

Poetry Series

Sivakumar Ambalapuzha
- poems -

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Sivakumar Ambalapuzha(26-10-1958)

Born at Ambalapuzha Village in Alapuzha District of Kerala State in India, to Late na Iyer and am. Married to Rejani. Interested in Poetry. Other interest- Birdwatching

Writing in Malayalam, the language of Kerala State in India. Published poems in leading periodicals. Presenting Television programs on Malayalam Poetry.

Received 'Ayyappa Panikker' Award and 'Silence Magazine' Kavitha Award for Poetry.

The Bulbul

THE BULBUL

In the greenery of the courtyard
Nestled the Bulbul
Always in hide, but at times
A shine of the black beak
The crested headgear
Or a glowing red garland.

A flash now and then
Of the crimson tail-vent
The bird of menstruation
Of the rustic legends
Said old granny
The sight of the bird brings
Cyclic periods to woman
'Bathe bathe bathe'
Babbles the bird.

Before the tomcat wakes up
From the ashy hearth
Into the nest everyday
I steal a peak.

Soft and tiny, dotted pink
Two cute eggs...

Later with slit-open eyes
Open beaks sticking out
But with no wings...

Today the nest is empty
Slaughtered by the cat
Or the wings bloomed?

The sound of ritual *'kurava'
Announced a wonder news
The neighborhood twin girls
Have attained puberty together.

The crook tomcat
Should be exiled
In a gunny bag
Out of sight afar
Across the river.

*kurava- the ritual musical sound made by women together to announce any auspicious happy occasion.

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The Fever Herb

THE FEVER HERB

(Panikkoorka is a natural herb found in Southern India, used locally for cure of fever and cold. 'Pani' in Malayalam means fever and 'koorkka' means tuber.)

Rain, I adore
Pour in measure
Thrills of the
Umbrella strolls
Without one
Down comes
Pulsating, a drop.

The first showers
Always dear
Give fever
Escalating mercury
In the thermometer
Kindles body fire
When fever chills
At the pores
Friendship scorches
Unabated unable
To subside.

All the guests gone
A teardrop knocks
At the window pane
On the bed of blisters
The half-conscious
In delirium blabbers
'Rain rain'.

Splits open, the sky
Trembles the Earth
The silver ornament
At the waist slackens
In an ecstatic
Electric confluence.

The chest-close hugging
Mercy of the sky
The wind which
Carried you afar
The sunshine colours
And pretty curves
Of the rainbow
Not with you now
But give me
The earthly odour
Of your coming
Give me the greenery
Of the fresh spring
On the paths, you
Created new
Give me those
Fallen flowers
Of the muddy track.

Forget the sky, the pride
Penetrate my soil, the soul
My fever will be with you
Which carries my breath
The warmth of my body
From that will sprout
Panikkoorkka, the herb.

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Vegetarian

"How much for sardine? "

I enquire.

"The name is Madonna",

She responds.

"Choose ten chubby",

My demand.

"Will turn nineteen,

the next month", snaps she.

Wrapped half in and half out,

With a Madonna-smile string,

The packet, she tenders.

But did it slip?

While she cleanse,

Wife, tosses to the cat,

Those with rotten gills.

With a tongue acerbic, chops

The man who regrets not,

The wasted bucks.

Swear me,

To stop eating fish,

Fried without oil and masala

In the microwave mind,

Swear to be vegetarian

From tomorrow,

To be true.

(Malayalam: Sivakumar Ambalapuzha)

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