the breaths
Of a millenia, there must be a movement from now onwards.
Please, preserve the Whales of the great waters.

Beloved Japanese children, find them distasteful-
Please, don`t eat their meat, you will end up as MEN cruel
To the cause of a noble life and a mind humane.

.The pain of huge animals must engulf the MAN evolved.
A pledge for these hapless beings should keep him bound.
And HE should never trap the moving giants beautiful.

Dear poets, write down a few lines to protect the whales
The whales must begin to haunt our conscience.....

M.D DINESH NAIR

THE WINNERS

Winners never know those names
The names of those who are defeated.
Winners never tell how they won
They close their eyes before the shadows
Of the multitudes of the losers.

Warren Buffet, Carlos Slim and Bill Gates,
Lakshmi Mittal and the Ambani siblings-
The winners of the world are listed and
The FORBES sells copies innumerable
The defeated millions submerge where not?

The winners smile and the world too smiles,
The losers shed tears but the world knows not.
From the heart of the EDITORS of the FORBES
Another thought must emerge.. a new page
Of the STORY unknown - about the losers

They won`t sell many copies yet,
For they need all the paper for the first Edition itself
To show the faces of the billions
All across the continents apart.
Then begins a millenium of the LOSERS!

M.D DINESH NAIR

THIS SUMMER

This summer is very long in India,
Longer than the Nile and the Amazon.
This summer we search for a shade of a banyan tree
And we suffer greater than Gandhi and Mother Theresa.

Summers are times of reversals in life-
Life on open streets vanishes
Life in small huts flames up and
The face of the prince continues to smile.

Delayed south-west monsoons and the sky-rocketting prices
Dry out the rest of the signs of a life mysterious!
A God worshipped for tens of centuries
Takes refuge in the horizons of the Indian skies.

M.D DINESH NAIR

TO THE BUDDING POETS

You are to linger on
Till your mind blows down.
You are to write on
Till your pen dries out.

Work like honey bees
Till they call you great poets.
Share your thoughts and pains
Till your spirit joins the clouds

Language needs care
For it reflects your learning.
Expression needs passion
For it describes your yearning.

Write ten thousand lines about the life
Writ large on your planet`s forehead.
Right many a wrong as you live on
And tell the world you are there.

M.D DINESH NAIR

TRACING ME OUT...

I find a new fire burning
With colourful flames hitherto unseen.
I find that it is burning
With fumes souring to skies hitherto unreached.
And my joy knows no bounds.

I find the thing burning
My mind is it!
I find the crowd cheering
My people are it!
And a gloom embraces me.

The flames flicker,
The smoke withers,
And the souls creep back into the holes,
I feel a stench of my mind
And a heap of ash remains.

I won`t see new things burning,
Nor will I search for flames thereof.
With what little is left over in me since
I have to trace a form of mine
To speak certain brutal truths to you.

M.D DINESH NAIR

VISUALS

Visuals
Traverse the domains of dark present
And none sees them.
Fire loses charm and flames die young
With candles submitting themselves to the winds.
Visuals
End their games of making flashes innumerable
And the nights end midway.
Everything begins to submerge
Into the terrains of blind men.
Visuals
Turn back and come unto my abode
Where I remain with a ray of hope.

M.D DINESH NAIR

WHEN MY MATHEMATICS TEACHER DIED...

When he died, I felt no pain
Anywhere in my heart at any point of a second,
Our Mathematics teacher was a terror, you don`t know.
He was an odd man of wrong proportions.

When he was born no comets were seen.
Still he weilded the wand of power, a big rod
And tortured the young skins, I remember still.
He was like a Briton on the Indian land.

Mathematics was like a running stream in the section next.
And there our equals had a great Master with wits.
They enjoyed the lines, the triangles and the numbers.
They were little lambs and he the shepherd resurrected.

We were literaly like circus animals
Under him we were covering ever.
Even the gentle girl who scored well grudged him.
We were the Jews and he Hitler the second.

I don`t know much of Mathematics
I kept my head down when I heard about his death.
A strange fear was beginning to grip me
Will he wait for us with his rod in the other world too?

But someone whispered in to my ears
That he would be waiting to hug us there...
A strange wish remains to be fulfilled-
I should love him somewhere once.

M.D DINESH NAIR

WHERE ARE YOUR ROSES

Tell me friends, where are your roses?

A blooming rose pricks me with its horn andI let a cry sweet,
”Oh rose I love you”.
In this garden of pests and reptiles
Who grows this rose of just one thorn?
That is born to prick me alone?

Never do I get an answer
But the gardener throws a smile at me.
He thinks that I love this rose.
An idea springs off at last and
An answer redeems me at times.
There is no rose without a thorn.

Tell me friends, where are your roses?

M.D DINESH NAIR

WILL HE COME?

The track is not well laid
With boulders all along
And thorny bush standing by.
Then I ask myself once
Will he come?
The distance is half measured
For miles are uncountable and very durable
As curves make the going a tough one.
I once more ask for certain
Will he come?
His limbs are very weak
With a frame famished beyond one`s thought
And bruises caused by the past walk.
I remember and I ask next
Will he come?

But I am telling the world around
With no fear and favour for my mind
'He will come'.
Because he has made the first step.
'He will come', I cry before all
Because I am here to wait for him.

M.D DINESH NAIR

YOU ARE MY SHADOW

My shadow has atleast been of my size.
It was not mine for long, I proclaim

About my shadow very close to me
I think at times my dear you are a little bigger.
It is a shadow that needs no sun
Nor the kindness of a moon.
You are that- I have ever felt.

After me and before me
It moves like my past and future dear...
A shadow that wades across my world of no fun
Or the nod of a god who gives no boon.
You are that-I have ever said.

When I won`t exist in tomorrow`s world
What will you do my dear?
In the chambers of darkness ahead
Will you burn for our little one?
You are to answer-I have ever said.

My shadow has been mine thus
As you begin to shrink to my size.
You have never been so earlier
I am now to stand in the sun and under the moon
You have already answered.

M.D DINESH NAIR

YOUR WORDS FOR ME

Your words for me are like a breeze
Blowing unto my physique and spirit.
Your smile then is a sweet sob
That chimes out tales for a reverie.

At times I miss you by me
As I flee to a world of solitude.
But then is heard your word winding in
To reach the peaks of my utopia.

Your smile gets cannonised
And my entity rebounds unto you again.
A love is born and blossomed
As I search for you in the dark.

M.D DINESH NAIR