

Poetry Series

M.D DINESH NAIR
- poems -

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M.D DINESH NAIR(9 -21)

My poems

tresps the boundaries of caste, creed, nationaity and
lines flip not, the lands wither not and thoughts never retreat.

My negation of the concept of God is highly motivated by my own convictions and transparency of thoughts validated by common reading of the most illustrative science based articles has revealed to me the non existence of the supernatural of any Stephen Hawkins. the scientist who explained the mystery of time, the big bang theory and the various aspects of rational thinking is a great hero to me. If you think that what you think of God and religion otherwise is correct, I just leave you there and in this regard I humbly reject all your demands on reconsidering my conviction..

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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 Balloon For You All

I want to give you, my dear friends,
A balloon of your choice and colour
So that you will play with it
Your sweet face blooming like a rose.

But you are overgrown
Overgrown like never before!
Some are like Goliaths and some resemble the unknown men from Kob.
Some look like overgrown convent girls and a few are like the Amazons.

I want to sell my balloons at any cost
For my balloons are about to burst any moment.
Once you begin to play with them
I am relieved a lot; who cares for your tears?

I tell a man with salt and pepper on head,
`Buy one balloon and play with it for a while`.
He laughs at me and chases a young girl.
My balloons begin to burst.

I whisper into the ears of a woman selling woes,
`A balloon for your happiness to return, please`
She looks into my basket of colours and throws back a sob.
My balloons begin to shrink.

As I walk along the beach of sand dunes,
The waves of my realisation recede to the depths.
My balloons burst within their little vacuums
As my heart longs for being one among them.

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 I Know Not

The face of an old man with a colourful turban
At times flashes across my mind.
But I know not the face
Though a face it is.

His eyes are cold and ears are covered most often,
He sees not much but just hears alone,
But now I remember this face!
A Face of all sorts.

12.9 million Faces look up to him now and then
Their tears dry up in the heat of the unkind sun.
Their sighs go unheard as ever before
In the midst of cries.

He and his men are bound on reformations hitherto unheard
'Making of a future nation it is', they speak out.
Spiraling prices and surging woes
Never deter them a bit.

The ghosts of the past rulers of the great but poor land stir in
Down to the tombs in the English graveyards
And they cry for better verdict upon
Their errors unforgotten.

The Ambanis and their breed look upon and forsee
A nation in the making emerging out.
The pale faces of 12.9 'monkeys'
Remain reverted upwards.
An Empire lost!

A nation in the making sheds tears in consolably,
A media man shoots her dark and pale face,
An orator gets applauded and next
An eerie silence sets in.

Though the saber of rage rusts in the sheath of remorse,
Though the wet pen of the bard dries for now,
The face has to vanish now or later

For a phoenix ought to surge
Out of this pyre!

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 Few Christmas Musings...

Here comes yet another Christmas and its preceding delight of a great eve
And I look up unto my poet friends` eyes for a glow that has no equations.
In these days of wreckage and ruins of life and lands
I hear your all prayers filled with piety and devotion!

A newborn`s arrival was never so sweet as that of Jesus
I spell out from a mind that has no chambers of fear.
Without him the world would have ever had a void of the kind
That could have ever been even a huge mishap!

The apostle of peace has ever been a moving spirit
That rewrote the lessons taught to the masses of all times.
The glory of suffering he wrote in red letters
Even as a time and its men nailed him to death on the cross.

As the Buddha fumbles in the corridors of the known and the unknown
And Krishna fades into the reveries of a mother`s cradle song,
Jesus stands tall and high before my 'dim eyes'
And poses questions on ' What else you wanted? '.

Jesus, one thousand missionaries have toiled in the dark and the wild
Have fed the hungry mouths and spread the message of your love.
One million thoughts have rekindled the lamp of empathy and care
And a billion minds have been solaced in your name!

I have ever and ever looked into the skies for his face to splash across
And have often wondered, 'What even if he can`t come down? '
I wish for a time that my mind goes mad for ever
If it can fly unto 'his abode' for once and ever.

As the festivity begins to paint the evenings around
The infant Jesus will once more thunder from somewhere afar
`You are in revolt and riot as I was in my time you know,
Go ahead, my son despite the shafts of unreason shot at you.

O Christmas revellers, sing till the dawn breaks,
O dear Valerie, Valsa, Thomson A Robinson, Yoonoos,
O dear Unwritten Soul, Thomas Hsi and John Celes,
Kindly pray for me and the like too this time for a change.

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 Glossary Of Poetry For Every 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 - 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 by 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 device 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 objectivial 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 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 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 device 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.

PLAGIARISM -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 Rymer 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/QUATRAIN -a stanza of four lines. The ballad stanzas rhyme 'abcb'. Other quatrain rhyme schemes are 'abab, abba, and aaba'.

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 - ' 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 late18th 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.

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 - '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

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 Little Teacher

At times a little teacher stands before me
With a smiling face.
And her sweet mouth speaks
Things I have never heard.

A cute girl of early teens,
A teacher of principles self imposed.
In her class I am the lone pupil
And she teaches me ever.

The chambers of my recollections past
Cry for a change perhaps,
My old teachers fade into oblivion
As my new teacher waits to steal in.

My learning is her choice
Though the subjects taught are none new.
No notes, no admonishing and no comparisons!
I begin to learn the mind of a growing child.

There arises only one question-
How long will she teach like this?
As she makes steps forward unto her tomorrows
I shall cease to be her pupil.

My steps are made as well
As the tomorrows won't leave me alone.
Somewhere I may stand stranded with feeble feet
And the gale of ailments may begin to cross my frame.

Then I shall remember the lessons taught by you
My little teacher, my philosopher once
And I shall hold on to your kind love and care
Oh! My dear daughter, let us stop for now.

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 Pilgrim`s Elevation!

A pilgrim treads the path
To reach the 'abode' of his God
With many joining him.

The hymns and the eulogies
Reverberate across the terrains and the mounts
With the 'eternity' still wrapped in mystery.

A world living apart is left behind
Waiting for a Samaritan
With his conscience transported.

Leaving everything to men with crowns and swords
Where is he heading for
With his destination never defined?

Take a diversion please,
And tell the ones close at your heels
With a mind that can do things.

A pilgrim has to be elevated
By being with the needy and the famished
With a spirit drawn from within.

It leaves not, it lives with you and
It has no destination but a destiny
With the 'Almighty' still mighty when 'left' alone!

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 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 oath 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 transmounds 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 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

About Yet Another Diwali Woe

Yet another Diwali has come with its entire glow,
Nay; its fury of sounds and flames
And the masses go crazy upsetting the tune of a happy time
Here in India with minds cracked down and deafening sounds raving on.
They buy crackers and rockets and blast up the regions calm
And they call it celebrations colourful with a difference
And go on burning the little bombs and shooting the tiny missiles.

The diyas* and the sweet dishes take a back seat
The pious women go unseen and their chants go unheard.
Diwali is all sounds and sounds and nothing else at all!

The demon king`s defeat and death at the hands of
Krishna**, the deity with a flute on the mouth
Reverberates with the message of victory of the good over the evil
Down the generations since the Aryans descended.

A baby being nourished and moulded in its mother`s womb
Wakes from its slumber and lies scarred and doomed
Its nightmare of future terror has just come true!

A septuagenarian oldie puts his hand on the heart and falls down,
He has just been out of the surgeon`s dark chamber
After a by-pass surgery done at his son`s mercy.

Then a crippled man struggles to reach his home.
How will all of them go on these tracks ever blasting?

The Diwali casts a spell of joy and happiness knit together!
But terrorizes all the animals and birds, the ones without
Gods, scriptures, castes and religions
And they flee from their small homes and nests
To reach nowhere they can breathe and lie unpanicked.

The human civilization once threw them from the throne of equality
Man`s supremacy chained and caged them up for ever,
His religions re-animalised them further.

A blinded cat and bleeding mongrel line up next!

And man`s celebrations ever continue to cripple them for ever....

See, a dozen rodents lie with broken heads,
Feel it for yourselves, a hut has been on fire for long,
And an old camel has got a burn on its haunch.

A small kid on prowl has lost his vision
And two girls were crying after burning their palms both.
They were too celebrating the festival of Diwali!
All go frenzied with the logic of sounds
Of bursting crackers in all ecstasy!

A cracker manufacturing factory gets blown up
And the inferno kills tens and scores every time.

Hundreds of imprisoned pets
Shiver with dread and their small hearts
Pound and pout for hours together.
The sky too shakes and vomits sparks of fire
Innumerable feathered friends flutter aloud
And fly unto lands less populated.

Why this frenzy at all?
Is a festival here to destabilize a few
Even while cheering up many?
Do we have any right to instill fear and fright
In the small minds of our puppies and kitten?

Do we have any common sense at all
When we celebrate a festival this way madly?

An alien writing from the space stations above the earth`s reach
Will begin to wonder about the folly of this noise
Imposed on all the living stocks
Without any discretion or empathy
And he/she will report to the masters anxious
About this fury and sound ever emerging
Signifying nothing but a soon-to-be lost speck of life
In India on this peninsula of past glory!

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?

M.D DINESH NAIR

M.D DINESH NAIR

An Army Of Pathos

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

There were life and laughter once.

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

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

There were still such times not so bad!

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

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

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

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

There used to be a life different..

M.D DINESH NAIR

An Ever Moving Friend

A 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 mischevious full of energy.

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

My shadow alone moves on leaving me far behind
And I just wish him all the best while I blow out a sad smile.
One day his destinations will end for want of pathways.
Then he will stay with me I am sure.
And he will triumph in his spring of youth
He doesn`t know about the unlaidd 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 Indian Girl Whom You Know Not...

Do you know the new Indian girl
Living in perennial fear of a monster?
-A monster, the new rapist hiding behind her.
She cannot trust her own shade now for
Any moment it may turn into a man and rape her.

An Indian girl walking alone and along the street
May not reach anywhere alive
For any man may anytime possess her and dispose her of dead.
She cannot trust her own uncle, brother or even her father
As somewhere she has heard the untoward happening to her sisters.

Do you know that the new Indian girl
Living to welcome every new year of a thousand hopes
Has to tide over a million fears of her lifetime?
She cannot understand the power of 'women empowerment' chanted
As the gallows remain far from the rapists of the land.

Do you know the pain of being the other men who can guard her
And whose morale is stained with the black grease of live-tales?
A vast sub continent is crying 'shame, shame'
And there are a few notions debated anew.
Dear Indian girl, wait till a sun rises for you.

M.D DINESH NAIR

An Infant Chuckles Near Me!

I see an infant very near me
As the new born begins to chuckle for a while.
A long silence follows.

I see the infant walking out into
The wilderness of man and beast.
An eagle hovers over my head.

His father and mother look up into the sky
As the clouds threaten to rain hard.
A crowd that sans reason waits.

I see a small cross carried by the Infant
And he climbs a hill high.
A bud is crushed very young.

The wise from the east begin to retreat
And the polar star lingers blushing afar.
I hold the corpse in my hand and weep for awhile.

There blooms a smile across the infant`s cold face
His chuckling reverberates all around
And a tall paradise rises very near me.

M.D DINESH NAIR

An Ode To The Poet Friends

Note: Please, read this poem only after reading
PLAYING A HOST FOR YOU
submitted by me prior to this. The old GUESTS please, go ahead.

.....

O poet friends from lands far and near,
I thank you all for having been to my small abode
For an evening`s chat and for smiling at one another.
You have all left for once; not for ever.

You are all gifted with Apollo`s fertile mind and I swear
You are laden with thoughts never ever on the same line made
As your lands and concerns are there much diverse with one another.
Your wet pens now write more often than ever.

O poet friends, read what is writ large on this world`s forehead
And speak out to your friends what we all ought to do now
To save ourselves from the discomfort of alienation of ourselves
And whisper into the skies your dreams cherished.

Each day you awake a little earlier to see the sun surging
And before the stars spill around to twinkle never say, 'good night'.
Each poem you write must flow like a rivulet quiet
Though the floods and the ebbs may still ring within it.

Near my abode I shall plant a tree of a high breed root
And grow on it fruits like your own ones delicious and sweet.
I shall play on its branches often and still will break none!
And in your great castles its orchards will be once grown.

O poet friends, blow your horns unto the heights and depths
And let the waves thereof transcend our dwarfed earth
Into a Jupiter of cheers, hope and right fauna and flora.
I beseech you all to tune your music that will ever be heard!

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

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 There Aren` t Safe Nests...

A migrating bird chirps into my ears,
'Can you make a nest for me that will be safe for 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 and 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, man said, everywhere signifying no relevance'.

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

The planets minus the earth still revolved round the Sun
And there was an end to the dual notions of
The Great creation and The big bang.

The Milky way and the galaxies lingered on..
God 'the almighty' withered into the nothingness.

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

As We Tread Together

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

As You Are There...

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

As You Have No Wings

As you have no wings,
I am cutting down mine to please you.
Then we shall snail or walk together
With our eyes fixed at destinations unknown!

You could have told me once
Not to develop wings for myself,
You could have told me twice
That you have had no wings ever.

My wings were my power
Ever have I felt so for long.
But as I cut down them now for you,
My dear, I know I am crippled.

Your limbs have no agility!
Your eyes have no vision!
Your sole hope is me, I know.
But crippled I am!

In the wilderness of these lanes
I know not how to snail or walk on.
You look at me still even as
I remain crippled.

The skies have a charm and
Where they kiss the mountains I was once there
I was wondering to be like them for once
And I am crippled now.

You could have told me
Not to cut down my wings!
But you did never say so.
You ever want to snail or walk with me!

As you have no wings,
I miss to be what I could have been.
As you are wingless ever
Never shall I fly unto my infinite world!

M.D DINESH NAIR

At The Fall Of The Truth!

At the fall of the truth
A hundred lies take their dawn.
As the truth cries from the nadir
The lies laugh from the zenith.

As the tall tree of the truth falls somewhere
The mushroom babies of lies are born everywhere.
An eye opens to see a little
Soon its lids close and darkness surrounds.

In the wee hours of chill and mist
The truth hopes for a come back and looks around.
The blanket of lies falls on it and covers it from head to feet
And next is heard the second cry of the truth choked to death.

At the fall of the truth
A question is asked, ' What was that? '
From the caverns of liars in large number
An answer is given, ' It was a dream come true'

M.D DINESH NAIR

Be Around Me...

When will these storms of eerie silence subside?

I don` t know and so you be around me and absorb the terror
For I shudder and shake often.

When will these lightings of fossils of clouds wither away?

I don` t know and so you be with me and put your arms around me
For I cover my face with my fragile palms oftener.

When will these crowds of the deserted lands begin to hail at me?

I don` t know and so you be with me and hug me tight
For I feel lonely and am scared about a fairy hiding very often.

When will these distances between the rigid minds get shorter?

I don` t know and so you be treading with me
For my limbs get transfixed and paralysed the oftenest.

You are there my known devilish friend and guide

And that`s why I don` t stay with any unknown angels.

Leave me not, outrun me not and trail not behind me either
For my gossamer net has been woven around you.

Be around me, nay not that far where I have to search for you,

Be around me, nay not with a quiet mouth that does` nt suit you.

Be around me, my gossamer has to float like a wave of care and feel.

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 twillight
And then shed the shadows of truths-
Barren truths ferried.

Beautiful lies

Send the beams of delight
In the dark chambers made of granite
And then surmount me with truths-
Nightmarish truths married.

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Being A Poet, Your Version Please..

It is a pain to be a poet who takes the road often less travelled
Unlike the balladeer of a past glorious.
The skies have changed and so must your flutter of thoughts too.
Will you be a poet or a pontiff at times is the question.
A poet must not tell tales of fantasies and fossils.

The cuckoo and the nightingale have ceased to come and chirp,
Look in and around your gardens, if at all you have had one.
The lilacs and the jasmine have begun to fade and fall too.□
The realities of times unwarranted are around you all ever.
Will you still sing about a transcending world of charm and delights around you?

Across the green fields of plants and weeds you can see
The scorpion peasants carrying cylinders of poison liquefied
Killing the insects and the little plants that have bore the corns.
And they are your providers of food till you die soon
Will you scribble about the bounteous tillers of the land yet?

The untainted cheeks of the lass turn red
When her lover announces his care by throwing kisses thereon
In the cover of darkness found at last.
As their untested love gives way for lust and dismay
Will you write about the new Romeo and Juliet once more?

There atop the mountains he must see the snow melting
There under the water masses he must see a tsunami waiting.
A poet may never let a sob out of pain; he must cry like squealing pig
And he must tell the tales of a present that haunts the world.
He must stop recoiling into a past of woes.

His pen must remain wet ever
Though daggers held above may lower his spirits for a while.
He has to be a pedestrian never deserted in the wilderness of paths.
And his words must one day stop for ever and he must get into acts.
Will you still be braying like an ass out of the barn?

M.D DINESH NAIR

Being You...

Being you is your own forte my dear,
Unlike being like someone else
Including me whom you call by no name.
Being you needs a phase of metamorphosis.

At times I probe into
Your entity that sans frontiers
Of folly and ego quite often.
Still you are on an orbit alien to me!

Your smile that spans your face
Your wisdom that extinguishes that of many
And your never dying spirit that holds me up often
Are my big wonders, dear one.

At times I crave for you
But quite often flee from you.
For a while I search for you
But miss to see you by me!

Being you is an evolution of the sort
And I have to long for being one like you
As being me is a hurdle for now.
Be there my dear to amaze me ever, that`s my plea.

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

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 unreached.
In fact my joy knows no bounds.

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

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

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

Beyond a tracing I have never been...

M.D DINESH NAIR

Beyond The Horizons...

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

But There Is A Wall...

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

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Can Streams Flow Along The River Sides?

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

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

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

You were a river and I a stream..

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

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

Celebrating Your Doom`s Day!

An eerie silence throws a blanket of its own
On the masses awaiting a confused verdict of folly incarnate as man
Who teams with his ghostly pioneers gone.

Five films on the great spectacular day of Earth`s demolition,
Fifty documentaries on what the real scientists did not tell and
Five hundred questions asked on a subject cruel to think of...

An eighty year old man reads out from the Bible,
'Thy kingdom cometh', and adds
'That`s to mostly happen on the 21st December 2012'.

Chiming bells and murmured sermons first instill a strange fear invisible
In the little lambs who are then asked to await and look for the writing,
'THE END'to be splashed across the skies.

Another Octogenarian quotes from the Quran,
'The Allah hath decided on it' and adds too
'That`s to be perhaps on the 21st December 2012'.

The Friday Namaz becomes more and more pious, the mullah cries
About the wrath that would set things right and men in white nod.
Their women folk remain further in the dark in their homes

A bearded septuagenarian Hindu sanyasin nods his head and sings,
'The Kaliyug comes to an end that day perhaps'.
And he fumbles over the scriptures unreadable.

The idols in the temples are bathed in milk and ghee as never before
As the fattened priests chant slogans in a language unlearnt.
The Kaliyug has to end as the western websites
Want it to happen 2345 years earlier now! □
□

They are all celebrating a Doom`s Day in advance.
They are all pulling a race to disaster and
They will all wash their hands on the 22nd December for certain.

Chilled minds! Frozen ambitions and scattered dreams!
A human stock forced to suck this blood of their own.

O, time will you ever forgive them?
You forgive them, they make a brutal majority!

Oh, dear earth, dear earth, 'Please, leave them alone and spin on
Your orbit for yet another term of 3.5 billion years,
As you are too young to die in an accident for now'.
Your death is to be perpetrated by man alone.

A few cynic Gods carved out of ignorance and fear of the unknown
From B.C 23,000 to B.C 1500 who didn't trouble the fauna and flora
For the preceding 21,000 million years of their life on the earth
Bound to destroy just a planet out of the solar systems
From among those in thousands and lakhs
Makes one laugh and laugh..
What else to say?

All the six signs are unfounded the NASA has confirmed it now.
The Mayan Calendar is now resumed,
The Polar Forces are not to affect the earth soon,
The Nibiru will not hit the earth,
The Solar Tsunami can't have that effect,
The Volcanic Mount in the U.S may still take time to burst and
The Religions have had this since times immemorial.

What else do you want to know my friend, to believe
That you will be alive till you die alone later?
What else do you want to hear?

The new born baby will have the last laugh
For its tomorrows are certain to be there and
Our dear planet is still spinning on.
And he will hear another story soon!

99.99 percent of the living species are still
Undisturbed living their own small lives
This 'nasty man' alone is day dreaming about a paradise non-extinct
And tells all the bull-shit to one another about a 'DOOM`S DAY'.

What a paradise he wants to lose thus?
And is yet another blind Milton ready to write a work again?
The incorrigible man sulks in his conscience perhaps!

December 22 will open its day,
The sooth Sayers and the pontiffs will never go hiding,
The scriptures and the waiting guinea pigs will wage no war,
No regrets, nor any explanations will be heard.

The folly incarnate as man will still say,
'Another day it will certainly happen'.
O man, know that this life of yours is your own fate and
What else is to be known henceforth?

PLEASE VIST:

ALSO VISIT:

M.D DINESH NAIR

Concerns Of Mysterious Love

Love is a mystery
Across the lands you inhabit.
But you draw sketches beautiful ever.
Love is a paradox
Alien to many but perhaps a dream for you
And its woes still form rainbows in your poems.

Cleopatra was a fairy with infectious charm
Who bewitched many a man
And she brought disgrace to the fairer sex.
John Keats had a Fanny Browne
Who left him dry and lone
When consumption struck him for a while.
Shelly seduced many, fell in love with two
But ran away with another!
A habitual user was he indeed!

There is a joke cracked...

There were many traumatised victims of love
Whom Sigmund Froid once treated
At his mental clinic.....

There in one ward you could see a sad man with long beard
Who was once in deep love with an eve of 'infinite traits'!
But his lady love, alas! had rejected him later
And she had been wedded to another!

It was a supreme case of true love
That made him mad and a client of Froid.
He was struggling to recover,
His Venus was gone!

In the neighbouring ward you could see another man
His beard was longer and his face paler.
Who was he? Do you know?
He was the very man whom the Venus above
Had wed for a life time deception!

Again and again thorns seemingly tell you,
'Thou, come not near'.
But you go to pluck the flower!
Again and again seemingly the petals whisper unto you,
'Thou art finished'.

Where is love?
That immaculate flower of beauty?
Does it still grow on the tombs of
Romeo and Juliet or Salim and Anarkali?
Let your sketches be drawn...

The rainbows of the water washed sky
Have to begin to descend to our plains of reality.
Love that sheds its fake might and myth
Has to bloom on the plant of care
Care that has no gender or envy.

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

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

Fear Not My Friend

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Freedom For You And Me

Freedom for you and me

Is an unattainable feeling to flee

From the World itself.

It is a dream to be

In a world of total glee.

Some times freedom has two wings

Both pulling towards left and right differently.

It has the colour of many rings

That surround the Saturn of life coherently.

Freedom is an Utopia

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

It is more than a bubble`s Nostalgia

As you and I flee into ourselves at a go

Within the Titan surrounding the Saturn.

M.D DINESH NAIR

God In Exile

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

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

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

God in His exile is free from dawn to dusk.
He needs no solace of intropection 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 successful 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

God`s Proclamations 2013

Foreword:

I spoke the other day
These words of my proclamations
To one Dinesh Nair a dwarf bard in the East.
I spoke to him aloud,
'If you are a mortal honest, write now
My proclamations in words sans mercy incarnate'.

No sooner did I learn that I was not there than I was there.
I came from nothing and everything came from me all say..
I was confused first and more confused now.
I spoke out my heart for a while
And your hearts must be filled now fast
With thoughts great.

I

I am:
I am the Alfa and the Omega some say,
I am omnipotent and omnipresent they add
And I enjoy the eulogies ever and ever.
I am merciful and bounteous some chant.
I am the bread giver and the protector of millions many chant
And I feel like going mad.

I am aloft the universe void
And I am not your father nor is his son henceforth.
I am the one doomed to rule your minds in vain yet.

I once kept a flute on the mouth
And led a herd of cattle; not men or women,
I made a battle for killing a hundred cousins
For the five, their cousins stood by me ever.
I was a leveler for sometime, many said.

II

What I still do:

With an ire of no reason
I ever cast my eyes on your lands green,
Then I divided the world altogether
And made haves and have-nots at a spell.
I sent demons of dark shades
To ensure the fall of the East and the West
And in between the Pacific and the Atlantic
I painted a white President in black
And asked him to under go the ordeal twice.
I set fire on Somalia,
Cast a spell of terror on the subcontinent of Asia,
And ordered the Greek and the French
To feel a recession unknown thitherto.

III

My proposals ahead:
I will ever and ever bless the rich and the mighty
And fill their cupboards with gold glittering.
I will often drain the huts and shower upon the inmates
Misery immortalized and empowered.
I will not wipe the tears of the babes orphaned,
I will not rescue the eves haunted
I will not cure the ills of the East or the West
Nor will I feed the mouths hungry.
I will send storms mighty,
I will dry the land of green,
I will send the demons of war,
And will evict you all at the end
From this planet doomed to fade out
For I am in a mood to kill now.
For many millennia you all have been
Bereft of thoughts and reason,
The multitudes watched you all in egos
Enacting a drama with religions many.
Piety and scriptures were spoken of often
As I slept in the corridors of the dark paradise.
I saw nightmares outstretched
With Lucifer sent to the nadir dark
And I sat on throne at the zenith.
A song of passivity descended,
A song of passivity!

IV

My promise is all your making:
My son is sleeping there in his cradle,
My only son who survived a fatal nailing.
He sleeps like you all
And I can't send him down to your world in shambles.
My son is my son and
Let him sleep till you spit venom on him
You, lesser mortals, go to your hell and weep there.

V

As of now....
I am flying like a bird eternal
Across the skies wearied.
My wings flip in vain and
My future looks bleak.
I can't help it, I am so
And I keep my head down
You lesser mortals, please say it aloud somewhere.
I feel shy, I feel like fleeing
The scene of disaster I have made.

VI

As of ever:
Frozen deep within
I shed the sweat of my inaction.
I know the pain of being someone
While being none at all over here.
I fall into the pit of no entity
While being omnipresent!
I know my plight of being alone
While a crowd awaits my being with them.
Unlike the past mysterious
And my present is at your mercy!
After thousands of years of sound sleep
I woke up to speak out my heavy heart
And I shall not sleep henceforth
For I know he is the brother of death.

VII

Here is my warning to you all:
'You shall not revolt,
Against these words of mine for ever
And start writing against
These proclamations passed
Onto you all, you lesser mortals
For my sword of ire shall ever be
Sharper than all your pens kept wet'.

Blessed be the ones reading these lines
For variety is the spice of life
If at all you are still living there,
You lesser mortals.

I will forgive none among you
If you still continue to believe that I am there
For your colossal thoughts of folly must end now.

I proclaim to you once more that
I was not there, am not there now
Nor shall ever be there.

'VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT'*

* The Truth will set you free

M.D DINESH NAIR

Happy New Year To A Few...

When this December dies leaving my country shattered
I ask myself, 'Why did you survive the doom`s day of 2012'?
I confront the question, 'Do you still wish anyone a happy new year? '
And I keep my options at bay.

This December saw the Indian men going mad after mad
For encroaching upon the flesh of every hapless woman,
This December saw the species of man facing a doom`s month
And we now keep our fingers crossed.

'HAPPY NEW YEAR to you', I send a message to one,
'WHILE YOU ARE ALL ALIVE! ' she exclaims back.
I am alive along with men in plenty
I am alive along with women withering away around me.

Man the beast smiles at and speaks sweet words
'Oh Sisters, don`t believe that those are his own'
Man on the street and man in the castle are same
And he craves for flesh and scream of the little ones too.

May their counter parts of a distant East and the West
Share the joys of this new year yet another mirage.
But you Indian women remain with suspicious eyes and a sense of fear
When a few men come to your aid or side.

As the rulers of this country think of economic policies every time
Oblivious of the norms of good overeagerness.
India is lamenting over the lost cult of life
And her kings are just resigned to.... and never resign from.....
An ice age of drastic heap is setting on this country.

With a hundred doubts in my mind as to
What holds good for our mothers, sisters and daughters ahead,
I wish them all A VERY HAPPY NEW YEAR still
As the notion has to die soon.

Happiness remains elusive of us all in fact
In these times in this dark land.

We 'average men' with passions and lust on 'good hold'
Wish our women folk a YEAR NOT SO BAD AS 2012.

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

If I Were 'God'!

If I were 'God',
I would first go for making myself
A figure with eyes, ears, feelings and a mind.
For I don't want to be treated as an invisible and dubious spirit
About whom the liars and the cowards will sing again and again.

If I were 'God',
I would come along with the big bang and would`nt exist before that
And I would`nt do creation for 13 billion years
For I can`t answer the question of many 'what I was doing before that'
To which I cannot answer 'I was creating a hell for them all'.

If I were 'God',
I would next go for a smaller world of
A prettier and smaller earth, a milder sun and a shapely moon
For the ones today there are have terrible looks.

If I were 'God',
There would be no Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn
Uranus, Neptune or Pluto around this smaller Solar System
For I can`t waste my time makings things like kids unlike 'Him'.

If I were 'God',
And I would never go for a trillion galaxies, their planets
Nor for a hundred billion stars and the asteroids neither
To create Stephen Hawkins and his peers
For I know there are too much of universe around us now.

If I were 'God',
I would first go for eternity on the earth for all fauna and flora
And I would`nt test them for years with a smaller life on the earth
For I know whatever I create should be eternal like me.

If I were 'God',
I would be like a father and mother of all
And would feed all and sing cradle song for all babies alike
For I can feel the sobs of all mortals ever.

If I were 'God',
I would kill none with cancer, heart ailment
Nor would I crush a new born baby under a wheel
For I know tears of my children are very hot.

If I were 'God'
I Would fill the land with happiness infinite and
Would hug my sons and daughters ever and ever
For I know my home can` t be on an alien land.

If I were 'God',
I would never divide the lands, nor the people
And would allow neither Krishna wage a war nor the Buddha to die.
I would allow neither Jesus to die nor the Prophet to flee
For all my children will be free from the evil thoughts and deeds.

If I were 'God',
I would allow no classes to emerge and,
There would` nt be the rich and the poor as well
For I know I must have a vision for all.

If I were 'God',
I would have roses without thorns and kids without tears
And will not first breed mosquitoes and then ask man to kill them
For I know how they can contradict the phases of our life.

If I were 'God',
I would shatter the clouds of scare and terror from their minds
And the eves would walk free in the world.
I can guess the power of equations in human life
For I have to otherwise kill the monsters outraging the fairer sex
Including the small girls in their early teens.

If I were 'God',
I would allow either a deer or a tiger
And never both
For I know a dying deer`s cry will cast a shadow on my misdeed.
I would never cripple a limb nor a brain.

If I were 'God',
I shall wipe the tears of the odd ones out
And tell them the tales of my own 'imagination'.

If I were 'God',
I will make them all smile with the bliss shared by all
And would fill the land with concern and empathy unbound though.

If I were 'God',
Mortals would wonder what the world would be
Without all this infinite wealth and fullness for all
For I know they would think and think while sleeping too.

If I were 'God',
I would finally dance to the tunes of joy on the earth
And may later vanish into nothingness into my first eternity
With no human voice to cry, ' Where are you? '
As the eternity on the earth would be well beyond its needs.

If I were 'God',
I would ask writers to write my pronoun as 'he/she' and not 'He'
For I know I can be greater only through my deeds.
I am terrorised to imagine how my peers
Judge me for not being just one among like them!

If I were 'God',
I would never write this and
If you were all 'Gods',
You would spare me, I know.
Please, enjoy this poem and its fate is left to your mercy.

M.D DINESH NAIR

Illusions V/S Withering Me

I first see a smiling face somewhere
But as I go near to see it close, it fades out.

I then see a caring hand very close
But as I wait for its touch, it too fades out.

I later hear a sweet mouth speaking very near too
But as I begin to heed well, it withers out.

I have illusions perhaps, I think for a while.

I see a frail flock of men and women climbing a hill
Unto a peak of things unknown and unseen.

They have smiling faces and caring hands
And they speak sweet words and dream high.

I have no illusions, I begin to learn.

Down below the plains of eerie silence
I now begin to search for myself partly faded and dead!

M.D DINESH NAIR

India Dreams

India dreams
Unlike never before.

She is sandwiched between
A glory lost and a gory imminent for future.
A painter comes with a fresh brush and a great vision!
But there is no canvas to paint.

The politician speaks aloud till he sweats
And a crowd listens to him in all dismay.
Commoners may soon perish
As the rulers are ever to write their fate.

The motor man cursed rambler
Roams on the road to nowhere.
The laid spirits of Gandhi and Gulzarilal
Cannot rise from the ashes fossil-ed by time.

The trumpets are heard
While the hunger laden flock of men pulls the cart
The cart named democracy!
Indians glorify the machinery Once more;

India dreams once for all
Of a life that can tread on still.

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

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 laugh like you, my baby.

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 Poetry Shop Will Be Open On December 22,2012

Dear Friends, Poets and pessimists,
I am to inform you all that

MY POETRY SHOP WILL BE OPEN ON DECEMBER 22,2012 also
The day after the so called DOOM`S DAY.

Poems old and new will be showcased as usual
And I shall be visiting your POETRY SHOPS as well.

Dear Friends, Poets and optimists,
Let us discard the DOOM`S DAY imposed on us.

Regards...

M.D DINESH NAIR

My Seasons Have No Concerns..

My seasons have no concerns
Unlike what they have ever said....

First they said,
'Childhood is the spring of all
And it is the most pleasant'.

They said too,
'Adolescence is then like winter for all
And it just asks questions alone'.

Next they said,
'Youth hood is the autumn or the fall for every one
And it once for all searches for the answers'.

And they heaved a sigh and said,
'Old age finally finds the answers for all the questions
And it teaches you everything'.

I differ with them:

My childhood was not a spring
And I did not fleet like a fawn or clot.

My adolescence was not a winter
And I did not feel the chill of questions.

My youth hood has been not an autumn yet
And I am not searching for any answer.

My old age will never be my summer
And I will not find the answers for I did not ask any question!

Where is the wrong?

I stand amazed at the cross roads of an undefined life
Quite unknown to me since my first cry.

But I see many more joining me there

And soon we shall be making a clan without seasons to go by.

Perhaps the wrong is the right!

Will they ever say so?

M.D DINESH NAIR

My Shadow

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

My Unseen Friend 2

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

My 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

Our New Year Party For You, Dear Poet Friends

Our new year party starts at 10 pm for you all.
With smiles and chats you will be at ours..
With graceful steps and melodious songs you will enthrall one another.
And you will wait for us the Indians alone
For we shall not be at ours for sometime.
We are somewhere else you may presume..

Our far off friends will look at the clock in all anxiety
And wonder where we have gone for, What for and so on.
Your steps will slow down and your melodies will fade
And you will begin to fret and sweat for our absence.
Still we will not be around you.
We are dead and buried you may fear..

As the clock is about to strike 12 at night
We shall open a window of our home but no doors
And jump through it to come to your tables
Unfilled with any drink, cake or cocktail.
But we will tell aloud A HAPPY NEW YEAR and you may respond coldly.
We are rude and mad you may tell even..

Then the sky will open and all your new poems will pour down
Into our plates and we shall taste them each.
We will wonder what a NEW YEAR PARTY you have begun to give.
Many of your plates will be filled by one another
And the NIGHT will pass on to 2013.
We are hosting guests you may wonder..

Some of our Indian poets may sing sadder songs for a while
And most of you may keep guessing why it is so.
We the Indians celebrate this new year only for you guests
From the other lands and those beyond the Atlantic
For the reasons that might be known to you all, please.
We are moody and nervous you may observe..

We and you the poets of the world have one home over here
And we shall sing all our chorus later together nay not tonight.
And we shall dance to the tune of our Indian women too then
Who may one day enthrall all of us perhaps you too

When all their fears have gone for ever.
We are now eloquent you may accept..

Tonight as you whisper your HAPPY NEW YEAR GREETINGS
Unto our ears deafened with shrieks of trodden eves,
We look upwards into the sky once again
And see a hundred stars laughing at us the mute poets.
'You sail into your fresh waters ever dear poets'.
We have only the Bermuda Triangles around us you may tell..

M.D DINESH NAIR

Perceptions

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

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

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Perhaps A Heaven May Be Waiting...

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

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Playing A Host For You

Last night I had a sweet dream, a dream of all times,
It lasted for hundreds of seconds or as I would like to believe
That it was lingering like the moon even after the dawn.
My dream still floats on mind like a feather.
Here it is... MY DREAM AS IT IS TOLD TO YOU.

In the dream dear friends, you may know for a change
I played the role of a very shy host with a small smile
And all of you my poet friends, were my guests from far off lands
Or most of you perhaps came from the lands beyond our hills.
I had not invited all of you, but they too came, A BIG 'THANK YOU'.

I made dishes of no known lands for you.
The powder of wheat and barley I used,
I mixed them with chilly, ginger and salt.
I cut for you bitter gourd, lentils and cabbage
And cooked my mix till you all came!

No dates, no eggs; nor their parents
No salmon; nor sardine too,
No honey, no biscuits and no cream cakes.
I looked at you from the corners of my eyes
And saw most of you smiling at me.
You had brought gifts too for me, I knew it!

Yoonoos had a dozen pearls for me,
Valerie had brought amethysts for me
Valsa George had emerald and ruby for me and
Veeraiyah Subbalakshmi had diamonds for me.
They all sat on the front row relishing my delicacies!

My heart was beating all the while though.

Sanjay Mehta and Swetha had with them platinum rings for me
Indrani Bhaduri and Mathew had two golden pens for me,
Payal and Rupika would give their gifts later perhaps
And Vijay Sai, Shivani and Nilakshi would not reveal them
Thomas A Robinson came a bit late with an opal in hand.
They were all on the next row eating now and then.

Hazel, Howard, Mirna Morgan and Christopher Tye were there
Not eating much, but smiling at me they sat.
Thomas Hsi, Captain Cur, Babatunde Aremu and Stanley Stoooper
Were looking at the watch now and then.
Shahzia Batool and William Sienes III sat making occasional gulps.
Persian Nightingale and Melvin did not see any plate before them!

I blushed my face when King Femi made just a bite and started sweating
And I saw Faeo Lyre drinking water all the while.
My dishes were strange for them!
Risha, Sonnet, Athul and Maria have stopped being here or
Have overgrown and won` t go anywhere perhaps.
Three young kids who TYPE, PASTE and SEND their invitations to me often
Won` t eat at mine for reasons unknown.

I wish they were all here to eat a little.

Maddy Macleod, M.M French Fries and Niq Castro did not come,
Abha Sharma, Hema and Michael are far from me now
And Dr Celes frowned at the feast of a non-believer.
Green Wolfe and Ramachandran are not around
For years and are therefore in oblivion.

As you all left me one by one,
I thought of cooking something special for Him
But I have not seen Him since my birth
My poems have spitten venom on Him and
Why should He eat at mine at all?

There is yet another dream of a dinner party in the offing
Which I shall offer to my new friends.
That will be the time you make me think,
' How great it is being one among you here? '
And I shall cook it for my young friends too.

M.D DINESH NAIR

Shelter Home

Rains and floods of all seasons
Surrender to her shelter home.
Hot flames and drought of all times
Succumb to her shelter home.

It stands with its four doors open
In the heart of the tiny lagoon far off the lands wild.

Care and love are its first two pillars,
And concern and attachment are the other two pillars.
Down the times immemorial her shelter home has stood there
Through the thick and thin of all civilizations!

A shelter home of the righteous mother, sister or daughter
That has four doors open for your entry.
'O man, living in the wild of your fantasy and passion
Come to reside in this shelter home of hers'.

It is in a lagoon of all perfection manifest
And it is built of no brick and mortar.
It is carved out of the stone of suffering
And it is roofed with the feathers of sacrifice.

Her shelter home will stand alone in the lagoon
With a million stars smiling at it all the nights.

Minds and Hearts of men from lands will once
Surely be seeking asylum in this shelter home.
And then with your wild lands turning barren for ever
O man, you will be surrendering to her for ever.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Arrow Shot Without An Archer

I take my sharpest arrow of a good season
And then shoot it from my bow of a finer reason
But it hits none or nothing anywhere.

My arrow boomerangs on me, pierces across my flesh and I lie bleeding
And my bow sighs and sighs and lies near my semi-corpse
Waiting for perhaps a better archer still.

As the last breath of mine pulls me out
Of this world with fading objects of all seasons
My reason resurrects and stands on a hill alone!

My arrow turns into a half of me then,
Shoots off from the bow of my other half!
And this time it hits someone or something.

Time will tell my tale one day
Nay, the tale of an arrow and bow
That never needed an archer like me!

But the mystery will ever remain as to how and
Why my arrow boomeranged on me at all?
And time may point its finger at the ghost of an image much known!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Black Roses

In the garden of wild plants
I search for a Rose or a Lily.
The laugh of the plants get subdued
Then I look for a Jasmine or a Hibiscus.

Then I hear the sob of a flower a little away
With black petals all within her.
'Who are you all? ', I queried.
'You call us black roses', they said.

Unplucked, untouched and unfelt they remain
The black roses of a wild region!
'May I pluck one of you? ' I asked.
'You are welcome to liberate us all' they said.

Liberation! I am a bit confused,
Liberation of a flower is a novel idea
And I return with a few black roses
For I cant liberate them by plucking at a go.

The Rose fades, the Lily shrinks,
The Jasmine dries up and the Hibiscus falls.
But my mind says to me now for certain,
'These Black Roses will bloom in your gardens once'.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The 'Budding' Poets

The 'budding' poets in early teens
Pen down here lyrics on love!
They write lines on ravishing beauty and craving eyes!

The 'budding' poets here flee from care
And embrace the images silhouetted
On the canvas of their dime-heroines of infatuations!

My past asks me, ' What about your lines in my times? '
I keep my eyes closed for some time and answer him,
' I was innocent of course, but a coward too then'.

I see the budding poets marching ahead
Enchanting the magic of sweet love and nectar
And I applaud them for their courage.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Commandment Recoded

My Lord, oh my Lord,
I am undone, I am fretting for ever too.
For an act of murder of a liar
A liar he was! But I ought not to have done it!

Your act is an atrocity
Of all seasons I bet, my Lord.
A generation now will retreat like me
After making a kill of this kind oftener.

My Lord, your dagger bleeds after kissing
My flesh too soft to pierce through.
An hour of writhing and dying.
Then I am transported quite upwards!

My soul dares into the My Lord`s heaven
None stops me at the gate
And He speaks not but smiles a lot!
He had writ it large on my forehead!

Down there, Lucifer is perhaps amused further
With my utterances he could unseat Him, he thought.
I frown at the dark image for a while
And He is pleased for a while but still relents not.

I await the order the recoded one
But He signs on it never ever.
Incorrigible He is unlike the Son Crucified.
I await the melting point,
A promise is broken, my Lord.

It is Your commandment recoded.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Cremation Of A Bad Poet

The poet first fantasises himself
As a feather floating across the land,
And he fantasises next himself
As a cloud that rains over the parched land.

He sometimes transforms himself into a larva
That soon opens the cocoon and flies out unto the sky.
He often times listens to the musings of the skylarks or the flora
And he listens to the sweet nothings of the cosmic cry.

The poet turns sceptical about his fellow men in plight
And frowns at their swollen hearts apart.
He laughs at the miseries of a world punished by Him in fright
And then he longs to be with Him as an escort.

The poet then pleads others to kill him
Then he crawls unto a graveyard or climbs up a pile of timber.
Now he falls into a ditch dead or lies on the pyre in flames
And he wants now to smile from the above!

O poet, don `t cremate yourself like this ever
For none will ever give you that salvation!
O poet, may sense prevail upon you for sometime here
Till the world turns devoid of your good brethren!

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 Frown Of The Other Roses

Request: Please read this poem only after reading the one titled ' THE BLACK ROSES'.

The frown upon the faces of the other Roses
Disheartens me quite often, you know not.
But I am amused at the liberation of the Black ones
Around us and they never let a sigh out these days.

I rejoice at the tranquil and charming sight of many
A Garden of the Black Roses around your homes.
Your agonies and mine have died for ever as you know
The fragrance is the same as for all of them.

The Red Rose, the Lily, the Jasmine and the Hibiscus
Cast their eyes off me to make me feel annoyed.
Annoyances and embarrassments can never be felt
For my present has been re written by you all.

I salute your goodness in accommodating
All these flora of great identities in your gardens.
The liberation of these Black Roses has thus revolutionized
Your world of prejudices and done the work!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Girl Who Loved Her Own Shadow

The girl who loved her own shadow
Once had a nightmare for all times.
She saw in it boys and men without shadows at all!
They were men indeed.

Men with muscles and moustaches as ever
But none had a shadow of their own!
Her father and brother were there
They too had no shadows of any size!

Scared and doomed she was
As she saw that her mother and elder sister
Too had either no shadows or they were very short!
But she saw her own shadow close to herself!

As the nightmare ended, she was seen
Lying in the flood of sweat.
But as she opened the window and she saw another sky
And her sun of resolution was there alone.

She walked along the gravel track
And saw and felt somebody following close to her.
It was her own shadow, another self of tall heights.
She was the first girl who loved her own shadow.

Look back never!
A shadow may be or may not be there.
Sleep not ever!
A dream and a nightmare chase us ever.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Greek Woes

Greece has fallen into yet another economic gloom
Surpassing the past of dismal encounters
Her sons and daughters have had ever.

We see people thronging at the food banks
From noon to midnight braving the chill
For a square meal made from cabbage and potato even!

Penniless, frustrated and panicked
Are our 26% Greek brethren with fresh degrees
As they can't find jobs anywhere.

O, rich men, you ought to help those in need
As you are also there like everywhere else.
The new Greece can't manage the ebbs otherwise.

Athens! that great land leaves us shattered and
Greece in her totality is in the grip of lack of
Enough food, proper homes and a purple future!

We have to salute you brethren still
For you don't resort to petty crimes despite the woes.
The great halo of those legendary gods still surround you all!

Apollo and Venuses linger over the Greek skies
And may they guard you for now, we like to pray.
O, Great ones of Greece, we salute you.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Lady Lost And To Be Found

He once said,
'Sell your tears somewhere else
And tell your tales to someone else
The pain is interwoven though'.

He further said,
'The flood of your sobs and the sweat of your sighs
Can never reach the feet of men on this mount of rock
The debts are still unpaid though'.

Let us hope,
'A glimmer of hope hovers over the lady lost,
May be, there will descend one day
A world of equations somehow'.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Lambs On The Road

The lambs on the road were dismayed
Bleating all along they wandered
There lay the slain shepherd
The sun descended.
A flock lost!

The new sky was cast ever clouded
The men from the East never frowned
Their wisdom was long before eroded
And their return was irredeemably abandoned.
A nightmare unveiled!

The lambs still bleated along the road winding
They were to reach a peak triumphing.
The shepherd was thenceforth forgotten for ever!
And the bleating had given way for a shout of joy before.
An euphoria unyielding!

The bleating music has been on and on
The shepherd has somewhere been laid to rest.
The new shepherd first looks around and up on the peak.
But there is no road descending from atop
A truth spoken!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Letter From A Poem Hunter Member

'What do you think of God of us[ours?]and Hell for the ones like you?
He will burn you on December 21 or soon next.
Stop this mudslinging at [blasphemy of?]God and salvation..
That is good for you brother'.

Ha, ha, ha... Ha ha ha...
O, my God of yours, the symbol of mercy and love,
O, my God of yours, reserve my ticket in the hell,
O, my God of yours, read my poems and send messages first.

Ha, ha, ha... Ha ha ha...
O, your God off me, cool down, cool down,
O, your God off me, save this man first of all,
O, your God off me, let us not judge each other again

For Your work is something else if you are there and
For a few of my poems stand for Your own sons who are very much here.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The' Magicians' Of Our Times

We live in a world of magicians
All around us.
They are the magicians of the kind
Who don` t make a living but mar many a life.

A magician is seen among our 'dear' friends,
Yet one more among our 'close' relatives,
Then is seen another among our rulers
The last one emerges from our well wishers and colleagues.

Every magician wears a cap with no feathers thereon
And he barks at us like a dog often.
We remain calm and quiet with reason dead
And our fall begins to depths infinite.

The magicians hold a wand with a curve at the end
And our heads are held within and soon pulled close to them.
The magicians ask us to spare our valuables for every show
And they pound them to powder many times.

Every magician cuts a woman into two
Later she is brought back alive.
Behind the curtains two women shed tears
For there is another magic played in their lives by him.

Each magic lasts for a phase of time
But we often refuse to leave the dark hall.
Each magic leaves us bloodless
And our minds turn pale for a longer phase.

Each magic mesmerises us and we go for the next show as well.
When their coffers fill to the brim
Every magician leaves and his apprentice enters
The show re begins and by then we fall dead!

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 Mystery Of The Earth Resolved

IT IS A WRITE WITH PROSE AND POETRY INTER WOVEN AGAIN IN THE FORMAT OF A QUESTIONNAIRE ANSWERED

.....

is the history of the Earth and the Solar System related to?

Science is transparent and is no way a mystery
It`s the body, not its attire, it`s a truth not a lie
And it`s fact and not fiction and sell your illusive dreams
To buy Science the predecessor and the successor.

The history of the Earth encompasses the development of the planet Earth from its formation to the present day. Nearly all branches of natural science have contributed to the understanding of the main events of the Earth's past after the Big Bang.

is the hypothesis of the formation of the Solar System?

A thesis and yet another!
Man got it right from inquisitiveness,
He wrote it in words clear
And spoke of it louder and louder.

The standard model for the formation of the Solar System (including the Earth) is the solar nebula hypothesis. In this model, the Solar system formed from a large, rotating cloud of interstellar dust and gas called the solar nebula. It was composed of hydrogen and helium created shortly after the Big Bang 13.7 billion years ago and heavier elements ejected by supernovae. About 4.5 billion years ago the nebula began a contraction that was triggered by the shock wave of a nearby supernova. That shock wave made the nebula rotate as well. As the cloud began to accelerate, its angular momentum, gravity and inertia flattened it into a protoplanetary disk perpendicular to its axis of rotation. Small perturbations due to collisions and the angular momentum of other large debris created the means by which kilometre-sized protoplanets began to form, orbiting the nebular centre.

happened to the initial nebula later?

Unsound minds go roaming elsewhere

But the sound ones beg for a hearing at times!
Stoic silence engulfs your tales
As our own science remains a winner in silence.

The centre of the nebula, not having much angular momentum, collapsed rapidly, the compression heating it until nuclear fusion of hydrogen into helium began. After more contraction, a T Tauri star ignited and evolved into the Sun. Meanwhile, in the outer part of the nebula gravity caused matter to condense around density perturbations and dust particles, and the rest of the protoplanetary disk began separating into rings.

4. What happened in the next immediate stage?

What is the age of the Earth? When did the Earth get formed?

Then began our brief destiny

The span of a worthless matter getting into a worth you deem right.
Sooner came the phases inevitable and the final one will be
That to be shadowed by man`s foolery later.

In a process known as runaway accretion, successively larger fragments of dust and debris clumped together to form planets.. The solar wind of the newly formed T Tauri star cleared out most of the material in the disk that had not already condensed into larger bodies.

The same process is expected to produce accretion disks around virtually all newly forming stars in the universe, some of which yield was formed around 4.54 billion (4.54×10^9) years ago by accretion from the solar nebula. Volcanic outgassing was instrumental behind the creation of the primordial it contained almost no oxygen and would have been toxic to humans and most modern life. Much of the Earth was molten afterwards because of extreme volcanism and frequent collisions with other bodies.

it the proto-Earth?

And longer phase followed the matter born,
And time and again the strange things went on.
Greater impacts waited by the matter
And our proto-Earth was on its way.

Yes. The proto-Earth grew by accretion until its interior was hot enough to melt the heavy, siderophile metals. Having higher densities than the silicates, these

metals sank. This so-called iron catastrophe resulted in the separation of a primitive mantle and a (metallic) core only 10 million years after the Earth began to form, producing the layered structure of Earth and setting up the formation of Earth's magnetic field. J. A. Jacobs was the first to suggest that the inner core—a solid centre distinct from the liquid outer core—is freezing and growing out of the liquid outer core due to the gradual cooling of Earth's interior (about 100 degrees Celsius per billion years. Extrapolations on these observations estimate that the inner core formed approximately 2-4 billion years ago, from what was previously an entirely molten core. Earth's first atmosphere, captured from the solar nebula, was composed of light (atmophile) elements from the solar nebula, mostly hydrogen and helium. A combination of the solar wind and Earth's heat would have driven off this atmosphere, as a result of which the atmosphere is now depleted in these elements compared to cosmic abundances.

caused the formation of the Moon?

Like a beautiful dancer she mesmerises
And we fall prey to her charms.

One very large collision of an external body resulted in a phase that rewrote the story of life in the earth. It was responsible for tilting the Earth at an angle and the same formed the Moon the only satellite of the Earth.

did life get formed on the Earth? Was it a case of chance existence? What is the future of life going to be?

God did it - thus you lied for long and
A few days you fixed as the term for it to emerge!
Know for yourselves the enlightened souls,
The life wasn't formed by a force on it's will
It was, is and will be a case of chance existence.

When the cosmic bombardments ceased, the earth started getting cooled and then it was formed into a solid crust. Water that was brought here by comets and asteroids condensed into clouds and the oceans took shape. Earth was finally hospitable to life, and the earliest forms that arose enriched the atmosphere with oxygen. Life on Earth remained small and microscopic for at least one billion years. It was about 580 million years ago, complex multicellular life arose, and during the Cambrian period it experienced a rapid diversification into most major phyla.

Man and every other living being are here just for the conditions of a bio-atmosphere being formed accidentally. That is why there is no life on the other planets though they too continue to exist. Life on the earth is a matter of CHANCE and it is not the result of a great PLANNING. As many as 87% of living beings are struggling for survival among the variety species and man will have the toughest struggle for survival as he has been digging his graveyard for the last 6000 years or so in the name of progress, wealth making and his pursuit of pleasures un natural. Minus man the earth may/would permit better life for the rest of the living beings with less intelligence though man`s ugly fight for survival alone can eliminate him later. But it is going to happen that after man`s final extinction there may be phase of other living beings.

did humans originate on the Earth?

First monkey and his mate were there later,
Not the first man and his satan-tempted better half.
Man emerged from the chimpanzee
And not from a handful of earth.

This is the area of the greatest controversy in religion and science. The fact is around six million years ago, the primate lineage of living organism led first to the evolution/origin of chimpanzees (the closest relatives of humans) .Next they got diverged from the lineage and resulted in the origin of modern humans.

are the reported Biological and Geological changes going on the earth?

Innumerable are they,
Inevitable are they too.
We shall end somewhere for sure
As ours is a mere CHANCE EXISTENCE ever.

Biological and geological change has been constantly occurring on our planet since the time of its formation. Organisms continuously evolve, taking on new forms or going extinct in response to an ever-changing planet. The process of plate tectonics has played a major role in the shaping of Earth's oceans and continents, as well as the life they harbor. The biosphere, in turn, has had a significant effect on the atmosphere and other biotic conditions on the planet, such as the formation of the ozone layer, the proliferation of oxygen, and the creation of soil.

are human beings unable to understand such changes taking place on the earth?
How long do we live when compared to the age of the universe?

'Smaller' than animals in intelligence,
Wiser than things 'mute and non-alive'
Man knows not things often
For he lives for a bubble`s term indeed.

We can live only for about 100-110 years utmost. So we humans are unable to perceive the changes due to our relatively brief life these changes are ongoing and will continue for the next few billion years with or without man on the earth..

To be precise, when compared to the age of the universe, man lives for only 1/10 parts of a second even if he lives for 100 years in average. Within that time span man cannot understand the phases of any evolution going on in the earth. If man can live upto half a million years, he can understand the concept and feel the reality of the absolute that can never happen!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Mystery Of The Universe Resolved

THIS WORK IS MOSTLY PROSE AND POETIC HERE AND THERE AND IS IN THE FORM OF A QUESTIONNAIRE ANSWERED

.....

did the UNIVERSE originate?

It was from the bang, bang and the bang,
It was through the big bang
And you know it for certain.

Yes, the universe originated through the Big Bang.

was the Big Bang?

An explosion of a particle was it
And the particle was smaller than an atom.
It was first explosion for our cause.

Yes, it was a causeless act of explosion of a small particle that resulted in the evolution of an ever expanding universe. Before the Big Bang the universe was smaller than an atom! There was only a point of time then and not a place! The Big Bang theory is the prevailing cosmological model that describes the early development of the universe. According to the Big Bang theory, the Universe was once in an extremely hot and dense state which expanded rapidly.

followed the act of expansion of the universe?

Then began the expansion,
An expansion that is still going on
And then and thus began the life of our universe.

The rapid expansion caused the Universe to cool and resulted in its present continuously expanding state. According to the most recent measurements and observations, the Big Bang occurred approximately 13.75 billion years ago, which is thus considered the age of the Universe.

happened in the next stage?

There came the phases of energy
And the wonder of electrons, protons and neutrons.
We learnt about from the sweet mouth of our teacher first.

After its initial expansion from a singularity, the Universe cooled sufficiently to allow energy to be converted into various subatomic particles, including protons, neutrons, and protons and neutrons combined to form the first atomic nuclei only a few minutes after the Big Bang, it would take thousands of years for electrons to combine with them and create electrically neutral first element produced was hydrogen, along with traces of helium and lithium. Giant clouds of these primordial elements would coalesce through gravity to form stars and galaxies, and the heavier elements would be synthesized either within stars bordering the supernovae.

is the scientific theory/relevance of the Big Bang?

Truth is that matters much to us
And the core ideas have to lead us.
Or else we might go back to life darker still.

The Big Bang is a well-tested scientific theory and is widely accepted within the scientific community. It offers a comprehensive explanation for a broad range of observed phenomena. Since its conception, abundant evidence has been uncovered in support of the model. The core ideas of the Big Bang—the expansion, the early hot state, the formation of helium, and the formation of galaxies—are derived from many observations that are independent from any cosmological model; these include the abundance of light elements, the cosmic microwave background, large scale structure, and the Hubble diagram for Type I - a supernovae.

will be the phases of the expansion of the universe?

An ever expanding mystery it is
Closer it was then and now it will be farther and farther.
And once begun it can` t go back ever.

As the distance between galaxy clusters is increasing today, it can be inferred that everything was closer together in the past. This idea has been considered in detail back in time to extreme densities and temperatures, and large particle accelerators have been built to experiment in such conditions, resulting in further development of the model. On the other hand, these accelerators have limited capabilities to probe into such high energy regimes.

the Big Bang theory explain everything?

Perfection, thou art not there
Reason, thou triumph on here.
And we choose with no pinch salt everything.

The Big Bang theory cannot and does not provide any explanation for the initial condition as to why the small particle exploded; rather, it describes and explains the general evolution of the universe going forward from that point as Lemaître first proposed what would become the Big Bang theory in what he called his 'hypothesis of the primeval atom.' Over time, scientists would build on his initial ideas to form the modern synthesis. The framework for the Big Bang model relies on Albert Einstein's general relativity and on simplifying assumptions such as homogeneity and isotropy of space.

did formulate the Big Bang theory?

Alexy and Edwin found it first,
Stephen Hawkins has founded it well and
Today it is a foregone conclusion to most of us.

The governing equations of the Big Bang had been formulated by Alexander Friedmann. In 1929, Edwin Hubble discovered that the distances to far away galaxies were generally proportional to their redshifts—an idea originally suggested by Lemaître in 1927. Hubble's observation was taken to indicate that all very distant galaxies and clusters have an apparent velocity directly away from our vantage point: the farther away, the higher the apparent velocity. Stephen Hawkins, the author of *A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME* has added now an absolute touch to the theory of the Big Bang.

what extent is the Big Bang theory acceptable to the community of scientists?

When you have to choose from among many
You have to choose the best of all
As you are man but not an animal.

While the scientific community was once divided between supporters of the Big Bang and those of alternative cosmological models, most scientists became convinced that some version of the Big Bang scenario best fit observations after the discovery of the cosmic microwave background radiation in 1964, and especially when its spectrum (i.e., the amount of radiation measured at each

wavelength) was found to match that of thermal radiation from a black body. Since then, astrophysicists have formulated further hypotheses to account for some discrepancies that have arisen within the model.

is the Big Bang theory more sensible than the theory of creation by God/ a supernatural element?

Here thou should not like accepting lies
And still not look upward, oh men and women!
Weep not thou, my pals and seers.

Though we don't know what caused the initial formation of a particle smaller than an atom that resulted in the Big Bang, it is scientific and the most transparent theory. The present universe and its systems point to the accuracy of the Big Bang theory.

When you say God or any supernatural element was behind the creation of this universe, you have to confront more questions that cannot be answered other than by referring to the manipulations of probabilities not within the reason. Those questions are:

1. Why God/the super natural existed before the creation and what was it doing till the moment of creation?
2. Why did God/it create at all?
3. Why could he/it not create mostly the planets like our earth with life alone as most of the known universe is full of material and not life?
4. What makes him/it let the scientists go and prove the more acceptable theory of the Big Bang and why he/it allows man to have an intelligence level that can reason and wonder?

Again most of the religions have scriptures referring to a very young universe or earth. In Hinduism the Brahma the creator God created everything before the 'krithayug/satyayug' barely 48,0000 years ago. In Islam the Koran refers to no specific time of creation but has vague references to a creation that might be 5 thousands years or less than that. In Christianity the easiest calculations were made based on the book of genesis of human beings starting with the creation of Adam and Eve the first man and woman on the Earth. Its bishops assume the creation might have started six days before the breathing of life into Adam and Eve and thus God created everything in B.C 4003, that is just 6,010 years ago! The scriptures of the religion were written, many versions refer to them, assuming the entire world to be within a radius of a few thousands of kilometers set on a flat land with the sun and the moon planted on a sky which was presumably a ceiling within a height of a few yards! Islam and Christianity

scriptured their theory of creation by God/Allah as believed and propogated by semi-literate fisher men and their contemporaries.

We have to know that it took millions of years for earth to develop life on the earth and man originated thousands of years later after undergoing gradual evolution of the monkey, the predecessor animal.

Now accepting the Big Bang theory or the theory of creation by God/a supernatural element is your choice.....

And a solace can never be a blockhead`s illusion however conveniently manipulated it is or however soft its angles are.

'We are amazed at a small particle turning into the universe,
We stand stranded at the crossroads of fact and fiction
And we go after the sweet fiction for we like to be
In a fool`s paradise and not in an intellectual`s hell! '

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 President`s Triumph 2

Dear Mr President,
Some of us said it way back in September
That you would come back
And you have indeed!

Virginia and North Carolina stood by you,
Mitt Romney`s strong holds surprised you
A passion for you in the soft minds rose high for you
And you have made it.

The Middle Class and the worn out too stood with you,
The homeless and the jobless stood with you,
The taxes have to favour them for long
And you have to remember them ever.

Four more years of office and its challenges,
Mounting concerns on out-sourcing of human resources,
Handling the G8 woes and much more await you
And you have to be a more vibrant President now.

Iron heated in the fire twists and bends,
And the black smithy shapes it as he wants.
Your short past must have given you a shape
And now you carve out an America afresh.

You are Barack Obama the crusader of 2012,
All the best till 2016 Mr President.
The Obama reign should make the Republicans sleepless
And you can do it dear icon of the Democrats.

The unfinished tasks lie ahead
And a better America you can make for them.
'Good days are coming' is every ruler`s chanting
But see that 'just better days have come'.

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 Road Never To Be Taken

I stand by a descending road
That runs down to some dark woods unseen before
And I see no other pedestrian passing by.

As I look on I see a few foot prints running down
None returning from there though.
I stand confounded and confined there.

I have just come out only a few yards
And none knows whether I have come out of my home at all.
Many think I am inside it lost in slumber.

The road is not that easy to travel
Though I can't sleep like ever before.
They think I ever sleep and never travel.

The dark woods let out a strange cry.
It reaches the skies and reverberates unto my ears
And I begin to retreat.

The ghost of the lucky poet haunts me
As I can never tell the story of the road not taken.
My road was laid by someone cruel!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Sabarimala Pilgrims

Clad in the black of detachment and indifference
They go climbing the hill winding towards the shrine and
Clad in the chains of beads and immersed in the chants of 'Ayyappa'
They climb the eighteen steps to the abode of the deity.

A season`s devotion and an euphoria of equations and oneness,
A deity of the tribals grown ten fold in name and fame.
A crowd, a herd apart bent upon a mission of all sorts and
A world here wakes up to redefine life and godliness.

Inducted into a spectrum of piety alluring and magical
They remain aloof from the evils of wine, wealth and women.
They kill the wants and desires for a phase a year and
Then bounce back to a life pattern often nasty as usual!

Ayyappa, the lord sees not, just like no Lord of any land ever does,
Ayyappa, the lord hears not, just like his peers don`t elsewhere.
Man re paints a deity`s expectations and restrictions
And make him live on a canvas of a season drafted apart.

When God in the upper abodes of greater castles of reborn faith
Struggles to let the masses to have a feel of His being,
Here is a deity taking by storm a stock of humans undivided
And he lives for a time and goes into deep slumber next!

The coffers of the temple authorities fill to the brim
And the sponsor Government thrives on the nickel for a time.
A crowd looks on confused unable to speak a word
As the chauvinistic spirits mantle a guardian`s role.

The pilgrims return to the lower slopes down ever
With the deity left alone till the next season to brood over
The duties of a lord in himself and he is bemused as to
Why the cult is not changing his very devotees for ever!

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 Shaking Earth

You call them Sandy, Andrew, Catherine and Neelam
The powers of the skies and the blue oceans
Have begun to work on the lands you own.

Many Americans thrown into misery and rendered homeless,
The President of the land articulating the power of the Sandy!
Many Philippians and Indians are never defended
And their kings mantle the role of cynics!

As ever and ever before we see the indifference
And unheeding goes the warning of nature.
She has been vociferous of late,
She knows to behave like a task mistress.

Man`s folly of living an intoxicated life
Far from the small woes of his grandfather, the ape
Has begun to show him the door of extinction
Like the dinosaurs and the larva were ever once.

Stop here brother, or else we are all doomed.
You and I are sure to drown somewhere
Down this stream of escalated materialism and fun
And none will remain to shed a tear of regret.

The scriptures and the oracles will call it a day
The gospelers and the puritans will look upwards and pray
For a while, it will be a dream come true.
But soon will cease everything, everything my brother.

The shake is just a reminder of
Things hitherto unknown, my brother.
Beware of the steps of the ladder we climb on
For it has long lost its touch with the ground!

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Street Dogs

Every morning we walk and run the streets
And you call us street dogs.
No masters to wag our tails at, no houses to guard over
We are doomed to fend ourselves.

Every now and then we grow in number
And you describe it a menace.
No food to eat, no milk to drink
We are made to dine on garbage.

Every evening we withdraw into our dark regions
To sleep till the next morning descends.
No pedestrians come our way, no motorist spares us
Our carcasses lie in pools of blood.

Every now and then we remember them;
Our brethren living in mansions;
They live a life of no wants; nor of any fear.
That is never our concern though.

Spare us a little mercy, we are your ghosts
Pelt not stones at us, we too have pains.
Your chubby baby and pet Tommy are yours for ever
But why aren't we there in your thoughts for a good cause?

We have no government for us and
We have no politicians nor do we have the scheduled wings
To fight the terror of humanity for a while.
It is an irony up to you 'man' to brood over.

Every now and then we hear a shriek or sob
We look back and see a few 'street children'.
We see in them a dying civilisation
Which began when the first street was laid for us.

If there comes a judgment Day ever
We shall be the first one to ask Him a question
The question that will be worth a million dollar
'Why did you lay streets for us? '

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Teachers` Day 2012

The text is torn and yellowish,
The voice is dull and coarse,
The benches are half vacated too.
Still he teaches, the teacher of 2012
The Indian teacher whom you all may not know.

In the horizon the setting sun bleeds to death
And the blooming Belle Sans Merci begins her dance graceful.
Across the dark sky infinite the winged late fliers fly
Singing a note of the rest imposed.
A night is imposed.

The frail man tries to lay a track
And heaves a sigh of recollections old.
The running feet of boys and girls overgrown
Crush the track and surge upwards for a while.
The clock clicks out a tone coarse.

June to March and Monday to Saturday
The fallen tribe snails on.
The lilacs of yester years bloom not and
The warmth of a soft touch keeps aloof.
But a hope enlivens the frail species.

Somewhere he hears the chanting of an old saga...
Once the church bells had chimed it clear,
Once the Sandeepanees too had heard it aloud..
The words of a cluster of beaming little bundles of flesh and mind -
The great pupils of a past glorious.

The sun reddens the eastern sky and smiles
As the dancing damsel closes her face with hands slender, nay frail.
The eclipses are a fantasy of these times perhaps
And the empire of the great star is to last..
Let the tribe hope so, so read aloud from
Your dog eared books of wisdom conceived.

Amidst the fleeting days of the present
And the vague reflections of a future ahead,

Hear once more my dear teachers of India,
From somewhere above the zenith of hopes languishing
A shout of joy with a sweet whisper, 'HAPPY TEACHERS` DAY'.

* Sandeepani was a sage and the teacher of Srikrishna.

M.D DINESH NAIR

The Ultimate Mystery Of The End Of Everything

LET US NOW CONSIDER THE END OF EVERYTHING A PURE PROSE WRITE.

After you were dilated upon the Origin of the Universe and a Brief History of the Earth, I have been asked by a few members to come out with 'any other stuff of the kind' and I am obliging here by discussing the incredible and perhaps unpleasant phases ahead of us on a time machine powered by information that matters to you and me alike.

SORRY FOR NOT FILLING IN A POETIC VERSION IN BETWEEN THE ANSWERS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE:

It can be said that humans have a very very short term view of things 're concerned about the end of summer, the next school year, and maybe even retirement from a these are just a blink of an eye in cosmic terms. Let's really think big, stare forward in time, and think about what the future holds for the Universe. Look forward millions, trillions, and even 1000 trillion years into the future. Let's consider the end of everything which is a mystery.

MAY HUMANITY END ON THE EARTH?

The End of Humanity is likely to happen within 10,000 years from now [Modern humans actually originated in Africa about 200,000 years ago that is B.C 1,97987].

Since then, we've gone on to inhabit every single corner of the this is just temporary. The vast majority of every species that has ever lived on Earth is now think that humans can avoid the fate of every other creature is all life on Earth, our time is limited. How long we will last is a wrong question as our intelligence and civilization Cannot help us much in this regard.

A terrible water and food crisis may eliminate human beings from the earth for ever by any time between AD 4000 and AD 10,000. In the second half of this period man may have to survive by drinking contaminated water like fluids or some form of water and eating reptiles, worms, many insects and even mud or earth.

The life of the primitive man born out of the ape between BC 22,000 and BC 18,000 would be far better in comparison with that snails on in these times!

There are otherwise many natural and 'man'made disasters that could wipe us an asteroid strike to worldwide pandemic; global warming [with the average temperature of the surface of the earth crossing 60 degree Celsius]to a nearby supernova detonation-there are still many more ways we could go for ever.

Perhaps we'll wrap it up in a mass extinction event, such as the one that killed the dinosaurs 65 million years ago, or 'the Great extinction',251 million years ago that killed 70% of land species and 96% of all marine species. In all all possibility humanity will disappear many millions years after which only the very small organisms can continue to survive.

MAY BE THE END OF RELIGIONS OR CONCEPTS OF GOD/GODS?

That will begin very close to the next ions can survive as long as man can move around, visit worship centres and is capable of pulling through his life. But around AD 2700 there will be complete drinking water and food crisis affecting around 80% of human beings all across the globe preceded by the average temperature of the surface earth hovering above 55 degree Celsius which will totally cripple human life.If at all conventional religions still continue to influence the fragile number of the remnant believers to still have faith in God, worship of the supernatural may continue only for a few more it will be unbelievable to see the bishops, the priests, the monks, the evangelists/ sadhus and ordinary faithfuls alike fighting on the street for food and water in these precarious times ahead. Crimes will be committed for possession of a square a meal of any kind obviously eliminating one another and in the process throwing to wind the scriptures and the words of God.

As of today, man worships God/Gods within the normal conditions of his surroundings and when his life conditions get into the grave stage of next to a mere survival akin to that of beasts, his mindset won `t be the same. With the hopes of a never coming ' THY KINGDOM' and the futility of the Paradise awaited the new creature will be left with no other option than that of somehow extending this material life within the possible limits. To him God/Gods will be a subject of deep contempt and anger and sooner or later by AD 3000 there will be complete disappearance of the concept of God/Gods in all parts of the globe. That will be the ultimate end of all religions in any form or cult and the concepts of God/Gods etc on the Earth for ever.

The type of creature existing by AD 2700 may not be that willing again like his predecessor of BC 16,000 to go in search of God/Gods.

If at all there is going to be any Substitution for the Human beings on the Earth

perhaps another species (much more intelligent than cockroaches, rats etc) will evolve, and out compete with us in our niche. Or maybe we'll engineer our robotic replacements.

But such species can last tens or even hundreds of millions of how can we predict when our number will be up?

There's no way to know, but there's a calculation that can help. It's called the Doomsday Argument, developed in 1983 by astrophysicist Brandon ding to Carter, if you assume that half of the humans who will ever live have already been born, you get approximately 60 billion people. If you assume that another 60 billion are yet to be born, our high population levels only give us another 9,000 years or so. Or more precisely, there's a 95% chance that humanity will have ultimately ended by the year 11,000.

There are other calculations, but they give similar amounts, ranging from a few thousand to less than 90,000 's a long time, but not long enough to appreciate the future the Universe has in store for itself or the horrible type of survival on the ever burning furnace, the Earth..

IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THE EARTH AND THE SUN?

We have to thank the Sun for giving us ut it, there'd be no life on Earth. It's ironic, then, that the Sun will eventually kill all life on 's because the Sun is slowly heating up. But we can` t digest it.

One of the most fascinating books about this subject is 'The Life and Death of Planet Earth' by Peter Ward and Donald Brownlee. In their book, they chronicle how Sun's energy output is slowly increasing. In as soon as 500 million years, temperatures on Earth will rise to the point that most of the world will be a desert. The largest creatures won't be able to survive anywhere but the relatively cooler poles.

Over the course of the next few billion years, evolution will seem to go largest organisms and least heat tolerant animals will die out, leaving hardy insects and bacteria. Finally, it'll be so hot on the surface of the Earth that the oceans will boil away. There'll be no place to hide from the terrible the organisms that live deep underground will survive, as they have done so already for billions of years.

WILL BE END OF THE EARTH?

It will be after 7.5 billion years from now.

As mentioned above, we exist because of the Sun's good as our star nears the

end of its lifetime, it'll take our planet out as it goes; one way or another. In approximately 5 billion years from now, the Sun will begin the final stage of its life, consuming the last of its hydrogen fuel supply. At that point, gravity will force the Sun to collapse, and only a small amount of hydrogen will remain in a shell wrapped around the star's core. It will then expand into a red giant star, consuming each of the inner planets: first Mercury, then Venus and finally encompassing even the orbit of Earth.

There is a controversy about whether or not a red giant Sun will actually burn up the Earth. In some scenarios, the change in the Sun's density as it expands causes the Earth to spiral out away from the Sun, keeping out of reach. In another scenario, the Sun's outer envelope will enclose the Earth and the additional friction will slow the Earth down, causing it to spiral down into the Sun.

Whatever be the outcome, the Earth will be scorched to a cinder and effectively destroyed 5 billion years from now.

WILL BE THE END OF THE SUN?

It is a question irrelevant for us to answer as we human beings or any other living organism will not be there to see it. However, it is to happen any time between 7.5 billion and 10 billion years from now.

When the Sun becomes a red giant, that will be only the beginning of the end. With the end of its hydrogen, the Sun will have switched to fusing helium, then carbon, and finally oxygen. At that point, our Sun will lack the gravity to continue the fusion process. It will shut down, and shed its outside layers to form a planetary nebula, such as the ring nebula we can see in the night sky. It'll then settle down to live out the rest of its days as a white dwarf.

It will still retain most of its mass, but have a size no larger than the Earth's diameter. Once yellow-hot with the heat of fusion, the Sun will slowly cool down over time. Eventually, its temperature will match the background temperature of the Universe and it will become a cold black dwarf star, an inert chunk of matter floating in the darkness of space.

You know, even the oldest white dwarfs still radiate at several thousand degrees Kelvin, so the Universe hasn't been around long enough for black dwarfs to exist. It may give the Sun another 1 trillion years or so, and it should finally become a cold black dwarf.

WILL BE THE END OF THE SOLAR SYSTEM?

Even though the Sun will have burned out for billions of years from now, the

planets that weren't consumed will interestingly remain as even Earth will join that only Jupiter, Saturn, the rest of the outer planets and the Kuiper belt objects will remain orbiting for millions of years still.

A recent discovery published in the *Journal Science*, reported that astronomers had discovered a disk of rapidly rotating metallic material orbiting a white dwarf. They built a simulation where they put hypothetical planets in orbit around a dying star, and found that the star's death wreaked havoc on the stability of a star as in the mass of a star causes planets to collide, and rearrange their spiral into their star, while others are ejected into interstellar space.

Once all these new gravitational interactions are worked out, all that might remain of our Solar System is the white dwarf remnant of our Sun and the rapidly rotating disk of planetary wreckage surrounding it; else will be lost to interstellar space.

WILL BE THE END OF THE COSMOLOGY?

It is a question you do not understand. The Universe acts as a natural time machine. Since light moves at the speed of, well, light, we can look at distant objects and see them how they looked in the past to the very ends of the visible Universe, and you see light that was emitted billions of years ago, shortly after the Big Bang.

It's handy, but there's a problem. That mysterious dark energy force, which is accelerating the expansion of the Universe is making the most distant galaxies move faster and faster away from us. Eventually, they will cross an event horizon and appear to be moving away from us faster than the speed of light. At this point, any light emitted by the galaxy will cease to reach us. A galaxy that crosses this horizon will fade away from view, until its last photon reaches us. Galaxies will disappear from view forever.

According to a new research paper by Lawrence M. Krauss and Robert J. Scherrer, future astronomers [there won't be any] living 3 trillion years from now will only see our own galaxy when they look into the night sky.

This accelerating expansion has another consequence as well. The cosmic microwave background radiation, which astronomers used to discover evidence of the Big Bang will have faded away. Not only that, but the abundance of chemicals, which precisely match the amounts theorized for the Big Bang will be hidden by subsequent generations of stars.

And so, 3 trillion years from now, there won't be any trace of the Big Bang clues for future cosmologists if they happen to exist to recognize that the Universe we live

in started from a single point and has been expanding ever Universe will seem static and unchanging at that stage.

WILL BE THE END OF THE GALAXIES?

Do You know? Galaxies collide. All you have to do is look out into space with a telescope and see the fate that awaits our galaxy. In all directions we can see the interactions between the gravity of various first the encounters are violent; galaxies tear at each other, stripping off material and generating huge swaths of star dormant super massive black holes at their centres spring to live and become active galactic nuclei gobbling up the newly delivered material.

Our future merger partner is barreling towards us right now. It is called Andromeda. In approximately 2 billion years from now, our two galaxies will collide, and then pull they'll collide again and again until they settle down into a new, larger galaxy which is named twin super massive black holes will orbit one another and eventually merge together into an even more massive black hole.

Our position in the galaxy will then change and we'll probably be pushed out to the outer reaches of the galaxy's halo - at least 100,000 light years from the the Sun will still have billions of years left, some future form of life on Earth might be around to watch these events unfold.

The merger process will be completed approximately within 7 billion years from 's not the end of the galaxy, though.It will still be an island in space, with stars orbiting a central core. Over a long period of time, though, estimated to be between 10 trillion and 20 trillion galaxy will erode with all the stars escaping into intergalactic space.

WILL BE THE END OF THE STARS?

That is fantastic as the stars will end only after 100 trillion years from can look out into the Milky Way and see stars forming all around is still enough remaining gas and dust in the Milky Way to create whole new generations of stars. But when we look at other galaxies, we can see older, elliptical galaxies which have already used up their free gas and dust. Instead of the bright, hot stars we see in star forming regions, these aging red galaxies are cooling down.

One day there won't be newly forming stars at all. And then one day, the last star will use up the last of its hydrogen fuel, become a red giant and then fade away to a white dwarf. Even the dimmest stars, the cool red dwarfs will use up their fuel - although, it might taken another 10 trillion years or too will turn into

black dwarfs.

And so, in about 100 trillion years from now, every star in the Universe, large and small, will be a black inert chunk of matter with the mass of a star, but at the background temperature of the Universe.

WILL BE THE PENULTIMATE END OF THE MATTER?

It will happen after 300 trillion years later from now!

So now we have a Universe with no stars, only cold black dwarfs. There will also be neutron stars and black holes left over from the time where there were stars in the Universe will be completely dark.

A future observer might notice the occasional flash, when some object interacts with a black hole. Its matter will spread out into an accretion disk around the black for a brief period, it will flare up, emitting then it too will be added to the mass of the black hole. And everything will go dark again.

Chunks of matter and binary black dwarfs will merge together creating new black holes, and these black holes will be consumed by even larger black holes. It might be that in the far future, all matter will exist in a few, truly massive black holes.

But even if matter escapes this fate, it's doomed eventually. Some theories of physics predict that protons are unstable over long periods of just can't last. Any matter that wasn't consumed by a black hole will start to protons will turn into radiation, leaving a fine mist of electrons, positrons, neutrinos and radiation to spread out into space.

Theorists anticipate that all protons in the Universe will decay over the course of 1030 trillion years.

WILL BE THE END OF THE BLACK HOLE?

It will be after 1000 trillion years from holes were thought to be one-way r goes in, but it doesn't come famed astrophysicist Stephen Hawking turned that concept on its head with his theory that black holes can evaporate. It's not much, and it's not fast, but black holes release a tiny amount of radiation back into space.

As it releases this radiation, the black hole actually loses mass, finally evaporating away amount of radiation increases as the black hole loses mass. It's actually possible that it could generate a final burst of X-rays and gamma

rays as it disappears completely. Future observers (who survived their protons decaying) might see the occasional flash in an otherwise dark universe.

And then in about 1000 trillion years, the last black hole will be that remains will be the radiation emitted.

When the last black hole evaporates, all that will remain in the Universe are photons of radiation, and elementary particles that escaped capture by black temperature of the entire Universe will reach a final temperature just above absolute zero.

Dark energy may play some future role, continuing the expansion of the Universe, accelerating each of these elementary particles and photons away from each other until they're effectively cut off from one another. No future gravity will bring them together again.

Perhaps there will be another Big Bang someday. Perhaps the Universe is cyclical and the whole process will start up again. The causes thereof will ever be a mystery.

Perhaps the Big Bang won't repeat and this bleak future of a cold, dead Universe is all that awaits us. It's not happy, but it's awe inspiring to consider the long future ahead, and helps us appreciate the vibrant age we live in today.

SHALL WE DO NOW?

Let us count on our precious times now as we Human beings are to have lived on the Earth only for about 0.2 million years in the maximum in this universe that will have completed 1000 trillion years of existence since the Big Bang.

M.D DINESH NAIR

To A Student In Plight

A student`s plight has a loud voice
Still it goes unheard often.
Between these walls of slavery of all times
His sighs and protests get subdued.

What can I do for you my young man?

The carved roads lie long but curved
And you have to travel on it like many.
With sodden limbs you can`t stay behind.
Your eyes hide a tale of their own.

But who will listen to you my young woman?

The shells rock Gaza and rest of lands in the East Asia,
And I tell you again, ' we are alive here for sure'.
A day will soon bloom for you
As all the gardens haven`t got burned yet.

Do you see the birds in heights flying in a row ever?

Now let us kill the monster the ' I ' in us for a season
And reinstall the ' We ' our old angel.
Your looks have begun to change a little
And I say, ' It is a good sign'.

What else can I tell you now?

M.D DINESH NAIR

To The Budding Poets

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

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

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

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

M.D DINESH NAIR

Tracing Me Out...

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

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

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

I won't see new things burning,
Nor will I search for flames thereof.
With what little is left over in me since
I have to trace a form of mine
To speak certain brutal truths to you.

M.D DINESH NAIR

Translating Our Thoughts....

When we translate our sweet thoughts
Into a language others all know close to their hearts bright
Ten thousand smiles they create.
Let them be there.

When we translate our such fragrant thoughts
A few smiling faces begin to flash across our minds white
And many blooming daffodils they recreate.
Let them be there ever.

When we translate nightmares and vampire tales
Many of them turn green and go hiding
And one thousand 'fears' go never heard.
Let them be there never.

When we begin to translate our minds` untraceable treasures
Into a a few images of life in its myriad forms
Most of them linger on the canvas of time and reflections.
Let them be there up in your poetic encounters.

Translating our thoughts
Is a job that has to be ours ever
Till we breathe our last
And no thoughts arise for others even once.

M.D DINESH NAIR

Vast Empire And Fallen Throne.

A vast empire surrounds us
But we stand with the fallen throne and
Confounded and crestfallen we are.
Our empire of amasses; not of accumulations!
Our empire of ownership; not of master-hood!
Our empire of intelligence; not of erudition!

The throne lies down with its jewels gone,
It lies at our feet and none can pick it up.
We feel on our skull the shame of past.
Our throne of civilisation; not of progress!
Our throne of peace; not of harmony!
Our throne of diamonds; not of copper

The empire will swell and explode next
And our throne will lie buried ever.
The empire will thereafter turn into a planet of its own
And go on the orbit of might and moss and
Our throne will join the fossils down deep!
The ideo of the present remain told aloud!

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 Dreams Say, ' We Are No More There'

When my dreams say, ' We are no more there'
I shall sail unto an island far off.
There I shall have the sapling of a dream tree planted
And it will grow.

When my dream tree begins to bloom
I will never pluck its flowers ever,
So will when its fruits begin to ripe
I remain hungry and thirsty there.

I shall lie in the shade of the tree
Without ever dreaming to have a dream for me.
Then I shall climb its branches and see for myself
The vast expanse of water green or blue.

I shall hoot from the top of it like an own
Blind often or blinded by the dreams of the past.
I shall shout unto the skies blue
About having dreams aplenty and not still having them.

When I once return to the home in the mainland,
I shall carry one hundred fruits from the dream tree,
I shall give them to men and women I like most
And nay, I will never give them to children ever.

I shall play hide and seek with children
And shall tell about the need for climbing the dream trees
Which will grow and touch the sky once
Even as they might still be dreaming a lot.

But I am afraid, friends,
Even as my dreams have begun to fade out
My island withers out further
And I am left with a rudderless boat
To sail unto that green paradise of my Utopia!

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 wielded 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 literally 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

When My Voice Stops!

When my voice stops for ever
There will be no tumults of words ever.
The stars will still twinkle and rivers will still die.

When my voice stops I shall dive into your oblivion
And in another costume someone will impersonate me.
The hymns will still be heard and the fresh idols will surface.

When my voice stops a lone sheep may bleat
As it stands near the tender leaves aplenty.
I think it may bleat for a while and cease to do so thenceforth.

When my voice stops those who loved me once for a while
May shed a few drops of tears innocent
And I may turn on my tomb for a sigh!

M.D DINESH NAIR

When Rivers Begin To Recede..

Rivers recede often in search of their spots of origin
And the mighty oceans begin to recall their past!
Rivers never get back to them.

A river whispers something into the ears of the paternal mountain
Her travelogue is it perhaps.
She falls silent then.

In the depths of the seas a sigh is heard
And it reaches the ears of none.
No river begins to flow again!

The pearls of the seas are shattered across the shores
And the carcasses of little Mermaids afloat the shallow waves.
At the tops of the peaks one hears the shouts of joy.

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

Who Makes The Better Pair?

They live together,
Eat from the similar plate together,
Sleep on the foam bed together
And they bark at the neighbor together.
-A man and his high breed dog.

It is a sharing of the haves,
It is a world of their own.

They too live together,
Eat from the same garbage together,
Sleep on the uneven pavement together
And they flee at the sight of men in uniform.
-A street dweller and his low breed dog.

It is a rearing of the have-nots,
It is yet another world of their own.

Who makes the better pair of the two?
I look up unto the infinite sky
And hears a strange voice thundering into my ears,
"I am the greatest leveller of all",
And his cold hands begin to descend.

The pairs make a beeline and up in the sky
Above my head the thundering voice chuckles on.

M.D DINESH NAIR

Why Not A Life Without Religion Or God?

IT IS MY LAST PROSE WRITE ON AN IMPORTANT TOPIC FOR YOUR APPRECIATION AND ACCEPTANCE

.....
My earlier submissions in prose and a mix of prose and poetry on the subjects of universe, its origin, the earth and the end of everything have so far resulted in my losing of 9 or 10 poem hunter friends just because they cannot digest my approach to the subjects in general. But I can't help it and I am submitting now my final write in pure prose to do my possible best in educating the poet friends on the most unacceptable facts because of their prejudice or indifference of the kind.

I am now writing on why you need no religion or God for the rest of your life time. But if you still choose to be with either of them this work will be yet another futile one that will lie here understood. I am explaining ten vital points of arguments and driving home the idea that the topic has some relevance and ought to be given a place to come under your preview in a just manner. As many as 350 poem hunter members write poems exclusively on God/Gods and I join the small army of less than 10 members over here to express my views substantiated by science and taste of the pudding lies in eating it is not a sweet dish to be tasted, I know.

I am sorry to offer you a panacea, a medicine for the cure of superstition though it may taste bitter.

.....

1. A Brief outline of the emergence and stay of Religions

Each religion, to be very honest claims it is always right and the other ones are wrong or senseless. If it is to be better explained there are many different religions, each claiming to be the 'true' one, with the obvious implication that all the others are wrong. Religions even include many different sects with mutually incompatible doctrines. Each religion is defended by its followers just as ardently as all the others, they cannot all be right, but they can all be wrong! It is well known that young children raised in a family of any particular religion almost invariably end up adhering to that religion. Indoctrination is a form of child abuse. If the same children were raised in different families, the results would undoubtedly be different.

Thus, the particular religion adopted by most individuals is purely an accident of

birth. Even if the doctrines of one particular religious sect were correct, all the others would be wrong. It follows logically that any person's religion is almost certainly not the true one. In the absence of objective evidence, it is more rational to reject all religions than to adopt one at random. If God existed, he/she/it might not approve of people following a false religion!

Most of the organized religions or what are called modern religions today were all meant for a limited region and their projected God/Gods would have ended as regional concepts for a newly emerged in course of time these religions expanded their functional radius and became the most prominent world religions thanks to their advocates who sailed across the seas and rode across the lands unknown for miles and miles.

Many old religions and their concepts of their God/Gods died for want of propagation, faith groups and attractive scriptures that could withstand the test of times.

Christianity, Islam and Hinduism have been very successful in propagating their cases from times closer to their seeds of notions got planted in the respective fertile could travel with the faith groups and migrated masses and flourished may compare the process to the weeds growing in new lands where other seeds have failed to sprout.

As many as 178 non organized old religions got invaded world wide thanks to the organized spreading of the powerful religions.

Hinduism in its older form of SANADANA DHARMA could have been world`s most established religion if the natives/the conservatives of the land of ancient India dared enough to cross the seas [it was a taboo] or if the advocates of that religion had strong faith groups [the emergence of which was not naturally possible within the religious structure for want of conceptual uniformity]and the religion suffered from the notion of multiplicity of its Gods.

Christianity and Islam which got founded after A.D 033 appeared to be more structured and man felt more comfortable with the notion of a single all powerful God who was supposed to have been endowed with the traits of a super noble man of all t`s crucifixion that was perpetrated at the behest of a bad judiciary and personal accounts of the various anecdotes of miracles performed by him as narrated by his disciples, the mystery of what happened to his cremated corpse and the subsequent mouth to mouth spreading of his resurrection tale by the same group had a great impact on a small sect of fishermen, traders and the peasants of the region and with the consolidation of tales transferred into the

Bible [the new] the Christian faith got well established.

Islam which originated on the lines of parables equal to that of Christianity got equally strengthened for that religion also could come out with a striking feature of referring to an all mighty and all benevolent God for whom man had long been has ever chosen the best of concepts that matched with his desires that annihilated his strange and unfounded fears etc.

Hinduism tried itself to spread to the west and far east very late in vain. Already a larger chunk of people had already been into Christianity or Islam by then.

Buddhism could have strongly been appealing to people of Asia had it not been ransacked by the re emerged concepts of Hinduism that were more colourful and matching with the notions of an army of easily moving angry and retaliating or fighting gods on par with the Greek or Roman gods.

The absence of any reference to any God by the Buddha was not well nourished by most people of the East and till Christianity and Islam got spread all major chunks of people had remained loyal to Hinduism and later some of them accepted Christianity or Islam.

Sikhs, Jains or Parsis in fewer percentages continue to patronize their religions withstanding all the other temptations or novelty in concepts.

But millions of people remain even today with 'faiths' attributed to many tribal religions, ethnic faith groups and ancient remnants of the unaffected segments of un reachable masses.

[Note. Since all religions have different ideas about their god(s) , for simplicity in what follows we shall refer to all such gods generically as 'God', using the personal pronoun 'he' for definiteness.]

2. The case of evidence and the wrong arguments

Now let us come to the core issue of asking for evidence that God does not exist and a religion need not be there. In fact there is not a shred of evidence in favour of any nt books written at a time when people had little scientific understanding of the natural world, with no independent evidence to back up their claims, are unworthy of serious consideration, even if millions of people revere them. There are just as many people who follow other superstitions which the rest of the world would regard as completely unfounded and even ancient Greek and Roman gods were based on time-honoured beliefs and customs followed fervently by innumerable should the modern ideas of God be any better?

Logically, there is no difference - there is simply no rational apologists, who have no rational arguments to support their beliefs, often challenge atheists to prove that there is no God. Obviously, it is not possible to prove the non-existence of God, just as no one can prove the non-existence of the tooth fairy, unicorns, or other imaginary beings. If someone claims that some improbable entity exists, the onus is on that person to provide evidence in things for which there is no objective evidence. It deserves only ridicule, not respect.

Got it or not?

3. God`s characterization, the flaws and the form

Now you are hopefully fit enough to think about the next question: is the great compassionate God on which most modern religions are based? If such a God really cared about the people of the world and were as powerful as modern religions claim, he could certainly make himself known to everyone in an unmistakable manner, thus dispelling doubt and at the same time revealing which religion, if any, is the true one. Is he ashamed to show himself? Where was this God during the Holocaust and other genocidal massacres throughout history, not to mention countless natural disasters causing untold suffering among the innocent? Was he asleep? Away on holiday? Simply enjoying the show because he's a sadist? Too bored by it all to bother to intervene? Punishing good and bad people alike in revenge for some people's misdemeanours? Such a callous, vengeful and spiteful God would be beneath contempt, more evil than anything of course there's no rational reason to think that God exists.

You say God made man in his own form! The fact is man made his God / Gods the way he wanted. No animal nor a bird is done with justice as you would not like to make your God look like any of them.

In an African Church a black female worshiper was asked a question, 'How is your God?' and she came the reply, 'She is black'. Great revelation indeed that the White or the Bishops may not like! But the notion does not give any hope for human progress. The man has again framed his God in his shape. Imagine you can give your intelligence to innumerable living beings and then you ask them to describe the form of God probably he/she will be termed by majority of them as an aquatic being! But man won't accept that God like the few rich won't accept the perennial truth that a majority chunk of poor people exist around them.

4. The blundering notion of an interacting God

It is ridiculous to imagine that a God having the character claimed by most

modern religions would really be so selfish or egoistic as to demand or even expect that people would pay constant homage to he even care that intelligent people didn't believe in him in the absence of any verifiable evidence? In fact, to a being that created the entire universe, the whole human population would hardly be noticeable! On a cosmic scale there is nothing 'special' about our Earth revolves around the Sun, which is a fairly average star at an outer extremity of the Milky Way galaxy containing many billions of other stars, many with their own planets, and there are 100 billion galaxies in the known universe.

Scientists consider it likely that countless other planets could harbour life. If a super-intelligent being could observe the entire universe, the tiny speck of human population on Earth would be of no more significance than the ants in a particular garden would be to any one of there is no evidence that God ever interacts with the world, why would he have any interest in the strange rituals of modern religions? But you continue to feel him in your life! Where is the remedy?

Our human mind is an intricate thing and please don't make its superiority a mystery of any kind. In our day today life when it is filled with woes, disappointments, frustrations, financial crisis or health hazards, we may be forced to look upwards and hope for and aspire for a divine aid or intervention out of our assumptions on the omnipotence of that God who has been projected as the ultimate saviour and all knowing er it is right or wrong our human minds mostly like to go fantasising and at every worn out state will hear, see or feel it is a fad and flaw of the kind.

You try to feel God in the sanctum sanctorum of a temple with an illuminated idol of a deity, inside a church or mosque when lost in a prayer or while singing out a hymn or when you talk about your great experiences at the times of crises felt by you from time to time. But you forget that such a schemed version of your vision has no sanctity of a common experience in life.

Come on, establish the presence of this caring God in the poverty struck homes world wide, in the violence hit human circles, in places were women and kids are tortured and animals are cruelly slaughtered for meat, in the depths of the seas and in the open chambers of human activity of any kind. Come on tell about that God who will be with you if you transport yourself in to a space location a few miles above the earth`s surface or when you are in the middle of the pacific.

You won't try to do so as you can't think of a God existing beyond your individual self. Is it your logic for ever? You go for opportunism and name it great understanding of the unknown, the way it should be.

If you go on telling that personally God is in inter action with you, please put your right hand on your chest and still say whether you are right in your statements... If you still say, 'Yes, God is seen, heard or felt by me in some way from time to time', you have to consult a psychiatrist.

5. How Religions make you waste your time and energy?

It is not a big issue. But it too of all the time and energy expended by religious people preaching, praying, singing hymns, chanting, mumbling, bowing, kneeling, genuflecting, making unnatural movements of the hands, donning religious garments or amulets, fasting, visiting shrines or 'holy' men, making religious pilgrimages, performing circumambulatory rituals, is no evidence that any of these activities ever produce positive results. Indeed, there have been numerous incidents when natural disasters or brutal murders occurred while large congregations were attending religious services in churches or temples. Imagine how much could be achieved if all the time, energy and resources devoted to meaningless religious rituals could be diverted to productive purposes! What do you say?

6. The hypothesis of God - an imposition delayed by millions of years

The facts here have the best support of the available ancients invented gods to account for natural phenomena which they could not explain in any other way - lightning and thunder, volcanos, weather and climatic patterns, floods, plagues, the apparent motions of celestial bodies in the sky, etc. Nowadays, every one of these natural phenomena is understood by general principles of Darwinian evolution account for the great diversity of life on Earth and explain convincingly how complex life forms including the human species, evolved from more primitive life, and indeed there is increasingly abundant evidence for n cosmology enables us to understand how naturally occurring physical processes lead to the formation of stars and planets like our is no need to invoke supernatural explanations for any known phenomena. Physicists now even have plausible theories for the origin of the universe though many of the details remain uncertain, the fact that modern science offers possible natural physical explanations of all known phenomena means that God is 'God of the gaps' is dead! The notion of God should have gone into the minds of the first microcosm that emerged in the ocean one billion years before life originated on the main land or modern man came out of the ape in BC 20, would not have wasted many many millions of years of his supremacy in the universe working on the minds of the living you following? If yes is your answer, please read on or re read the above part once more.

7. The God hypothesis and the further questions raised.

It is the very crux of this essay that is either read or amusingly tolerated by you. Thanks either way.

Most of the religious apologists often say that God, as a creator, provides a simple explanation of why we are here and that it even explains the origin of the universe, as a 'first cause'. Exactly the opposite is true - it explains nothing! A God who designed all observable entities, including the many complex forms of life, would have to be an even more advanced or what created that God? This merely leads to an infinite answer that God always existed is absurd. What did he do for all eternity until he finally decided for some reason that it would be a good idea to create the universe? The alternative hypothesis that God just suddenly sprang into existence is equally absurd. The nature of the world clearly contradicts the character of the God of modern religions. If God is infinitely good, omniscient and omnipotent, why is his creation so imperfect that it produces constant natural disasters and dreadful diseases resulting in indiscriminate suffering, even among the most devout or innocent people? The cliché 'God works in mysterious ways' is merely a cop-out. Can't catch?

8. The phases and cases of Religion being a source of evil

As you may observe from pages from history, religious fanatics have mostly waged holy wars and crusades, plundered, tortured and murdered 'heretics' and 'infidels' simply because they had different beliefs. Hitler, who was privately a committed Catholic, tried to annihilate the Jews. The Jewish state of Israel imposes apartheid policies on its Arab inhabitants. Sunni and Shia Muslims kill each other indiscriminately in Iraq.

Tensions between Hindus and Muslims accompanying the creation of Pakistan by the partition of India led to the loss of hundreds of thousands of y conflicts between Protestants and Catholics in Northern Ireland continued for decades.

The Catholic church has never apologised for its close links with Nazi regimes in Europe. It burned Copernicus alive for telling that the Sun is stationary and it is the Earth that rotates round the Sun.

The Pope's bigoted stance on birth control and abortion is responsible for untold suffering and deaths. Some Muslim countries practise barbaric punishments, such as beheading or stoning to death, in the name of religion.

Violent Hinduism crushed peace loving Buddhism and Jainism.

The ancient Hinduism permitted and propagated violence on the lower creeds and communities and upper caste men and women were literally striding over the hapless downtrodden ones who belonged to the lower castes.

Sri Rama's victory over Ravana as read in the epic Ramayana is just a projection of how the Aryan race defeated the Dravidians of the South. The Hindu epic 'Mahabharath' narrates the victory of the righteous over the wicked in the form of a battle not averted by Sri Krishna, the ninth incarnation of God, helped the Pandavas (five in number) to eliminate their 100 cousins in a bloody battle in the name of justice established in accordance with his 'divine vision'. These tales categorically tell that vengeance and bloodbath went hand to hand in ancient times of social and political life way back before and around BC 3500 in the Indian sub continent.

The other religions preach of and allow genital mutilation, inhumane methods of slaughtering animals, etc. Religion fills some people with such hate for others that they become suicide list of atrocities and crimes against humanity due to religion is endless.

Defenders of religion like to say that all these things are not in keeping with the spirit of their religion. But the 'holy' books on which their religions are based are no better.

Anyone who peruses the Bible attentively can read that God has sent plagues, ordered murders and genocide, commanded human sacrifice, sanctioned slavery, etc. The Quran has references to various crimes proposed to be done by the faithfuls.

A thorough reading of these scriptures will guide you in this regard.

See the probable fate of mine who is likely to lose some more friends in this forum after the submission of this write. As these are modern times none can eliminate me or my thoughts. Any act of evil has only two forms - dishonesty and have to go pondering over...

9. Every Religion dehumanised man

It is the bare fact barring the early magic played on the primitive man without any religion.

Religious people follow various dogmas unthinkingly and are taught not to question the unsubstantiated claims of their religious leaders. In contrast, atheists are more likely to have an inquisitive mind, to think for themselves, and

to form beliefs based solely on the weight of evidence. A scientific understanding of natural physical and biological phenomena is far more awe-inspiring than a naive belief that God is responsible for — can anyone fail to be impressed by modern cosmology, which explains the formation of galaxies, stars and planets, by Darwinian evolution, which accounts for the amazing diversity and adaptation of life, by modern biology, which explains how cells divide and organisms function or by quantum mechanics, which governs the structure of the atom?

Atheism is also superior in the sphere of morality. It is far more noble for people to do things because they feel that their actions are right than to obey religious rules based on the threat that some invisible vindictive being is watching their every move. Rational people are masters over their own lives, not slaves to serve some non-existent god. It is an insult to humanity that smashes your incorrigible thought planks!

Religions are responsible for impeding progress

Whether it is predominant or not, nearly all religions teach their followers to accept their dogmas unquestioningly, and this inhibits free and original thought and innovation. Examples abound throughout history, up to the present day. A good example is provided by the Catholic church. Galileo Galilei, one of the most brilliant scientists of his time, was denounced to the Inquisition and persecuted for the rest of his life because he taught that the Earth revolves around the Sun, which contradicted the church's dogma that the Earth sits immovably at the centre of the universe. Even worse, the great philosopher Giordano Bruno was also like Copernicus burnt alive at the stake for a 'heresy'.

In modern times, the Catholic church would rather condemn countless women to misery and suffering than allow them to control their own bodies by simple and harmless methods of contraception, and it discourages stem cell research, which might improve or even save the lives of millions of people. In the US, religious fundamentalists have forced many schools to restrict the teaching of evolution and other scientific theories, and instead indoctrinate children with ideas of 'creationism' (nowadays relabelled as 'intelligent design'), thereby killing scientific curiosity and understanding in thousands of young minds and inhibiting future scientific progress.

In many backward countries, barely educated people are ever brainwashed by religious leaders into believing that a better after life awaits — spreads defeatism and dampens the struggle for social justice and a better standard of living in the paradise — have got it now.

Living with God and Religion is a style for some, a solace for many and just a way for others. Living without Religion or God is not just a happy proposal too.

But it is a natural phase of an honest way of living. It is just like not being an alcoholic, drug addict or a gambler.

These comparisons may raise many an eyebrow...

BUT ONE DAY 'VERITAS VOS LIBERABIT' (THE TRUTH WILL SET YOU FREE) .

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

Yet Another Doom`s Day Doomed....

Ever since the humans set on walking on the flat land
Began the flood of doom`s day prophecies
Ignoring its global stature.

Greedy to enter an Utopian paradise
Leaving the deeds those were never done over
Ahead they went our half-brethren

Ever since the genesis came to the crucifixion of Jesus
Began the chronology of the doom`s day aspirations
Ignoring a million years that ape preceded the man.

Folly, thy name was writ large
On the face of men of the days then and
You ruled their minds ever and ever.

Ever since the writing began
They have been writing the dates of doom`s day
Ignoring the resoluteness of the Earth.

Spinning on her orbit our mother cried for life,
Man dreamed of her death at the hands of a God cruel and
He fretted and sweated in vain for long.

Doomed are these days predicted
Deemed are these thoughts mad and
Divulged are our facts proved.

Keep thy eyes open oh, thou- the man of these times,
Keep your mouth shut till the last cry you make and
Go mad still, if thou want so.

PLEASE, READ THE STORY APPENDED BELOW

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