

## Poetry Series

**M.D DINESH NAIR**

**- 130 poems -**

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### **M.D DINESH NAIR (9 -21)**

My poems trespass the boundaries of caste, creed, nationality and religion. The lines flip not, the lands wither not and thoughts never retreat.. My 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.

My negation of the concept of God is highly motivated by my own convictions and transparency of thoughts.

My other websites are:

1. [www.wordpress.com/mddnair](http://www.wordpress.com/mddnair)
2. [www.expertscolumn.com/users/mddnair](http://www.expertscolumn.com/users/mddnair)

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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 pretensions.  
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 Circle And A Zero**

A circle and a zero  
Mistaken for each other  
Taunt my mind for once  
And I try to flee from them.

A circle has a unique face  
And a zero has many.  
The wise have ever proclaimed  
As they have had to say something.

In a white paper, I draw a circle  
But it looks like a zero.  
When I attempt the latter,  
The former fades away!

I run in a circle of odds  
As many a zero chases me from behind.  
I sleep under a circling wheel  
And the nightmare of zeroes begins to haunt me.

Who are you both gentle images?  
Why are you like twins identical?  
May I ask you both just once?  
What do you want to do with each other?

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 rhythm 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 murmur 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` infinity 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 murmured 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 gallery 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?

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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 McCain 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 shadow 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 mischeivous 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 shadow 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

## **AND WHAT HAPPENED TO THOSE POETS?**

Where are you all?  
The most popular members over here, whom I read with care?

Has the coldest hand gripped them  
Nor have they run into the asylum of living the other way?

I remember the other Canadian and  
The one from Antarctic Exploration Team?

They were here with a popularity of over  
Of amazing 3500 and Plus hits over a week!

Patrick White, the Emo Girl and Nilakshi`s shadow now triumph..  
All the best dear poets.

I remember the British torch bearers who stood ever top for long?  
But no Indian except Dr John Celes to stay on.

Titanic Yoonoos and a few lot still write here often  
But the rest have begun to flee the forum.

Persian Nightingale from France and Abbha Sharma from Jaipur  
Are withdrawn for ever or where are you both?

Here have I fallen too from 968 hits of November 2009  
Down to the one below a number never imagined.

Long escape from penning down our thoughts  
Has done the job of this alienation.

Many Poets come and go and change their ranks ever  
And the newer ones later join the list of the forgotten lot.

These words are addressed to those who crave for  
Fame and Name which never stay ever once you keep aloof.

Write on... my chums and peers to keep  
The legacy tread the path of no escape for long.

M.D DINESH NAIR

## **ANOINTING THE FILTHY RICH**

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

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 pretensions 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 field 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 marvellous canvas of light  
Against the background in twilight  
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 better 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 egos.

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 unreachd.  
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  
Unravalled 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 laughs 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

## FOR EVERY POET FRIEND

### GLOSSARY OF POETRY

I would like to re-submit this exhaustive list of terms associated with poetry and hope that members will make use of the list to understand different kinds of poetry in a better way.

**ABSTRACT** -a word denoting qualities that do not exist except as attributes'- beauty, love, despair etc.

**ALLEGORY** -a narrative in which the subject of a higher spiritual order is described in terms of that of a lower one.

There are **HISTORICAL** and **POLITICAL** allegories and the allegory of **IDEAS**.

**ALLITERATION** -the repetition of a speech sound in a sequence of words at the beginning or the end.

**ALLUSION** -a brief reference to a person, a place or an event.

**AMBIGUITY** -a common usage of a vague/equivocal expression.

**ANACHRONISM** - anything included in a literary work which belongs to a period.

**ANAGRAM** -word or words formed by the rearrangement of the letters of another word and often to make a comment upon it. Ex- wait-await

**APOSTROPHE** -a figure of speech in which a person, a thing or an imaginary object is addressed.

**ASSONANCE** -the repetition of the identical or similar vowel sounds.

Ex -'Thou still unrevised bride of quietness,  
Thou foster child of silence and slow time.

**BALLAD** -a tale told in the light rapid metre and in a simple language. A dance song to be sung by the dancers themselves.

**BALLADE** -a poem with three stanzas of eight lines each.

**BAROQUE** -a style in the architecture of the lines of poetry with obscure over elaboration.

**BATHOS** -an unintentional descent from the exalted to the ridiculous.

A writer trying to be lofty causes it all of a sudden.

Ex - 'Ye Gods! Annihilate but space and time  
and make two lovers happy'.

**BLANK VERSE** -unrhymed verse written in iambic penta metre.

It was introduced by the Earl of Surrey in his translation of the Latin Epic' **THE AENEID** in 1540.

**BOMBAST** -inflated high sounding and meaningless words used to express certain ideas.

**BOWDLERIZE** -to remove the indecent or indelicate passages from a work 'which is unfit to be read by a gentleman in a company of women'.

**BURLESQUE** -a literary work designed to ridicule the attitude, the style or the subject matter. The aim is to trivialise an elevated subject for the sheer fun of doing it.

**CAESURA** -a pause in a line of verse dictated not by matrices

**CANTO** -a major division of a long poem of an epic's stature.

**CAROL** -a song of praise or joy, especially a Christian hymn.

**CAVALIER POETS** -the poets associated with the court like Richard

Lovelace, Sir John Suckling and Robert Herrick.  
 CARPE DIEM -a Latin phrase referring to the shortness of life.  
 Spencer writes in his 'FAERIE QUEENE'  
 'Gather therefore the Rose, whilst yet is prime'.  
 CELTIC RENAISSANCE -an Irish literary revival.W.B Yeats,  
 James Stephens and Oliver St John Gogarty contributed  
 to the revival by writing in the Celtic dialect.  
 CLASSICISM -a style of art and literature that is simple and elegant.  
 It is based on the styles of ancient Greece and Rome.  
 CLICHE -phrase or expression often admirable when coined but  
 worn out by over use.Ex - doubting Thomas, better-half etc.  
 CONCEITS -the terms used to designate a fanciful notion or  
 conception. They draw striking parallels between two  
 seemingly dissimilar things...  
 THE PETRARCHAN conceit is an exaggerated  
 comparison applied. Ex - A worshipful lover is in despair  
 because his beautiful mistress is cold and cruel too.  
 THE METAPHYSICAL conceit is the discovery of  
 resemblances in things apparently unlike....  
 Ex - John Donne's parallel between the continuing  
 relationship of his and his lady's soul despite their  
 physical parting to the co-ordinated movements of the  
 two feet of a draughtsman's compass.  
 CONCRETE -a word denoting a person or thing in all exactness so  
 as to assert a fact/subject.  
 CONNOTATION -the variety of the secondary meaning suggested.  
 Ex - A home connotes privacy and intimacy whereas  
 its DENOTATION gives the primary meaning of a  
 place for living...  
 CONSONANCE -an agreement between the musical notes or the  
 lines of a verse.  
 CONVENTIONS -any accepted literary devices or forms. Ex - the  
 use of metre in versification or that of the characters  
 of a BALLAD singing instead of speaking words.  
 COUPLET -a pair of rhymed lines: -  
 THE OCTO syllabic COUPLET has lines of eight  
 syllables, usually of four iambic feet.  
 THE HEROIC COUPLET is a pair of rhymed iambic  
 pentametre lines.  
 a TRIPLET which is also called TERCET is a stanza  
 of three lines bound by a single rhyme.

DECADENTS - English literature of the last decade of the 19th century  
 is known as Decadent literature.It challenged the  
 Victorian values of art and life. While being realistic  
 it gave a pessimistic portrayal of the social life and  
 its problems.

ECLOGUE - a short pastoral poem in which shepherds converse  
 with one another.

ELEGY - a poem expressing sorrow, lament or a pensive sadness

**SIMPLE ELEGY** is a funeral song or poem of lament for an individual.

**ENCOMIASTIC ELEGY** is a poet's tribute to some great man and often a study of his life and character.

**ELIZABETHANS** - dramatists and other writers like Shakespeare who were the contemporaries of Queen Elizabeth I [1558-1603].

**EMPATHY** -an experience in which one identifies oneself with an object or perception and participates in its physical sensations.

**SYMPATHY** denotes a fellow feeling and not a feeling into.It`s a feeling along with the state of mind and emotions of another human being.

**EPIC** -a long narrative poem which tells of heroes and heroic deeds and even supernatural deeds.Usually the significance of a nation is involved in it.

**EPIC SIMILE** -a figure of speech introduced by Homer in which secondary subjects are developed far beyond the specific points related to the primary subject. Milton used it in **PARADISE LOST** Book I. He described the fallen angels moving to their new palace by a compassion to the swarming bees.

**EPIGRAM** -a short poem of amorous, elegiac, meditative or satiric element. An epigram ends with a surprising or witty turn of thoughts.

**EPIPHANY** -a devise for flaring of an ordinary object or scene into a revelation. Christian thinkers used/use it to signify the `presence' of God in the world.

**EPISTLE** -a letter in verse form

**EPITHALAMATION** -a nuptial song or poem that prays for the prosperity of the bride-groom and the bride.

**EPITHET** -an adjective or objectival phrase used to define the special quality of a person or a thing.

**EQUIVOQUE** -the use of a phrase which has two different meanings while denoting the same relevance.

Ex - `A bank teller checked his cash,  
cashed his checks.

**FOLK LORE** -songs on legends, superstitions, weather, plants and animals and nursery rhymes.

**FOLK SONGS** -love songs, Christmas carols, work songs, religious songs, drinking songs and children's game songs.

**FREE VERSE** -verse without regular metre. It depends upon natural speech rhythms.

**GENRE** -a type or class of literary work, form or technique.

**GEORGIAN POETS** -the contemporaries of **GEORGES I** to **V** [1714-. 1936] such as T.S Moore, W.H Davies and Lascelles.

**GRAVEYARD POETS** -the eighteenth century poets who wrote meditative poems usually set in a graveyard.

Thomas Parnell and Thomas Gray were such poets.

**HAIKU/HOKKU** -a lyric form originated in Japan. It has exactly seventeen syllables.

**HARANGUE** -a very vehement speech addressed to a large audience.

**HOMILY** -a sermon either spoken or written.

**HYMN** -a song of praise addressed to a deity.

**HYPERBOLE** -a figure of speech with an exaggeration of statement.

Ex - 'Belinda smiled, and the world was gay'.

**IAMBIC** -of a rhythm in which one short or weak syllable is followed by one long and strong syllable.

**IAMBIC PENTAMETRE** -in lines of ten syllables, five short and five long.

**IDYLL** -a short lyrical poem descriptive of everyday life amid natural-often pastoral or even romantic surroundings.

**IMAGERY** -the visual pictures of other sensory experiences evoked by the poet. It is used to signify all the objects and qualities of sense perception referred to in poems

**IMAGISM** -a form of poetry that flourished in England and America from 1912 to 1917. The form presents hard and clear objects with concrete or sharp features.

**IMITATION** -representation of human action in a new medium or material.

**INVECTIVE** -a type of irony used in derogatory epithets.

**IRONY** -a form of wit in which the opposite of what one really means is said. The term originated from the Greek word 'eiron'[a comedy character who is a dissembler].

**JACOBIAN AGE** -the period of the reign of JAMES I [1603-1625].

**JARGON** -an inflated phrase which is unintelligible.

**LAI** -the octasyllabic couplets written by the medieval French poets.

**LAKE POETS** - Wordsworth, Coleridge and Southey who lived in the districts of Cumberland and Westmorland.

**LAMPOON** -crude defamatory satire upon an individual.

**LIGHT VERSE** -verse written in a speaking voice.

**LIMERICK** -the poems of light verse first popularised by Edward Lear in 1846.

**LITOTES** -an understatement that reduces the effect of a description made earlier in a line.

**LYRIC** -a Song intended for music.

**MALAPROPISM** -the ridiculous misuse of a word. Mrs Malaprop in Sheridan's play 'RIVALS' uses it. Hence the term.

**METRE/METER** -the rhythm regulated by rules of prosody.

The accentuation of the stressed, unstressed or weak stressed syllables decides the metre.

**METAPHOR** -an implied comparison or a simile without 'like' or 'as'. It is a figure of speech.

**METAPHYSICAL POETS** -the poets of the 17th century like John

Donne, Crashaw and George Herbert. They were 'men of learning' who saw acute resemblances in things apparently unlike. They presented far fetched images and conceits. Either adoration of God or obscurity was the sharp feature of their poems.

MONODY -a poem of mourning often spoken by one person.

MOTIF -a device for presenting the transition of a loath lady into a beautiful princess in folklores.

METONYMY -a figure of speech of using a word with the intention that it will suggest another. Ex- throne or crown standing for the idea of kingship.

MYTH -a story handed down from olden times containing the early beliefs of a race. Most myths involve rituals.

MYTHOLOGY -a system of hereditary stories which were once believed to be true by a particular cultural group.

OBJECTIVE CORRELATIVE -a devise used to explain how emotion is best expressed in poetry. T.S Eliot used the term to refer to a simple transmission of the thoughts in the mind of the poet to the mind of the reader. The object in which emotion is bodied forth is external equivalent or objective correlative.

OCCASIONAL POEMS -the poems written to adorn or memorise an occasion such as a birthday, a marriage, a death or a military victory.

ODE -a long lyrical poem which is serious in subject dignified in style and elaborates in the structure of stanzas.

ONAMATOPOEIA -a figure of speech in which the sound echoes the required sense. Ex-Tennyson wrote:

'Cannon to right of them  
Cannon to left of them  
Cannon in front of them.....'

OTTAV RIMA -a stanza of eight lines in iambic pentameter with a rhyme scheme of ' ab ab ab cc'.

OXYMORON -a figure of speech consisting generally of two apparently contradictory or incongruous words.

Ex- Fair cruelty, Faith unfaithful, falsely true...etc.

PARODY -imitation of another person's work where ridicule is the main objective.

PASTORAL -a conventional poem expressing an urban poet's nostalgic image of the peace and simplicity of the life of shepherds and other rural folk.

PATHETIC FALLACY -a phrase invented by Ruskin in 1856 to designate the literary devise by which nature and inanimate objects are credited with human emotions

PERSONIFICATION -a figure of speech in which an inanimate object is likened or spoken of as a person.

PLAGARISM -literary theft.

PLATONIC LOVE -a concept that physical beauty is only a sign of the spiritual beauty. The bodily beauty is at the lowest rung on the ladder that leads up from the sensual

desire to the contemplation of the Heavenly Beauty.

**POETIC JUSTICE** -a concept of ideal distribution of rewards and punishments. A term coined by Thomas Rhymer a critic of the late 17th century.

**POETIC LICENSE** -a concept that gives liberty to the poet to use the language of his choice which is exemplified in the use of verse which is beyond the severity of the prose.

**PROSODY** -the systematic study of versification, that is the principle and practice of metre, rhyme, stanza, alliteration, assonance and euphony.

**PROTHALAMION** -a nuptial song preceding a marriage.

**PUN** -a play on words that are either identical in sound or similar in sound, but are sharply diverse in meaning.

**QUARTET/QUATRAN** -a stanza of four lines. The ballad stanzas rhyme ` abs cb'. Other quatrain rhyme schemes are ` ab ab, ab ba, and aa ba'.

**REFRAIN** -a line, a part of a line or a group of lines which is repeated in the course of a poem, sometimes with slight changes.

**RHETORICAL FIGURES** -some common figures of speech which depart from the standard or literal language.

Ex - Alexander Pope writes in **THE RAPE OF THE LOCK** 'Gods! Shall the ravisher display your hair, while the fops envy, and the ladies stare'.

**RHYMES**

**END RHYMES** -at the end of the lines

Ex - 'I listened motionless and still,  
and as I mounted up the hill'.

**INTERNAL RHYMES** -within a verse

ex - 'Sister, my sister, oh fleet sweet swallow'.

**MASCULINE RHYMES** - single stressed syllable

ex - 'The music in my heart bore  
long after it was heard no more'.

**FEMININE RHYMES** - a stressed syllable followed by an unstressed syllable. Ex - ' ending - bending'  
comparison - garrison'.

**EYE RHYMES** - spelled alike, pronounced differently.

Ex - 'prove - love`.

**IMPERFECT RHYMES** - the rhymed vowels are either approximate or different.

Ex - ' loads..., lids..., lads...'.  
'

**ROMANTICISM** -a style and movement in art, literature and music in the late 18th and early 19th century. It demanded strong feelings and imagination and a return to nature giving less importance to reason, order and intellectual ideas.

**SERENADE** -a song, usually of love sung by knight under his

lady's window.

**SIMILE** -a figure of speech by which one thing, action or a relation is likened or compared with 'as' or 'like'. Ex - 'I wandered lonely as a cloud'.

**SEMANTICS** -the study of the relation between words and things or between language, thought and behaviour.

**STYLE** -the way of writing or a manner of expression.

'The style of a man should be the image of his mind, but the choice and command of language is in the fruit of exercise', Gibbon says.

**SOLILOQUY** -a theatrical device whereby an actor expresses his thoughts to the audience alone.

**SONNET** -a poem of fourteen lines/iambic pentameters.

**PETRARCHAN sonnet** is: cd, ec, de or cd, cc, dc.

**SHAKESPEAREAN** is: ab, ab, cd, cd or ef, ef, gg.

**SPENSARIAN** is: ab, ba, ab or ba, cd, cd, cd.

**SYNECDOCHE** -a figure of speech in which a part is mentioned to signify the whole or a whole is mentioned to signify a part. Ex - 'fifty sail' to mean 'fifty ships'.

'Cut throat' to mean 'assassin'

it signifies a species for a genus. Ex - 'a creature to mean 'man'.

**SUBLIME** -the quality in literary work which exalts or elevates the reader.

**SYMBOLS** -anything which denotes something else.

**CONVENTIONAL SYMBOLS** are the cross, the lamb and the shepherd.

**PERSONAL SYMBOLS** are such like a peacock for pride and an eagle for heroic act.

**TERZA RIMA** -a series of interlocking triplets in which the first and the third lines rhyme together. Here the second line rhymes with the first and the third lines of the succeeding triplet. The rhyme scheme is 'aba, bcb, cdc, ded' and so on....

**THEME** -a term applied to a thesis or doctrine which an imaginary work is supposed to convey to the reader.

**THRENODY** -a song of lamentation; a choral dirge.

**TRANSFERRED EPITHET** -a figure of speech in which an adjective or an adverb is not used with the word it qualifies, but is associated with some other word to which it transfers its meaning.

Ex - 'Troy's proud walls lie level with the ground'.

**TRAVESTY** -a poem which mocks at a particular work for its lofty subject. It is done in a jocular and undignified manner and style.

**TRIOLET** -a poem consisting of a single eight line stanza with two rhymes arranged as 'ab aa ab ab'.

**VERISIMILITUDE** -a degree to which the poet faithfully creates the semblance of 'truth'.

VICTORIAN AGE -the literary period during which Queen Victoria [1837-1901] ruled England.

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 thunders 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

## **IVAN, WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR SMILE?**

What happened to your smile?  
Ivan, [that`s how I would like to call you]  
Tell, where is your smile that bloomed on your face?  
Ivan, I am afraid your smile has faded for ever.

In the midst of deafening roars and maddening songs,  
Ivan, your smile had a musical charm over a season.  
Your smile could be seen from places miles away,  
Ivan, it had an aroma that winds would proudly carry.

I used to think about others who had solid faces,  
Ivan, your face was an exception to all theirs.  
The frost and the flame of my winter and summer  
Ivan, you see, played hide and seek often; but your smile did not.

Retrieve your smile please for I need to see it  
Ivan, your smile speaks volumes about what you are indeed.  
In the midst of these homosapians I search for my face  
Though I had lost my smile long before you were born Ivan.

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

## **LET US GO MAD AND BE HAPPY**

Let us go mad and we will be happy,  
We shall go to the streets and we shall be the lords of the crowds.  
Let us go mad but if you all can come along with me.  
We are to tell the world what have I once.

In the peak of my sense I told the world  
About the rights and the wrongs  
But it laughed at me at my very face  
And now I am bent upon treading the other path.

Go mad if you wish and dare  
You will reap the harvest of laughter  
Tell the world in your peak of folly  
About the wronged rights and the righted wrongs.

The street is waiting for another spell of utterances  
That mark the dawn of civilization unknown hitherto.  
Let us go mad and speak out the things  
Till the Sun begins to go round the Earth.

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 FATHER DEPARTED

My father breathed his last on April 7,2012  
He was well beyond fair old age but  
He had ever dreamt of living further.  
He lived like an overgrown child  
And an unschooled rustic gentleman.  
He could have lived a little more.

My father was a tyrant, an octogenarian of all odds.  
He was more of voice and less of size, he was 86.  
He is not any more there.  
He loved us less in terms of what the world thinks,  
He rather owned us in terms of what we children feel.  
He has left a world of his possessions!

But he wasn't again married despite losing  
His wife when was barely 44 yrs young.  
I still feel he was great that way and I salute him.  
But the pain in my heart is stubborn  
And it refuses to leave me for just one reason -  
Why do I not feel missing my father?

You may just tell me why it is a cold finding  
That I did not weep when my father died...  
Even after weeks together I feel sorry.  
As he was seen lying within the small depth of the coffin-a freezer and later  
As the flames of the pyre licked away that frame of many bones and shrunk frozen  
flesh,  
I remained with a feeling writ large on the heart unknown to myself.

A few days of hectic rites and isolation followed.  
The rites were performed and the remains were immersed in the dying river Perar  
But I didn't weep... sorry, I must have wept - my daughter said later.  
She thinks I might not have loved him much or vice versa it is...  
The kids are so... let her keep her tears in stock  
And weep enough when I am gone perhaps  
Sorry, he is a cold leveler.

But the fact is strangely different.  
I have forgotten to weep...  
These days I don't weep at all.

With my mother gone when I was barely four  
And now with my father following the suit  
I know I am an orphan indeed.  
But my wife and daughter say - never say such things.  
It is what the world around us has to be..  
One with freaks of love and care.

When I think about my father,  
I look for and find a small star in the sky,  
If it twinkles well, I feel he is smiling at me  
And I don't mind being near it later, much later.

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 proudly 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 privilege.

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 poisoned 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 couldn'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 vigilant 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 unlaïd 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 CRUCIFIXIONS**

They bring new crosses of dark wood  
And begin to crucify our three brothers.  
Three nails on each,  
Just three shrieks from each mouth and  
Three small tear drops falling apart.

Three minutes of crucifixion melt out  
The sky remains white,  
The sun fades not,  
And the curtains of the shrines tear not.  
Lamentations cease and three days of agony await.  
But no resurrections ever afterwards!

Across the streams of innocence  
A floating raft emerges now  
And time writes its lyric of salvation  
Across the sky of expectations once more!  
Will these crosses become firewood once?

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 cupboard  
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 transparent element 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 FINAL JUDGEMENT**

The final Judgement was His  
And He read from a page hand writteen,  
' Thou art all sinners, and I throw you all  
Unto the fire of My anger'.

The gloom of the haunted that emerged from somewhere  
Did not change His rage of billenia,  
Nor did He speak further.  
The sky was shedding Her tears...

The Final Verdict echoed and reverberated  
Even as the rejoicing of the few never ended.  
In the streams of tears and blood  
Began floating the newer corpses.

The new Sky and the new Earth that descended  
Had a colour of crimson under the bemusing Sun.  
None knew it, none knew it..  
And henceforth these lines remain to be Judged upon yet.

M.D DINESH NAIR

## **THE FLIGHT**

The wings hope for a surge  
And the will longs for a feel.  
But the flight never takes off.  
In the mid summer of pathos and pains  
Blows not the breeze of relief  
And the sky looks deserted for once.

Mind has a mystery unresolved  
That spans the life time of fear and fog  
Undone by the waves of smiles and words.  
The candle burns down from the top  
Casting a shadow of imminent death  
And the cry of life reaches the shores far.

The nights have darkened than ever before  
And the timid hours of sleep have begun to haunt.  
There is a need for a flight indeed.  
Unto the skies of unknown glory and expanse  
Let my wings take me ever and ever..  
And I know not when that will be.

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 understand 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 fickle-mindedness,  
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 PAIN OF BEING GOD

It is a pain and not a pleasure, thee know not;  
Being God and not being felt by thee all so.  
I am the God of thy past and thy present  
And helplessly of thy future too.

I came from nothing but am still the Lord of everything  
And at times I wonder about my omnipresence.  
I created a lot and thought of recreation next  
And so I have left this world of thy concerns.

I cause drought and flood; famine and calamities  
But I am faulted neither on Sundays nor on Fridays.  
I bless the wicked and shower riches on the filthy rich,  
But the righteous suffer and the have-nots starve to death.

I kill a few hundreds in a plane crash or a rail mishap.  
With a few surviving I am thanked again!  
I first send the demon of floods and then the angels of the Red Cross,  
And the silent prayer of the soon-to die goes up in the air.

My past was full of passivity and penury, I recollect and  
My present is full of activity and riches, I fear.  
In the elusive be-wilderness of this universe  
I continue to hide my head with palms stained!

At times I weep within for long  
For I too have a large mind and a huge heart.  
I regret about my creating spree and recreational excesses.  
I know the error of being myself but I am composed yet!

I am waiting for a huge ball of fire or something like that to come  
From somewhere spanning the material to the man  
So that its flames may lick away my entity  
And I may fade away into nothingness as of earlier.

A new earth and a new sky thenceforth shall be,  
A new order of life that sans thoughts of me may rule high,  
And a God of thy choice be created by thee.  
Still spare me for my pains of being thy God till then.

M.D DINESH NAIR

## **THE REAL MAN WITHIN A MAN**

The man within every man  
Is an actor of all sorts.  
All across the continents  
And well beyond the seas he is the same.

While announcing his sweet love  
He often twists with lust like a bow  
While pretending to speak to the lady with a heart  
His eyes scale up and down her physique like a rat.

Man has ever been a creature of all seasons.  
Dear women, I am afraid your dreams are just woven  
On the filaments of man`s foibles unknown.  
Dear women, exceptions if any, are too just shadows without Objects!

He is shrinking in size and strata.  
Augustus the king and Abraham Lincoln the icon are no more.  
We have around us only a multitude of men  
And they are just the ghosts of slain virtues.

A man is a woman`s saviour!  
Hundreds Italians and Indians speak out.  
A man is a woman`s guardian!  
Thousands of Americans and Africans write about.

In the confession chambers of the tainted thoughts  
Every man surges with a mind uneven.  
In the innocent world of these eyes  
Why are these Adams weaving the tales of agony?

The Man within every man is a beast  
Why do you tame it hey, woman of West or East?  
A man is a bubble and  
He fades out before you see him in real.

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 magnificent 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 sibilings-  
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 unreachd.  
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

## **WE HAVE NO CHOICE**

A choice is your dream off wings.  
It was never there.  
Your choice has a shadow of your ego  
It can never follow you.  
We have no choice at all  
Your choice is just a compromise.

M.D DINESH NAIR

## **WHEN GARDENS BEGIN TO DIE**

When gardens begin to die  
In these scorching sun and times  
Where shall we go to smell flowers sweet?

When gardens die for a season  
I do not see a change, I see only an end.  
Some one ordered me to be pessimistic.

A flying bird comes down to my abode  
And asks all of a sudden, `How are you friend? `  
I tell her a lie, ` I am happy in my garden`.

The clouds have a promise to fulfill  
They must break into water drops.  
To let our plants live in a garden.

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 and I 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

## **WHERE HAVE GONE THOSE MASKS?**

Where have they gone?  
All those masks of the past!  
Many masks hiding faces of the ones clever.

One was of love pure,  
Another was of friendship innocent  
And another was of care entwining.

Those masks had a power  
That mesmerised the weak minds for some time.  
Where are those masks?

No one sells them as the marketeers  
Don` t have much to fill the wallet  
From these little transparent masks now.

Masked faces have faded out from amidst us all  
And there walk many without faces at all!  
The poet himself has none.

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

## **WOMAN IN THE VILLAGE**

The woman in the village  
Stood there on the gravel street  
With a face pale and a gloom evading nothing.  
Famished body and tensed mind  
Are her two duals well knit for ever.  
Her man is dead long before  
And her kids are wretched and apart.

The lone woman of all seasons of the land!  
She stood before the deity dark all over  
With her folded hands shivering for want of strength.  
The deity heeded none of her prayers for  
It did not know even for once that it was a deity indeed!  
The skies rained the big drops  
And hers struggled to run down.

Down her feet  
Earth shook and a hole caved in,  
She fell not  
For above her head were flying strong  
Vultures dark which had begun to claim  
Her famished flesh once more.  
The clouds had now given in to thunders loud.

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 SMILE OF THE SEASONS**

Your smile spans over this season too  
With all its fragrance.  
I bury my past of pathos raving  
In the depth of your eyes curious.

Your smile changes my track of race  
Its breeze leading all the way.  
Perhaps I am to win the race  
As the rivals have a season of dismay.

I see a rain cloud hitting another  
In its thunder the music of your glory is echoed.  
Down to plains of lesser mortals  
The thunder proclaims your name.

I know this season is mine too  
As the race comes to an end.  
But in the resurrecting woes of yester seasons  
Can your smile ever keep me delighted?

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