Poetry Series

veeraiyah subbulakshmi

- poems -

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A Fresh Graduate With A Scholar Tag

The fresh bread out of the oven,
May smell good, but has to be toasted.
The fresh graduates out of the universities,
May look smart, but have to be experienced.
What knowledge that can be obtained,
Reading through these heaps of books?
What intelligence that can be settled,
Doing all these assignment and paper work?
How efficiently that we are molded,
Attending those seminars and half baked workshops?
How out of world scholars are we,
When the lay man on the sites call us fools?

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A Gem In Us

Life taught us a lesson,
to appreciate with passion.
Life taught us a song,
that we have to sing along.
Appreciating souls are few,
the rest are at curfew.
Relax and think, we may understand,
When pollen appreciate a flower,
When a peahen appreciates a dancing peacock,
When a teacher appreciates a student,
When a leader appreciates the followers,
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me,
a gem of harmony evolves from our hearts.

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Are They Invisible?

Those lean legs of them,
pedaling for a living,
not tens and hundreds,
that pedal in Waikiki.

Those thin body of them,
hunch to push forward,
A few are sculptured,
The Gyms are not the reason.

The lungis, all are soiled,
torn and battered as the owners,
The shiny body sweat,
but they are not sun bathing.

Four hundred thousand rickshaw pullers,
in one part of the world,
struggle to carry the passengers,
what the Tubes of the rich nations do.

Human are not born to suffer,
still we let them to suffer.
Human are not born to lavish,
still we lavish on their sweat.

If at all economics has the conscience,
how can we justify the cheap labor,
exploited nations, wisdom of monopoly,
and a few billion invisible poor? .

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Be thrifty..

when we look for our next dozen sweaters,
there are thousands have no even one.
wrap themselves in rags that are dirty,
lie on the sides hearing heavy sounds.

The trucks that carry tons,
The cars that carry none,
The rickshaws that carry nine,
never disturb the slumber they are in.

When the mid night parties irritate us,
When the crying of babies tortures us,
When the noise from neighbors threaten us,
How these people can sleep in noise?

a vagrant in Glasgow is no different
from a homeless in Edinburgh,
As these two are not at all
worse than homeless in India.

When the formers have dogs as pets.
the latter live with animals.
Bulls, cows, cats, dogs and reptiles underneath,
The life goes on for millions.

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Bills To Pay And The Money Lenders

The agony of scarcity destroys not only the harmony,
but also the unity and calmness of any unit.
That unit be a loving home of happy families or a nation
Whose joyful moments will be taken away.

When poverty enters, why human think irrationally,
When poverty suffocates, why a man acts violently,
When poverty displays, why everyone shows immaturity,
When poverty annoys, why the youngsters are hurt emotionally.

Ignorance of the parents eradicate the innocence of their offspring,
Unawareness of laws of basic economy kindles the fire of greediness,
When the kids are the investment, why should make them to be pawns,
Just a simple life is more than enough to witness another dawn.

Making a mistake out of curiosity is easy, rectification is very hard.
Taking a loan or two from a bank or a shark is easy,
Always remember that repayment takes the toll,
That should not be the peace of a family.

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Broken mould.

What mould was used to create
the species of earth?
The mould changes automatically,
to create the better species.
Who has programed the mould,
to be mold, omitting the U?
The mould that is kept in every species,
in the form of DNA and RNA.
What an Creator is that person,
who has such knowledge.
It took thousands years,
to decode the secrets of procreation.
It took millions of lives,
to find out remedy for infections.
It has taken a life span of human,
to realize the truth in final breathe.

If The same mould is used,
there is no kick in it.
The variation is a pleasure,
Various kinds of people,
with variant characters,
distinctive features, color and hair,
but Color of the liquids,
rhythm of the heart beat,
months of full term pregnancy,
are all same for every species.
A simple change
may mutate the functions.
Let us be proud of the moulds,
that we have in us.
Let us make use of the mould,
that we have inherited.

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Dancing flesh.

The waste of a woman is a baby, so precious,
The taste of the bodies that create,
The haste of the man that overlook,
The generation that paste.

The creation of Gods, serve them no more
The creations of Man serve them so well,
The net that entangles quarter of population,
Dismantle the family bond without any trail.

The sweat may change the landscape,
The hard labor may chase away the poverty,
The thought may think to discover,
The memories may stop to recover.

Are we all remnants of waste?
What we eat, seek, save, inherit and then leave,
Garbage that collected in our body and soul,
Dancing flesh and fat decide for us to have!

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Demo Crazy. We are fools..

What is hardship, when it has the degree,
What is that degree, which we have to agree,
I say that I work hard and suffer,
you may say that you feel better,
someone say that their life is a misery,
sufferers keep quiet and it is Irony.
Those who are homeless and penniless,
left on the road sides to be vagrants.
These vagrants have no idea,
that they have the right to plea,
thousands on the first world and
millions on the third world, but
churning stomachs prevent them
from executing their rights.
How docile they are,
to suffer in silence,
They are better than a silent lamb,
for they endure their entire life.
As long as we follow Adam Smith,
As long as we believe in demo crazy,
As long as we are ignorant of pain,
That our fellow human go through,
this world may belong to the rich and powerful,
Let us make sure every man on street,
has the right to live his life humanly.
Let us be the human to understand
this sickness of ignorance.

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Don't Kiss!

When I kiss you, my dear,
I have never realized this fact.
When I have kept you so close,
nearer to my heart, I was dumb,
thinking of you most of the time,
and make sure that you are there for me.
When I love you so much,
why did you do this to me?

My lungs are congested with tar,
My odorous skin is pale,
My heart has to work harder,
as the fat clogged the vessels,
persistent cough make me dumb again,
I have to be mended for the love,
that I had upon you.
Why did you do this to me?

How many thousands smoked,
for me to get this return?
How many fights were fought,
for me to end up this way?
Though I read and saw sick people,
I thought I was an immortal.
When you completely destroyed me
it is already too late.

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Emotion Is Our Slave..

We may be peaceful, when there is noise,
Clattering sound of monstrous machines,
Rattling fun of relatives of choice,
Seldom affect the peace that defines.

Toil soils our body and tires our limbs,
Spoil not our peace, but our emotions,
Unknowingly every individual climbs,
Into the secured dwelling.

When in silent, secured becomes insecured,
When on our own again,
Memories make the lullaby,
Such a vicious villain that we nurtured.

Where to find the peace that Buddha looked for,
Under the tree leaving our loved ones,
Up in the mountain for a month and a half, or
In the caves that have bats and stones.

Love ourselves is the first step,
Love those who depended on us,
Love those who live beside and far,
Love everything that love and hate us.

Life begins not only when we are born,
But in every betrayal and abandonment,
Take the charge and rule the emotions,
As it is always a slave and we are the masters.

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Flooding

Unwelcome Ascending water, ,
Stopped running, but filling up,
Not only miles of land,
But also force our eyes to shed.

Acres of soon to be harvested crops,
Annihilated within a day,
A violent bath in the massive Jacuzzi,
A colorless massacre that is easy.

Have no floats, have no dry clothes,
Have no blankets, have no peace,
Is the current under and above, suffice,
to cook the food without a device?

Loans to pay, responsibilities to fulfill,
Young children to wean and infants to feed,
Elders and disabled to care and make them calm,
Worries to worry and flood from the eyes.

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Forgiveness

When we step on a heart,
to flirt with another,
and then get forgiven:
the process looks simple,
the souls that have love,
traumatized a lot,
to have the courage,
to keep the head high,
pretend to be happy,
to make the perfection,
out of us, the waywards,
are the reasons,
for the existence
of Happy families..

The process may look simple,
for the need of it,
thousands years of obedience,
those men and women,
are the reasons,
for this earth,
to have the human nests,
that procreate generations,
of level headed individuals,
who have had harmony at home,
enjoyed the peace,
at the expense of these victims,
who have the courage,
to forgive, but suffer in silence.

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Give me your hand..

Give me your hand.
Male the right hand,
and the female the left.

You all have three lines,
which are major,
the rest are minor.

You have strong head line,
you have long life line and
a deep heart line.

Give me your hand,
Let me predict your future.
At first, about your family.

When your head is free of fear,
you may live long with few or no kids.

When your head is full of fear,
your longevity dwindle, but have many kids.

Now about your nation,
When your head is full of intelligence,
you nation will prosper with your tax money.

When your head is full of ignorance,
you will prosper evading the tax to the nation.

Give me your hand,
Let me predict your love life.
Please, do not run away.

Give me your hand..

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Going Out For A Picnic

Going out for a picnic,
Nothing to worry and panic,
When the adult children accompanied,
What is there to be distressed?

Mummy prepares the food,
Daddy buys the snacks with good mood,
The children take their net books, I phones, PDAs,
All go for a picnic in Putra Jaya.

When daddy switches on the radio,
The children close their ears,
One with the hands and the rest with ear plugs,
Mummy watches the brood without any clue.

The angry daddy looks at them,
Expects them to speak what he wants to listen,
The son talks to his girlfriend through sms,
The daughter plays the CG online.

None look out as they used to do,
The parents of unpredictable adults are confused.
Another son watches the movie in the net book,
The happy family is on the way for a picnic.

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Happy Birthday to you.

Christmas mass at twelve,
To mark the birth of a kid,
When Mary bore her son,
Joseph was so gracious.

Took her son in his hand,
Wiped out the body fluid,
Cleaned Him, not bathed,
The arrival of a messiah untied.

Calves and the cows looked after Him,
Chirping birds and insects made the lullaby,
Mary, the mother, was too tired,
While the cute infant was taken care.

Let the baby boy has his good sleep,
He has a duty to do on his Father's Instruction,
Let the infant feels the warmth of His mummy,
He needs to endure the shocking reality.

An infant who has been adored since young,
He has a crown and a cloak of white and red,
He stands on the globe with His kind look,
Happy Birthday to you., Jesus of Nazareth.

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Ideologies ..

Monarch rule the countries with one voice to be heard,
Dictator rules the countries with only his voice to be heard.
Communist rules the countries with voice of the people silenced.
Democrats rule the countries with voice of people maimed.

Accumulation of wealth is the power to the Monarchs,
Accumulation of power is wealth to a dictator,
Accumulation of weapons is a credit to the communists,
Accumulation of credit is a weapon to the democrats.

What a Monarch failed to achieve,
What a dictator miscalculated to propaganda,
What a communist intelligence sublimed to the basic,
That is where the democrats are successful.

Keep the public occupied with debts and sorrow,
Let the people live on the borrowed money,
Let them feel comfortable with gossips and fun,
Let the democratic monarchs evolve from the dust.

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If We Can See Through The Dark

Stretch on the bed and lie on the side,
Curtains drawn and lights off,
Can see the illuminating switches,
red, yellow and green tinted,
remotes have eyes and easy to pick up,
the hands of clock can be seen,
the gap between the railings,
the light tries to escape,
down under the sliding door,
the naughty rays peep at me.
I am not in pitch dark,
still I can see the objects,
near and around me,
but when you stand under,
bright day light,
I can not see what you think,
How you manipulate,
How your forked tongue, '
speak different languages,
to different people
at different places.
Keeping venom at heart,
speak as a saint.
Mocking at our poverty,
you cherish at our generosity.
Men come and women go,
Woman come and man go,
What a spectacular political play,
No director and script needed,
perfectly staged in every other country.

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Let me remove the obstacles for you to climb..

When we think that we are at the top of the hill,
Those who are at the tip of the mountain say,
'Hi, you are at the bottom of us.'
Then we realize that we have a long way to go!

Not an easy task to climb these terrains,
Where all obstacles pave our way.
Not an unaccomplished act to leave in vain,
When thousands made their hay.

When focus the top, the pain may vanish,
we may enjoy the journey, not that smooth.
When we imagine the victory,
we may enjoy the pain for its glory.

Do not give up half way for the fear of falling down,
as the falling is normal on earth's gravity.
Even it is for a few moments of our life,
Let us strive to achieve what little that we can.

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Noiceless voice...

Are the razors sharper than your words?
No, your words are sharper,
as it cuts the heart,
without any incision.

Is the lightening the result of collision?
Yes, after every collision,
the electrifying lightening,
flash the mind then and there.

Do suppressed human have voice?
Yes, they talk to themselves,
with noiseless voice,
that has to be heard.

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Nutty Neitizens.

The pressure of work, projects and,
Urgently targeted unfinished assignments,
Vanished as dews, when get a call for outing,
Is the pressure due to things that we love and detest?

Is this an illusion to visualize that,
Something there is actually not here,
Something not here seems to be there,
What a hallucination, that is not smart.

Unseen emotional net is stronger than any
Other net that is tangible.
Nothing is new to human,
As generations repeat without fail.

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Peace Is Everywhere

Starless sky is my blanket,
when I sit in my roof top garden.
Still trees are my escorts,
Hiding me from shine, rain and intruders.
Flying airplanes with flicking lights,
yellow lamps at the streets,
red lights at the tip of high rises,
are for my visual pleasure.
Quiet neighborhood with barking dogs,
Clean roads with bustling vehicles,
Security guards calling one another,
while the bosses dipped themselves,
in air con noise and imported comforters.
How peaceful this place is,
when people have their rest.

Caged apartment and fumed air,
Down on the road, should I call it road? ,
Beside the weather and human ridden paths,
knee deep clogged ditches,
Men sleep in fetal position,
picturesque mosque are everywhere,
garbage collected using hands,
demand of men and screaming of women,
Yawning and shaking of beds,
Rickety trucks are on the roads,
Those rickshaws become their homes.
The men, thinking of wives at villages,
playing with their toys,
How peaceful this place is,
when people have their rest.

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Smart people..

If I am pushed down,
I will catch a cliff,
and climb up.

If I am robbed,
I fool the robber,
and will get back mine.

If I am cheated,
I learn from it,
I will not be cheated again.

If I push a person,
I make sure,
that there is no cliff.

If I rob a person,
I make sure,
I will not be fooled.

If I cheat a person,
I make sure,
cheating is never felt.

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Stand Against The Evil

When the doubts are not cleared,
When the truth is not told,
When silence is kept as so dear,
Then the hatred starts to tear.

When the secrets are kept,
When the ill thoughts are nourished,
When sincerity exits out of heart,
Then the hatred begins to manifest.

When the cries of help is ignored,
When the need to assure is avoided,
When the inevitable feeling is scratched,
Then the hatred becomes part of human.

When the true feelings are respected,
When the innocence is upheld,
When the chastity is maintained,
Then the love chases away the hared.

Stop crying when someone abuses you,
The crying makes the abuser more abusive.
Stand against the evil for your right,
Your future will be happy and bright.

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The Companion.

As long as,
Memories accompanied,
sweet memories replayed,
bitter memories deleted,
I am not alone. I have a companion.

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The Strength

Tears may wash away the dirt from the eyes
and the hurt from the heart.
Fear will wipe away the courage from the heart,
and fill the eyes with tears.
Fear is worse than tears, as it hurts the heart,
Tear is better than fear, as it heals the wound,
Give up the fear and the tear,
when our heart is stronger than ever.

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This world of ours...Ei amar Basunthara...

This world of ours that we dwell,
survived million years very well.
When the oil is replaced out of wells,
the pollutants make the hole to swell.
The inconsistent Changes that happen,
in and out of the world and the human,
messed up the nature and modernized the livings,
million years earth may need a gulping.
The trash we buried under the oceans,
stored in the deep tunnels,
may reach the core of the earth,
to get purified for a spring cleaning.
The living things have to be pressurized,
for the left over human's future need.
The earth will cover with fresh seedlings,
the rejuvenated earth may breathe the fresh air.

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we salute you, Appa @ Daddy.

The sweetest fruit that I have ever eaten,
The choicest food that I have ever tasted,
The pleasant soup that I have ever sipped,
The rough hand that fed. That was yours, Appa.

Dipped the jack fruit in honey,
Took the smallest piece that could fit my young mouth,
Fed me and asked how the taste was,
Father, nothing is sweeter than your love.

As the child is the father of a man, Daddies! !

You have struggled as someone, somewhere,
A few of you may be comfortable,
The rest of you all suffer in silence,
Does the responsibility silence you all?

You are there when we need you,
You are there to keep the unity of the family,
You are there in every stage of our life,
What shall we do, except, follow your principles.

Nothing equals you and we salute you.
You are all the pillars of culture,
Protector of old and young,
King of our hearts.

A few of you have been tricked to be deviant, but
Most of you have kept the welfare of your family,
Not only in mind, but in your breath,
You are the reason, we are comfortable today.

Thank you Daddy..

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We Will Be Left Alone

We are left alone as babies in the cradle,
We are left alone as riders on the saddle,
We are left alone as debtors to the dismay,
We are left alone as candidates to convey.

The parents leave us alone when we are young,
Then we leave them alone when they are old,
When sorrow keeps us alone, it is too sad,
When the lifeless form is left alone, it is not bad.

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What did I do?

What did I do to get out of your life,
when I am in every frame of your life?
As a fetus, you kicked and turned,
I was there in that frame, carrying you.
As an infant you were fragile and helpless,
I remember I was there as well.
As an aimless toddler, before stumbling down,
the hands that carried you, were mine.
During all your school activities,
the beating heart that prayed for your success,
During minor and major exams and interviews,
the eyes that woke up before you,
Had I been there in those frame?
I was there in every frame of your life,
I will be there in every frame of my grandchildren,
If you both let.
Until then my child, explore the new things.

This poem is dedicated to the parents who miss their children who have gone for further education, work commitments and other reasons as well.

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When I Fail To See

When I fail to SEE the suffering of people,
Do not call me a visually impaired,
But call me a blind.

When I ignore the agony of hard labor,
Do not call me a physically handicapped,
But call me a crippled.

When I am inaudible to the cries of help,
Do not call me a hearing impaired,
But call me a deaf.

When we, the able bodied find it tough,
To survive under the comfortable condition,
How do the disabled survive under the hostile limitation?

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Without me...

I crossed seven mountains,
seven seas and seven continents,
to meet you.

I traveled through ionosphere,
and then to atmosphere,
to breathe you.

I get reflected,
but you are the one,
affiliated with me.

You are green,
and I am colorless,
but you call me a liar.

I hate,
those poles and I
Let them feel the cold.

Look at me,
They put a smiling face,
on me.

Look at me,
They compare me,
with everything good.

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