

Poetry Series

lalitha iyer
- poems -

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lalitha iyer(7.6.1967)

Addicted to nature and poetry by Birth. Feeling the throb of life around, every dawn and every dusk, in every being in and around. Every change in nature creates lovely emotions in and around.....

!!! Celebrating Womans Day!!!

I thought and thought and thought
of a way to celebrate this day
balloons oh no, we are big stuff
flowers, poor things, no not you
we are wonderful things, eh?
so i went into the kitchen and made some life
with my own song and my won dreams
with mangoose and crow and squirrels coming around
soon food was served, called my dod dashhunt
come come come to me, let us celebrate together
where is he, he, he, he, i could not stop laughing
celebrations means men, men means wine, wine means woman
woman of the day, call your man, order wine, let us drink and sink.

lalitha iyer

A Beggar Maid

beg me for life
to the unseen one
beg me for living spirit
to the invisible sight

he gave me coins
in golden lustre
he gave me children
with giggle and twitter

he gave me a mum
who filled life with sun
he gave me a pa
who transformed truths into ribbons

he gave me voice
to cheer up my glooms
he gave me ears
to listen to lovely tunes

he gave me beauty
to admire others
he gave me health
to enjoy full wealth

yet when my mum died
I was left all alone;
when my loved ones cried
I donno how to cheer them with pride

when I looked into the things
that he gave with abundant wings
i learnt that he reserved the inthings
the bubbling spirit, the dominant zing.....

lalitha iyer

A Camphor In The Air

Slowly
I am ageing
start was slow
but pace is fast

I did not realise
only when the hair greyed
did I wonder
that I am matured

It is a tragedy
to ripen is to fruit
to mature is fatal
though maturity is wisdom

Slowly I have lost interest
yes, my urge to dress up
and enjoy life afresh
is losing momentum
and I am lagging unwanted

It all began
with my loss of identification
of beings of either Gender
I started treating
Hes and Shes
as if what use
the difference could make?

It is a retreat
all battles have been won
no more passions
lurking underneath
stirring unwanted emotions.

My limbs are crazy
they behave painfully drowsy
the lust for life
it is in the snail pace strife

I miss nothing,
but suddenly everything is gone
blank is the page
ink in the letters have evaporated
the perfume in the bottle
it has become perfect air
no softness in the texture
no satin in the hair touch
nomore my skin
reacts to delicate moisturisers
I just feel
I am a clueless camphor
distilled in the air,
bodyless, odourless
past melted into..... nowhere.

lalitha iyer

A Crow's Dreams

To build a nest
with twigs unrest
lying here, lying there
to lay some eggs
and breed some chicks
to teach them how to click
to swing in the branches
and spy through the arches
to bathe in the poodles
all cool bathed rooms
in search of green woods
fully loaded with ripened fruits
all life did I stood
for life and livelihood
my nest my homes
one for one crow-hus
same straws yet new nest
next time I breast
sweet life, luxurious breeze
small problems everything within reach
friends of mine
plenty and more
we dine together
that is where we gather
we dirt eat to purify the earth
our souls divine burn the heaps holy
Yet I dream of cages untold
where parrots feed on milk and grains
mellow fruits are ripe and ready
anytime to taste without buddies.

lalitha iyer

A Crow's Way Of Life

Crow of all the birds
the master tutor of
the biggest University
teaches how to share
how to care the loved one
and feed the young one
architect of breeding homes
on teaching the young one
how to fly
teaches us how to teach
our own kids
wakes up
before we lazy dogs wake up
disciplined self styled
no inferiority
of colours it feels
happily begins the day
memory sharp
same time same place you feed
and it waits for you
known survivor of worst times
very competitive
for every grain
it sweats with focussed flights
a lot left
yet, it is the best socialist symbol.....

lalitha iyer

A Curve

A curve
in full silvery light
a full moon
a meeting of curves
an arch
the fashionable curve
a wave
the passionate weave
all beauty
in curves of heart
the dove's bosom
dodging touch by action
the lovely breasts
curving from virginity
to eternity's unrest.
milking love
and molten passions
splitting hearts
and spilling iron thoughts
all curves in hips
and lips and
she stoops
to curve me
down and down
to win her over
and win me all quivers

lalitha iyer

A Flavian Cross

Across my Bosom
I bear now a Cross
it is the Tragic heart
of regretful beat
when the rapist
lands on street
lovely virgins shut their doors
when the demons dance
at nights dark
lovely petals shut up wise
But the Cross of mine
enlightened me
of the ilks many
who littered in our land
lack the inner beauty of life
and ignorant of their illness too.

lalitha iyer

A Flavian Tragedy

Flavourless-
she tasted the pastry
and said;
little she knew
the love, that mixed
and sweetened the affection.

Shells and pearls-
childhood and innocence
shells combine with;
to flavias,
pearls
of costly shops
glitter more;
sadly spoken

Eating him-
I wonder, how ugly it is
quipped she;
while the beauty of eating
lies in the absorption of love
and lovely emotions and feelings

Dear Flavia
A Tragedy in thy Name I found....

lalitha iyer

A Golden Sun

the blind when he sees
the beauty of the life
his urge to watch
never ends the whole patch

the crippled when walks
with the legs newly built
his haste to run
never ceases to fun

I too was suffering
from the Rains incessant
they killed the living zest in me
and as i started giving up
and succumbed to wounds of lethargy and dull
did I ended up into depressive hauls
there came the Golden Sun
like the Messaih from the East
sprinkling my heart and the blue sky
with lovely rings of delight and
passion to my flights

Could dawns be so beautiful?
I was sipping the sunshine
long after I was born
years after I have seen the sun daily
this dawn I really felt
that I missed the Sun belt
across my bosom
that triggers my in things to fashion.....

lalitha iyer

A Lankan Tragedy

Hitler is no more
Hitlers have mushroomed
in every corner
Hearts of Hitler
it torn to pieces
the ashes sailed
like DNAs
all over the Globe
Hitlerians born
littered
and terrorists
sons of Hitlers
killing heartless
in the name of Liberations
was found the LTTE
now they massacre
their own men
whose freedom they fight for
just for survival.....

lalitha iyer

A Leaf(Y) Paradise

Little little whispers
from tiny tiny leaves
they rustle
among trees
or in the dust heaps
Yet, touch my heart to weep.

Green and red,
gorgeously veined,
yellow leaves with holy aches
when I stand near the trees
they quiver in my inner deeps
pulling my insides out.

When I watch them vibrate swift
They swirl around in every lovely graze
Slow and fast, tempestuous and cozily,
Fanned by hot mid air
They wave to me things infinite.

I am stunned
to watch the amazing varieties;
tiny, big, velvety, artistic,
Chiseled carvings in supple greens
Watch out countless are the species;
Every leaf of nature is our teacher
Cooks of nature, food and finest cosmic features
Every leaf has a history,
A story in its heart
And a legend in its silky breast.

my life's gloom cool
I dance like a puppet girl.
the leaves are lovely, plenty, vivid
full of imaginations of my childhood views.
They flash and flash in more of blazing beauty
of life, passions, lust and emotions, volatile.

Leafless trees

with nests of birds
reminds of those Spring days
when leaves used to cuddle the branches
Coconut leaves like guitar strings
Banana leaf like Noah's Arc
pregnant with tradition's tale and their aroma
The boat shaped beauty
such huge womb, like a mother's
with a homely flavor and hugging air

lovely banyan hearts
reflecting heavenly mansions of throbs
some leaves shiver with trembles within me
they shake in the air with such gentle rapidity
that I feel the charge of nature within my spine
every leaf zooms into my mind's panorama
and every single wing it spreads
with snuggling furs
I relish, it is an eternal pleasure.

lalitha iyer

A Life Mission

A Mushroom
has no room
for thoughts

it has got
only moments to sort
no hours for thought
just split second to rot

in the ageless life
when eternity speaks of strife
butterfly spends but a day
mushroom some watery way

some men are mushrooms
they have messages groomed
but live in hived rooms
in silence they come
and unwreathed they go

some like butterfly
flash across many hearts
with colours vibrant and spots
it flew into my garden
smelling with blossoms of Spring
and fluttered into my passions
caressing here, caressing there
the poets say.....

lalitha iyer

A Life Saved

A life saved
is to give the bereaved
a form to clothe
to talk to and hug
and feel and fondle
have something to care
and share craving near

A heart saved
is to save the faith
faith in creation's breathe
to simply seed the truth
of love and life
in smiles and songs

An urge is implanted
that the life is worth planted
that it is good to wake up
and living is really start up
that when trust is gone
and love is raped
when human life is lost
with all values steadily cost

why save lives
without any song in the lips
and hope in the looks
but to feed and fend
the drab dirty rounds

lalitha iyer

A Long Wait.....

All day
the bird waited for the sun
the sun did not come
the bird did not sing

All night
the bird waited for the moon
the moon did not come
the bird did not sleep

It was a sad day and sad night
the poor bird had nobody to sight
it sighed day in and day out
and heaved with sighs of bleeding heart

why do we live
the bird asked
why do I sing
the bird asked

If i have no friend
nor companion
no sun nor moon either
I should die like a dew

just melt away unknown she said
next morning before the sun was up
and it did too
the bird broke herself against a thorn

that night the moon rays silvery white
stroked the sikly furs lying dead
they were too soft that the breeze touched them dear
but the bird was broken and lay dead uncared.

Poor bird, when it was aching and waiting
no one came, not even a mate of love
or a match to woes or a friendly hopper
it bled and fled to free itself of heart's chopper.

My days are wasted upon a love or two
My heart sighs and heaves for a dear or two
but why do I exist, without any cause
My dear bird, wish I had courage of your choice.

lalitha iyer

A Mirage In The Mind

The mind is a mirage
where you seek hope
there it is dry
and when you rest
then it starts to leak
from dead dusts
rises sprouts of heavenly mists
to showers of rain
in tormenting Summer
there are men
cruel and savages
there are,
women equally aged
by the way of life stages
despaired
embittered with losses of bonds
and links of trust
when we discard the life as a whole
somewhere the brooks gurgles
ushering in cool moisture
bringing some relief
not from the Oceans you hope
does the thirst quenches
but from the hands unknown
unseen love is poured
from skies of alien hearts
as u sink deeper
without a chord to hold
the rope of life is extended
and somebody gives u a hold.

lalitha iyer

A Motherless Day

Today
motherless
I wonder
what I missed..
the way she fed
balls and balls of rice
with ghee and dhal
the smell of mother
her Jasmine flower
the grace of her voice
her cheering moods
the way she played
with my silly toys
just enjoyed
with my age
a child she was
when I was
an adult she grew
up with me
she opened the sky
and showed me the stars
filled my nights
with fullness of moons
she preserved to me
the poem of life
the love of living
faith in healing
with delicate things
she was a wonder
for her weapons were modest
smiling in sadness
teaching life is in living
suckling throughout
was I her oozing energies
she stood for me
I made her a Child
and she mothered me
and I stood
with my babe

My mother inside me....

lalitha iyer

A New Desire

A new lust
seeded yester night
during sleep
by hands unseen
in the fertile soil
lying within deep
all afresh
as I woke up
saplings of love
mushroomed in my breasts
softly I caressed
the lovely little things
dreams have come true
yes, poppy plants they are
intoxicating me
with luxuriant vapour

lalitha iyer

A New Verse

A new leaf
every day
it buds every night
when your are asleep
the sub-conscious mind
washes and wipes out the tired grind
and fills in anew all that makes a holy round.

A new wave
washing clean the sandy shore
sparkling neat
the freshness beams
and fills in with new lives

A new song
recapturing the old melody
in new frequencies
and vibrant wavelengths

A new verse
pouring out heart's emotions
in a clean sweep
seeking to say more
in stronger codes stepping close.

lalitha iyer

A Painful Ending

Every story ends
when it ends
it pains

every mind
stained
truths pincer
fact pinches

many a throb
is missed
to meet
the dearest
to the heart

many a tear
is shed
in memory
of fond ones
felled by years

ending is the goal
or is it the starting
death stands for sure
once the race is on
the competition is hot
racers seldom realise
that finishing is really the finishing

all the labour is lost
for nothing,
or is it for something
when life ends, your race ends.....

lalitha iyer

A Painful Farewell To My Poet Of Hearts

cooing
and wooing
all had going
when the saying
was out and airing
badly the sailing
stopped and seeking
new riches ailing
the heart- weeping

lalitha iyer

A Ponding Love

Green mirrors they are
cool and fresh and pure
azure sky peeps into them
arrowing storks dip into;

Ripples are their expressions
modestly they wriggle within
when breeze touches their virgin lips
shivers run down their circling tips.

Ponds are a beauty, rare beauty
the tiny fishes schooling round
king fishers meditating around
the nostalgia they swell abound.

Clad by fauna of greenery
pebbled deep with velvety moss beds
ponds speak out legends of love
modest witnesses of moon lit passions.

They storm lusts and lightning urges
they echo the world of birds in love
secretly lap the beauties of nature
treasure sweet rains from every monsoon

Ponds are brides of many lovers
skies and clouds and birds and breeze
all tempt her girlish chuckles

Through the binocular green looks
she says stories
of birds mated, egging, breeding, cooing
the world of love that swarms around
the cool cool pond love whispering fond
deeply lost and drowned in its well
are wandering hearts full of wet memories.

lalitha iyer

A Popped Corn

The King of Pops
he flew to the land of hopes;

In this world
pinched by pain and agony untold
his Father of Heavens recalled
his son of magic steps

flooded with money
overflowing genius
miraculous music
which blooded his physic

the ageless albums
recorded for eternal sons

born with the pop gene
tuned to sing and dance

infinite fusions
multiplied passions

tattooed with injections
tormented with rejections
desperate with living urge
pained by childhood
and pinned by children

all the riches he possessed
eating away his skin, bones and senses
drugged with intoxication
drained body
floating without gravitation
focusses missing
weightless the mantle
dignified the core
eternally bore
the legend to
land of endless lores.

lalitha iyer

A Prick In The Petal

So soft the petal is
who pricked its breast?
so saintly a chest
reaped with lovely harvest
the dust settles
on its lovely bed
and hurts it red
rubbing with it hard
some hearts are
softer than the smooths
of silky woven cloths
hurt are their tenders
when a word a hunter
renders
I can feel the pain
as if it rains
in an alien train
a stranger remote
with no wise coat
cut by my words
and left my sailing hoard.

lalitha iyer

A Rainbow Fantasy

as a Child

I picked up shells
and kept in my manor
in secret holes
they were my desires
hidden from the public
and soon I forgot
and left them behind

when I grew up
and found new pearls
I neglected the shells
full of soiled soles
but, my mansion dented
and passions demented
my life filled with tides unmeant

lalitha iyer

A Rainbow Romance

Romance
to Bloom
let me wait
and watch out
When the Spring Rains;

it is
now in the sky
lustly curved
with stunning colours
just a minute
it whispers
a new tune of lies
and glues to heart
pining to see
the invisible sight

The embers
of Romance
lightens up
when the moist hearts
warmly rain
looks of Spring
full of perfumed wings
to suckle the nectar
to open up
the pot of potion
mesmerizing ocean
bodies vanish
leaving imprints
we see the lovers
kissing empty airs
seeing life images
like Rainbows
still printed
in transparent airs

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A Sad Farewell

At her prime
the busty Goody
bid bye
to life around
the urge to live
is burning hot
yet the flames
blown out
canker in the bud
cancer to dread
God loves those
Who die young, though.

lalitha iyer

A Saga In Blood

Think of the children
running away from death
the little hearts
born to bombs
Penguins massacred
a child of tender forms
kissing the edge of Arms
if it is your baby
aged two or three
scorched by Sun
and Bleeded by the Sons
Sons of the Soil
are they? ? ? ? ? ?
Not one, but lakhs
every lakh has lakh hearts
and Crore emotions
Insecurities surmounted
refugee in own land
Begging for survival
Who will womb
Who will pouch the innocents?
World is sleeping
Ignoring the blood bath
when hearts are bruised
and hunted and hounded
Death Play
Smell of Death
stinking cruelty
Why the world is Quiet
the dead ones are no ones
the wounded, the limbless
the bleeding
Terrorists are littered
by Terrorist Attacks
When love fails
Hatred Survives
When Houses shatter
Whore Houses are born.....

lalitha iyer

A Secret

Whisper not
it is a Secret
you can find nowhere
just in my heart's core...

Peep not into
my holy book
verses written
are seldom cooked

I wish to touch
the tender love
budding in ageless delight
smiling like a moonlit night.

A mystery it is
When Silence kisses
A fantasy it is
When feelings rushes

When death calls me
I wonder who could recall
the words that I failed to tell
the worlds I folded in my swell.

It is beauty
to hide the lovely
It is tempting
when throbs are prompting...

It is a mystery
unsolved by history
romantic passions
nomadic illusions.

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A Secret Of Birth

Secret of Birth
is the seed indiscreet
be not seen implanted
Night covers all God's designs
he puts to sleep the humans
and veils the sight of demons
animals are decent
they get distracted only by scent
of one's own descendant

Secret of Cosmic Births
vanish before your sight
passes the urge to brains
to watch the signals
and search for the symbols

Strangely God's formula for nectar
scientists never did try
his soil none did invent
his water and oil never did underwent
any researches of fund
codes of love are only Chemistry
to the Psychic docs who angle for mystery
none has the news of what is anew
at night hours at secret chambers
Lord and his minstrels with magic wands
change the lives of helpless bands

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A Tear Of Joy

He hugs me
kicks me too
kisses me
licks me too
enraged
when denied the stage
he too treats my cage
too little and leave me outraged

he is my son
my heart's mansion
is full of his funs
i wake up to him
sleep unto him
he fills my world
with life and hold

when sweet love touches
the touch is above matches
i am soaked with love
too much and truly cowed.

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A Valentine Mystery

I know love
but no lover
do I have
I love many
but they are so many
and I cannot choose
as I am all confused
Valentine card I have one
just to send for fun
I cant remember the one
who is my closest chum
When I asked my pal
said he love is like ink
it spreads in the surface linked
it cant touch a rod of solid
and taint it for long easily rid
on my teens my love
was in the air
kisses and dreams all afloat
as if i drift in a boat
with the waves and tides
taking me up to skies
and then dropping dead
I was no asked to bed
as I grew and got my son
love was in affection
in caring the baby
and tending his hobbies
as I grew, my body disappeared
and I became formless
my dresses did not to me donate
neither my dreams did mattered
I grew up, to love the poor
to suffer with the blind
and always be kind
to the bereaved
and that is being brave
oh my dear Valentine!
love has mellowed

now i see love in grey hairs too
arching spines and affected knees
love I found in toothless smiles
and twinkleless eyes
ugly urchins they ask me to kiss
they smell- the smell of love
the orphaned boys
with blank eyes and no toys
they call me ma
and I feel that ma
is love so beautiful
when you age and fill.

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A Wife In A Life

A wife
is life;
smelling Coffees,
tasty Idlis,
sweets and
Jasmines
Bed of roses
pillows and cushions
evening melody
nights pleasure
hugging harmony
hanging symphony
loving unmasked
kissing forever
tasty and pasty too..

when she dies
she takes her pies
kitchen is dessertsless
house is unkept
garden is unwatered
garbages stink
who Irons?
no more nights
nights are empty
filled with sleepless cigars
dawn alarms
come on, no more luxuries..

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A Winter Melody

The Winter's heart was frozen thorn
every touch pricked with horns
painted memories pained on and on
there was no warmth in the misty morn.

The early morn did not sing
Singing birds were sleepy wings
Dusky hours breathed not love
All life was hungry aching cowed.

The grass blades stiff, the leaves stern
the greens did not smile
the blues did not beam
No sun, no hot airs, no hugs, no kisses.

The beats of music sick and lone,
the laughter and mirth have slept-ill born
brutal lungs bark and bark-no singing larks
Every nest is egg-less and empty barks.

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Aged Love

love is ageing
yeah,
the babe
with blushes
gurgling with laughter
cooing with lust
is now ageing;

as a child
it crawled
under the bedsheet
pissed off
wetting the bedcovers
all its desires
and delicate harmones

when it grew up
it was naughty
doing all monkey tricks
licking at the wrong ends
and kissing at
gasping hens
and peeping into sucking thighs

now it is fine
young man
mellowed with
warmth of life
bustling with memories sweet
funny with kids afeet
and papaed he reasons

as days pass by
chicks flew
hips grew
hugging is paining
limbs are waning
energy elapsing
oozing fantasy

drying up

aged love
speaks in silence
few words
break the air
mostly they in looks hide
brooding thoughts
meet eye to eye
the older couples
telepathise
searching meaning
in solemn strides.

lalitha iyer

All Sunsets

Every sunset
reflects the dying day
in the western sky
bathed by Ocean blue
the body is due
for the funeral
lit red hot is the sky
some soft music flows
darkness shrouds the air
it is time to depart
the crowd hastens
to secured rests
the very birds
sing in a horrible tune
the mystery is solved
soon his majesty is dissolved

Every sunset
touches me deep within
there is melancholy
in the air unholy
sighing nature
singing unbearably
every twilight
heralds night
visionless
insecure hands
waiting for the dawn distant
every sunset
kills my half body
I could see
imprinted in the mind
my mother
father and loved ones
our family
like a garland of love
diminishing
disappearing into nothing.....

lalitha iyer

An Ageing Sex

Ageless
yes, love is
conditioned
by time and
space Sex is...

Love
transmitted
by telepathies
and thoughts hypnotising
but, Sex
distanced by space....

When the hair turns grey
and heartbeats stray
little by little
the seed of life
is sucked by the vortices
of difficult strides

When the Pain of living
outwits the pain of life
when the aching body
could only ache in pining
what wrinkles Sex
and buries unspent.

When words caused havocs
now, sights space locks
When looks chanted worlds
now, looking is only seeing.
When fragility of life
caged within flaps its feathers
to just live with ease
the Spring weathers away
and strangely tremors.

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An Egging Love

True love
is an Egg life
sometimes you are the yolk
sometimes he
he covers you
when you be the core
and allow the chick
to grow
sometimes he wants
to be clothed
and hugged warmly
just to relax
and recoup
When I am the core
snugly and smartly
I eat upon him
and grow fatter
with the my chicky dreams
he covers my baby breasts
with lovely coatings
of white and white
when he centres
he spreadens me
and feels me through
and puts his hands
to prevent me break
of the shell
that he loves so much
that it gives us secrecy
to love each other.

lalitha iyer

An Egging Tragedy

I found love
in an Egg
and You
stupidity

I hugged my love
inside an Egg
and You
despised

I loved my yolk
full of rich whiteness
like clouds of sperms
full of virility

You found it ugly
and hated the beauty
I am sorry
upon thy stupidity

I ate upon my love
his manliness
his breathing personality
and brimming liveliness

You are too frugal
you invaded my territory
and when we were mating
you dropped your unpleasantries.....

lalitha iyer

An Unknown Agony

Stabbed below the conscious levels
I writhe not, but succumb to snubbed solitudes
The full moon nights
and whispering magic lights
they tickle not me now
to perspiring passionate delights
I pass on and wash off my hours
with no sticking stamens to fertilise
into magic nostalgic memories

Groans fettered within my compressed thoughts
I grimace not, giggle not, gayly laugh not
the silvery bands of simple love
I just look upon like a foreign dove
watching grains of tasteless chatter

Once a rivulet singing and dancing
its time to sink into the subdued Ocean
no music, no murmur, no exciting melodies
I ripple not, but just die within
emaciated, scrapped, killed by the drowning emptiness
I just fade away, my songs, my moon lights, my dances abide.

lalitha iyer

Arthritis

Inflicted
Immovable
Painfull
Bed sores

Hopes drowned
Desires ashened
Smiles dried
Starved of life

Joys None
Aches Full
Hunted by woes
Humbled by weakness

Loved by Few
Hated by Self
Sobbing within
Silently praying

Losing aground
gaining agony
dying alive
sagging day by day...

lalitha iyer

As The Smile Is Wiped By And By.....

The charms
of youth
they are wiped
when the darkness sets in

The rosey hues are lost
in the depths of evening sky
when the eyes loses sight
and ears never melodies delight

When fatigue strikes the limbs
when faces twitch in painful lumps
youth is gone and old age groans
yet who has wiped those smiles of lawn.....

Every morn I wonder
if it is the last day to wake up
Every night I wonder
if it is my last slumber not to open
the looking eyes to see the best
in earth and above and beneath.....

It is sickening
to loose hours
when hours are so sweet
It is horrifying
to add seconds
when seconds are depressing

Oh god!
give me love
to love the innocent doves
give me smiles
to smell the morning dews.....

lalitha iyer

Attention Please

Here lies the deadbody
of my son who was done
yesterday they burnt him bad
for asking more I told you sad
today, he is nomore
in a sheet he was
shrieking in pain and pus
a mother, I am,
a mother am I
yet, the sight I cant stand
it was a cruelty
to humanity
my son, his skin has gone
only soft mass of flesh
oh, how could I kiss you
touch you with my love
how could i feel you
and still my choking tears
yesternight, when u wailed
i wept with nothing to bail
i just sank beneath
above me your skin
like a corpse it shrouded my gloom
oh God, how could humans burn
humans and slumber in barns.

lalitha iyer

Before I Die.....

I was born
to my mother at night
the poor thing woke all night
sleepless suffered in agony and plight

I sucked her too much
she grew pail and powerless
her calcium I suckled
her firm joints grew supple

I grew upon her energy
Parasite was I, licking her life and verdour
she slowly waned and waxed off
her beautiful youth gave away as I bloomed up

Before I die I offer my prayers
before the hand that made me stand
the breasts that fed my hunger
the tender globe that my aboard lingered

Before I die I kneel below
to wipe off the blood she shed
as I came out of her womb in dread
I offer my life to her who was the to me the world
and the world is nothing now I learn
but only the Zoomed Image of a mother's pain.

you travel over the whole world
and wealthy you be with friends dear
yet atlast you find that truth
that mother is the end and start of the search
she who gave you eyes and ears
and life and music of life bears
the secret of life in her compassionate tears.....

lalitha iyer

Before I Die.....

Before I die
I want to meet you
like a kid
aching to touch
the toys in rows
along the market windows

Before I die
I want to touch you
with the soft hands
of a touch me not plant
a last touch that shall end me up
a last attempt to die in somebody's cup.

Before I die
I want to tell you
that you are my dawns
and dusks and dreams
I was with you all these years
and I grew up with those hours
when I was inhaling your pours

Before I die
I wish I could hold
that moment when I could see
in your looks the golden glee
that make my existence sure
and life immortal and pure
to ashes into the real pyre
into the flames of consuming tear.....

lalitha iyer

Before It Rains

Hugging clouds
all grey black
peeping into the watery beds
crayon waters with dark paints
wooing air to silent steps
watch out, who is coming down!

Its a beauty before storm
its a beauty later calm
life tossed between storms and calms
minds hurled memories twirled
zigzag puzzled humans sway
drowning senses ropeless stray.

When egos strut and walk in pride
elegant modesty simply stay
When empty vessels vulgar sounds
temple bells they tinkle sweet
prayers battle with patient whispers
haughty zeroes stampede in anger.

It is a beauty to watch nature
nature of past, present and future
unfailing, uncoiled, ever virgin texture
luring senses with ever vibrant pictures
kneeling before the captivating miracles
little mind shrinks to unthinking cycles.

let me stop my thoughts stupid
silly are the souls around
swollen are the idiotic grounds
may I float upon the blue
with my eyes shut with glue
when all my senses I give up
shall I burst open my pupa cup
to fill my heart from purity's lip.

Rains, they come and wash me out
with the lovely leave breasts

smelling sweetly earth wakes up
every being aches to reach out
why my unseen is sleeping still?
the God within still long way to fill.

lalitha iyer

Beings In The Mid Air.....

they talk to you
and they call you mad
they feel you too
and you feel glad
they sing into your ears
and you gurgle the music airs
they call you fanatic
but it is fantastic....

the beings in the air
are intelligent and daring
they wake up you at midnight
and seeds you with stories of insight
they speak to you from hearts of others
and warns you when people harms intend

it is a vision, a life mission
to understand the world of beings
they are the living spirits of the dead bodies
they guide us to the lands of glories
believe it or not they are there wandering around us
your prayers are not wasted, they guard you always fresh.....

lalitha iyer

Belonging To You...

I belonged to you
said the green leaf
to the tall Oak tree
and soon the wind blew
blissfully snatching the blade
from the cozy bed and bed.

I belonged to you
said the lovely drops to clouds
of bulging bags full of moisture buds
soon it rained
and poor drops fell upon the ground
sinking into sticky drains underground.

I belonged to you
said the newly married bride
to the loving husband new
as she laid her head rest
upon his fully grown chest
but fated days were born to test
and there he lied the handsome best
upon his cold grave married to dust.

I belonged to you, my God
said the heart pained and red
who knows what is due
the silent prayers stirring hopes anew.....

lalitha iyer

Between You And Me! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

there is nothing
in the space between
harmones and habits
reproduces and cohabits

the body is flimsy
the man inside is the dagger
the cloak is powerless
the oak within is the manager

I see the body
fenced by fancy looks
my baby embodied
the Newtonic buddy.

I see the brain
the spark and the light
alert and sound
creativity abound

you are the scientist
you are the sculptor
you are the writer
you are the director

yet, I could only marvel
the dead body
the man who stole the scientist
topped the list
the man who stole the sculptor
ranked first
the man who wrote the fate
of the poor writer
he is the perfect mate
the man who filmed the drama
he packed up the director

what a marvel!
the dead and the living speaks

Birth Of A Poem

A poem is born
when a child is born;

the little love,
it's tender tale

soft fingers
cracking voice
closed looks

hugging bulk
a tiny sack
of tender emotions

its urge to suckle
the milking spots
hunger is inborn?

in silence
when the urge is over
a sleeping verse

shut in dreams
beyond the closed eyes
lies all wonders;
about to bud and blossom

the lovely noises
and squeals of delight
it utters in coming days
the lovely turn arounds

first hug so tight
warmth exuding
the bond of heavenly taste

the way it looks
the new world around
with new ideas brimming

and novelties swimming

the day it crawls
sucking own limbs and legs
twisting and turning and
clinging and climbing

sizing things
with inner dimensions
stuffing all hand
into the little mouth

dancing in the leaking rain
pouring from puzzling drain

the languages it speak
with its silent looks

little chuckles
and telling muses
every baby blossoms
with thousands of poems within
soon to be manned
with dry prose stained.

lalitha iyer

Blinded At Heart

When the bird sang
music flowed
when the dawn broke
colours flooded
when the silent heart watched
Vibrations sent
messages of beauty
across many spaces
How to marvel
the love of God
every egg full of life
and activity
every eggshell armed
with the strongest wall
and lovely yolk
invisibly sprouting
the chicking beauties
Love yolking the core
and lovers blended
inside the egg shell
marvelling the beauty
as I stood stunned
Blinded at Heart
she broke my egg
and shell shattered to pieces
and down her ugly liquid
it oozed out
all Beauty gone....

lalitha iyer

Blooming Innocence! ! !

when i found a puppy
inside the gutter
waiting for someone better
I found innocence in filth

when i ran after the stealing squirrel
who took my nuts spread for shine
i found innocence in the greens
full of life, spirit and cheers

when i hugged the face of life
so near, so dear, so close to heart
i saw innocence dripping down to earth
all my dearest fellow beings starved to death.

lalitha iyer

Born Again

Every night
after a day of fights
as energy tides
rise and falls
when i enter my chamber of dreams
it is too weary, i die asleep.
many a dream it creeps
into my conscious fields
merging with my magnetic seals
I enter the bed
all confused head
my days have gone
night is sweet
stars are bright
moon is a sight
yet, my thoughts are a weight
in the middle of life
amidst bleeding strife
I am begging for energy
yes, my cells are on revolt
i am dwindling like a colt
my racing sperm is killed
stirring soul is tilled
I have lost my blood
blood of my hood
oh no, blood of my hold
my inner hold of pure gold
seed of my creator's mould
suddenly i am alien to this world
i dont know where it went cold
your words are hollow
they were sweet and aglow
when i was in my hormone's blow
as age has crept
emotions are swept
i miss me, kisses not adept
my body is weightless adrift
winds of monsoons they gift
me shores or sinking drifts

every dawn born again
my living urge sapped and strained
i seek the reason for life
as i go down,
diving to touch the bottom
but my masks are boredom
blues i cant touch
bluer i never more
y live, when death is sweeter
y die when life comes again.

lalitha iyer

Breaking My Heart

Tears they roll down one by one
or big and large, funnily full
when grief seizes the heart
full throat full

what signals them to fall down
or come out of the sockets clean
and jump and moist the neat plain
what does the pumping heart trains?

I just am amazed at their rushing out
like the dam waters bursting fast
with scream and freaks they conquer you
and you are smalled before the entire crowd.

lalitha iyer

Breeze

like a breeze
unpaid, unasked
softly, slowly
unseen, modestly
dressed simply
with no airs
carrying huge bodies of tremors
just so cool
when the sun is at noon
and day is at half doom
ready to welcome and bye
the night and the dawn equally sigh
as i panic under the green tree
the branches u turn rummaging me
as if you cared for me
my tresses u kiss
diverting my attention
to u and i care less
Breeze, oh breeze
great lives
all are like u dear
they give unasked
take nothing marked
just share their precious lot
and spend hours for our cause
and just wipe off self
as if their part is of no help
with no shop tag
offering immense bag.

lalitha iyer

Bride Of Winter

She is soft
and sings aloft
her hair is white
and her heart is a sight

she never wakes up
shivering with cold
her passions clothe her
with the hottest ride.

she dreams and dreams
her eyes full of love
she cooes her wildest woes
with wild nests thirsty of twos

she is barren with all desires buried
her touch is cutting and her hands are frozen
her kiss is knify and her lips are parched
she shall wake up as Summer melts her with passion.

lalitha iyer

Call Of The Wild

It pulls me
egging me to go ahead
the wild is so fantastic
I cant resist, but yield.
The song of the greens
the whistling unknown birds
the piercing Cuckoo
pinching my heart's youth
I cant resist, but yield
I have to go ahead and see.
When the lightning cuts across the heavenly breast
you feel the spark embering upon your chest
when the thunder roars across the satanic clouds
you shiver with the mysterious fear feeling the deads
Rain, felling the earth with ferocious tide
Painless strains plunges me into stinging abides.
Wild, exciting, enflaming the inner being
the ecstatic birds, emperors of free love
rippling ponds and walls of wave-urging ocean beds
like the giant mouth of the monster of fairy tales
ponds like the golden curls of mermaid unfurled
in their green palms strewn across I stuck upon
wonder how many gossips are hidden on leave faces
and nature creeps into my being with her trump card
Death is very attractive and tempting
it lures every time you face it with new inventions
every death full of new blind convictions
groping in the dark with the body of emotions
tears cascading down and weeping loneliness penetrating
impregnant with the stunning seed of truth stupifying
with every new death, new life is born within
and the every death crushes me with an upper hand
and captivates me with its charming pride
once again totally helpless and abandoned with emptiness
I start drawing a new map to measure her ambiguities
amazingly clear, she wipes off all old traces
and new faces of death dances upon the wild once more
The charm of life is death and death frightens you just beautifully.

lalitha iyer

Centre Of Your Heart

Are you the Earth
with gravity in your centre
attracting me and mine
with unlimited wonder

Do you have magnets
fixed at your breast-ends
every time you pass by
pivoted they signals send

are the tenders in your laps
nectar buds of crimson thighs
drunken hips and tipsy eyes
simply wisking me and mine.

have you birds cooing
from the belly domes
they shake me up
and skate me down

I shudder at the idea
of the fertile soil within
your raining landscape
in poisonous shapes.

lalitha iyer

Chastity Reborn! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

the poor mind
embroiled in thousand kinds
of trifle things
lost its chastity
and ended up into waste rings....

the poor maid
not knowing how to manage
the growing poverty
and biting insecurity
relented to leasing
spending energy
and costing purity

the milk adulterated
lost its bonding strength
separated and sour
it is invaded with germs galore
curd they call the milk spoilt
however lost is the fluidity and
the lovely milky spores.

in its way down the hills
frustrated with the dust of mills
flows down the river
mixed with host of gravels
the story of the lost sanctity
of the water downhill unravelled
could you blame the rivulets helpless
ruined by the predicaments callous

let us catch the wavering mind
and the whistling wind
and tune the same with single sound
lest that too gets weeded
with the seed of filthy creeds
the mind single focussed
let us light in prayers cared
let not the disturbed mind lie

at the feet of divinity high
noble feelings to breed
let us think not of evil deeds and guides
chastier is the mind clean and swept
of all the Intentions and interior motives
just in Innocence let the mind's Superiority abide.

lalitha iyer

Cliff Hanger

Let the hands go
and down you land upon the ground
full of frozen desires
the ground kills instant second

let the hands' grip fasten
and you are roped in into the life basin
you are sucked into the vortices of lust and emotion
betwixt fantasies and focussed reality you slip caution

my heart is dangling from the cliff edges
I look below and ready to jump I decide
somebody beckons me up above the sky
and I just re-girdle and madly strive to up-dive

between mad mad emotions I strangled like a street dog dead
this second elevates me, next smothers me into smoky chambers fed
I melt now into a song and then into a stony solid bang
between life and death, how many time could I live and die?

lalitha iyer

Climbing Up

climbing up
I am slipping down
one step to go
and aho here i am
down to earth
hope upon hope
all I heaped
just like a pack of cards
down they went off record
the money i spent
spent to folly
the hours i spent
wasted for jolly
the love i sent
scrambled to dissent
thoughts of wisdom
they spilled into fooldom
i am loosing
lost am I
yet, what I lost was never mine
and though lost am I here
sitting and talking nowhere

lalitha iyer

Cloud Watching

Blue sky
deep blue
washed by rains
stand out drained.
All colours swept off
only blue escaped the wipe.

the snow white clouds
cotton balling in the sky
ice cream moulds
sailing high
dreams of white
galloping at night
its a sight to see
the wandering clouds.

stars, shining bright
veiled beneath
like beautiful girls
smile sweetly
hidden discreetly
beneath the bulging softness
they delight us
just coyly blinking

As I lie upon the grass
and watch the night sky
my senses rich and fertile
devoid of fatigue the day piled
dissolving into the night's delights
after rains
the pure azure sky
divine mother
she caves in
my senses she covers
I absorbed into her vanities
and melt into a timeless symphony.

Clouds their grey breasts relieved

the milk of life suckled by earth
sailing to other end of globe
carried by the whispering breeze
they mesmerize me
with a drunken intoxication
where are they going and why
are they purely physical or heavenly
stars are they physical or heavenly
who created clouds and who me?
so lovely are they,
yet why they dont speak to me
why do I fall in love with them
yet, they dont
what is more in a star,
that I dont have
what is more in me
that a star does not have
The clouds pass by leaving behind questions new
already I am a waste bin of thoughts
every new life appears before me and
heaps the waste of ideas in me
with the touch of every being
I am crowded with cloudy feelings.

lalitha iyer

Concentrating On.....

Concentrating on
Hurt,
it hurts me...
on music
it transforms me
into a melody,
I am falling
into the rippling waves
afloat the rhythm
the words
like bellows
I pillow upon
and I
slip through
each stanza
and soon
I am lost
into the core
it devours me
and quite awake
lost in the music
I am unaware
of the world of men
the rain
its moisture
the lazy earth
its lusty sprouts
I look into the ocean
tattooed by the drops of heaven
banging the water surface
with circles and loops
I am lost
something is pulling me
in this tug-of-war
between Me
and the baffling Nature
which lures me
with traps innumerable
Insecure am I

my mind lost
suffering bouts of forgetting
drunken by Amnesia
intoxicated by Ambrosia.....

lalitha iyer

Confused

You touched me
in my dreams
I felt you
and let out screams
and when I woke up
you were near
and then I screamed
took it for a dream

Are you near
it is not clear
as I sit you next
you look an unseen text
and when I sleep
you slip into my hips
the flavour you love
i wonder all hours
dozing off dulled by colours
in my silences
u come as fragrances
I wonder are u true
or am I untrue
when I met you
under the College gate
my words choked
and questions blocked
how could I ask
do u swim
into my lands of dreams
when during encounters
you struggle with tenders.

lalitha iyer

Could You Hear Me

I am sitting
on the banks of river
the river of life
that flows through trials
the pebble of thoughts
i put and wait
to hear the ripples
and peep of fishes
in hope of food
the school seeks my slips
I sit here in cool breeze
yet, somebody
far away I can feel
I can trust
myself touching
some hands or heart
of distant body
a body of love
of life and drive
It fills me with armies
of silkcoated lies
he sends across borders
swords of stylish steel
sharp and killing with feel
somewhere the pebbles
I dropp are too drowning
and ripples are sometimes
too fast and untimely
they splash the water
across my face
and my body drenched
with my thoughts in streams.

lalitha iyer

Creativity Vs. Creation

Creativity

the urge of Nature

natural is Procreation;

Filtering laziness

and fuelling fullness

Born in Spontaneity

from the founts of Wisdom

Acts decide

progenies laid

Egged by inner instincts

wells of Creation opens up.

Creation-a Sight to see

a Painting on the Wall

Matter for senses,

Tangible and touching

Creativity sleep unseen

untouched by silly brains

contented within

conquering without

it flows unperturbed

when the orifice is found

All Creations born out of

Creativity

mesmerising mystery

unsoiled, unsold,

enriching the poor

and impoverishing the rich

in absence..

lalitha iyer

Death And Birth

In one split-second
life is gone
lie was it?
that I am alive
is it true or false?
when all truths are not false
eternal truths are also false?
the sparkle in those looks
now swims with no moisture
no meaning-the vision doesnt attach
any special enquiries or wishes
yester night the warmth it exuded
the body, its lovely form
tonight the trunk is talking of
frozen memories and freezing truths
what stuns me
is the strange feeling
a moment's difference
leaves us simply baffled
apart from the parting of possessions
cutting of living emotions and feelings
dropping of responses and
reasonable reciprocations
what happens to the departed soul
the music of flowing spontaneity
how it transforms into what melody unknown?

lalitha iyer

Death And Birth Of Sun

Setting beauty is simply amazing;
the sound of birds warning
the rustle of leaves tired
the glow of golden clouds very delicate
sun like a dying heroine
soft and delicate shines

Rising Sun has dawn at his command
he dictates every dew to dissolve;
every bud to bloom readily
touches every being
reversing the fatigue into singing
birds now greet with sweet melodies
time to cycle nature muses
its morning every one chooses
life beats and city throbs
sunrise boosts up the sleepy knobs.

Sunset sinks into;
night has its sweetest moments
nameless love shrouds the sky
hearts group into, solitude mates with
silent hearts companies seek
every house cheers up with life
as darkness speaks of silent souls
hugging warm beneath the rugs
sleep symphonies dreamy webs.

Sunrise opens up every privacy
it uncovers every door
and peeps into, egging on to tour
it fruitifies the nights harvest
into a mini marathon
halted by nights oblivions.

lalitha iyer

Deleted Memory

when they die
at places distant lie
whom we love
as dearly as a dove
whose voice too
we never hear
whose smiles too
we never bear
only in distant memory
like a fading Spring
or a vanishing rainbow
we remember them
brilliantly etched
in the colourful memory stretched
do they really die to us
whom we love so dearly
cherish so preciously
out of sight
yet beautifully imprinted
in the memory in sight

lalitha iyer

Departures

Departed
the soul is in search of
a new body
feelings
a new heart
fire
a new hearth
emotions
a new song
rain drops
a new mouth

every message sent
settles in a mind
reads the brain
spits the words
the essence paints images
and the sub conscious
soaked with the beauty
gives birth to impulses
every wind accompanies
a fragrance of life
every motion carries
the storm of passion
every day opens up
fluttering are thronging utterances

Death,
like a gentle blow to the petal
soft and fragile
aching to persist
yet, failing to exist
just tripped off
by the fabrics of breeze
mortals,
built of love and affection
familied to imprint singlity
to echo the adhesive bond
of a copulated male and female lawn

it cheats a man
half way up the marathon
the goals all set
down goes the chariot snapped
whistling start was blazing hot
it zoomed into
and made him feel the Piratic snob
here, at this moment,
when death silently snatched
the unseen energy
souling his senses
no more a Proper Noun
just a split of Abstract and Common
a source of new beings alive
to be burnt
a love embodiment soon designed
gone are the articulated personae
into thin invisible air
escapes the inner vitality
softly erasing the solid wordings
deleting the life are the childish hands
no more, no more,
the lips tremble to utter
what is left behind
is an echo in the tunnel
just a bundle of 'if onlys'
just simply nothing
in the gay and gorgeous plumes
in the twitter of multi-toned music
emptiness, killing emptiness speaks of
agony and utter meloncholy choking the strongest.

lalitha iyer

Desperate Urges.....

The parting moment
the hands want to squeeze
the warmth to share
like a gentle breeze
the lips want to kiss
marking the moment of miss
like a whispering leaf
in the wilderness in grief
to express its lonely hours
to come and to come and to come
saving the present
and shaving off the brutal future
securing the right to excuse
other interruptions
the Saga of tales
storied into the looks
confirming, consoling, comforting
catching up with, contorting into forms
dipping into emotions endless
when they parted
we saw the pain
and disdain
written in her cheeks stained
as she waved
her fragile breasts caved
into her sobbing chest
her aching wish
writhed to push her flesh
into motions contrary
to what normal leg could carry....

could you, would you, should you
all questions stilled
in the fixed stare
gazing with disbelief
the separating second stuns
mobility of life
and ability to reason
stopping with the sinking looks

storming with an urging beg
desperate lips part in disbelief
silenced letters choking in grief.....

lalitha iyer

Devotional Lover.....

I loved him
but I could not see him
he is here
he is there
but I cant see him anymore
and I am devoted to him

You guessed it right
yes he is the almighty right
but how could you love
and surrender to somebody
whose body is invisible
and replies in language of silence

Day after day
months after month
years after years
I was struggling
my steps uncertain
my thoughts confused
I wondered
how could I
reach upto him
who I cant hear
I cant see
I cant listen
I cant touch

My senses of five
shamed me with no signs
again and again
I cried, wept and sobbed
sleeples nights and
crazy days
when all labours
left no gifts
I sat upon the rock of Innocence
and simply lied under the sky of sense
surrendering all accepted theories

and started playing the game of kids

I stopped thinking

like a Genius

I stopped praying

like a Monk

I started laughing

like a child

simply made me happy

without any desire

I just gave up everything

with no urge my dawns and dusks

slowly the smell of God drew near

I could smell him in the simple smiles

of love-soaked looks

in the domains

where intentions dont roam

where money does not pollute

the simplicity of purity

I found him in the solitary den

where nobody stood

but he alone resides

playing with some hearts of

Surrendered lives.

lalitha iyer

Distilled Water

Purest drops
brought about
by heartfull sobs;
distilled unshopped
eyeing unstopped.....

Heaven's rain
grained by Gods,
strained thoughts clot
into brimming pots
peeping sadness
deeply moving hearts.....

the mortal is melting
inhibitions are pelting
expressions rain wet
earnestly chesting

its a language of three stages
solid tears they come out
in the form of liquid
airing out testing emotions

stilling monoacts
speaking out tragedies
ebbing ecstasies
ending up some casualties.....

lalitha iyer

Electronic Love

Mouse
Mouse
take me
to my Spouse

face I read
from words you feed
emotions I figure
from adjectives of choice

My mail box
Flooded
your messages
invisibly pining

for me to attach
and kiss off replies
heart beats
as dawn breaks

unseens,
unknowns,
reading hearts
and readymade thoughts

A beautiful world
webbing us into
falling prey
Love Spidered.....

lalitha iyer

End Of Life

Painted faces
lovely smiles
sweet kisses
scented napkins
shameless affairs
senseless passions
full moon nights
lusted after
all ends;
she has landed
the Cuckoo no more Coos
the melody heart wringing
it has stopped
suddenly silence empowered
fullness flows
moon is full or new
now who cares
she has swam across the sky
like a miraculous will
she swept across the window sill
the string of films
that whipped up the sleeping harmones-gone
all titillating temptations statued
paralysed are all jazz effects
stoned are all starry emulsions
since she has sat upon the green olive tree
Now Cuckoo shall no more Coo
the snapping pain that killed the melting heart
it shall no more be heard
his life mate has honoured the unkept bed
now no poetic addresses, no formal ridiculous sufferings,
for good, the bell has chimed, the gates of heavens open wide
Christ is calling pair after pair enter my heavens
Darlings come hand in hand, paradise is all divine.

lalitha iyer

Entangled!

My golden heart is growing on and on
As I meet the world around
it gets entangled to more and more
so lovely but loose is my heart's gold hairs
the locks are passionate and lusty too
as I race ahead I sit upon every rocky man
just to see his mane of chivalrous thunder
Alas, every rock I sit upon is mossy and dirty
But I love the ferny seat and get entangled sadly.....

lalitha iyer

Eternal Surrender

The child
at the feet of mother
figures her toes
and licks her legs
and finds solace
climbing up the way
and sleeps with love
embraced in the lap
the milk of life
is brimming in the breasts
and milk of heart
is streaming in the looks
oh, what a sight
to see the innocent kid
surrender at the mother of wombs.

At bed, at nights of love
when the lovely maiden
unveils her naked emotions
and shares her feminine wishes
of beauty and eloquence
and creeps into the land of a man
and sleeps in peace surrendering all
the body underneath
and blossoming life in her forms
faith of life and future born
the night is born, a true knight at birth.

When by pain and misery
your limbs ache
and dreams are over
and dramas are finished
now, at an age
when hormones dont function
and harbours dont ships berth
when body's nakedness irks
as the skin shrinks
and face wrinkles
and all tales of teens

turn into wasted frames
age when emotions solidify
and equations merge softly
when the inner aches
surface and charge you with shakes
in a crowd you are an unwanted make
then, as you lift hands above
and pray with heart felt gloom
there when the tears roll down
and simple life teaches smiles
the Surrender is sorrowful
yet beautifully mould.

lalitha iyer

Every Day I Miss You

Days are racing ahead
Seconds catch up with minutes
minutes with hours
and hours rotate to a night
yes, a Night when the heavenly bride
unweils her celestial desires
or hangs up her crown
and becomes a new moon frown

I miss something
which may be your touchings
You are to me the Cosmic Secret
your body of truths invisibility secretes
in every living urge when distilled
i could see you smile like a new born child
you sleep deep within the gurgling brooks
and inside the breasts of all passionate beaks
in the smell of the forest flowers
untouched by hands of filthy desires
when I search you in the Science Schools
you dive into the Corals unseen pools

I miss you when the mob crowds me
I hate them for they distance you from me
they malign the air and pollute the water around
they make noises which bottle up the music of silence
Every moment awake I miss YOU
You who speak within all living beings
You who urge to mate
and drive the galaxies to roam in taste
you who is the desire and the desirous
you who are the maker and the sufferer
you who are the man and the mystery of life
you who are the power and the poor beggar
you who are the naked and the clothed Miracle.....

lalitha iyer

Every Moment Counts

every second counts
not in the rupee mounts
every wink of the eye is precious
knows who when dies the batting precocious

smiling lips dry up soon
ageing moods arrive calm
the lust and greed to live waxes
and the body is reduced to mix ups

sweet mother and tender kid
the bond of love soon vanishes
passionate youth and pulsating arteries
blushing stimuli and pumping fictions

all gone whenceforth?
days are climbing up the hill top
its time to realise
life is ebbing before we materialise

hormones activated
programmes stimulated
the you transformed
by some secretions uninformed

youth and childhood
in unison trigger motherhoods
and manhoods
drugging womanhoods
doubling fancyhoods

suddenly the shock
of uncertainty shakes
the being insecure
is uprooted with indecisive fears

this moment is yours
next is your neighbours
truth shall dawn only once

lamp your brains for once
and seek the truth
that this body is only a milkshake
once drunk its gone
once wasted its power is done
go for the source of milk
shake with the airy power of infinite drink.....

lalitha iyer

Explanation

tell me what happened
how could I? ? ? ? its shapened
into a Secret.

tell me why
the child asks
I can't try
to fly over the sky...

tell me the truth
he asks the girl
how could the maid
reveal the robbery and the guide

tell me if he will die
the doctor was puzzled
how could he explain
the nature of things in plain.

tell me why God speaks not
the little boy asked his father devout
(statues dont mouth words
they are just solid stones)
how could a father explain this
to a little boy and cheat his faith

Explain why did you sleep in the class?
the Teacher with the sticky tongue
asked the poor kid who dozed confused
with too many tongues and wizard gums
how could the boy explain the physiology
of the chemistry of sleep or physics of Nonsense.

Explanation-everybody needs it
tell me why am I born?
tell me why did you marry?
tell me why did you fall in love?
tell me what you did, was it correct?

How to tell the convicted truth
how to convince the falsehood as truth
how to speak out the unknown origin
when god did not explain, how could your Gene? ?

lalitha iyer

Expressions

Expressions are God's
he spills out
forgetting his truths.
eyes dont see
it is vision that catches the beauty.
ears dont listen
it is audibility that signals match
tongues dont taste
buds have abstract nouns sleeping awake
sniffing fragrance
oh, its not you, not you
its the soul of smell seated inside the being
that divines the scent of reproduction
what is in a physical touch
any rubbing is not intimacy rich
It is the beauty of the inner soul
its purity that makes touches of bodies
melt into ecstasy immortal
sense organs are fake, they die
senses are in born
sense organs perish
sensibilities rich
the little brained flatters self
carried by the flashy eyes and ears
jutting out mortal ads
back, back, back more
from sense organs to senses
sensibly carried to reality
when the body evaporates its being
the being sings away, body stinks sinking.

Eyes dont see, visibility sees
ears dont hear, hearing is an Abstract Noun
love is not touching, but an inner aching
of the inner souls to secure cohesive unity.
Insecurity-the gap between outer and inner
material and abstract distances
and man is insecure and hyper tensed.
Expressions are neither yours nor mine

they uncurl like the bountiful locks
like the brooks that burst open
from the amazing wilds
spontaneous
they eject from the virgin minds
pure, fertile, untainted by painted egoes
the minds, free and green, full of plenty love
energetic, unexhausted, they spill out
genius are gene born,
brilliance-brain's lightning
beautiful images tumble down
eternal beauties sketched and skilled
All expressions are Creator's
modest, they gleam pure pearls.

lalitha iyer

Eye To Eye

Eye to eye
laser rays pry
prowling beams
of invisible steams
they probe into
eyed;

looking into you
millions of bulb flashes
some in love
some in passion
some blossoms
of blooming sensations

strange phenomenon
strangers Union
what is in those eyes?
deep inside the looking things
some vibration signals
that you jump inside the hearts
and jiggle with their thoughts

some looks kill us
some fill us
some with pathos
some with glee
looks are always dangerous
since they upset
and moods inject

what is in those looks
that evaporates us
that infuriates us
that dances us
that strangles us
some looks say
I know you for births to stay
some looks pray

their whisper melts your way

every face offered
new image implanted
looks, their laser beams
never could be transplanted
something mysterious
something hysterical
is this eye to eye contact
it speaks in language rackets
smuggling words of foreign origin
stuffing meanings of stunning bargain.....

lalitha iyer

Farewell

How to say goodbye to you?
Oh my dear year,

I am full of your hours
still living in your bowers
you gave me love, you gave me pain
you gave me hugs, you gave me shrugs too
oh my past year
How to say goodbye to you?

your fruits ripe still i relish
your blooms fragrant and fresh
still I wear in my heart
oh my dear year past
how could i say goodbye to you?

I knelt before you as a babe
you lifted me with your days
and dressed me with your ways
you have gifted me with a heart of love
passing memory deep rooted within
how to say you goodbye
oh my dear year past?

the pepples you dropped rippled my life
the seeds you soiled, gave me spice
now why say good bye oh my dear year
when you breathed into my corpse to see the light of new year...

lalitha iyer

Fellow Relationships.....

he is going
the man who is living in the next street
the way he walks
the way he talks
and his laughter
that echoes long after he is gone.....

she dashes
to the flying start
with a sweet smile
and a fragrant air
her voice like glass
clear and clean
walk of tender cups
talk of teasing slips
what she meant
when she left
the gaps of words
the words in the gaps
wondering all day
whatever could be
the meaningful haunt

the little boy
whose rhymes employ
my solid hours
pained with quarrells
over nothing, but trifles too many
the blue eyed girl
with mischiefs plenty
seeking to spoil
all her hands could coil
yet looking cute and
winning your fate
all fellow bonds
feather into the flights
of life and living
partnering along the way
and accompanying upon the day.....

lalitha iyer

Flow Of Love

Missiled
across globes
love reaches
earth's corners
from hearts unseen
hands pen
words spill
from memories sweet
sore, sad or simply funny
sharing thoughts
scenes, emotions, feelings
the bridge of love
it is built
by sites of goodness
electronic love
invisible to eye
eyeing by reading
forming an Image
from the poems we read
A poetic Image
electronic hands
hugging electronically
one another
with kisses
computerized
and our babies
they are e-booked.

lalitha iyer

Flying Clouds

As I lie upon my couch
I could watch the flying pouches
silky breasts milky rich
like fantasy they glide beyond reach.

As they swam across in haste
I feel as if my globe is being chased
wind carrying them far off
as if time is flying into ages dug.

It is a beauty to watch them pass by
as if they are participants of some race
galaxies run with laughing clouds
galloping in horses with delicate moulds.

They are my youth and dreams and passions
before I could figure out, they have passed away
lingering heart could not make out them properly
but they have vanished into uncertainty land
I turn my time machine and peep into my past upturned.

Life flows away as we try to understand the truths
as we attempt to balance inner and outer worlds
and weigh each and every being with meaning
before we could decide, we are forced to commitments unseeing.

lalitha iyer

Folly Of A Woman! ! ! ! ! ! !

I was young
He loved me well
I gave my body
flesh all fresh

the breasts were lovely
the thighs were sweet
everything was
enough for a treat

I thought he loved me
he needed me
for the lovely shapes

I needed him
he was a man to take
me along the lands unknown
and give me hand
when the unsure mind stemmed

When young a man's desire is painted clear
but, wonder what the maid seeks
but for her folly, nothing does he speaks

his words are not wisdom
his acts are not kingly
he is as much poor
as the maid to his core

she bears better weight
and really faces the tight
when she kisses
not him, but delivery stresses

She brings the babies
give them sweetness
when she cries
she teaches them wisdom
when she failed to pass her own

Now, when he is past prime
I have nothing to spare
if he something ask dare

my body is realised
my mind fully piled
what is in his love
that only strokes my flesh with filth;

let him prove his affection
by cooking my favourite collection;
let him prove his love
by washing my dresses dirty
and smiling at me saintly.

lalitha iyer

Food For The Dead

Why do you Offer
food for the dead
feeding the ones
who has not intestines
and stomach to hunger

who asks you
to feed the mouthless ones?
they who know not
the difference between consumables and non?

who could give an answer clear
to this feeding habit of the dead ones dear
if only they could speak
wont they ask things they would take
rather than we could make

when the bodies burn
or cremated meet the worm
they transcend a world
where food and water no more trouble

the lives escalate
and raise to forms high
as they die
and in the spheres of spirits
there are energising things
that rotate the earth
and revolves the planets

when a grass
you like straw
when a fruit
you go for juice
when a tree
you are free
and when a bird
you are high up
in the sky

tied up are you
when you are a man
or an eating being
upon the earth of living
the higher you transform into
your senses evolve
to consume the energies
that vibrates in the plasmic auras

why feed the spirits
with food of solid matter?
why feed yourself
with contentment of silly status?
love the living, love the beings
with naked heart full of prayers
invoke them to allay your fears

lalitha iyer

Freedom At Midnight

it has not dawned
freed at midnight;
when the world was sleeping
India escaped from British ruling

the day of Independence
remembered every year
the Saffron flag hoisted dear
the martyrs paid homages
we march off to our homes

are we free, dear Father?
Our freedom has been stained
with the blood of our Father
who laid his life and self
and everything for his country men poor

We corrupted our soil
we adulterated with our sisterhood
we sold our children for money
raped our widows in redlight streets

we are not honest
our ministers are killers
our rulers are looting
our policies are flouted

our villages neglected
our cities drugged parlours
our women are sold without honour
our men escort them into dishonour

our schools are for sales
our education reaches not the poor
our Constitution languishes in courts
our safety spoilt by security men

we are walking slow

bureacracy bows low to toe
to bargaining shylocks foe
we dont have public facilities
no road taps, neither urinals neat

no government safeguards the needy
no defence foresees any tragedy
no fireforce arrives before the end
no paper reports news good and friendly.

Our taps leak
our cracks speak
our roads loose track
our prices hiked peak

floods multiplies
massacres implies
the enemy is within
but our hands are tied

our scientists suicide
our players concede
our culture modernised
our people vulgarised

In the land of holy ganga
polluted rivers people goondas
In the land of Martyrs and Mahatmas
faith and humanity have kissed the soil.....

lalitha iyer

Full Moon Nights

At night
when the world sleeps
there are hearts
that still weeps
watching her grow sweeter
charms multiplying fresher
sorrows they share
with her who bears
no stories to gossip
nor stigmas to sip.
At the odd moments of night
when the beloved has slept
or left forever
or the memories haunt
and nostalgic images hurt
lying in the bed
as eyes watch through the window sill
she pours into and enters like a friendly sheet
bedding with you and hugging you
with her velvety rays
how could you not give her entry
she swiftly metamorphosises your sentries
and kisses you with unforgettable angelic cheese.

What a heavenly ardour
what a splendour all cool cool
she is a legendary queen
Romantic and ethereal her presence
it lands you in unknown lands
full of joy and sorrow, passion and melancholy
all soft and silky, tender and touchy.
How many nights have she touched me with her lovely grace
yet, tonight I am aching for the midnight to pace.
My teenages she stole, my adult ages she stole,
she steals me lying unguarded, I a surrendering fool.

lalitha iyer

lalitha iyer

Give Me A Hand

Give me a hand
give me a blow
give me some sand
let me simply lie low.

Give me a heart
give me painful darts
give me some truths
let me writhe in naked woos

Give me an eye
lasering through misty skies
give me a hand
to trace through deserted lands

let me be wise
to see beyond the face;
let me be wise
to spell before my life dices.

lalitha iyer

God Loves Ants

When you march
fast across the path
dont fail to look
down under the steps
tiny ants queueing up
they stand in a line
and the line moves
they dont speak aloud
but they speak up
disciplined
they are God's most loved ones
they are calm and quite
just obeying his wishes
their only focus
is to labour for food
and multiply for good
they dont think
he thinks for them
they dont plan
he plans for them
all their needs
he kindly seeds
with their deeds

step not upon the silent ants
trample and trusted is killed
God never lets u go
those who pain the weak and vulnerable
those who are innocent and clean
stars look down
Sun stares on
your action speaks upon
your sons and grand ones
what you sow
your grandsons reap
what you kill
torments your grandkids

So,

whenever you cross their path
with due solemnity let them march
honour labour
respect their ardour
adhering to codes
of discipline and modes
they are our own habits
every animal
is moulded into
our nature
sometimes we are slow
sometimes swift
some are fierce
some are soft
and some dignify the ant
Animals are only projected bodies
of what human beings' quality varies.....

lalitha iyer

God's Love

Unspoken
he speaks
with feelings and emotions
we repeat
the twinkle in the eye
or the gleam in the looks
the glisten in the lashes
or the waving trunk tales
God's love is very solemn and eloquent
like the waving coconut leaves
or the chirping squirrel's tail
its like the beauty of a dove's fur
or a kingfisher's or a peacocks or a parrot
or any bird you love where precision speaks out
God is the sublime energy
that transforms into thoughts and images and figures
the ocean is inside you, when he so desires
when he waves form into you heart
weaves into your being the lovely bluish green waters
he murmurs into you the million nature's audios
all the video you see are a super film when he so bodies
how could I say the beauty of his imprints upon me
the impressions of an ordinary day becomes just a super natural heaven
when he so desires and blesses you with the charm and chilling sense.

lalitha iyer

Gravity

pulling me
to the centre
is the force
from the earth's core
when my life
loses its drive
when the desires
mismatches the deeds
to be done with no heed
when the begging bowl
is empty at the dusk
and the clueless heart
beats upon the humdrums
when the ties of love
tired withdrew
and knots of bondage
knives into you

weightless life goes
beyond gravity
beyond the control of the self
impelled by pinching abnormality.....

lalitha iyer

Greedy Dog! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

It was a sweet song,
whispered by heavenly monks;
I followed the tune
and felt the mood.

The musik was sticky,
my heart melting;
my aches vanishing;
my legs running
destiny outrunning;

The lute and the lute maker,
the Organ and the Organiser,
The Creator and the Creation
Exceeded my Imagination.

I started my Journey
among the waves
and among the clouds,
I can't stop,
for my controls lost
I was rushing past
many a goals and goal posts.

the vibrations magnetic
pulled me along,
I was crazily
carried away by an inner urge
to witness the holy sight
and hold it to my heart's delight;

the beauty of the song
it crept into my very inner being
I lost myself in the driving steering;

there to see
that the song
was sung for the beggars

to make them happy
to forget their hunger
to lighten their sorrows
to warm up their shivers;
and cheer up their glooms
up in the sky
among the bowls of clouds
smiling sweet
was the sounder of the beat
incessantly pulsating
throbbing in every living bit
tuned to match
life and deaths
willing to catch
the symphony's stretch
from dawn to dusk
night to day
from seed to tree
egg to egg
sperm to sperm
flames to sprouts
from dust to the peaking clouds
he sings I learnt
his music waves you through
groans and grins
sobs and sufferings
to equalise meltings and moulds
into a nameless splendour.....

lalitha iyer

Haiku Variations

grey rain clouds
milking breasts
earth's lifewells.

beds of night stars
shells of sands
memories bind.

rainbow sky
flushed red in love
spring blossoms

rainwet earth
moistened buds
passions unfold

cups of blooms
day rays open
seeded night

lalitha iyer

Half Kissed

Words

half kissed

send out no sounds

lips half missed

dont make

a kissing round

life half lived

does not

complete the sense

anything

half seen

is ill read

But, your heart

though unseen

is both half loved

and fully devoured.

lalitha iyer

Hallucinations

They flash across
gurgling images;
lit images
faces of remote past
touching heart
kissing for a second
with intense emotions
and passions forgotten.

when the fever rises high
you are lost into the vortex of dashes
every subconscious picture dances wild
like the goblins of fairy tales
they dash across sanity's screen
you are no more; your controls lost
they reign you with their voltages peaking
mocking at your helpless protests
Hallucinations-demons of sensitive hearts
devils flirting with struggling serenity

Hallucinations-pinning you to non existent possibilities
kindling your numbing impossibilities
with flaming dragon balls
digging every sleeping corpse
full of your babyish love and desires
giving life to every lust you in ash trays laid
slowly tracing the long lost faces you yearned
painting with the buried passions
watery images metamorphosizing every second
splitting every nerve cell
oh, I am dying of excitement.

lalitha iyer

Hand Of God

I am done;
my hip
deep dipped
in the sticky mud
stench of marsh
struggle me
for want of breath

I have never thought of
never ever dreamt of
those pricking thorns of life
that life could be made of stubborn walls
walls that were made of scornful cements
lazy mind could not fathom
where good babies are born
and where bad babies are born
In my childhood I learnt
that all babies are innocent
that seeds make the tree
but then what happens in between
I messed myself
before I could retreat
wave after wave
made my shores dirty with wastes
I knew not the art of swim
yet, I beat my chest
and started to stick
I was beaten
every new idea battled my impressions with
I was born free; brought up free; I knew no chains;
my flow was not arrested till I met life

life I only dreamt of
when I was in my schools
Colleges caressed my dreams
and added colour and richness
I was wild with passion
fuelled by nature's sanctions
the blue sky blissed me

the brown earth sprouted my lusts
I smelled in the birds flight
my free desires, let loose high
every leaf kissed my interiors
I quivered with every vibrant life
the day I met life
he was standing behind the wall
that I thought was magic with a ball
I slipped down
hapless, unarmed, suddenly I fell
that I could never requip
staggering no, sucked by the messy corridors
pulled by multi-dimensional questions
who, what, where, why, how,
I lost my sight,
my senses failed
who is my friend?
who is my love?
who wants to kill me?
who is what and how and why?
I lost my sanity,
I became eccentric
I started slipped like Alice
I met with strange fashioned men and women
I could not fathom evil as evil was lethal to think of
I was afraid I too shall become evil lot
I watched beauty rise from the grass
and there spotted mangooses and squirrels
I cant tell what did I suffer
for it was not physical at all
body I trained for all emergency lots
she never ditched me, she was disciplined and honest too
hungry, she smiled, feasted she smiled,
but the world of heart and mind,
it was tossed by battles of confusions
and I was sinking till my hips were lost
Atlast as I resigned, statued to my fate
I could see not everything was lost
life was just a dream, I woke up
oh the hands of God, they stroked me within
I lay upon the stench, unaware of its wretched stock
flavoured by richness of wisdom of the learned cake

I laugh now, my ringing echo, like rippling waters.

lalitha iyer

Heart Broken!

When Winter is the life
words are dews
chillness smiles
dusks are always griefs

When Winter is the mood
heart wings to sleepy woods
expectation of a mate
expressions sweat it out fate.

When Winter is the will
emotions burn without fill
they lure the dying thrill
and wake up passions well.

lalitha iyer

Heart Of Lily

Lit from within
the heart glows;
deep red delight
pinked by golden light.
The hands of babies
all soft and fragile
tender beguiles
the energy beneath

touched by the slender fingers
a million heads popped eager
the halo of love
smiled far behind.

Zoomed to visibility
every minute hair stars
bloomed to beauty
A new flower-a rarity.

Passerby peep not inside
two bees are sucking honey
they may sting you thorny
stir up not a hornet's nest
let the lovers bed honey chest.

lalitha iyer

Hearts On The Wall

Lovely hearts
they dance upon the wall
leaves of trees
heart shaped are they
when the light of tube lights
across the roads land
they dance upon the nights wall
I wonder if they are too hearts of nature.

lalitha iyer

Hold My Hands

Oh mom,
hold my hands
while you guide my life
with the lantern's light
darkness you wipe
and show me with love
the path ahead
teach me each new thorn
which will bleed my
tender acorn
tell me mother
which is my father?
who is there among the males
who will not bed me at any style?
who can I trust
who will never fail me
and forsake when I defeated flee
Hold my hands, Oh Mom,
in your graceful steps
I learn the world's swift
your looks and laughs hide
the darkness harbouring
every turn
I am but a baby of ignorance
carry me to the land of safety
where let me sleep in peace and purity.

lalitha iyer

Hollow Bricks

When you are not here
alone I am a hollow brick
though they use me to quick
I am still a hollow brick
mine is nothing
you took off everything
colour and music
current and energy
all my smiles and wines
my streaming spirit
all you took one by one
when I was a kid of one
you were my mother
as I lost you in the storm
I lost my balance and calm
when I grew to a toddling roam
my doll you was who left me groan
at my teens you were my favourite maid
sending messages daily piled
you won my heart and weakened my chart
I lost in exams and learnt life truths
you went with a man of handsome stride
I wondered unreplied why not my side
when i married and stood by bedside
then you said it is time for sleep
dawns are early, duties are life
caught in the web of puzzles
wrapped in the sheets of naps
I loved the wife of mine divine
the way she walks, the way she cooks
her smell, her smiles, her delicate lies
yet she too went to the churchyard
there to sleep and bless the orchards
when the kids woke me up
my life conditioned I girdled up
my honeys they drenched me with love innocent
I inhaled, inhaled too much that they grew pleasant
soon, now, when everyone has packed to their homes
left alone am I, a Hollow Brick.

lalitha iyer

How To Be Happy

Happy you are
when the heart is light
lighter the heart is
when the hours are sweet
hours are sweet
when the moments dont bear
the ugly thoughts and negative spots
sit on the bank
and silently enjoy
let no thought cross
the boats with lights
crossing the bridges path
let the breeze cool
the agony of an emptied purse
when worries catch up
patch up the thinking stuff
find out the leaking column
and paste it with precise alums
every day when the dawn is on
wake up with a new alarm
wipe off the yesterday storm
watch the streets
and the skies of blue
birds chirping in the trees
think of life not as your own
that ups and downs are part of all
pains and not fear of pains
should push you down
in the drowning mourn
dont reget the past
and worsen the moods
always wish for the future
and nurture the zeal
hunger and poverty are not sins
neither they could eat you
if the will could take you
to the uphill top
give you all the top scores
and always love you

as if you are somebody and more.

lalitha iyer

Hurt

Wounded moon
it veils half
her silvery looks
scarred by black sorrows

little by little
the night air kettles
some glow worms to her right
and smoothens her meloncholic bright.

the bud of beauty burst open
her red eyes full of grief
her golden bee had flown past
as she slept in the dreamy casts

life is hurt bleeds the thorn
rose is hurt blurts the morn
sea shells hurt bursts open
me sit by the shore moaning undone.

lalitha iyer

Hurting My Life

Hurting my life
death comes
every beauty
it kills untidy

I dress up
colourful and gay
just the thought of the day
kills every singing spray.

suddenly it stops
from stilling tops
every action ends
reacting surrounds

when I pen
I do frown
my name is nothing
my reading is failing

after years of travel
you reach at the marvel
that journey teaches you the art
of landing upon at the very start

if it is not the distance
travelling teaches you wisdom
of living a life without rum
just to exist and vanish to mum.

they are not my roses
seeded by my hands though
they are not my lines
from somebody's book copied crimes...

lalitha iyer

Hush! ! ! ! ! !

Love was born
in my heart
when I stepped
out of bounds
it was raining
passionately
My wet heart
palpitated;
crazy thoughts
pumped my senses
small grass it was
I did not sense at first
by the time the scent
it multiplied and haunted mine
the haunted hunt
and my silent hut
I placed my heart
inside the silent hut
and stopped to talk
talking within
all emotions
wiped with one sweep
of hands
the lips betrayed
the looks beguiled
yet, silently I strolled
I AM PREGNANT
my baby I dreamt.....

lalitha iyer

I Am A Gay

The beauty
of my sensibility
alarms set
deep in my minset
I found the dawn
sweetly woke me up
and I learnt
I am a Gay....

I in Reverie
recalled the mystery
Science makes man
or man discovers
himself through Labs...
Who made me Gay
REalisation
REcollecting my days
I still wonder
when did it begin?

Did the mother contribute
or was it my father's route
Enlightened I laughed
Truth is wonderful
paining yet plainly clear
the path is now laid
nomore inner battles
I am walking
my inner sense is taking
me through the woods
where hand in hand
my sex is seeking
salvation
from destruction
of finer disciplines
and delicate decencies
from hidden democracies
Fundamental Rights fruited
My birth right

it is now too late
next generation
again if they be late
all the pain is wasted
to be taught
at the dawn
my momentary destiny
its meaningfull serenity
taste let me
with no ugly hands on
seeking along the ecstasy
of being wiser, gayer and saner.

lalitha iyer

I Am Afraid Of.....

I make no friends
I am afraid of losing;
either they take leave of me
when they leave the place
or they are forced to leave
when they leave the space

I can't feel the dead home's air
the beating upon the breast
the burning of the groans
the leaking of the eyes
and the limping of the minds

I can't stand the burning pyre
i can feel the pain of the dead one dear
i can touch the heart of passions
and i am pinched by the lost world of emotions

I am afraid of parting and good byes
for who knows whether we could meet again
I pocket the memories of past and present
and in sadness exchange them like coins to fund

in depressive moods I lose my mind
and cut off from reality be a baby blind
soaked with sudden moods of gloom I loom
I am afraid of making love, lest loved ones haunt me soon.

lalitha iyer

I Am Missing You

The petal said
I miss my dear colour
the lovely coat of red
that it yester had
has faded today
into yellowish bred
I loved the colour
it hugged me a lover
now, it is gone
gone is gone, dead is dead
i am on the street
trampled by dust and heat

the leaves loved their green
little did they know
that the green will fade away
green and leaf inseparable
they were born together
like eyes and sight
but age and fate
decided who go with who
soon a day of storm
took away the pride of the calm
and swept by the hands of morn
leaves lost their hoods in shame
lost is lost; cost of life it's gone.

the sandy beaches too mused
silent waves are singing loud
for them to hear, to rejoice
blue skies hummed in response
it is to kiss the heavens they dance
yet, when the last quake tremored
and waves zoomed into large demons
and hell came into earth licking all
did they sing, music was dead
yes, music of death it's voiced every bed.

lalitha iyer

I Am Really Wet

I am really wet
the rain came in summer
when the heat was on
and my body ailed
with the inner dryness
I started ageing
for want of love
my hair greying
roots fraught with thoughts
and when I started sinking
with every dawn
difficult to wake up
my body from the frozen bed
when my limbs wont obey
orders of my brains
then, the rains came
out of nowhere
like an angelic beauty
the message of love
from the blues of skies
bulging clouds
blessing with drops
each drop
inhaled
perfuming me
with the scent of earth
Earth is wet
I too
she is ready to sprout
but I have to wait
her seeds come out fast
mine takes time to surface
my love implanted
I am pregnant
Yeah, I am pregnant
I want shout
in everybody's ears
lest they fail to hear
I am carrying

the baby of a Summer Rain
and I am not tired
I am full of richness
Creativity inside me
It is kidding me
yes, I am a Kid now
babying a Kid in my womb.

lalitha iyer

I Am Tied

I waited
for you
long, long hours
pretending nothing
just enjoying the sunset
at the sea shores
just picking up
the empty shells
or watching the crabs
come out the holes
just after every wave
or just eyeing the kids
build the castles
to be washed aside
by the hungry waves

You came,
I could find you
from ages apart
you from distant
the way you lean
and smoke into the air
and talk in full
with cracking nuts
full of sound
you enter
into the ground
I seconded back
and took refuge
in an unseen corner
prying from darks
the fullness
of yours
the hair
the airs
the looking eyes
their life and vigour
your body marching
limbs talking

your thoughts encircling
the temples
your lips
twitching
gaits bewitching
I wish I could rush into
and say Hello!
no, I didn't
want to spoil
the lovely show
I simply sat
and watched and watched
the wonder of my heart
and let you go
slip between my heart
silently I retraced
my steps to home
I was tied
tongue and heart
words stoned
heart overblown
no, I can't
expressions are futile
when love Queens
the HeartLand.

lalitha iyer

I Am Waiting For A Message

In this troubled world
I am born untold
years have past
my story is lost
like a pebble
in a rivulet
my originals are nomore
my mum is in heaven
or shining amidst stars
my dad is on his way too
the body is shaking a bit
i am nearing my forty and slit
the message is not found
in my books of school
nor bags of Office
neither the path I walk
nor the men I shake hands with
they all laugh and smile
with fake faces they sleep
fake faces they wake up
their words are only echoes
their talks speak of nothing
I am waiting for the message
on the wall of life
i am standing here
strutting out like an ugly pillar
to be rubbed off
like a scar oozing with puss
i have to be healed
or i will worsen
will you send me the message
y i was born
the music just heals
yet, its voice is not in feels
I am asking, y am I
down the river
it has a meaning
the bee
it collects honey

the wind
it brings rain clouds
the sun
it is known to all
it is the universal source
of energy and life
but y I
Y i a foreigner to this land
here I see people in-sanity's end
i was innocent
and smiled sweet to the wind
they took my innocence
and made me incoherent
crowned with no glory
i feel all this misery
dear friends of poems
could u read the wall message
could u spell it and massage
me heart full of woes and age
y, y, y you and i were born.

lalitha iyer

I Can'T Touch You, I Am A Leper

I wish to embrace you
but I am a leper
my diseases will spread
into your bed
I want to c u naked
not just without clothes
I want to peep into u
and penetrate into your inner recess
and find out the smelling soul
sleeping within
all innocent and calm
your bed I cant tread
my wounds are bleeding badly
your lips I wont touch
mine are bitten by poisonous teeth
the air I cant pollute
my germs are deadly and irritate
you are to me
a mind of hopes and dreams
I am but only
a Corpse of dying sickness
In you I see the beauty of life and Origin
I am but only a wretched Kind
my limbs are giving
my sight is dwindling
I harp on humanity
just a hope in divinity
together we will be the greatest blunder
no peacock mates with pigs eating wastes
your plumes are lovely
I am only wallowing ugly
your lines are sweet
my mind is on retreat
your world is beautiful
mine dirty and horribly real
you are in a bed of Roses
my thorny bush no sleep to me risks
I am parched and pennied
you are the King of Oceans

and counting stars in your purses
Night is YOurs
and moonlight you robe
Day is Mine
my labour's sweat is my rhyme
dropp by dropp it drenches my time
and the pinching Summer pricks my signs
your love will melt
when you see my sight
ugly face
ugly eyed
ugly dress
ugly life
in rotten food
I thrive for livelihood
you have pictures
of Angels in your mind
but, I am a crooked oldie thing
my face is full of patches
and body complete with arches
I speak words impolite
and curse at every mortal
for my life is beset with Ordeals
I am black in colour
and my breast are burnt with scars
my legs are strutting from hips
two sticks of knitting needles
they ache and pain and the disc of spine
it kills me when I rest

I have no splendour
nor in life I wonder
I am the woman of seeds
sell my body unheeded
to me love counts not
love is only a romantic notion
it's the recluse of
silly woman of Riches
they proud and pretty
walk with silks flimsy
dress to reveal more
and reveal in dresses sore

myself am a Woman in beds
my dreams are infested with blood
and sickening Odours of men of mud
my days I painfully suck
to spend I have nothing
I am just a spent stuff.

lalitha iyer

I Desire

I desire
why?
when Eyan desires
everyone desires
rooted out
the teeth desires
to be in place
and chew the love
implanted
the nose desires
to poke into others
routine life matters
sleeping upon
the pillow desires
to have a dream
of its own
and have a pillow
to sleep on
the poor dirt
it too desires
that some day
sometimes
the brush may fall in love
with the lovely hips
and slipping discs
it has
dust mite desires
to mate at sight
and love uninvite
every living bite

lalitha iyer

I Have A Naughty Boy, A Naughty Boy Is He

I have a naughty boy
a naughty boy is he
he loves playng pranks
and a Comedian sorts of he.

I am a mother old
weak and fatigued too
but, I love my boy's tricks
and his intelligence with lovely inks.

I love him very much
though I do not show it out
I love his comedies and jokes
and his harmless pranks upon my old brains.

I love him so purely that
my air and water and fire smells of him
my thoughts and dreams and walks and songs
what not, I am but composed of him, bulging bulky am I.

lalitha iyer

I Have Hurt Him

He is hurt
my little boy
he drew four pieces
of drawings
to me he showed
and to me he said
mummy mine say all r fine
i looked upon the lovely ones
they were sketched very well lined
but the one that lied in the corner
there he did not apply
his limbs rather lazy
brains rather crazy
it was the one last
no colours was in it lost
somewhere the mind wandered
and the painting totally ended
making no effect
on the mind's target
i had two options
either to speak of ranks
or go for the listless bank
i wished him future
and pressed that needs mature
he was hurt
his heart rolled down
tears of grief
turned around
paging new leaf
I found him next
drawing all fixed
a newer life
bright and nice.

lalitha iyer

I Have Lost The Game

I am sitting
still in the starting
no, I did not run
it was not a fun
I knew, yes I knew
there is nothing new
that I can't compete
my limbs won't treat
my racing as neat
my brains won't beat
wasted with silly feats
I am still sitting at the start.

they all raced
red hot faced
all mad with joy
of pushing aside boys
jumping upon the tracks
that others laboured to mark
trampling with shoes
upon clueless bared toes
I am sad,
not for me
but for the losers
i did not lose
see, i did not join in the race
but for those who bled
and suffered in the shed
lost their lives
parted with their wives
gave up all dimes
just to win the prize
oh, the prize coveted
for the sake of a medal
and all this trumpets
their sound inciting the rest
in a medal, a hollow medal
many a dear loved ones seal
their fate, to stupid exiles

I wait, sobbing
yet, I wait too innocent was I
I want to run now
its time for next row
once i have seen the race
now i dont mind the chase
nor do i dash in craze
i have grown-up
i am no more for the end
i have fun with the going
yes, the end is always boring
it is all finished
win or lose, it is over
the drama is no more
the stage is snoring
now again for a match
am I a match
I am not ready
but who asks me buddy
I am goaded by unknown hands
by winds unseens i am sanded
yes, the race is no more on the ground
it is going on the underground
in the future
it is not my nature
yet, i have to go
no, i can't say no, no
they all are racing
and they all drowned in the in thing
my turn, i have to
behind me, oh, the sluggish ones
they are trotting from my backs
i cant speak, silence is telling
it is spelling my destiny
did i lose, do you think
that i have lost the thing
ha, ha, its a joke
a funny joke
humour in uniform
or uninformed....

lalitha iyer

I Heard The Music

In his heart
I heard the rhythm
the pulses sang
with the life of drums
into his looks
I ached to look
for there the river starts
the mouth of life
it fountains from those tenders
ages past revealed
births born and unborn
could you sight
there is a magnetic needle
that pricks you to straddle
to his looks
they speak of passion
not of lust, but passion
of life and soul
the urge to fight the
cowardish goals
and go for the finals
with the fire of fighters
the music of the bands
of Victory and Marches ahead
they ooze from his eyes
as if he is the speaker
for the armies of life and souls.

lalitha iyer

I Kneel Before You

When nature dances
in greens and blues
birds sing
petals bring
breeze wing
and blooms spring
every beauty
nature shy
unfolds in her
enclosed skirts
I kneel down
to smell the ground
its so sweet
in rain and retreat
the gardens are fresh
ever new beauties rush
when I view
the morning dew
the whispers queue
in the night
filled with delight
Oceans raging
Oceans staging
shows of wonder
deep within
of aquatic cherubins
I just melt away
into nothing to say
I steal from nature
i have no feature
she is simply abundant
and I shocked to my bend

We humans
melting into non-entities
in front of nature's amenities.

lalitha iyer

I Wish, I Wish, I Wish.....

I wish
my dear ones
never goes
into the earth's
mounted heaps

that their
lovely soft bodies
don't stink with stench of
wormed dead ones

wish that
the life in those eyes I behold
dont vanish suddenly
into the burning pyre
into ashes and cold ashes

I wish my mum lives
in some sweet heavens
with some starry angels
dancing to her delight

wish my boy
always be a sunny boy
never grows into
an ugly adult
with drinks, drugs and smokes
and wines and women dirty
his morals lost
doesn't turns up
an Idiotic brat.....
that his innocence
be not lost
in the world of unsettling plots.

lalitha iyer

Ice Cream

Melting
at sight
of delight
juicy
watering
at touch of lips
who made you
sweet maid,
laying slyly
yonder in the
cool bar bins

Flavours
smell all over
your body
soft and supple
as I lick you
up and down
hugging me
with mounting taste
oh my dear
too sweet I swear!

Heart of YOurs
disheartens me
as I know
you are half way through
in a frenzied urge
I kiss you down
to touch the crap
of wooden cups
all ended
before I could
even think of
just a lightning streak
you went through my beak
before I decided
you faded.

lalitha iyer

Imaginations.....

a child thinks
God is above
upon the clouds
he sleeps and crowds
to bless the earth
he sends the rain
to cheer the hearts
he sticks up the stars
to soothen the sleepless
he sends the moon
to silver the yards
with her lengthy cord

a maid thinks
the man with the moustache
and deep looks haunting
could put her upon the top of the tree
that touches the heavens
and essays further to the blues
that he could win her
the world she aspired forever
that his words are coins
and touches are wands
springing estastic bangles
from the hips of her jungles

Gods get carried away
by winds of strong forces
women get married away
to realise life's true farces
illusioned with a single being
we cheat ourselves of the silvery lining
our imaginations artistically slave us
and we defeated by self-made prisons.....

lalitha iyer

Impregnant With

When we met
in the sunset
i saw the step
of identical lefts
and my legs i fit
and i was right
legs into legs
and arms into arms
yes, it was a proper fit
hand and hands
hair to feet all stood
equally understood
the sun has gone
the shadows no more
it is dark
between the moon and the stars
some time to hide
hide the burning tide
to stand on my feet
loosening your hugging feet
i shook aside
you and all yours
just to lie alone
and find my home
to cleanse my hands
and free my land
from the Ocean
to the air of mission
no more confusions
day is over
wisdom only a cover
to do or not to do
the things which we decide
to do or not to do
yet, you touched
yes, you touched me
not with a hand
or a lip or a stick
with a child of mine

inside your womb
you touched me with
my own life
deep within you
the flesh and blood of mine
the softest seed of my hope
my faith in life
it is with that child of mine
which did u steal?
no, you not of that kind
may be we know behind
before, ages past
may be we shared the start
heart to heart before depart
may be that was my gift chart
to trace you out as we separated
from our home to deserts isolated.

lalitha iyer

In A Rainy Night

It is chilling outside here
the glow worms my only hopes
little do I know
that glow worms are not hot.
rains have wet earth beyond its hold
now, air is cool and heavy with moist bold.
Frogs love the fridges of green
they croak and love-till snake's dream.

I am freezing
my limbs are paining
bones are needling, brains numbing.
no blankets shroud, nor blinking lights appear
I am in a forest full of empty cheers
tears and fears all ice now
I sit and try to doze my nights.

The spears of enemies swirl around
like the giggling baby under elephant's feet
I clap my hands to catch them to ground
I am jittering, my teeth feverish chatting
slowly I slip into icy coma
death penetrates, infiltrating sleep comes
Every bee and butterfly crowd my heap
Poor things I starved their seats.

When love is Spring
Hate is Monsoon
but rains are nice
but chillness has a price
I am depreciated, my value begins at zero
never did I feel that my currency is Greece
I feel the marathon of sperms beginning
rebirth sounds at the end of the tunnel
the train is empty, may be I am the first to funnel.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of A God! ! ! ! !

when the being in infancy
came out of mother's womb
it cried in cold and insecurity
hunger started hugging it tight.

some body hold me close
some body give me milk
some body clothe me warm
some body make me yours

the new born being's wish granted
god incarnated as mother and grandmother
it opened it's eyes and saw the world
focussing on things multiplying into untold

again it saw from its inward eyes
lovely things of past and previous births
giggling at mid night sleeps
it started smiling and laughing with no cause to treat

now god appeared in forms of life
blue sky and birds that fly
mewing cat and minute ants
green leaves and glowing petals

to touch was the next urge of the kid
god came as spoons and toys
water pools and watery falls
mounting soil bed and hilling earth cups

when the child grew up still
he went to school and found nothing
the teachers were beating and books were boring
aching he prayed before sleeping

oh God! Come to my School in gentle toes
lest my teacher put you to teaching
and play with me with amusing wonders
hush! invisible and intelligent games we gather

to fool the madam and feed hours sweeter.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of A Meaning New.....

the sleep is cut
the eyes are wet
crying for the night
to escape from the light

the day is out
yet dawn is not
what is the use
of this new day slice?

every moment is precious
shedding upon some light
upon some truth
which we failed to realise

every time we stumble upon
we forget the stone that topples us
again the truth wants to come out
and sit upon our mindless plight

in search of a meaning new
ignorant of our capacities few
blindly clasping creepers untrue
are we groping to find cosmic dew.....

lalitha iyer

In Search Of A Mystery

In search of sun rays
I went high up the air
all melted I returned
with no trace of mine
but only a cleanwashed swine.

In search of seas
I went for diving
only water and water
that drowned my senses hotter
no truth I divined.

In search of the smell
of earth's treasures
I dug up and up
till my knees plunged
into the heaps of mud
and then the worms
spoke of languages new
and sights of the breast
scaring me of rest
tired and fatigued to my bed

I want to know
how the buds he opened
I waited all night
and wandered round the garden
to examine every plant
the way it bloomed
past midnight when the breeze blows
and pressing eyebrows heavily row
me to sleep, me to sleep
i fell asleep without sensing my creep
till the breath of dawn woke up me to leap.

In search of God,
how life ends and begins
where is the seat of my soul
Oh, I dont know, the kind of the hole

that is drilled in my body
by this answerless poll.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of God

Alone am I
I was a mind
when I reached my teens
then I wondered
where is my father.
Up in the blues
as the stars shone
when the earth slept
and silence spread
then I was awake
searching for your steps
I harkened your music
when the wind blew
through the woods and land
I tasted you in every new fruit
and smelt your perfume
in every buttercup
yet My God, I wanted to see you
Alas! I could not find you
among the crowd of men
who gathered around me
wherever I went
in the form of fools, dictators and impostors
I slept; but they took me
my child of night it cried
shaking my motherhood strongly
I was sad, extremely sad
I yearned to see u
to meet you I came to temples and churches
to synagogues and mosques
Oh! no, you were not there
empty hearted I returned
in this world of physical affinities
I alone hankered for aphysical entity
All alone crazily, still I wander
in my thoughts from hills and vales
to pilgrimage centres and palaces
from moon to sun, wherever my sight could enter
I looked for you, I ached for you, I sang for you

But you never come.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of God.....

I took a mirror
focussing at sunlight
concentrating the beams
convexing the heat
to touch my God
who is one with the Sun

I took a dip
into the cool pool water
to return with a palmful
of reflecting water
to feel the moisture
the wealth of fertility
the power of fluid
and the puse of Almighty
they say resides in Watery beds

I inhale
and exhale
every moment I live
yet I went to the garden of budding flowers
to deeply breathe in
the aroma of God
to have him inside
to fill myself with him applied
to suck him into my blood
and bed my genes with his hoods

I cant touch the fire
yet, the hotness I never tire
stretching my looks
with extended imaginary hooks
i dip into the burning pyre
my sensibilities stirred
i feel something new
the light cells sparkle with the hue
of some untiring amusement I watch all glued
God, oh burning God, I have to put out you
to find you near within my heart.....

lalitha iyer

In Search Of God-2

In the dawn's dew
I found him glistening bright
in the sinking sun
I learnt a philosophy new
In the garden green
his coloured designs grew
I crept at Night
smelling his fragrant sight
He cooked me
in his Summer heat
and cooled my heart
with raining retreat
when the earth yearned
for clouded breasts
he milked the hearts
with mesmerizing feats
in sandy shores
he grains of gold laid
in silky manes
he shook with pride
in swinging parks
he stuffed many funs
Oh God in search of you
I was wasting life dear
dancing before me
in the Air
Watching my affairs
YOu stood simply.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of Spring

As I opened my little eyes
as far as I could see
there were greens and greens only
and the vast sky with lovely spread
and flavoured air of lovely blooms
and I breathed in more air without gloom
me thought the way ahead would be full of Springs.

As the journey started lane by lane
I came across Winters and Autumns
but no Springs or harbingers of Spring could I vision
sadly I sat upon the side benches and watched
men race ahead with robust vitality
splashing their inherent potentiality
Alas, I sat and sat waiting for hours
for Spring to come and life to sprout
yet, unhappy do I die for my life is ends barren and rout.

lalitha iyer

In Search Of You

All of us
in search of you
some in wine
some in dine
music is my relief
dancing is your life
she lives in swims
he lives in books
yet all of us
in search of you
we pray
though astray
we pray in tongues
new and alien
in altars
of shapes anew
we kneel
sob and shriek
in fear and hope
in shame and anguish
yet, we all mutter
in languages different
that we may be salvaged
from this world
full of coloured
where truth is deep
yet, to find is a life sweep
we all walk
side by side
destinations final
we ache for one goal
yet the terrorist
and the wounded
all take different weapons
and pray for holy land
we all*-the learned and the pupil
the master and the student
all at different stages
at different level of truth

different wisdom zones
tuned to a different cosmic velocity
half knew that we all are
on the same path.

lalitha iyer

Inhibitions

If only
I could tell you
that I was really waiting
for you
or wave my hands
and smile to you
or say hello
and hold your hands
and send the warmth
that you have sent
but, your sight
made me tight
and I kept quiet
weighing at heart
the inhibiting interiors
dont understand
my aching exteriors....

lalitha iyer

Inner Vibrations

Heart beats, breaths, throbs
pulses, impulses and desires
Life is completed.

lalitha iyer

Insecure Earth

Earth
hard and even
our steps
firm and strong
we carry
self with esteem
but,
every moment
you look into the inner eye
upon whose hand
the earth stands?

can't you see
that the land
you lean against
is on nobody's trust
earth in an axis
non-existent
Imagination
yes, it is just
an Imagination...

a fragment of
fragile thought
invented to
boost our heart
earth is roaming
let loose
just by sheer chance
no accident loosens
our existence too
is just as uncertain
as earth's axis

We drifting
shifting our homes
hastily building our castles
just a bubble of life
too silly

to live in haste,
too painfull
to die as waste.....

lalitha iyer

Inseparables

Fruit and juice
they are made in one
the mantle is solid
and the miss is juicy
when the female is dry
the male loses his ways
and loveless fruits
are wasted seeds...

Flower and Nectar
Petals and perfumes
when the bed of pollens
is empty and barren
when the soft breasts
are without any scent
love and life
entwined they bring
sweetness alive
and beauty invisible.

lalitha iyer

Inseparables! ! ! ! ! !

Youth and charm
evil and harm
age and pain
wisdom and gain

death and loss
birth and joy
laughter and mirth
twitter and cheer

marriage and maturity
shrinkage and sensitivity
praying and peace of mind
slaying and seeping unrest

ocean and mysteries
legends and histories
space and heavenly bodies
race and rising energies.

women and envy
men and creativity
infants and innocence
serpents and sharpness

wound and memories
scars and revenge
modesty and beauty
silence and gravity

love and spontaneity
shy and stupidity
brave and brilliance
strive and success.

lalitha iyer

Internally Displaced

Displaced internally am I
I dont see
though I am sitting opposite you
I am talking to you
yet I am listening to something else
I am here
yet, I am not here

My thoughts are undisciplined
I dream about things
I have never seen
I see photos of places
I have never been
I live in dream
with men I know not
My dreams are composed of emotions
I cannot ever conceive of

I do things
which I never intent to do
I speak words
which I never have thought of
I act in a way
which is incoherent to myself
Am I not displaced Internally?

My body parts vibrate
or rather shiver and shake
without my brain messages
attimes I can watch my own body
moving without any warning
I wonder who am I
living in or out of this body
and who controls me
or am I a slave of my senses
who like masters or spirits guarding me
dictate what this body should do
or not to do.....

lalitha iyer

Intimacy

Touching me
the rays of gold
traced a companion
attached to my fashion
Shadowed by my shadow am I
it is the gently gift
of Nature's intimacy..

When I touch the river deep
as I search for something sweet
I am lost in the abundance
of growing liquidity
in and around my rigidity
I melt into the transparency
and no more aware of my abnormality
I enter into the waterworld
as if I too am a moisture pearl.

Lining skies to the earthen hearths
rain drops scales the airy paths
I watch in awe with swelling heart
lying on the grassy bed
nature's calls of living intimacies
inking into my solitary vision.

lalitha iyer

Invisible Love

Milky Ways
do they milk
us with love?
In the outerspace
where moons
and more moons
tides of dreams loom
did love originate there?
I wonder
invisible love
sleeps whither?
comes out to play
with hearts of innocence
tears it springs
from eyes of miss
mistly it disappears
as age conquers
the dove's
they love
only one mate
all life date
buds of nectar
bodies of spectrums
ladies of fulcrums
oh love,
invisibly marking
spots to invade
spun to new decades.

lalitha iyer

Invisible! ! ! ! ! !

Blind am I
blinder are thou
blindly believing
in the world existing
in between fingers
flows the water of winter
frozen into icy mists
in between day and night
the evening brief speaks with might
it seduces every mind
into secrets spared by day to night
the airy screens before your eyes
have many images sketched in years
they appear and disappear
as frequently as the tears
that dropp from the dying prayers
I can see nothing
so there is nothing
said the child of the blind
but the blind told the child
that in life
the things that matter
are not scattered
in the diaries of the dollars
but in the wilds
at the nights
in the atoms
inside their innermost forms
by hands unseen
writings teem
images beam
and sages stream
the world of real truths
mushroom to delight
the innocent devotees
to wish the sight
of the delight
of reality
hidden in scripts of deity.

lalitha iyer

It Is A Mad, Mad, Mad World.....

Moon is gone
but moonlight
shining silver in the night

youth is gone
but painted in the air
the pictures appear fair

tears are errors
mistakes of lesser understanding
fears are faithless mortals

life is a cycle
meetings are mere miracles
memories are pages revisited

identity is a false certificate
into thin air ends up the life
into one nothingness we go up

truth is beautifull
all beautifull things are ugly
when bared naked, they are not sweet and smiling

life is a lesson
ageing is the teacher
pains of physic are beatings
for forgetting home works
pains of heart are poor grades
in the exams where concentration fails

where do infinite parallells meet
everything is fine when meeting is not cheating
meeting to meet again
parting to part again
then meet we part
part we meet
life is going on and on
we are nothing, but dots of semi-gods.....

lalitha iyer

It Is Dark

It is dark
I am blinded
my alleys are lightless
fear is creeping
a child's fear it is
to hug to somebody
strong and forceful
who could take me up
to the heights of heavens
and tell me that life is all even
i started crying
my prayers were over
i did not stars see
neither the moon
it was under the clouds
somebody is hiding
behind the walls
I know
I know it is to kill me
or rape me brute
I started weeping
afraid of shouting
for my sound echoed
down the alleys
and I started shaking
shivering with aching
that was me
a Child of five
slowly I grew
my tears dried
fears no more fried
my tenders sleepless
now I know
that the night
is as romantic
and beautiful
as the full-lit day
that it is not the end
it is the way to the dawn

that sleep is sexy
and dreams are blessings
that cot is foamy
and pillows are lovely
they soothen the brains
and stifle the pains
I know now
my world is not dark
the light of Sun
is not the end of the run
my hopes are sealed
s they are concealed
in the deepest spots
where life stream gurgles
and God's cream suckles....

lalitha iyer

It Is Time To Go

It is time to go
but you did not tell me
I came all the way
just to share mine all day
yet, you have gone
i am sad
it was so bad
a life's creation to mad
when the baby asks
where is my daddy
when she under sun basks
reminding of your walks
what to tell
when did the bell toll
life does not returns back
time gone is time packed
I love the sparrows
now they don't nest here
they worry about tomorrows
when hunters kill with arrows
death they learn from past
history teaches beasts fast
humans, we forget, we fools
dead are you, so what
you are in me- I caught
you with my little heart
when me babe you did
taught the world in pots
as the ants lined
as we crossed them signed
when the smell of rains
soaked our soil with sprains
as the clouds moved
them with speed we viewed
the first dive into the water
fear and urge in totter

Look, my home is lost
when he flew he took it too

my cares unwanted
my smiles untreated
i am barren without bulbs
the glowing bulbs of life
you took my current
now my mind is in a torrent
i am upset
my trends reset
yet i forget
i start to love just
a new comer in my list.

lalitha iyer

It's A New World

It is a new world
in the domain of life
an aspect forgotten
or an idea unseen
a unique love
or an urge to bed
man for man
woman for woman
lashes of truth
spitted the blood of nature
life is not yours
nor it is mine
Nature is Divine
Inhibitions cant clothe
inner emotions stocked
when no more tolerance
could the being sense

It is a new sensation
to feel the palpitation
as a lady to lady
and a Gentleman to man
fuelled by the hunger of bodies
or is it just
an appreciation of forms
is it Scientific
or Pschychic
or Sensually lured
the tremor is unsure
the temple is sacred
tasting the known
or tampering with unknown
Beauty in a journey
uniquely unforbidden
The world is saved
from multiplication
and division of homes...

lalitha iyer

Jail Is Spacious, Yet Jail Is Jail

up and down
i can go
right and left
let me march
ha ha ha
friends come and go
like winds of rain
they gush in jolly
yes, life is busy
canteens are funny
like dreamland honey
they are draped with coffee
dripping with teas and teens free
yet, unhappy prisoner am i
my wings clipped free
they did not ask me to pay the price
but wings did they take
furry coat they made
to clothe their happy pets
i am not alone i did say
lots and lots of jelly fishes
all swimming big breasted
a sight any killer whale loves
to swim around and dive to gulp
poor jelly fishes.

but mine is a different thing
i am a dying fish
with not fin or feelers or gills
little oxygen is enough
but that little is biasedly pent up by kingpins
pirates have landed upon my ship
and captain has sunk us to black sea magic
in the middle of the red sea he told me
i will wait and you pair with me there
i am dying in black seas, how to go to red sea
jailed inside the witched cabins
with a hawker and a hobbly-nobbly joker
hawker shall pawn even my heart

joker shall joke even about my oops
i chatter, chatter, chatter all my day
to escape the dreadful clutter of the day
to ride the sun and end the day
i in clutter bake my bread, all sweet and jammed
creamed and scrambled eggs taste better
but the butcher never shaves his beard
and his prison looks are made of empty utters
he found the thief, he found the thief
may be tomorrow, he shall free all the empty prisoners alive.

lalitha iyer

Jesus Christ

The selfish giant he showed me the child
sitting upon the tree with branches wild
was a little boy with wounds so bright
red and blood the fair boy lisped
and the giant's ego fell down dead.

When my age of tender read this story
It touched me deeply, as deep could be
Still an old woman, when I read the story
I weep for the child who saved the world.
Could there be a better god than the bleeding God.

Who could be a mother so hard hearted
to see her child nailed with blood
who could be a mortal in this world
to bear his god with bleeding heart.

How could the God who springed the Giant's garden
could winter his life with dying pain
How could we allow the Heavens to bleed our God
let us love and spray seeds of sacrifice and good.

lalitha iyer

Joy Of Being Together

The day was born
but dusk came soon
take me in your arms
and put me asleep with songs
a petal of softness
pressed into another
let us boom together
to form the love of garden
the colours of marvel
hugged into kisses
to form the Rainbow
dashing across the wet sky
grass blades conspired
to win the love of Spring
and breed kids plenty
and formed the bed splendid
the furs united to form the flight
and up they went the birds of delight
water drops to clouds of milk
and sailing drops to Ocean ships
Some grief has swept my heart so badly
is that your heart's missing language
words spelt from hearts
join together to musical carts
when Silent are the replies
and stubborn are the ears
messages unsent
the life heart is spent

Something, somewhere, somehow whispers
there is a more deeper string
between our hearts of unknown springs.

lalitha iyer

Just When I Slept

Just when I slept
a music floated
I thought it a dream
and slept away
oh no, it was the call of heavens
but I slept away
and when I awoke
my life's labour I missed
Just when I slept
the painting crept
I took it for a dream
and slept away
yet it was my life drawing
and sobbing I woke up
in the morning
I lost it so close
just when i stood
at the door
half closing
you came, oh lord
you came in the form of a beggar
to give me your holy alms
I closed the door and said no
no more coins to begging ones
I beg you mercy
mercy to cling unto you
you asked me to be merciful
to learn the art of mercy
I asked for some love
u asked me to love
i wished to sing
you told me to enjoy the songs
things has to come from within
how can i ask without doing.

lalitha iyer

Keeping In Touch With.....

The Air kept in touch with
and the body heaved and sighed
and the blood pumped
and the pulses counted
and life was there

The roots kept in touch with
the soil to nurture its babies
high up facing the blues
were the golden petals
and deep green leaves

The Sun touched the earth
on its way the Arrogant Ocean path
soon the vapours found their way
into the sleepy clouds astray
down came the rains a day
wetting the parched chests of muddy clay.

Days were beautiful when letters were received
the thoughts and feelings covered and conveyed
keeping in touch with the prosperity in the other end
keeping in touch with the miseries and battling trends....

what is in an e-mail or in a call of phone?
it's a recognition,
a way of telling you are somebody I want
to share with my heart's emotions fond
I seek in your person some extra identity
something that I shall lean against on hours of misgivings
KEEP IN TOUCH, KEEP A WATCH, IT'S A LATCH
A KEY TO THE WORLD OF JOY AND COMPANY...

lalitha iyer

King Fisher

I love the pair of Kingfishers
that has nested near my pond;
the beauty of winter has just watered
and the cooling shades are life hearts
the blue colour from distinct bright and rich
the brown crown looking very matching
the white turf beneath
and the red tomato beak, its fish knife
the little eyes that sees all around
its beautiful neck full of vision ground
so sharp is its grasp, that no fish escapes its meal
after a dive into the cool green pond, I love its squeal
and the way it dries its moistened feathery bunch
the fanning beauty of the gorgeous colours
the green house, the blue beauties, the brown earth
its a heaven and the innocence of birds sprayed in hearth.

lalitha iyer

Kiss Me With Your Heart...

Kiss me with your heart
lips are little devils,
they make us slaves
instead of queens,
they promise us
bonded intoxication
Kiss me with your heart
touch my emotions deep
softly, softly, softly
look into my hurt ones
the bleeding ones that ache
from deep within,
from childhood
balm them,
oh balm them
tie my wounds
unknown to me
unseen by me
found by you
with the light in your looks
that lighten up with love's warmth
with your love bands clean
with hygiene lips of heart
touch the pains
inside my brains
and heal the scars
sown by hands
unknown to you,
unseen by you
yet, for the sake of my love
for the sake of your love
kiss me with your heart
give me the strength to live.

lalitha iyer

Kissing You

I found a kiss
implanted upon a miss
i thought it very lovely
for the lips tuned very lively
they licked into
and sticked into
stemmed into
and stormed into
all I could see
was an arch
just a tight parch
with closed looks
and open eyes
none they bothered
nobody they suffered
they were bending
as if they were a single feeling
a curving together
and a cuddling together
the maiden blushed
and the man unblushed
he was passionate
and she all compassionate
she was a delight in arrest
and he with a demand to unrest
undersaid it will be
they spent more than two
hours of time in this wooed
my heart was beating
to watch the figures mouthing
was there nectar in the sacks
of lips burning crimson red
they suckled and sucked
till the world was within hooked
then slowly the petals gave way
and the public presence had a say
they parted to meet in privacy soon
the kiss of life to be implanted cocooned.

lalitha iyer

Kitten In The Dark

YESTER NIGHT WHEN ALL LIFE SLEPT
SOME LOVELY LITTLE BEING MEWED ABRUPT
SHE WAS HANGING ON A TREE TRUNK STUCK
A LITTLE KITTY MOTHERLESS WRECKED

MY HEART LEAPT AT THE PLIGHT
OF THE LOVELY BEING JUST ALIVE
WHO COULD STAND A SIGHT SO SAD
THE POOR KITTY ALL HUNGRY AND CRIED

I WAS SAD THAT I COULD NOT HELP HER
IT WAS TOO BAD THAT MY SELFISH DOORS BARRED ME
KEYED MY LOCKS PRISONED ME IN
MY SELFISH HOUSE WAS HARDLY OPEN

THE LITTLE BEING WITH NO MUM TO NURSE
COLD AND HUNGRY IN THE OPEN FIELD
THE LOVELY PINKY LIPS COULD HARDLY UTTER
SHE WAS SHIVERING BADLY IN HUMAN WINTER

THE WORLD WAS SLEEPING HAPPY HAPPY
I TOO WARM WITHIN MY BED
THE POOR KITTY STRUGGLING WILD
SHE YELLED AND CRIED TOO BITTER A CHILD

FOR HER AGE AND FOR HER TEXTURE
THE WORLD WAS SO CRUEL TO HER SISTER
BUT I A WOMAN OF SELFISH SHUTTER
I LOCKED UP WITHIN AND HELPED HER NOT NOR LET HER IN.....

lalitha iyer

Kneeling At Thy Altar! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

when the hungry looks
beseech before you
you the singer and the song
why deny the music and the charm...

when the orphans beat
across their breasts
for want of help and
shelter from the beasts
why deny them the word of strength?

when the blind fail to walk straight
fall and stumble upon things upright
as they starved of every light
weep in and weep out all tight
why dont you cheer them in fright?

You the King and Beggar alike,
the wealthiest mansions are thine
poverty's functions are thine
thine the best and the worst
thine the fate and glorified victory
why not change the conditioned fools?

I kneel at thine altar
my heart lays
with the sorrow of million hearts
young and old,
strong and weak
poor and rich
starved and pained
I beg for the penniless
to give them coins
for the paining mob
I ask for remedies
for the suffering hearts
I need Mercy
YOur love has the magic
to save the Oceans and skies

why not the fated destitutes
bleeding with paining altitudes.....

lalitha iyer

Language Of Love

you write it
it is too silly
the words are silky
when you spell
too smooth and shelled
when you speak it out
you are a fool
when you think of it
you feel ashamed
and when you see some
with blushes on face
and fancy dresses
and mad rushes
you know she is stupid
yes, the script unwritten
the sentence half broken
feelings galore
yet, fails at a single stroke
it is all folly
yet, something overwhelms
you are the master
yet somehow you are a slave
you say no
yet you say yes
the more denied
the more you admit
the globe of emotions
the oceans of musings
the seas of buts
the canyons of inhibited passions
the language of love is silence
darkness covers
the acts of love
but, yet, the mirror shames
the images kill you
they tease your aims
when you sing aloud
you know all are hearing
when you write in verse

you know the peeping Toms will chase
to plunder and exploit your space
yesterdays are dead
tomorrows are dead indeed
this moment
it torments
yesterday you failed
tomorrow you are exiled
yet, today it asks you
make a book of me
sing a song of my
unsung portions still left
trace a sketch of my fig
that they have never dig
how to marvel
your codes to decipher
you washed me ashore
in the golden sands
i am yet to recover
nothing is clear
only a couple of blues
sea waves they curl
upon my hazy looks
still i am stuck
can you hear the bells
distant temple yells
the moon and stars
they winked upon
twinkling as if everything is lie
still I am tested
I have to muster
strength to master
the language which is not foreign
yet, I cannot tell her that 'I love you Gin'

lalitha iyer

Let Me Die

Dont wake me up
trouble me not
with your songs
bang not my door
with your knocks
I am too weak to wake up
I should die.

Dont touch me
my limbs are weak
and my passions fragile
down deep within my pulses cold
and my senses old
Dont feel me, I am senseless bane.

Dont tease me
with your smiles
my wrinkled life is full of fails
I should die or I shall cry
I am baking within scorched by pinching suns
I should die or my sluggy fellings creep to stinks.

lalitha iyer

Life Is Beautiful

Life is beautiful
when it is full
to be full
you should fill
your hearts with smell
and lips with bells
bells that could spill
smiles aloud
in infectious clouds
heart to smell
someone has to dwell
into the affectionate well
where sacrifices impel
Us to kneel
before the lovely spell
of Innocence' Will

Life is Sweet
when hearts meet
hand in hand
when life drums beat
when the beauty
sleeping in the inner worlds
buds within
with soaking warmth
bodyless
aimless
goalless
when hearts meditate
upon the escalating state
of accelerating pace
of hearts opening up
into the world of God
where miracles of feelings
and magic touches of glory
are shared between
hearts vibrating in Unison.....

lalitha iyer

Like A Dropp Of Rain

like a dropof rain
for the parched brain
the idea came flashing
and downpoured dashing
the seed of the tree
stored the brain
yet none could see
the tree and trunk inside
silence, the poetry of silence
to some it is the world
and to some it is the word
some feel it through music
and you feel it by my basics
how fragrant the first dropp is
smell of semens sprouting from earth
as if earth suddenly rejoiced
hormoned with life, rained to thirst
to quench the hunger of millions
there came the dropp of rain
pure drop, immaculately clear
with no germs and dust
life was drizzling in plain and pure
the first dropp of fertility
it is from the breasts of heavens
the milk of motherhood
it brims as the babe cries
the spilt bosoms
that liquidly suckle the soil
fluid motion of life in coil.

A dropp of rain
in lusty curve
a bubble of round
exciting all around
appealing the speaking
and things not speaking
expressions of nature
birds sing
babes dance

to wing, to swing
in ringing tones
all cling to hold
the gems of household
the drops of rain

lalitha iyer

Listening Tonight

Night is silent
though earth is awake
Men are sleeping
birds are nested
the air speaks in tender tones
touch the harp in the heart
it tells of stories of the past
the moonlit paths
starry delights
the merry lives
and the dancing prides
now the midnight bells
sounds lovely calls
how sweet the air
responds to the charm
of jingling bells
fairies and angels
faintly appear
you walk along beaches
the roars sink you
with mysterious creatures
some in the air, some in water
some lands, some distant
Nights is Spiritual
full of drunken melodies
and emptying stories
sleepless torments
too suck life energies
now, you can stretch your limbs
on the deserted strings
to watch the nobody lands
and fill your lungs
with living winds
full of music and scents
from faraway trends
births and rebirths
have traced and retraced
paths of life
every night is beautiful

the secret chambers all full
you sit in the sitouts
and search for hands
that hug you bosom
and caress with systems
spells cast upon
spilling magic borns.

lalitha iyer

Lizard's Tail

my life
it throbs
cut off from divine
It exists
till the urge persists

the energy is draining
I am sinking
Soon the day of melting
arrives in horses stumping

I am vanishing
my thoughts dissembling
slowly i cant realise
the crowd and its ways

passions erased by maturing years
sadness of impending insecurities bear
my identity I am loosing
I wake up and sleep chasing
dreams without stuff and spacing.....

lalitha iyer

Loneliness

In a crowd
you are alone
they talk
talk of things
unheard of
you know the matter
yet they tell of
things amazing you
sky is beautiful
clouds are lovely
you know only
nature and its beauty
they talk about
shops and sarees
you walk about
you cant understand
what they speak about...

lalitha iyer

Longing For You

Aged

my heart beats slow

my limbs shake

as I stroll

my thoughts forget

words they regret

my vision

filled with missions

nomore understood

by my brains

I look into

but see different

and sit and smile

into nothing current

my living

questioned by

many stares

passing by

I have lost

me wasted by

I wait

for the cycle to finish

breath to end

looks to blind

desires none

breasts are barren

milkless, lifeless

clinging for love

forsaken by friends

merciless thoughts

they mix up

loveless mind

its 'filling the blanks'

I feel you

just a light touch

pinking the horizon

distant ships

reflecting hopes

somewhere
in the stream of births
some chord
binding you and me
I faintly smell
the air of yours
slowly as I read
the nameless bond
of thinning affection.....

lalitha iyer

Looking Into You

I see
in you
somebody I left
behind somewhere
as I walked
along the path
invisibly familiar
are your parts
I know not thy face
nor your name
or your person and mine
how they link in twined
but somehow
something in you
reminds me of ages beyond
that your looks
carry within
a mirror flashing me
and mine stored in thine
that I know you very well
without words
you are mine
that though I speak not
yet I can find it
that your looks are wells
of water imaging dwells
of our pasts
that you were there
with me in touch
that I know you more
than this life could store
that some unseen thread
is tying the knot
from heart to heart
that too familiar are you
to pretend a new
I am yours
a part or thing or thought
or component lot

some blood runs in my vein
same as your timeless brain
Do you read me
I know for sure
I am just in you
yes, you are my home
you are my templing lord.

lalitha iyer

Lord Of My Dreams

When I sleep
you send me dreams
dressed in love
you appear now
and sit upon
my silver tresses
and slyly caress
my silky bosom
and look into
my heart
with a magnifying lens
enlarging everything
as I close
my eye-keys
you steal and
shut out my looks
to outside world;

in my slumber
you treat me a baby
and make me wish
that I am your loveliest dish
like a stream
you glide into
and I helpless
enjoy the show
that I do miss
the nights you are amiss
yet, how the stage is set
and you crown me inset..
I wonder,
how you appear in my dreams
and fake me with fancies
you desire,
and smell my heart
inching every second
a little bit
day by day
melting my obstinacies

and painting my inner urges
into a larger canvas
and magnifying my
unseen passions
highlighting the
shy delicacies.

lalitha iyer

Losing Memory! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

my green hours are dropping
silently at night
when the sun sets
and nights grip the beds
during my sleeping hours
dawns knock me up
with a chunk of my past
erased, wiped and deleted
and I am still young I hope! ! ! ! !

like the Autumn leaves
all dry and insipid
swept by the storm spells
my passions fail to attach
to those emotional images
that caressed me all along
now, I watch them walk bleakly
blankly I look at the scenes passing
one by one, I peep into them
Oh no, no Revelations
I could not identify the person there
I could not sense why she is so tense
and sounding so hot and bubbling intense
I could only watch and watch
no whispers could erupt from my silly lips
I stone stare the pictures that silkly skips
I am now cured of human in things, I quip

Those figures I know, I know,
but why the girl in the picture
whose face resembles me indeed
dances and giggles
for things I am now least interested
You see, I remember her
she was with me, when I was in those stupid years
my life she took up with her living agonies
but I have lost all clues
to her manifesting dramas
her amazing profusive displays

Love

When I shut my eyes
and writhe in pain
as my heart heaves to leave
Oh my love, come to my side
gently kiss me without pride
for deep do I sink into the slide
Love me to wipe my tears
lessen the pain of my years
aged, as I reflect still
you, your voice and your smiles
slowly fondle my bruises
I wonder if you were among the stars
that send messages at silent darks
when the world is asleep
as I weep
I do wonder if you were there
The hours of joy we beguiled
the hearts of humour we pried
What is love? Do lovers love
or do they mate with missions intend
Lustless love is dusted free
in thy eyes gems sparkle
portrayals of past miracles

Love is the Rhythmn
that links births and rebirths
fluting my frail body to sing
forget the agonies of strings
its the aroma of fertility
perfume of positive energy
the kiss of God on hungry hearts.

lalitha iyer

Loving Innocence

Aimless-oh no
Intentionless
the love that flows
from hearts of milk
they speak of purity
they are sweetest upon earth
the hearts of Innocence.

Joys bud
upon their lips
smiles sparkle
stars at delight
woods cool down
their words of love
innocent villagers
are unmatched

they speak
with balmy voices
touch with
warm hands
charming are their ways
spreading messages
of faith in others say

the beauty of the females
blended with nature's pride
untainted by purchasing dollars
they sell nothing
but share all invaluable
they worship
gods of bounty
blessed with spontaneity
they grieve not
the grass in your heart
by stamping upon your emotions
or stealing breaching contracts.

lalitha iyer

Man And Woman

Man-born to create
the first stage
the first bell
the first act
the first choice
the male seeded to seed
it's God will, it succeeds

Woman-its the fertile land
with rich alluvial plains
rivulets gurgling
peaks busting
sprouting globe
suckling probes
the answer to his question
quotation to his function
the egging nuisance
the eagling nuance
an invention hazardous
a jolly trap,
a tempting lure,
an itching deceit
nature's illusion
natural illustration
she is, he is,
she was, he was
in her body she held him
in her spell she halfed him
within her he is without him
without her he is without him.....

He rapes to Victory
she escapes to adultery
He seeks to place
she is already misplaced.

lalitha iyer

Mangoose Mother

I am old now;
my limbs stiff
my heart stuck
emotions ruined
memories wiped
youth deleted
passions filtered
reactions checked
attractions killed
actions frozen
words refined
cautioned behaviour
commercial sentences
competitive lies
fatigued brain
and fashionless spine

As I weep alone
sobbing for a soul mate
I could watch the mangoose mum
with her little love
tailing to her tail
what a glued affection it is!
It is a beauty
to feast upon
the sight of oozing love
love sans conditions and intentions
entwined mom and baby mangoose
stop, stopped, sit, sat
hush, silent, alert, into the hole.
what a beauty
the love coverage
in the material world of promotions
no cash can encash mothers love

Watching through my windows to greens
I lick the treat of mother's love
shielding harm of alien predators
always you can spot a mother from others

her life is a red signal, lit throughout
no, means no, the world is insecure
the message deeply injected
generations to generations
mother's message is crystal clear;
dont trust strangers
watch out unusual sounds
and shelter my babe shelter
protect, my darling, protect
dancing with her darlings
she will, when green covers her full and filling
I smell my mom in mangoose mom
Oh dear, mom is God on earth
fathers mother mothers
yet, mothers are mothers dear.

lalitha iyer

Mangoose Mum

cuddling
her darlings
the mangoose mum
is caution's synonym.

Love the beauty
that stands erect
with the soft paws
stern in the airy straws.

the supple trunk
strokes your heart
the velvety motion
is a sight of evolution.

the alert looks
caution strewn books
every smell
that itches from far away hills.

the most amazing sight
is the babies' flight
they find their ways beneath
the motherly umbrella heap

long tailed stretching like a stick
to human eyes, there is no space to pass
the mother's heart is largest
to the passing baby dearest.

The melting eloquence
of a mother's care sings
as he traces her hunting bed
armouring her kids with her clueless spread.

lalitha iyer

Marriage

We married
when I was a Queen
in my Teens
and he the Lord
of my Passions.

As days rolled on
and my our ways split
the pillows of lust
burst open by rage of fist
and thus we parted
the knot was untied

Again I marry
nomore a Queen
with heart not heavy
mind not breezy
steps clear
and thoughts easier

Married did I
with dreams rosy
Divorced am I
well versed
with the laws of Nature

Now, to company
to smile and chatter
seek I rather
a friend with no hopes
but only a trust in shape.

At Old age
a man is no more knight
and woman a Queenly sight
everything could be combined
life still meant love and sunshine.

lalitha iyer

Meaninglessness

No meaning could I find
for living
yet I wake up in the morn
cook and comb like a doll
bathe and bake on a call
the only thing I feel good
is to sleep and let loose ground
Can u explain y I live
my hairs turn grey now
my limbs all tardy
pain is pinching my buttocks
my bones are steel rods
jutting from the drying flesh
I still am alive
could you tell me why I am
who am I?
my parents are dead
my roots already cut
my child does not understand
what my confusion is all about
I am asking questions
but cannot find a single one answer
money is not my need
my need is the reason for this deed
I didnot find god
my searches were scant for reward
yet after digging a lot of mud
from my mind I feel I am no more
the person I thought me like sky
slipped through my fingers
hours are not filled with romance
days don't take me to songs of strings
I just don't feel that I belong to any of the things
that is here, that cheers and bears
my house is not mine
and my body too repels me at times
i wonder y I carry this trunk
which adds pain to my junk
be positive, yes, be positive

yet what poetry when clothed in finest silk
could alleviate poverty of mind and matter
money can buy things external
what will buy you living urge within
my dears, still i like a kid of five and one
keep on staring at the crowd effects
and grow numb and frozen with every day.

lalitha iyer

Means And Ends

I travelled
along the path
to the destination
through winding roads
it went on and on
but on reaching the goal
I lost my joy
I needed no more
the focus has changed
I wished no more
that I reach the spot
all my journey
has rendered me tasteless
I no more enjoy
the end I reached
Life changes
Age advances
the start and the end
how much distanced
finally the end
is nobody's send....

lalitha iyer

Meditation

When I sat upon the couch
a little wonder fondled my breast
silently it said, come on let us rest
forsake all worries, forgo all thoughts
it is time to sleep the mind of furrows
I closed my eyes
blinded my vision from the moving world
started gliding down the world of leisures
I danced upon my breath
it went up and down
and beat upon my heart
wooing it to pump
I was in the wilds
in the forest of greens and birds
my ears could hear music of divine
silently messages clear I could view
Distant hearts like dark old caves
lit with candles glowed and showed up
their murmurings and affections for me
I was in the lap of too many world
stroked with the visions of saints of heavens
I am not drunken neither drugged
here am I in my little hut
with closed eyes and trembling life
deeply immersed in the vibrant cosmic
Into the (en) chanting mantras I swim.

lalitha iyer

Melting Away

a solute am I
melting into the solvent
my thoughts dissolve
into the Ocean of your love
my questions
and quests
my ideas
and my tests
all vapourize
finally I am dead alive;

When I reached the end point
at the verge of the mountain peak
I could either commit suicide
or hang upon painfully decided
I was wondering which way to go
to commercialise my life
or come to an end of all strifes
you gave me the hand that I needed
and garb to save me from sickening mob greedy
you gave me the courage to go on
and I dissolved into your safety
no more resolves, no more reserves
I surrender to the almighty's immense pleasures.

lalitha iyer

Melting Down.....

I am melting
into nothing
as I realise
truths disguised

My name
was sweet
when I learnt it first
as I grew up fast

now as I age
I have paged
thousands of names
meaning nothing only games

my name is lost
in memory's chart
I wonder but for post
what my address hosts.

My figure is fading
my limbs are paining
my control is lost
I am disintegrating

My parts are replaced
my lens, knees all laced
when every organ is transplanted
who am I, with my body implanted

My poetry is somebody'
my feelings I share with many
my ideas are imported from books
my emotions are only silly stuff.

I walk the traces you left
I think again what you spoke
I cook the recipe of yours
I dream nothing but what you saw.

I am melting down to nothing
nothing new is born
nothing is mine I a Popcorn
moment's foam, bubble of seconds.

lalitha iyer

Menstruation

I am bleeding
yes my heart
my holes
my eyes
and if i dont bleed
what sex will i be in lead?
if i dont bleed
my heart with no compassion
what human am I?
if i dontr bleed
my eyes never red with grief
what soul am I?
I bleed
to create
my son
the universe
the motherhoods
they bleed to infants bring
it is in the blood
it is in the red
is it in the blood
is it in the red
or is it in the pain
creation-all soiled with blood
and blood the look of it
all reddy, vomitting from the womb
with no warning signs
just as it pleases
the ocean of blood
little by little to bring an infant
it clots into a cloth bag
to softly massage the spermovamed spot
inch by inch to snowball it
into limbs and head and heart
and lungs and eyes and nose
the names so called
oh the periods
the hell in the stomachs
the pain in the puberty

agony of a mother
the sorrow of a shelterless woman
the tragedy of divine births
we bleed to create
we create in blood
mammals we mammals
we white blooded suckle
and red blooded pickle
in pain, in blood all life
all births constrained to knife.

lalitha iyer

Mental Energy

Thoughts cloud
dissipating energy
simply wandering
from hearts
to hearts
from clueless themes
to nameless moods
thoughts dehydrate
the life stream waste

Some hours are heavy
they kill our living urge
we are sluggish
and reduced to rubbish
our tired limbs
are weighing upon chains
wonder why the heart
which yester night
sang like a lark
and danced angel light
wont budge a point
this hour gloomy and sad
it is the thoughts
the negative thoughts
that we brood upon
eating up our life drive
with gluttonous mouth and thrive.

lalitha iyer

Message Of Dawn

like a fragile glass
dawn opens;

its soft golden fur
slowly touches the greens,
upon the leaves of coconut
the sweet breeze fiddles upon
little by little the warmth creeps in

like the innocent blushes
of maidens in the villages
first the east pinkens
stars of stirring passions
gently disappear
taking refuge
in the crowded sky
strange colours cloud
and the melody melts the dew
freed from the veil of shyness
peeping out from the blues
the beauty of growing love
blossoms fill with nectar

from the nature the bees learn
flocking at the flowers in turn
birds of dawn breathing fresh
songs of heart flooding earth
new symphonies unfold depths.

lalitha iyer

Metamorphosis

Where the hearts shared
and the hands paired
a legacy was born
Ideas were strewn
and novelty cocooned
the looks joined
the hooks unjoined
the flow of beauty
in works of body
eloquent generations
expressed in hours of amalgamations.....

lalitha iyer

Mind

Birds fly
from mind to mind
he reads my mind
definitely with a find.

Is it a laser beam
that invisibly shuttle
like the frog's tongue
reaching out others morgues.

If I could read your heart
then why should I talk to you,
If I could study your mind
then why should I ask you.

When mind to mind things do happen
control will you then control will I
then confusions fuse
actions profuse.

Is this hypnotised
or this mesmerised
how do you travel
in this intangible flight.

In the world of detectives
when minds speak
and matters tweak
stop the butcher
and let birds sing sweet.

Is it God's way
or it Satan's
slave the wretched become
the master demons and beast come.

If Poles can talk apart
dictate their wishes and cart
whose will shall be done

the Evil's or the Divine benign.

When the earth can spy and study
each other parts minds and be ready
purified acts follows trained
as public views your privacies unbrained.

Jump into the poodles of Innocence
Fly like birds to heavenly sense
let them read you, touch your cognizance
he shall be dusted, who essays ashes to senses.

lalitha iyer

Mind Reading

Birds fly
from mind to mind
he reads my mind
definitely with a find.

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that invisibly shuttle
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lalitha iyer

Mirages! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

the flash of youth
the glaze of cheeks
the gleam in those looks
the wine in those words

I found beauty of the curves
in the moons and waves of blue
then in the hips and the lips
and clueless horizons haunting the tips

the coal black curls
the queenly strides
the mesmeric motions
and the hypnotising emotions

when life bubbled
surfaced everything so sweet
and when the winds reversed
the holed lungs battered

Butterfly beings
Dew like doings
Cloudy existence
Deserted all sense.

lalitha iyer

Mirror Mirror On The Wall

I talk to him
hanging at the wall
alone, when all life sleeps
I look into his eyes
and ask
in Silence
he understands
no words
neither voices he needs
I peep into
he says you are pretty
just to make me happy
I tilt my face
and he fondles with love
and pats my back
comforting my loss
as my tears
trace the history
he teases me
with tempting jokes
I look into
into the mirror
and sleep into
the soothing lies.

lalitha iyer

Miss Me When I Miss You

I missed me
when I missed you
you who live in my heart
and beat my pulse
and sink into my stream
and bloody mingle with my dreams.

I saw you only yesternight
when a strange dream woke me
up and alight
I saw u in the silent streets
roaming for some resting needs

you were the silent beggar
half crazy and me too same
you beg for things seen
and I beg for emotions unseen
your things are in the shop
my alms in heavenly harps

I missed the looks
your sight of life
kissed in tight
they speak of ages plight
of hunger, halt and nameless horror
they sink into me and stirr fires to core

my heart is weighing
I missed my life
I lost to carry with
the hope and honey spread
with trust in living ahead

I am terribly sad
something is killing me mad
i need the solace of a language
that shall enter my person caged
and free to to lands amazed

lalitha iyer

Moment Of Sublime Feelings

I kneel down and weep
no, I am not sad
deep within something caresses me
I want to cry without any sorrow steep.

Pain peeps in body and pins me down
As I lay down pinched all over by aging gowns
somebody whispers unto my heart and sings a song
Song I have never heard, with nectar of life throng.

I pray, holding my hands in gratitude
I owe to unknowns my life and all
as I falter every step
some unknown hand it extends from behind.

Tears roll down flooding my breasts
I am touched both at heart and mind with debt and lusts
pain, my pain someone slowly scrubs, with hands of satin
I cry and clap with joy and sadness immensely moved to silent strains.

Gods are moving on earth as men
when I zoomed my vision I did saw them one by one
heart disillusioned I was dying all these days
till one by one tumbled down like boys from haystack heaps.

lalitha iyer

Monsoon Moods!

I am lazy;
I am cozy;
leaning against my easy chair
with my legs held upon a stool rare
my being looped
to look at the sky
with clouds of urging cries
how they vanish?
how they appear?
breezed in
and squeezed out
what lovely emotions
the speechless marvels carry through
Rains!
oh! Many a legends
many a creative hearths
many a births and
many a deaths
many a chilling partings
walking alone in the rainy nights
Rains have a page in every man's life
the nameless moods
that assemble the brains
now i want to eat
next i want to heat
my numb legs
and nestling thighs
then i want to coil inside
with my kiddies under a blanky
watching movies
under the nets
whistling and whispering
inside the dark cover
of the thick over covers
to play the card games
circled around
smile in peace
as memories ease;

the air is sticky
as if each atom licks
some soft breast
yielding some milky chest
some yearning of distant teens
some 'if onlys' hovering and haunting.....

the gloomy shadows
they trail behind
lurking behind the curtains' shade
listening to some pessimistic maid
sobbing over sinking tides
every man and woman rides
in the reins of monsoon bride
some in glee, some unfree,
some drunken,
some stubbornly refusing
to yield to the storming rings.....

lalitha iyer

Moonlight Memories

Sweet and sad
moon light always beads
the lace with memory leads

in my teens
my hormones oozed out
as I curl out
in the moon lit night

as I grew up
my dreams and loves
all blazed in the cool moon
my blood boiled blushed with delight

all the fantasies
all the sweetest memories
romantic webs knit across
the full moon sky with millions stars.

the nights were awake
when she peeped inside
I loved her in watery beds
silvery threads woven in filmy sheds

yet, she weighed upon my nights
when my mother breathed that night
just that night and nomore right
as she blazed at distant sight

I waited till midnight
to relieve motherless plight
at the courtyard bereft
of lovely mother's gait.

the shroud of moon light
now fell upon me tight
it choked me breathless
freezing attractions gayless

I still wonder at full moon nights
if my mother did come out of the grave
and did she engrave her love upon the pave
did the wintry dews make her shiver
and did she cry and groan in fever

the icy night evoked further
terrible sights of dead ones dear
Still, I could not bury the delicate mother
banishing the memories of full moon weather.

lalitha iyer

Mortals Worry

Why worry?
Mortals worry
they are not Ivory;
full of feelings and emotions
thoughts that blink
at every dangerous link,
sink at every losing brink
humans worry, dear madam
we are not angels
neither gods of elixirs
we want inhale the moments
of life afresh
lips to kiss
and kids we miss
sex we rejoice
saintly we pray
silent we wish
like an eternal song
melody be our metre
and passion be our gesture
I dont want to be a corpse
nor my lovely mansion
be sick with killing ills.

lalitha iyer

Mother

When the world was sleeping
she was with pain writhing;

When the world was dancing
she was carrying the weight menacing

from the prison dark
as the life form embarked
from the unseen micro-cells
when one by one visible limbs shaped
into a figure of density and entity
her days she counted
weighed down by the precious bomb
miracles breathed life into the womb
mystery and history sprinkled hope
and expression and scope
from a battle of blood and pain
born is the being of Creator's vein

Mother, mummy, mum, mama, Amma
the way the cat adores its new born
the dog, the tiger and the lion
the hapless deer mother
the bird mothers and
beautiful Kangaroo Mum
how many mothers are in the world
their species, their numbers, their modes of caring
as we watch the possessive mother
warding off the world around
her instinct offensive spikes gain ground
she instantly repulses with vehement proud
all around for the safety of the unknown count
Poor motherhood
the raging war
restless urge to spare
her genre
from nothing into something that dares

the Killers urge to finish

and the mother's desperacy to preserve
death and birth coined by the same God
bad and good bedded side by side
the hand that saves
and the hand that shaves
mother -she smells the infant born
licks with love scented with mission inborn
Mother who lit the lamp of eyes
and milked the ignorant greys
and spaced a whole world in her heart
for every kid with special sweetness and art

At the feet of Motherhood
lies the feet of Divinity
Supreme Reality with Innocent tranquility
Seeded the emotions of eternal perpetuity.

lalitha iyer

Mother's Love

Mother is sleeping
her babies are sold
for prices cheap;
bedded to aged sacks;
to seed them weeds,
her kids are raped
bloomed newly
her kids are kid supplies
when schooling shakes
mothers are sleeping
when fathers are bedding
When the nudists betray
purity and decencies
models bare
remaining formalities
animals display
mothers are for Nature
Human mothers
babying at night
and sleeping at light.

lalitha iyer

Mushrooming Love

At the first sight of moisture
before we could sight the texture
appears alongwith friends
little umbrellas of lovely whiteness

they speak up for themselves
silently they steal your hearts
watch them grown overnight
when we slept with two blankets
they came out of wet chambers

tender tops
slender stalks
tidily standing
amidst garbage
they are woven with poetry
they look so smooth pottery

Just for a dropp of rain
like messengers of hope
sprouting without anybody seeding
smiling self relying on spontaneous nature

Touch them not
they are very soft
tamper them not
let them grow
angels of innocence
from dark corridors
with little love
they are lamps of nature
housing hope and future.

When everything is dying
when the old bark is drying
from a nook with some soak
out comes the lovely legends
fuelling faith in life
like the Phoenix

from the buried dampness
where nobody attempt in madness
buds the Mushroom loves
just from a little moisture
just hoping to live a day or two....

lalitha iyer

Music Makers

In the silence of the night
music makers wake up
upon the breasts of mounting love
they harp upon and ripples carve
the fingering beauty
with passions tuned
the greedy organ
demanding the due
the softness is moulded
to singing melodies old
and the richness is combed
with honey bee's buzzing codes
hips slip off
and they beat in resonance
the bleeding thighs
are no more an excuse
the makers of Music
never cease
their rhythmns beat upon
the breast to bums
all honestly drummed

lalitha iyer

Music Of Creation

the sound of music
secretely hidden
in minute wonders
opening with splendour
when the sleeping body awakes
every pore shares
equally with others
the vibrant action
that carried forward
Tsunamis
the little pore in the neck
in a corner of the ear
and under the armpit shy
or the divider of the globes
or the one at the orchards
or that gem at the black pea
the Orchestra unpracticed
tuned at unexpected moment
by hands of experience
that know the keys
and every piece
lingering music flows
when the master mind rows
and ferries across the jungle brooks
symphonies are suddenly out
abruptly the entire band bursts forth
passing the baton with minute precision
rhythmic with languages of Oration
Unveiled is the Curtain
only message is spread
Massaging the body of lyrics
the ups and downs perfected
to terrific matching
the lines smoothened
tapestries snatched
beat is on and beauty set on
Stage lighted
Singers past midnight.

lalitha iyer

Music Of Life

Sounding aloud my passions and emotions
songs of all fashions they are
they cheer the Spring and charm the winter
they clap in Autumn and calm the rainy
when first the sound of music touched my heart
then I jumped and I was three
the splashing waters of sound thrilled my harkening ears
and I was electrified with the gurgling brooks of verses

when i grew up I learnt the meanings of lyrics
and how they mated with music to produce songs
such a beautiful birth it amazed me to no extent
and I danced in the beauty of enthralling songs
songs bathed me in eternal romances
they licked me to passion's heights
they hugged me to endless emotions
I reeled and reeled under the sway of songs
till my teens spitted blood of ecstatic pangs

Now, as I age still the nostalgic songs caress my inner recesses
they massage my scars and wounds of withering passions
they flutter and fur upon my memories sad with plight
with bright brushes of life delight
they cheer my moods with water colours
of mixed hues of empathy
Sweetly as I lie upon my beds that last not longer
slowly, slowly the melodies of enriched teens linger.

lalitha iyer

Music Of Monsoon

Monsoon brings in cool rains
the colour of earth it lovely paints
it is true that rains heal
all the wounds that summer peals

What odd transformations
with rain rains new passions
strange emotions, secure-less illusions
silly lusts and stupid profusions.

Rain Queen arrives later
first comes the whistling wind
pregnant with moist love
the winds dance around every country leaf

she does not arrive quiet
the air metamorphosed into some delicate night
day is singing with luxurious feelings
sun to rains, the heart claps and mind flutters wings.

If the air is so beautiful before she comes
if the message is so sweet in itself
if the engagement is in Paradise
if the window opened is full of light
how could I describe the Monsoon delight?

When you hear the knock at green door steps
tip-tap, sip-sap, softly, gently and then paces
the lovely embrace tightens its grips
whispers loudly start announcing
and it is clear, she is sure to descend
the rains blending and bleaching pure
earth with muddy paint
and nature with flawless taint.

Music she brings pop and popular
it pitches high and low, hard and fast
rhythmic drops they patter upon rooves
designing forms upon the ground

and deeply ponding every country mount

I am speechless, reactions statued
expressions solidified to wax perplexions
to what lofty heavens did she lift me
to what paradise did she transfer mine's
Music is not what ear hears
music is not just what harmonious sound weaves
music is finding a rhythm in life
some meaning when the heart opens out
some sudden hand from deepest caves
something connects you to some inner in-thing
some delightful meaning for your existence
you find the cord, all discords melting imminently
some clue, oh no, it is an answer to the ageless torment
Music sweep away and here vanishes the gap of imprisoned
the cage is broken open, the bird is free in glee
Music is in the sound of branches and trees
birds chirp and clouds burp
but rain's music fills me completely divined.

lalitha iyer

Music Of Organs

Ere it rained
the clouds gathered
ere they gathered
their bags were loaded

ere they were impregnant
the vapours sailed up
ere they sailed up
Oceans dried up

Watch the beauty
of the Silence before Monsoons
the passionate wind
and penetrant lightning
the arrogant thunder
and the endless wonders

All wonders begin
before a stillness
before some silence
before some nothingness

all the vibrations
Orchestraed to inaudible motions
the eyes did not catch
the music makers who watch
from the pulsating arteries
and the throbbing veins

they speak not their own tongues
their wants they cant portray
their needs they dont array
they float the boats
in the tidal waters
switching on the currents
blinding the wise ones
illuminating the blind ones

the music of the Organs

fanned by Innocence
fed by Ignorance
fashioned by Cosmetics
rationed by fabrics
filthy when intentional
healthy when melting
Interiors rhythm
with exteriors theme

It is the Music of Birth
It is the Music of Dumbs
Blinds and crippled lumps
it is pure, when love triumphs
it is harmonised, when painless swims.....

lalitha iyer

My Bed

My bed is on the earth
made of mud with dirt
i wish to sleep along banks
where cooler breeze strokes
and cleaner air streams
my earth is full of scents
of newly blossomed blooms
they open at the nights
with secret chambers in them airtight
nectar in them swells
fills my nostril drums
swimming dreams caress me
with silent touches of soil
and when at mignights
rains slowly stain my eyelashes
with drops of little wetness
they ease me with lovely traces
of smelling earth's Dress.

lalitha iyer

My Dying Days

hours are counted
my days are numbered
this may be my last step
this may be my last talk

wonder whether I will wake up
and see the morning buttercups
enjoy the hot tea and breakfast
pack up to Office like the rest

thinking of the illness lurking
behind the skin of every being
I wonder how long will I last
thought my limbs are very fast

somebody told me in some book I got
that live as if you are living the last but second thought
and that makes you fast and passionate
attached to your duties and appointments with haste

this is the penultimate moment
next inhaling breath shant come out
the beating heart will stop and shut up
the pulsating arteries shall deny the aching drop

see the ants their life is brief
any second your stand and finish
the poor ends up none to grieve
see the bees and butterflies
that gathers nectar and flutters with wings
in the golden sunshine they give you things
that is so natural and simply baffling
yet, they live but a few hours to days

the undying being is only Love
it lives in those hearts that crave
to feel the tender emotions
with touching tears and passion
god is love, they said

we hung it in the display board
but indeed is he in the love form
lovely too and loving too
he is eternal since he is loving
till the day you love somebody
he does not dies and lives in some body
the demon king thence ordered the priests
not to chant the god's name lest he lives
in the thoughts of men and hearts of thoughts
the heart of love is made of molten love
it is adhesive and eternally embedded
in the pages of the Creation unwedded.

lalitha iyer

My Heart

My heart
I pen
as my ink bleeds
when my life seeds
sown in the wild
did not sprout
and borne out weeds
I verse with my blood
in touch with none
when i feel sad and sunken
to easen my pain
of loneliness and strain
beauty of nature I see
but nature of beauty I cant be
game of love I do play
but to love the game i cant stay
my heart is only a pump
yet, as i lie it silently hums
melodies of life and moans
it aches with the world of flies
flies that die when you live
and show your life beguiles
i cry for each of the roadside whores
who have lost their lovely stores
for the sake of hunger and hood
they who lost the spice of motherhood
the fallen blooms in their early youth
little do they know life is their own truth
when you lie, my heart sink
and hurt am I losing my link
good and bad are in the eyes
yet empty lives are serious lies
my lines are streams
from soul's dreams
i unfold one by one
just to tease my brain
love dies when senses fail
senses fail as oldage sails
shall we exchange out hearts

for brains of wisdom of carts
young hearts for old brains prudent
soak me, oh soak me with melody rained.

lalitha iyer

My Last Kiss

I want kiss
a million Orphans
kiss and lick the tears
the blood clot
in their hearts
to sponge the bruises
in their thoughts
to tell them
that the rich
are nothing to pitch
that begging
is only a part time thing
that when the muscles
of their softest arms
hardens then the golden harvest
their motherland could harness
i want to kiss the blinds
and remove the blinds
that cling to their minds
and tell them sight
is not external,
but deep within the Creator
has dug the magic power for light
and colours and life miracles
to wake up them
from their buried remorse
I want to kiss them
to bloom a thousand roses.

lalitha iyer

My Last Words

Lasting words
are the last words
words
full of meaning
and spoken
by heart
full of Feelings
they voice
could you hear
when the eyes close
or rather looks
stuck up
as if they have
rocketed to skies
and beats of heart
stops abrupt
like posing
for a Camera click
Attention! ! !
Thus the words are spoken
within a blink of eye
and life is gone
emptied
erasing the mould
within seconds
with frozen nothingness.

Where did go
the love and exuding warmth
the hugging affection
and housing live spirit? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

lalitha iyer

My Secret Room

My Secret Room
is within you
where I share my feelings
and emotions soft and strong
deep within the unseen cavities
I in caskets of golden colours
store my passions and longings and fervour
within your body I seek my desire
within your heart my reflections dear.....

lalitha iyer

My Silly Wish

I wish my nights are too long,
when you are gone, I alone
as I could dream you and dance
through in your absence.

I wish my nights are too long,
when you are with me all life,
for then too we could sing the songs
of innocence and love's essence.

I wish you to be a poem
in the stone of my life's path
for every traveller could marvel
your beauty and intrinsic charm

I wish more you to be my Creator God
for you are my love and eternal cord
I fear not for thy would be within me
till the sun to stars shrink and wink.

I wish, I wish, all the love be for all
like the rain and sunshine and maiden breeze
all perfumed and scented with blooms
be pure and soft like the nascent kid.

lalitha iyer

Naked Me! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

Undress me
unto my death
naked I shall bear
generations to fear

Uncover me
I shall shiver with passions
to litter piglets of rations
to eat faecal matters.

Unveil me
my emotions bared
Mirror my heart
to see me part by part

to observe my reactions
and cause behind actions
to study the impulses
and reciprocative pulses

with a knife of sharp precision
cut apart the hypocrisy in my fashion
give my hands the strength to penetrate
me myself and find out all the adulterates

Naked all of us transpire
into one universal truth
that the cloth lining was really untrue
and that we are all made of one fine hue

look inside
wash off and wipe off
all the dirt and dust
the clean being digests not

lies and instincts of animal sorts
all ugly vulgar emotions vapourise
to bring the rainy hours of real sunrise
when facts unadulterated with fictions

throw light upon real functions

Naked thou are holy
naked you face yourself truly
yes, you are half bad, half good
that is the same as anybody on earth should.

lalitha iyer

Naked Woman

A naked woman
is a sight to see
when her breasts
are free to eyes
till your mind
tricks your find
and the body
turns your wife and mother
when your daughter
peeps from the height
and urges you to look at the sight
Fatherhood oh, Fatherhood
you stumbled upon naked truth
that is life, that is anybody's life.

lalitha iyer

Nakedness

When thoughts are naked,
Truths are born;
When words are naked,
Silence is born;

When objects are naked
Light passes on;
When sky is naked
Spring is born;

When earth is naked
Deserts are born;
When hearth is naked
Hunger is born;

When clouds are naked
Droughts are born;
When shrouds are naked
Corpse are Strawn;

When eyed naked
God was laughing,
When looked at naked
God was fooling.

When genders were nude
Species multiplied;
When blunders slept nude
Species mutilated.

When words became naked
Meanings danced upon;
When world became naked
Creator descended again.

Naked beauty is very strong
Untouched it is penetrating,
Upon touch

Life's Mystery awakens the being.....

lalitha iyer

Nakedness From My Angle....

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Truths are born;
When words are naked,
Silence is born;

When objects are naked
Light passes on;
When sky is naked
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lalitha iyer

Nature's Despair

Summer is on
heat is killing
sweats the pores
of living cores
Earth is dry
Sun is merciless
when the Oceans swell
with raging fevers
then the skies benign
open the cloudy pouches
showers the milky patches
soothens the sulking sons
after long separation
suffocating
monsoons joins the celebration
mothering earth
with budding loved ones...

lalitha iyer

Needles Of Rain

I love to watch the sight of rain
sketching long lines in air
needles of water, distinct and clear
definite and sure what to do
no matter whoever hate it touch
and hurries up before it reaches dressed.

Rain is ringing in fertility in lives
birds love and date and court with monsoons
dipping in waters of ponds they delight
watching their jumps makes me punch.

How happy are those wanderers on sky
we with metallic wings sigh
but they with no nest of fixed rest
they float across the oceanic depths
watch how beautifully they glide along
their feathers fanning wide apart.

Rain brings in hungers
to eat, to sleep, to mate, to recreate
fresh ideas tumble down, free life erupts
drenched hearts are fertility's field
touch not those drops without touching me deep.

lalitha iyer

Nostalgia

Too early
when earth under sun
hot and humming
came the rains
cool and cajoling.

Caught unbalanced
ponds danced up;
air moistened
lipped them wet
the dry cups of noon lives.

As I heard the distant thunder
my heart raced with teen age reminders:
every time the noon rain comes
I feel some aching pain within my brain
some distant dead one calls me hard
I feel the nostalgic throngs of long lost funs.

lalitha iyer

Ode To The Lost Mother

Dear mother, when you died
did you sit upon the bud
or did you took the form of a bird
or did you swim deep into the sea
or up in the clouds into a bright star new

yesterday when I looked above
you smiled with your silvery eyes
all day when I gaze around
you seemed to whisper from the trees
the leaves sing and the scars heal
where did you go to form the new role?
oh my dear mother, canst you tell me a fool.

All night I looked among the stars
to see you special like the cartoon hours
I peer into every kitten and pup around
their eyes never show or did all show
your soft kindness and loving heart
oh my dear mother where did you go?
In this world of lonely thoughts
leaving me just innocent and simpleton fool.

lalitha iyer

Only Moments To Go

I feel
I am in the camp
camp of Hitler's
that Nazi camp
where everybody counted
moments and only moments
anytime shots may be fired
how do lives he dared
to kill so many
all lovely kids
and dear wives
and loving husbands
and just humanity
the hope of sanity
he killed
sanctity he raped
armies seeding sons
with no father to name
women pregnant with
but only misery welled
oh! it is paining
to think of
to watch the cruelty
of families butchered
burnt, poisoned and gassed
terribly sad am I
lives no more sure
this man-the harbinger of Dark fears
whose heart was icy
and mind too crazy
a horror in frenzy
Evil in lunacy
Errored in fantasy
Terror of cruelty
my dear Jewbloods
they as cabbages we cut
were shaved from bodies
and shoved off
treated as sausages

and sundry wastages

how many lovely dreams

he smashed

how many loving maids

he crashed

he raped his country women

by enemy men

and raped other women

with his own armies

I wonder

why nature with all beauties

ever bear creature of oddities

lalitha iyer

Oscars And Us

We beg
Your attention
we are the slum dogs
wagging for your intentions

yes, we lick your toes
with no remorse
we kiss your paths
thorns dont prick us sharp.

Our culture we sell
for your money please
our music we fill
with your choices with ease

Our traditions to waste
it is only history to taste
we film for white man's whims
import adultery to chase his aims.

Our brides we parade
with whiteness betrayed
for men of money to trade
and semen her alongwith funds.

We Indians shall bow
to anyman who shows
the coffers of coins in gold
our need is money old or sold.

Purity is not in our search
we need to mix to remix
and fix and refix to six
just for dollars we lie and lisp.

Our lady we in nude
angles adjust for your brood
degrees of beauty you decide
just give us money -us slum dogs.

Our music like our mother
we feel just is old and weary
she doesnt dresses to party
and knows not what is modernity

we in adultery believe
to usher in new life
and language to this century
pregnant India with foreign luxury.

Your Oscars are to our taste
we shall kill any domestic to feast
to be known, to be famous
we shall rejoice in compromise.

Thanks for the Oscars
we slum dogs are happy
thanks for the golden idols
our streets neat with nappies.

lalitha iyer

Out Of Gravity

inside the circle
everything comes down
the core
yes, to the core
things attracted
to the core
to reproduce
to multiply
to the centre of earthly things
to the centre of Earth
pinned by magnetic pains....

Out, yes you are out
now no genders twist your looks
no more bonded by
enslaving urge to enter the hooks
you are free,
floating in the zero zone
Innocent intentionless
act dont lead to beds
facts dont figures match
your thoughts in privacy
and public view have intimacy
no more hide and seeks
you are the world
you live with fullness
you laugh with success
you smile without any excess

Outside the grip of pulling electricity
rationed passions wiped out of city
freed to indulge in frank relationships
dewormed, nomore wriggling pinches
sizing your shapes from zero to hero.....

lalitha iyer

Pain Of Life

Pain

who coined it?

is it beautiful

or ugly?

why no word could partner it?

You could not marry pain to joy

pain always panting in the pan

fried with self imposed aches and agonies

scanning, self introspection, self torture, self punishments

the list of masters controlling the mind.

Pained

at the fall of a bud

at the call of the cuckoo

at the look of a pet dog

which has not company

pained at the eyes of deprivation

the images of loneliness

cruelty, perverted savagery, hypocrisy, dirty bestiality

what is pain which rules my heart and yours too.

Pain is the suffering of faith

faith-who are you?

faith is the tube of connectivity

between the foetus and the mothers blood

supplying life and food to the baby life

faith in love and well being of lives in general

and expectation that mutual feelings shall be reciprocated

when faith is cut or about to be cut

the dying child of life suffers

it withers and is wiped out

Pain-sign of annihilation of the urge to live

to be happy, to enjoy, it cuts off the reason for existence

why live, why exist in this conscious world

if there are no more any loving and lovable creatures

if only money speaks, why selfishly breathe

you, yours, your family, your pride, ego, ends and needs

trample, crush, rape, plunder all other innocence

if life is without the giggles and laughters
without smiles of love and compassion and kindness
why breathe to mate and eat, why breathe to brethren kill.

Paining-raining sadness perennially
expecting minimum decencies
basic courtesies
simple warmth and willingness to co-exist
just do not steal, do not pollute my garden
do not pluck my flowers, do not thorn my heart
with your vampish attacks, may every beauty of being thrive
do not bury the new born with your sarcastic tribes.

lalitha iyer

Pain Of Separation

Separated-
ache survives;

united-
silenced joy;
tears testing eyes
separated freeze;
united follows

pain of whimper
joy of whisper

pinning sadness
plain madness
nature wails
as lives fail

earth without water
air without moisture
space without skies
rains with timeless eyes

wordless lips
dead ears
sightless looks

agony of the missing half
tail of the lizard cut off
in search of fitting puzzle part
fated to wait in desperation...

millions of molecules
enter the oyster womb
yet, who will be the pearl?
million sperms enter the gateway
who will gather the single ovum?

every positive
waiting for the negative

to realise the God
the beauty of existence he is
bliss of life
eluding the pining halves
across the globes
two tiny thoughts
seeking to unite
aching to untie
the existing bonds
and roll into a full ball
of IDEA!

lalitha iyer

Pain Of A Pet

Poor thing
it watches through the caged doors
the smell of life
it pulls it from far afar
the scent of friends
souls of same fathers
peeps in
but pain grows more

Pet, are you, a pet?
inside the alien world
fattier and lonelier
with nobody to share
the natural desires of species
with none to mirror
what your heart rears.

in the house of a rich man
slave of whims and fancies
the pet pissed off for worldies
just alone, in the corner, the single heart
is it weeping or sad or grieving for a counterpart
barking for familiarity
family and funds of simple hais
a bite here, a push there, a pull up
and a push down
a pet is sad, pining alone
its urge to father groans
its mating heart moans.

lalitha iyer

Pain Of Pet

Poor thing
it watches through the caged doors
the smell of life
it pulls it from far afar
the scent of friends
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its urge to father groans
its mating heart moans.

lalitha iyer

Pain Of The Drowning Ant

I saw an Ant
struggle in pain
it went for food
when the rain flood
started dropping
like bombshells
on innocent kids

no clue
of water
ever was
in the land dry
on the roof
it was searching
for some rice or grain

when the dropp of clouds
first landed on its side
the poor thing
it fastly saved
its dear life
with a swifter move
to the drier side

but soon
tattooing the earth
hydro bombs
they stormed upon
the poor creature
it was hunted
for life
by hands of nature
escapes failed
How could the weak ant
fight the rains
in the rivering tide
it lost its life

Ants and humans

lost in the Predator's hunt.

lalitha iyer

Painting Of Pain.....

there was a sketch of pain
on the wall of a hall
it was veiled as none could stand
the agony traced in the pane

they guessed the unseen
the unknown
some said its the portrait
of Christ Crucified
who bled to death
some said its the hungry millions
from Africa, all bony and ribbed
with little semblance to life and living thread

some felt it must be Oliver Twist
with round tears cornering his looks
some felt it must be the Dead ones of Chernobyl
or Bhopal or Hiroshima or Nagasaki

I thought there must be the colour of blood
and somebody sobbing and writhing with aches
some fractured heart or some broken limb
or some punctured life or some penniless beggar

soon the painting came to light
there was a millionire with pain writ on his forehead
he was young, he has no broken arms
nor any bleeding wound
but he was sad as a stone
for he had no offspring cloned
to hug or to kiss and bless the home
with the world of love and gurgling mirth.

lalitha iyer

Palm History

Big leaf
small leaf
budding leaf
ripe old leaf
brown and red
and yellow and green
soft and tender
subtly lined
stern and brittle
veined sharp with riddles
palms of nature lies on the dust
trample not, they are hidden story chests

what a beauty, what a modesty
unlike a flower they don't show off fragrantly
neither do they bed with honeybees golden
they are silent messengers
their palms are discreet maps
to the nature's origin and ways
every leaf with enigmas profound
sleeps silently under the heaped carbage
the grandpa, ma leaves with the world of nature
engraved in their palms-legendary historians
they have the bond of life still vibrant within
harping in their hearts are a tree's legend
big leaf, small leaf, tiny leaf, broad leaf
red and green and yellow and brown
love them all they are nature in modesty's gown.

lalitha iyer

Palm Reading

Palm of a leaf
greener and richer
with viens
web like
so smooth
its face is
so soft to touch
tapering to the end
moulded by hands delicate
fanning the old tree
dancing to air
and excited
when storm
breaks out
sending ghostly wind.

lalitha iyer

lalitha iyer

Passing Fantasies

Like the Autumn leaf
lying yonder dust
all my loved ones died

My, Dear mother
who sunned my blinded looks
with her love and vision
she who suckled life and warmth
into my being
and seeded life to my seeings
flew with the migratory birds
fancying beauty of other worlds
without saying an apology word

I took the chubby kid
only yesterday in my lap
and patted him
with my life blood fed
yet today he like an alien being
stands apart from me, I statued and sting.

My handful of love and passions
I poured into my heartfull of emotions
still parched are my lips full of thirst
my pot of life is empty and endless
no stones of hopes raise the levels to joy

Like the dews of winter night I fell upont one sun lit morn.

lalitha iyer

Passing Of A Great Soul

It was on its way
the soul of divine says;
it just visited the earth
the world of humans it met
to tell them of faith and comets
that brings luck and fortune
for those who strive to find.

Dreams are not sleep films
but films that sleeps don't dream
what a beauty, what a philosophy
what a reference to hard work and sweat
Wings of fire
the Missile man with a heart of gold
the man who asked us to fly above clouds
to avoid rains that dampens our hopes.

Modest yet multi millionaire of faith
every quote smells of the heart inside the man
by reading his lines, you can identify the man
the poor born who made us rich
from earth to sky, he missiled by
conquered hearts with kindred smiles
Once in a life time, the King walks us by
Greatness is not a shop brand he made us understand
born simple, he showed us how to kite our desires and dreams
the soul was whisked away when the mortal body on its stage beamed
What an escape the great souls all did
Not on bed, nor on hospital's lounges
When the intellect was braining to millions
when the eyes twinkled with urge to share the wisdom conquered
down-the destiny's time out;
like a vision of God
he landed the vehicle to heavens
What an Avatar he was
the Son of his beloved Mother
who loved his brethren and bread less borns.

Vision were his eyes

Watch were his legs
An epitome of discipline
a monument of modesty and simplicity
A man who left us without leaving
A Purush who enriched us with Artha.

lalitha iyer

Past Pastures

Ruminating upon the greens
of my tender teens
I remorse and regretted
without any beans.

Sitting on my balcony sill
I saw the moon of my adolescent
weeping and sobbing my beat my heart
there was life and love it chilled me apart

Those were hours of desperacies
I cant loosen myself from past pastures
I was eating the grass from memories sweet
I was neglecting my present day meets

Why waste the hours of challenging beats
counting the eggs that never hatched
let me pebble not my pooling heart
and ripple out nostalgic aches so hard

let me march ahead in twos
let the present eat me too
let my problems swallow me do
yet my sweeter memories I shall never pin
my apparels I shall stitch with the battle of rings.

lalitha iyer

Penetration

The Cosmic law
it penetrates
spilling truths
in millions
into fertile brains
gazing stars
amazing miracles
every molecule
vibrating;
rays of intensity
permeating into space
every element of mystery
tapped in secrecy
when love penetrates
Joy is Born
when Madness penetrates
Insanity
when you penetrate
Our son
when music penetrates
I am reborn.

lalitha iyer

Perfect Match

Breathless
every being
pants
where is my water?
your water is not mine
lovely dews
night's pets
dawn's love
lies with the buds

dweller inside
demands
destiny falters
the identified you
adjusts with realities
inner you
has his own passions
the you inside
is forever unsatisfied
meaningless the mundane mind
suffers the loneliness
of inner being
lack of understanding
uncomprehending
unable to spell
solutionless
who has found the inner thing
the invisible presence
of the tiny heart?

Persons marry
personalities match
persons mate
personalities meet
Inner being hugs
with invisible Abstract Nouns
Bodies just multiply
inner beings in solitary confines
dissolve into each other

vanishing beauty;
inner urge is to seek
the fullness unrevealed
Ecstasy veiled
when untangibles speak
bodies are wasted freaks.

lalitha iyer

Pinching Solitude

Shivering in Winter
stark naked
sans leaves
is the solitary soul

what aches it?
pained to soul
the skin you see
just grieving white cold.

winter needles in
I am alone, I am alone
God is hybernating
ghosts are wandering.

give me a candle flame
just to feel the hot glow
give me a bird's chirp
just to feel the sweet lips.

in this piny world of cruelties
shivers my heart afraid of future
I am in fear of losing the beauty
of life and creation- nameless agony.

I am afraid-they ask me why?
I am anxious-they ask me for whom?
killing loneliness crawls inside
they say those worms are dreams bad.

every second zoomed
my utter helplessness booms
I cannot escape the terror of being
I wish I could sleep and escape lonely wanderings.

lalitha iyer

Pink Twilight

Seen ever the pink twilight
in the eyes of the mangoose?
they are nature's pink twilights
they will vanish soon
the epitomes of love, desire and affection
have you ever watched them move
have you ever observed how they behave
come, sit, watch with me
Hush, dont make any sound or gesture
they are very sharp and alert
they can smell you long distant
see you from lands apart
they are keen and defensive
very very immediate in their reactions
they bristle up and defend fast
they love and cuddle too with ease
their motherly care is beyond measure
they court with carefree plays
they are a breed to enjoy
they are life in essence
pure life exudes in their traits
its a beauty, untainted, virgin exhibits
of true reason why life has originated and exist.

The tiny squirrel,
that jumps up and down
makes home like you
collects food like you
wards off enemical cats
prevents babies from eating monsters
with sharp black wisdomic looks
the miniature laboratory
with every creative cycle within
the beauty of life seeded in
They are pink twilights of nature
unless we learn to love them, they may perish
the school of biology and medicine they are
unless we preserve them they may vanish.

lalitha iyer

Pinning Pain

Pain

it fills the whole body
starting from nowhere
and ending up everywhere

it is in the mind
it is in the flesh
it is in the thoughts
and it is in emotions

it is carried forward
from the events past
it is expressed
fear of coming events in future

bones becomes thorn
flesh becomes acidic corns
life becomes endless horror
pained by flesh and
pained by senseless haunt.

lalitha iyer

Pleasure Of Being

The heart of JOy
the soul of an Action
the result of a fusion
its pleasure-the expression of a mission
in conclusion
it is a pleasure to live
when a loved one attends
to your needs
and shares your heeds
and places you at the top of deeds
it is pleasure to sweep the dust
all over the earth
if you will tread
my path with your finest lead
if my baby will drink all milk
I shall suckle her
till my breasts shall bear
no more living sacks
and just a dot of darkness marks
it is a pleasure
to design a mansion of measure
just to house my world of loves
Leisure seeks pleasure
pleasure looks after leisure
green is grass' pleasure
softness is petal's pleasure
cool is the snowball's pleasure
cooing is cuckoo's pleasure
Relax, swimming in the life
dive up and down to inhale the joy
of forgetting self
submitting to the pleasure of being nothing.

lalitha iyer

Poetry Of Creation

Creator
wove the web
of poetry
by penning
with love
in the etherial airs
invisible to humans
dotting the blooms
with nectar springs
dusting the petals
free of nagging things
opened every womb
and implanted combs
of honey
in magic sacks
sealing with codes
charming the beings
to forget
until tested
in purity
Gods in mystery
wrote the secrecy
of seed to fruit
and rooted it
to earth
soiled the fertility
and smelled into the spontaneity
and finally slept tired
transforming into dreams
broken by rain drops
blessed with crops.

lalitha iyer

Poverty's Reply To Royalty

My Lord,
I am ugly,
yet, my heart is sweet
I am dirty
yet, my thoughts neat
I live in a street
but I don't retreat
my bed is in shreds
but I don't suffer asleep
with strangers who need
one for this night
one for the next
I live in scatters
yet my air is natural
my man I shall bed with
his arms my garland be
be him a beggar
yet, our dreams shall castles
build in the atmosphere
which rains for us too
and pains though I undergo
but parent not kid
who's father's name he knows not
As an honest maid
in genuine love
I invite you to my streets
and activate your muscles
and work like a man
just a man you should be
honestly sweat
for all you eat
and marry in modesty
and then come to my bed
which is in the shreds
among the carbage feds..

lalitha iyer

Prayer Of The Soul.....

when I learnt
that God was there
inside the black stone
well within the temple lone
I believed
my mum told
that God's hear
and wishes grant
I trusted
since my mum told
that God's loving
and bless the living
I had faith
in those words
since my mum told
and I sprawled
before the divine feet
and prayed earnestly
that my mum cared
to look at me
and smile pleased
yes, a child's world

Now, when I enter the temple
my hands I fold
and pray listlessly
I know the God
has left long before
to listen to the Orders
of Nature's dictums
my Gods is busy
his world is crazy
I know he has gone
to places of unrest
and people of ill will
to save the wretched
and the weeping souls.....

lalitha iyer

Pupp's Love

Across the hectic road
jumped a puppy boy
wagging her tale of torment
stood a mother watching her plunge

The road was full and scary
too dangerous for humans who hurry
the tongue he waved to his mother in worry
and took the ferry to motherhood deary

Those who watched stood still
for love on earth so thoughtless never fill
human kids think before they love
whether they gain or loose or life cease

It was an Act of God
and divine will be done
the angel of motherhood stepped in
and carried the puppy to mum's lap.

lalitha iyer

Purity Speaks Within

As Ego dresses falls one by one
you shiver in innocence revealed
candour and simplicity clasps you hard
your heart is filled with solemnity broad.

When thoughts falter not astray by chaotic desires
ambitions climb not to monkey peaks maddening
and when you realise the path to wholeness
it lies when you beggar be, prides dissolved
beg for nothing but essential truths benign
just for the melting beauty of creation, all simple and child like.

when the inner being jewels and radiates through the eyes
when the things you see dont matter but just passes by
when all objects you possess dont possess your mind
when you vibrate with nature and melodies infiltrate your mind
then purity's guitar notes produce and you drown into the Ocean of life.

lalitha iyer

Rain And Greens

Watch Rain

and you feel it in brains
close your eyes
and you can feel the cool leaves
before it rains
their whiskers brush with airs
mustache tickles the country bowers
swirling dust and fallen leaves
they hunt your heart like howling elfs
roaming wind rocks your mind
round and round the message is sent
and every tree passes the word
and Apps is switched on
every leaf big and small, tiny and large
expectant of augmenting rain
claps their branches
and giggles the buds and sprouting boughs
clouds peer and clap their thunders
heavens lighten their passionate wonders
Rain is coming and life rich with powers.
sweet mud, fragrant veiled like a virgin bride
waiting the drops to penetrate into her bed
the first rain drops finishes the famishing maid
Like the climax of a story and climbing music reaching its height
The pinnacles of nature's beauty stretching to mysterious wilds
Here Comes Rain bouncing in ecstasy and hankers of lusty ride.

After Rain

watch the cleansed clouds
the azure sky, pure and dried
the calm earth, with no signs of fights
leaves modestly jeweled with liquid life
roots eagerly sucking the water sweet
birds flirting and dating upon the trees
all around the aroma of passion quenched
wind is nowhere, storm is silent,
air has no quivers, moist is her breast
washed with neatness like new born uniforms
all greens are impeccably white

ponds are precious clear
light streaming from hidden sun bear
life's symphony now halting for low decibels unheard
After the rains everything is new born
all virgin greens pregnant with passion's babies tuned.

lalitha iyer

Rain And Me

She is so sweet and delicate
yet full of passionate eloquence
she could clean and wipe you white
yet batter into your lusty emotions
and make you burn with hot embers
She is an angel and a demon
Angelic she charms you with her molten hugs
and captivates you with her cool cool thighs
kisses you with her lovely sighs
she comes to overcome you
sometimes forewarned, sometimes blinding your senses,
she is in full a romantic queen.

She is full of charms and harms
she embeds you with tormenting wishes too
the flame she lits upon your heart
it leaves you burning with genetic cravings
she is liquid and you all vapourised
cool yet she hottens up your healing wounds
caught unawares she unbuttons your inner fantasies
rain is love for every being
every child is fond of rain and
every man fell for her feel
tears roll down from feminine cheeks
as rain caresses her nostalgic peaks
birds and animals all respond to her magnetic treats
She is quite a wonder with all her lightning and creaks.

lalitha iyer

Rain In Summer

I wish
a Rain would come
yes, the heat is killing
and I am stroked by fatigue
oh, the first rain
with drops of love
just to lick my heat
off the body of lust
to fill with coolness
strawing away
with passion the sinking hotness
oh, what a sight
of grey clouds like breasts of milk
aching to pour
what a beauty
it is about to rain
let us dance and play
the dust will be wet
earth crust set
for the new seed
new sprout to shoot
cheering hearts with bouts.

lalitha iyer

Rain Moon

Night, when sun has settled his account
in the clear blue sky dusky
came the beautiful full moon silky
her silvery robes flowing neat and white
she was dazzling bright
lovely and smiling rich
bringing back memories switched.

lalitha iyer

Rain Washed

Like a virgin bride
after a lovely night
earth awoke
to rainy delights.

How beautiful
are the touches of life!
rain wet nights
the music all night
it drums into your soul
the vibrant music
of the wild breeze
the hissing leaves
the howling wind
the passion,
the intoxicant urge
it blows out the candle of imagination
the titanic battles of nature
they vanquish your dreamy fairy tales
your wildest imaginations cant sketch
or paint or fabricate
the beauty personified by nature's lust

Rain washed
a lovely mother she is our earth
born are millions of babies
her womb every fertile
yet she is charming and seductive
Rains are more than what eyes view
some demonic angelic heart
hugs to every rainy drop
watching rain in its fullest pour
makes you feel life-past and future explored
I melt into nothing washed by rain
in and out I just drift along with the downpours
emotions flood out, images dance, childhood jumps out
youth makes impish appearances
my greying old age wiped by torrents of triggered fences.

lalitha iyer

Rainbow In My Heart

Incessant rains
flooded life;
day in and day out
they wept into my life.
Creeping into every nook and corner
of every joy they wiped me dear.

All day passed into nothing
into dark pits I fell climbing above ill things
every time I stand, some dirty hearts pull me within
and ugly minds pinch me stretching
I screamed at nothings and climbed still to something.
Yet, life was done, so I thought, my dusk nearing.

Sun about to set slowly smiled peeping
I could see the tear drops glistening
Across the heart strings intriguing
some alien hand drew a rainbow colourful
combined with past, present and future in full
Before I sank to ground, I just fluttered open my lull

Ahoy! That was the Rainbow of life, I bowed in Awe.

lalitha iyer

Raining My Heart

Needling
probing
pricking
piercing
pinching
pilfering
peeping
pinning
picturising
pinking, inking
bleeding
bubbling
bullying
bulldozing
buffooning
buttering
basking, budding
oh no, rains are my favourites
Monsoon comes and I go
I just surrender at the feet of Monsoon sky

What do rains do?
I don't know,
but sure, they drill me in and out
they kill me and enliven me
they ransack my emotions and passions
raid my past, present and future dreams
take me out part by part
and hang them up in zoomed lot
every inch of my being is being tossed up
and looked by a magnifying glass cup
oh rains, rain clouds, thunder and storm
lightning and hurricanes
they just wipe me out
whip up every single urge within
I want to hug the entire world
the lovely squirrels, the twittering birds,
the untouchable skies, the undiggable earth
the ponds, the oceans, the rivers and brooks

and mountain peaks and hills and horizon beds
Rains they wet me in and out, make me hot and cold
I am freezing and fuelling all at the same time
wow, just melting and solidifying in one single flame
all air speaking in the summitting volumes
liquidifying my being to hear, listen
and reply and respond with inner vibrations
I react without any stop, involuntarily shaking
my whole body ignited, enflamed, I wild and crazy
oh, the rains are penetrating into my very privacy.

lalitha iyer

Raining Sun

The golden blushes
brushes the green leaves washed
by all night pour sweet and strong
the dawn awoke too early
every green sparkling in delight
the earlier birds hummed her spirit
with energetic music filling life and space
When the sun peeps in
after the freezing night
cold and damp when rain drizzles you to death
even a ray of miserly smile feasts
the whole pond of green mirrors beauty
the ray of light that follows adversity
its like the faith of a follower
the hope of a drowning heart
what a sight it is to watch
after the horrible mundane drab dark life
when the sun hugs you tight
showering kisses left and right
and convinces you that life is after all rosy and lovely

Nature is God's own teacher
learning is inborn trait
why beat the students for not learning stupid lessons
imbibing is genetic madness, spontaneity in absorption
all are fertile within and fecundity drives to secure knowledge
wisdom flows and flows from nature's cyclic sensitivity
watch the vibrant leaves flutter deep within
the butterflies dating with every golden hue
courting birds chirping out the purest love
for every rain, there is a Sun
that rains out faith in life and fills out cheer and happiness.

lalitha iyer

Rainy Summers

After ages
rains come out
like an infant
born after years of marriage
so softly the summer crept in
nobody noticed that winter has glided by
heat consumed energies
and nature came with the cure
how beautiful are the dark clouds
when they come for the first time
the sky pregnant with cooling pillows
the air full of hopes and expectations.
birds are chirping with a new music
my heart is thumping with a new lyric
the alterations in the Cuckoos call
the variations in the sparrows squeal
oh how beautifully nature speaks to nature
The rain air is hugging my interiors
and I am drenched within before without.

lalitha iyer

Reading You

By his wave
he says I could manage
by his shave
he means he is on the stage

with a gesture
a world shuttered
simply pours
silently for hours

the gleam in the looks
spills the joy in the books
the sunken eyes
hints at sinking ties

stiffening body
strikes at unrest embodied
lingering lust
lamped by lazy stretch

eyes speak
lips too leak
the way you stand
says the weight in your hand

Reading you
in Silence
is watching wonders
what you say
is not what you may
facing your words
When I am lost into your face
the gap intrudes
and I stop reading blanks.

lalitha iyer

Receding Waves

Though I love You
my thoughts tug at my skirts
days are numbered
dusk is setting on
they point to me
go on
dont stop
this heart wont bear
when the wave recedes
and Ocean nomore tides

Though his hands
I could touch
they smell of a future
of dying mess
My dreams speak of
days to come
when life will kill me
with lonely aches

When his part finishes
and when he departs
I wonder how could I
bear the broken heart
Tonight his passionte hug
it permeates
into me a Season of Lust
but hidden beneath
looms largely
the hour of future
part of nature.

Take me
not just my body
Wipe me off the thoughts
that trouble my days and nights
the consciousness
the killing rationality
that shakes me vigorously

take me
undress my thoughts
and bathe me with insanity
let me love and let me mate.

lalitha iyer

Receding Waves.....

When passion reigns high
waves recede sigh!
lashing out with force tremendous
they resurface into Tsunamis high.

When love is at the peak
words dont blurt out leaked
they choke at the throat
and stick to the stomach

Distancing passions too speak
of emotions uncontrolled and freak
to humanise the lust indisiplined
the beings wander off into areas blind.

when dreams dont concur with real life
when hasty actions kill the taste of reactions
when the need of the hour is delicacy and tact
something pushes us behind to regain us intact.

lalitha iyer

Relationships

It is a chord of silk
softer and finer than milk
aching to break
when the passions freak

the line of love
touched by the affection ends
pulling side to side
urgencies spilling affinity's stride

relationships are sometimes friendship
sometimes married they worship
sometimes miss the same ship
and break off in the middle of tip

when relationships have many names
many cannot relate with other games
relationships are tangential
at only one point unconventional

when you meet the circle has infinite points
infinite are your traits and trends
the touching tangent cant cut each and every
and seldom it goes through the centre
to become the radius and diameter

when ranges differ
circumference alone they meet
sectoring or simply kissing the single bit
aching heart yearns for more
to be the diameter of my circle
of life and living passions
yet, relationships suffer in degrees
they conquer only one dot
and extend not to the centre spot.....

It aches to learn that relationships
which we wish, dont centre
which we dont wish

do centralise our life and plans.

lalitha iyer

Remembering Michael Jackson.....

When Shakira was dancing
waving wildly
and sparing her love
for the land of Africa
deep within an anguish crept
if only, if only, if only
there was Jackson singing..

When the World cupped
within the golden cup,
the whole world supped
with the scheduled teams,
when the lusting urge
to win spiralled in the crowded stage
I wished so sadly
that you were there
My Moon Walker
and man of immeasurable steps
that you were to air your love
to the people of your own dear
just I felt the missing throb
it pinched me badly
that touch was killing
the missing presence unwilling
to give up
inconsolable the emptiness wailed.....

lalitha iyer

Reply To An Invitation To Bed

Oh my Lord,
your mansions are full
silky robes and
silvery touches
slim damsels
with slipping hips
and dancing breasts
and brooding thighs
your bed is always flowered
with all these angels
with tender hands
and touching hearts
their snow white bridges
and coal blacked hairs
their slyful looks
and tempting strides
their whispering hooks
that clings to your manes
oh no, I am a leper
and a roadside sweeper
my hands are dirty
and my dresses torn
thoughts are barren
and thighs painfully drawn
I am a hungry woman
and my lips are thirsty
but me born in poverty
and misery is my life
my blood is in agony
and I care for no fancies
I am harsh and ruff
and I sleep in sheds
shredded with stench
I am all filthy
my sweat is smelling unhealthy
I smell from street ends
the scent of carbages and mounds
puss oozes from my scars
blood my from thoughts

my eyes are full of blinds
I have a vision blurred
I have a body cursed
and arched a cruise missile
I know no polite words
but only the language of woers
who quarrel for lesser paid wages

Now, how could you behold
Me and mine
when your world is lovely littered
with woman of fantastic wombs
and tattoed tombs.....

lalitha iyer

Reproduction And Reincarnation

Man reproduces
God reincarnates

seeds germinates
souls transmigrates

what is in a Sperm?
what is in a Spirit?

Babies cry for food
Babies cry for love
Lust hankers for nest
Zest harbours rest.

When life is midway
have you started anyway?
When we are midlife
our kids ask us why us?

Every thought reincarnates consciousness
Every matter reincarnates energy sources
when man rapes, weeded out are orphans
when gods escape, churned out are seasons

who made passions
and then mansions?
who scaled Oceans
and then confusions?

Man reproduces
God reproduces tooooooooooo
Every being
unto his own liking
Every being
multiplies its own looking

Man seeds
to litter kids
God designs

to better ends

What we desire
he provokes to sire
his own children
made of charms and auras

when out of man
moulds of mud and finished clay form
inside man delivers
frames of expanding energies

when the diving sperm connects
links of God signals
for his reincarnations
does he tools man's passions?

Are we Gods abnormal?
Super Gods reigning Invisible
Are we Pronouns?
Nouns encased in mediums undecipherable?

Humans are we puppets?
handled by unfathomable Cosmics
Are we Ceramics
potteries filled up to Eternity's Quest....

lalitha iyer

Resonating With Nature

Stop buttons
blink
switches off
signals no more
thoughts are closed
for a moment
I want to be
in harmony
with Nature
to be with me
peeling off my outer skin

How many voices?
How many whispers?
How many songs?
Who are they
who speak in the solitude?
Echoing life
from ages of legends
how many stories
of love and life
wound around
hearts of innocence
and burning pride
how many beauties
unfound?
how many faded
unseen, unknown?
Closing my mind
my heart opens
and deep within
somebody listens
to the vibrating stories
depicted in walls and
wailing wind
waves engraved
with victories and defeats
sands speak of

foot marks of
lovely infants
and lingering paces.....

lalitha iyer

Ripening Age

Does fruits ripen
to be sweet
or arrogant treat
do they own
their juices
to be their own
their lovely taste
to be their wealth
poor fruits
they seldom knew
that men on earth
when ripened old
are under mould

Do springs of water
neat and healthy
flowing gently
quenching thirst
claim their liquid
their own treasure
and deny the world
the solace of life
yet, men of matter
aged and wasted
claim their knowledge
with heads acknowledged.

lalitha iyer

Ripples Of Pond

Painted by monsoon rain
are the waters green;
who will paint the pond's face
but the monsoon rain with mossy surface.
Green and clear
the beauty of pond is seductive
mirroring all the vibrations around
reflecting the blue sky
green leaves and full moon amply
I love of all the things she shows
her lovely ripples coupling and singling.

Ripple, the word is a beauty
triggered by hands unknown
hearts unthought of
messages unasked for
moods and stimuli- they appear and disappear
what a beauty, the ripple in the pond.
a drop from above the coconut leaves
the splash of king fisher that plunges to fashion
and licks of air that dries it commotion
the swimming tortoises
the swam of fishes
every little being ripples cause
pond, like a woman's heart ripples because.

Ripple, the music jingles like bangles
watch the ripples come again and again
I love the concentric circles
the way they spread to distant corners
how emotions are sent through e-mails
and how thoughts are carried by telepathic trails
the physics and chemistry are all nature's bounty
the longitudinal wavelets,
giggles of kids happy and wild
born of touch of airy fairies blind
they loose their path and waters guide
Pond to me is a panorama of life
not for the birds and lives that throng its shore

not for the watery lives within it stores
but for the magnanimity it resounds
capturing every life and beauty around
how it appears like a repertoire of classics
of biodiversity that surrounds
I feel there is life in those waters
waters that speak out in tongues of ripples
some day, some time, may be if I ask some question silly
she may ripple the reply out to me to tell it
to children who sleep in concrete indoors
and make them wake up to her secret stores.

lalitha iyer

Ruminating

Monsoon sailed in
and life is wet;
tears cloud
and needles of rain pour.

Needling rain
injects pain
pain is beautiful
it makes life colourful.

pain is always pain
if something is sure, it is.
may be yours, may not be
but that death and farewells thrive
and dear ones die and you cry.

Rain is life, life is raining
full of insecure abnormalities
between two laughters creeps in reality
like the film that drools you between cool ads.

I can see the future's silhouette
I can read your mind as far as I can mine
I read yours only in my own language
A deer cannot read a tiger's language too.

I stand before the needles of rain
they like straight lines are drawn
between earth and sky, my heart and divine
slides of past run by, they seem to see me and whisper
I stand numb and frozen, could they see me I am triggered.

Can the unborn see us, can the dead ones watch us
can the non living talk and can the living non talk
can minds talk with each other, can talks be simply country wastes
Can my emotions be spirits of dead or unborn
Can my passions be their feelings unsown
Are we born out of dead men's balances
Are we just recycled from the remnants of dead ones

Are we only here to finish the original cycle
Are all the desires and wills Creator's own will
Come let us think together, if you could put your mind to mill
Are we just ending scenes, acted by artists who departed before bell.

lalitha iyer

Ruminating Memories

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lalitha iyer

Sanitary Napkins

Your love
reminds me
of my napkins
sucking my blood
that dishonours me
discomforting my existence
saving me
from sufferings galore
with a pack
of finished cotton.

lalitha iyer

Scar Of Red

It never heals
the scar of red
every dusk
it reappears
like the phoenix
from the ashes of burning sun.

Memories never die
they are topped
by new
like the game of kids
one upon another
impregnant with haunting kills
remember not we the happy hours
but the burns they sing aloud
deeper they pain, longer they flame.

Remember the first insults
still, day afresh
the first beating to confidence
to self expression
and urge to show off teenimages
the first upon the soft feathery passion
crushing and crumbling the furred lovely mansion
scars, scars, scars,
no bars, every being wretched and desperate
bruised ye learn brutality's strength

broken hearted
what a beautiful word
yet heart never breaks
only desires charr
the lovely buds wither
childish fantasies tombs bear
every little baby
on its way to granny
asserts its rightful beauty
bubbles of dreams
dreaming bubbles

kisses of hopes
hoping kisses
melting half way ice creamy
grey hairs thus wisdom wavy.

Scar of red thus dusk carry
every night clothes the shroud of sky
with hands of darkness, sobbing and sighing
yet through the holes in the rags of misery
stars whisper, twinkle twinkle
moon smiles jingle jingle
every failure every beauty toes
you learn to sky and earth hug in rues.

lalitha iyer

they search for things
they dont have
passionate about foreign fashions
and imported sperms
or European Wombs
all that is One's own
one fail to rejoice on own.....

lalitha iyer

Searching For A Meaning

I saw
an ant
searching
for food
I dropped
a grain
it took it
and happily went

I saw the bee
buzzing around the flower
soon the hive
filled with honey sweet
the gardens looted
nectars poted
bees have finished
their life missions

I saw the waves
huge and passionate
lustfully lashing
against the rocky terrains
and greedily washing away
the golden sands
they come again and again
with the only intention
to plunder the shore
and pirate the wealth.

Every being has a mission
my life I wonder
is a wild guess vision
I watch history
I discover geographies
and invent Sciences
yet, meditation teaches
just to forget
and concentrate
focus in the single thing

just to be aware of
not Knowledge
but Awareness of Being.

lalitha iyer

Seasonal Moods! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

it rains
and it pains
in chains
the mind clogged
revolts dogged
sun never dawns
inside the thoughts
drink as you may
yet lulling moods play
as the mornings sleep
the body wheels peep
to come out or not
from the garrage they plot
rainy hours kills the urge to dress out
they ask us to lie upon the bed and stick out
remotes act, screens accelerate
story books fly fast
and hungry mouths gulp to last

it is summer,
sun is early
budding life freely
everyone is on the streets
the lane is full of buzzing beats
dashing life crossing the roads
lusty nature awakens early
every being bursting ripe
the breakfast hours preponed
kids of chirpy life bell
every new warmth and smell.

Winter and frost kills me full
I watch my grave built
by seconds
freezing bites cross the line
and I feel the fill
of new born gale
winter blues stretch my gloom
i am sad and i dont bloom

purest season
cruellest in fashion
lazy bones they ache in pain
backaches multiply
and bitter moments cry
Winter makes me nostalgic
i weep for my dead ones
and sob for the broken hearts
for the shivering poor
I pray and play not
just put my thoughts into the hole
that leads to the centre of the whole
the entire season it balls up into one roll
life hanging between death and drolls.

lalitha iyer

Seconds

Every second
why do you think?
Oh my dear Mind
why cant you wink?
I am tired of you
you are non-stop
suckling my energies
and switching my moods
dreams of mine
like tides of waves
they appear from nowhere
and vanish to distant lands
why do you think of
people I dont care about
and of ideas and thoughts
which I preciously share
you neglect to ponder upon
you kindle desires
which I cant bear
and crush my emotions
devising plans cruel

Every second
a new wave
washing my shores
with hands anew
and depositing
ugly gossips on my face
seconds.....oh, they kill me
with littering thoughts.....

lalitha iyer

See The New In The Full/Full In The New

Some men live
always seeing the negative
side of a face inactive
Sermons are beautiful
when the succour could be drawn
every coin has head and tail
every moon has new and full
as its phases
every day has night
and a worrying twilight
dirts are for the washing
thoughts make up what you are
when the bowl of wine
foams up in the brimming cup
drink not to the full
but think of tomorrows spell
when a loved one is done
and agonised you writhe
the message is sent
to destinations you cant scent
and hands of support extent
just trust and trust in the whole
natural laws are applicable to all
just learn from the discords
and grow like a seed
a soil not of its ilk
and water and sunshine too unknown
the seed grows with a faith
sealed in its bosom
study from the annals of manhood
all truths are universal
mortals we are
modified versions we are
praying is self hypnotising
pray and trust healing self.

lalitha iyer

Shadows...

black and bleak
are the shadowed streaks
the light is on the other side
you are but the neglected maid

keenly drawing
the map of the figure
kissing at paths
where light is hindering

shadowy suspicious things
shadows causing ecliptic beings
reflecting the time of the day
dancing to the tune of the ray

shadow follows objects
as death follows living sects
what an unhappy ending
dismally following the golden ring

yet, a theory of Science
where light cant open the solids
and peep into the interiors
or light is captivated by the beauty of inner airs.....?

lalitha iyer

Shutter Island

It was not a movie
but a concentrated campaign
I was all bubbling and jolly
at the start, but ended deadly
It is an honour
It is a pride
It is a compliment
to the director who excelled
that was something I could never forget
for ages to come
and I have never seen a movie
so digging deep and killing your smiles
Oh, that was something that stole my youth
I was stuck up in nightmare as he
and still I wonder what is true
the marvel of the magic is
still I cant accept the truth
and I still hope he is the marshal
and not a patient as they say
stinking pschys they were powerful
and the movie just did its job
watch it out, its just amazing, yet fooling you
oh in the end, you are an Idiot of the sorts
Congrats the film did open up an unravelled mystery
the world has a long way to go ahead
poor men in the dark, ignoramus, simple civics
whoever said the truth were labelled crazy
and whoever found out the hard core truth were made insane
when sanity reaches its peak
insanity is at the top it sees
love and truth and honesty and goodwill
all slaved by cruelty and icy ill will and demonyary
oh, it pains me, every picture of Leonardo
wish the wife and kids were more striking
and Ben did his job and oh, no more wording
just baffling, just one thought of mind slaving
it happens, its happening, in and around you
only wish no evil doers achieve the arms
and ruin the world which is lovely, badly harmed.

lalitha iyer

Shy

It will break
yes, those words
when uttered
will disrupt
the alignment
the beauty and harmony
in the air
I can't lip them
they cost the beauty
of the inner feelings
a look is enough
but my head is held low
to face those looks
it's really a task
the emotional brooks
brook no interference
coiled within
the serpent hisses not
its time after lunch
it wont move at all
the prey swallowed
heavy is the heart
expose it is over
tell and the spell is lost
silence overflows
with abundance
yet you can fill it
more and more and more
silence is never saturated
its the lovely solvent
dissolving more and more
Air could bear only less
so many ears
yet, air could hear less
Silent and Shy
my feelings are hard to hold.

lalitha iyer

Silenced

No words
I am awed
the sight
of love
it makes me speechless
the touch of
love ones
it renders me
revolving
around insane axis
that rotates my thoughts
into filmy boughts

Yet, more silenced am I
when I face the unloving ones
the heartless brutes
whose eyes are stones
looks are knives
and minds are monkeys
keyed to operate
with distinct brutality
the more the good
the more the bad
in this world of neutrality
Silenced am I
shocked numb.

lalitha iyer

Silent Expressions

Do they tell
any unforgettable tales
the blue skies
and the green leaves
the bulging clouds
and the petalling blooms
the Saga of Nature
unravelling by man
is always Silent and calm.

We proclaim
proud of our conquests
nature full of bounties
and wealth uncountable
truly a Sage
wise and intelligent
bustling with energy
goes on and on.

We research on treasures
but gems don't invite us to measure
true beauties
never sponsors
brimmed to the full
they are happy within
and when men find their paths
they too don't enquire
and traverse other's
strayed hearts.

A man is mightier
by the words lesser spoken
and the Silence more followed
then by the larger volume
of thoughts outflowed
aged wisdom speak only little
and the little too with subdued mettle.

lalitha iyer

Silent Expressions-2

Stars do they speak
all night twinkling;
the mystery of cosmic energies
exuding from their beaks
stunning sights
beckons of celestial lights
they wink
as if they say something
and sink you
into a sea of wonders
their lovely colours
that delights with swift glows
some angels
are they?
or our dead ones
are they?
stories galore
startling more;
silently flows from the heaven's breast
invisible milkly drops
of dripping science and fiction
alongwith beauty of imagination
all silent beauties
very modest and alluring
with inherent secrecy
hypnotising fallacies.

lalitha iyer

Silly Things

Life is what
silly things are made of;
some soft gravel
green grass bush
soft music
from summer wind
taste of buttering curd
temple bells
touch of kindness
timeless smiles.....

little doggies
tiny rats
speaking parrots
silly bats
hanging upside down
seeing the world
angled topsy-turvy
giggling pebbles
stunning dawns
starry nights
silent rains
staining splashes
from kids of smashes

some more silly
are sticky loves
single honeymoons
simple handshakes
innocent fashions
and ageless emotions
attack of Coffee hot
catch of cold smart
ache for boiling potions
when shivers creep into motions
some silly hangovers
to return back home
lie in mother's lap
listen to lullaby trap

lick the labour hands sweet.....

lalitha iyer

Sinking Down

I want to touch
touch the bottom of the Ocean
it was my passion
from the day i was fashioned
to softly carress the heart
of the melting waters
to lie upon hugged
by little drops of moisture
all around they cling to me
and soak me with wetness
the sponging humid eyes
and looks of tears
the massaging liquidity
yes, i want to sink
deep into the ocean
where lovely corals dont touch
and aquatic lives dont pinch
i love them, yet,
now when i am in love
with the depths
in my watery bed
no compromising heads
dont poke into my love nest
i have the prettiest conquest
with closed eyes
and caved mind
with flame of life aglow
within the soul
here i am, sinking
sinking not sin-king
neither s-inking
but simply I wish
the water and I
be no more two bodies
but hug into and form into
one eternal surrender
into one fusion with
me no mention
just into invisible Abstract Nouns

i want to disseminate
just to dissappear into nothing..

lalitha iyer

Skating Down Memory Lane

Jump, oh no
slowly skating down ages
life refolds
passions untold
pressing out
like the cycle tube
aired with;

slowly I feel
how I was washed and cleansed
how I learnt to learn
what life and lust is all about
how I understood
how really intentions good and bad
make one feel sick and love of human hearts
how the same act
with good intend
make it holy and unholy and cheap
when acted with intentions third rate

when like the carpet unfurled
I skated down my memory lane
I saw poor me with wonders agog
not knowing what to do with the flooding teens
how to handle with emotions uncontrolled
and do not know to make out
what I myself, my growing physic meant to me
equations unsolved, I banged my head and heart
to walls of thoughts and hurt and wounded and scarred
now I could watch like a photo shot
series of myself down the lane
answers in my purse now
whereas the poor me in different stages
had blundered and blanked and backed out in ages
foolish, idiotic and insensibly hurt by crowds and fantasies.

time has flown, yet I have grown little
still I speak to the crows and talk with the squirrels
crazy after running mongoose and chirping birdies

still I wonder who sits upon those cloudy pillows
and why full moon is always beautiful
and what makes the greens sing and ponds swollen
why rain loves to make muds fragrant
and birds wet without any protest
still a baby I watch nature with amazing eyes
still I don't understand the invisible nature
that makes me happy and giggle like a mad.

lalitha iyer

Smell Of Earth

How sweet is the smell
of Earth-it's heart and shell
the clothing soil
in every turmoil
when it rains
sends out a smell
of life and lust
awfully scented
the virgin blended
could Earth have Sex
with Heavens above
how springs flowers
and sprouts out shrubs
when breasts of clouds
bursts open by cooled airs
Earth smells
not of RDX grenades
and nuclear fumes
but of life's sweetest seeds

lalitha iyer

Smell Of Poetry

A virgin
for one
you can tell
when you meet first
an idea
if original
the first line
itself spells
that the verses
are not curses
like the fresh Spring
her flowers in strings
virgin beauty pops up
as words speak up
when you touch the middle
you feel the choice a riddle
but when you end
there is the find
the heart lies there
a tiny woven bundle
you begin
and you are doubtful
you dont know
how much you missed
when you just kissed
you first want to finish
the whole thing fast
then again you fish
for things you missed
again you recount
what was the first thing
where did the line bring
the act with the image link
how the theme suited
with the music setted
oozing with richness
the fertile sounds fence
words of life and hence
we sit brooding all day

the marvel blend of ways
every part of it
as you begin instead
sounds as a separate kit
spelling the sweet mint
her fragrance
fresh from the garden of Eden
her skin aching to taste
the magic of the mission
every word a world of suction
we touch the book
the page, the strip
and lost are we adrift
hugging close
losing self in loose
moods of ageless forms
dance within the arms
urging to read more
to learn the untold lore
to discover
where the poet uncovered not
to peep into his unseens
shared verses
and sentenced muses
kindle the urge to seek
more treasures in his reek.

lalitha iyer

So Soft The Air Blows

When the wounded cries
in silent groans
unable to sound
the syllable aloud
then the air blows softly
lest it hurts the poor soul
with the dust and sundry toll.

When Secret is whispered
and mystery is messaged
and hearts think hooded
lest others hear it crowded
there the air blows soft
lest the new spread wide
and sacred vows break aside

The air is very serene and slow
when angels dance in the eye brows
lest they tamper with the looks
and sicken the hankering wicks
flickering in the mansions within
that seek to attach some inherent will
to the solace of the seeking drill.

lalitha iyer

Solitary Walk

Alone I go
up and down
past past, present and future
in my inner thoughts
reflecting about things
and persons around
true expressions
and false emotions
Silence! ! ! ! ! ! ! !
I watch your speech
flavoured with lies
just to please me
and flatter self
I could sense you
disgusting disguises
as you pour out
all the icings
and decorated plums
your actions
your words
I explore
smiling within
echoes of pride and prestige
prejudiced you paint
in the tainted air
a world of charms
I am afraid
of lies
I withdraw
into my solitary path
how sweet is lonely talks
purity of truth never lost.

lalitha iyer

Solitary Walker

Alone the way is very far
I cant walk single all the way ahead;
My burden weighs upon my breast
my life stresses my veins and bones
can you help me, Oh passerby?

My aged limbs sway aside
my single heart beats so fast
that I stumble each step with its racing retreat
my faltering looks fell upon frozen hearts
that don't shake at my greying sicks
tired am I, over tired and fatigued
pressures and pains pinch me apart
plaguing fears haunt me day in and day out
stretching days and crutching nights cripples my thoughts
Oh passerby, could you bear my soul
for just a pretty second
let me lie down asleep
forever in slumber caressed by the green grass blades.

lalitha iyer

Some Melody Thoughts

Softly they whisper
the hearts of love
tenderly they kiss
the hour of dove.

they are not starry headed
they are blind hearts
they are not moony bedded
they are life blooded

they are found in the grassy beds
in the lap of tiny dew-wet lawns
in the squirrels lusty leaps
in the pigeons velvety neck to neck pecks.

when I lie upon the night
in the sandy shores
they sail across the smelling waves
and caress my locks lulling my eyes

they are not bought and sold in shops
they are not luminaries in the pops
they are not commercial heroines or heroes
they are just lovely heavenly bliss hidden inside shoes

they cup inside the fragrant flowers
they coo with the winter birds
they lick you like the pet puppy wild
they give love with a heart of purest child.

when the magic wand is on
all leaves turn into viola strings
all trees guitarists hands
and all air vibrant with mysterious sounds.

when the lazy earth seeded with passions sperm
longs to sleep in lethargic icy costumes
babes of beauty they crawl and climb
upon my heart with hugs and lisping rhymes.

lalitha iyer

Some Raining Thoughts.....

When the drops
cool and confident
conditioned by the
skies above
fell upon the
bowls of clay
spread across the
lanes of waste
watched in taste
did I
with a kid heart
and kidding brain
the bangles of beauty
that sprung upon
the breast of mud
in endless coils
connecting the pool
of my backyard
to the distant land
as if curls of energy
voltage by heavens
are passing the messages
from mysterious monsters;
some spell has been chanted
the silent waters
happy and content
spring up surprises
blushing the blushing maiden
of the village garden
whose innocence
ignited by embers of touch
from the looks of
erring stranger.....

lalitha iyer

Some Rainy Thoughts.....

Soaked to full
my heart and body
shivering with cold
I saw the child
the infant beggar
licking at the leaf
of a wasted banyan tree
a little food and few tit bits
sticking on to the adhesive plate
poor thing hunger biting its walls
acidic profusion doing its calls
I was sad, that the rain has wet me
I am sadder still that the little brain
is drained for just a little food.....

lalitha iyer

Some Sundry Life Emotions.....

One day it rained
wetting every dust and grain
I lost my dreams
as the cell screamed
halting my trips to lands strange
and alerting me to wake up range

I saw a Squirrel
a funny Squirrel
running from nest to chests
of building mounts
to fill up the home under the roof
with plenty of warmth to room its booms

lalitha iyer

Somebody Says I Love You

Who says
Hi! I cant see him
know not his name
nor the colour of his frame
from east or west
blessed or best
is he a form
of manly storm
or is he a meek
passerby to seek
somebody calls out
I love YOu...

I can feel the tender in those words
he sends the message
to ease my pain
and softens the strokes
by adding more refines
his hands are a beauty
every stroke is lofty
the slants are positive
and seldom stops sensitive
yet, I have not seen
this young man of dreams
young or old his heart is of gold
he sings into my lungs
and ekes out a song
from my voice out of my lips
I am being singed
I hope I could be winged

the breeze brings the charm
kissing the blade of dawn
with the moist love of beds
of grass and smelling buds.

lalitha iyer

Song Of Rain

Rain wets me fully
my emotions drenched wriggle out
and I wings spell out
Old I wildly young
defy my age and fly around
I start singing
in my crazy voice
non musical to you
yet, my urge to sing defeats my senses
I loose my rationality
I dance wildly
silencing the oddity
my being metamorphosised
I vibrate with every being of nature
with a crow I nuzzle
with a frog I jump
with a leaf I brush up
with the pond green I ripple:

Rain sings into my whole sanity
till I am driven quite insane
forgetting the muddy drainage worms
I start laughing in the middle of road
drenched in the pouring water
my body shaking with shivers
tremors of delight assault me inside
and I start madly to flutter
total insanity it cripples my logics
and I shook with the power of nature
and eternity and past like bogies of train
disappear into invisibility
I drugged with intoxicating flashes
keep jumping at showers of beauty
Rain sings into my veins and blood streams
or is it into the very genes
I am haunted with rainy loves
all mating birds bewitch me
I watch the beauty of nature wombing into one big swallow
like a Tsunami nature captivates me and I succumb happily.

lalitha iyer

Sorry, I Am Missing You

The tale has ended
yes, over it is over
images they play
they steal your presence of mind
and enter the domains of sleep
what aches?
what aches when you miss?
when an ant misses
do we care?
when a hen misses the cock
or its chickens, who cares?
when the world misses
its kith and kins, who cares?
when my heart misses
a beat and more
and suffers in the absence
of a knowing presence
I am sad
I sigh
gloomy days
wintered emotions
frozen feelings
I walk limping
wish to steal some smiles
could watch all lives busy
I feel sorry
I am turning dead
begging aid.

lalitha iyer

Sound Of Leaves

Is it a whisper from nature
or a whistle from a feature?
is it a touch of breeze
or a probing of leaves?

The sound of leaves is mysterious
they lull to sleep the lazy ones
and wake up the inner beauty
as I gaze into the empty air full of levity.

All when silenced, I hear the sound of nature
when the sweet birds take a break
the leaves speak lightly audible
they fan around but fumble not with words
All man made music racing behind their chords

Eloquent, yet simply nothing but cool air to an empty head
amazing vibrations they run down your inner beds
as if nature is teaching you or slowly nudging you
to learn her nuances revealing secrets plenty few

when I sit alone churning my past and ruminating thoughts
the green wind girdles me fast
there are so many answers hidden in my dancing
why do you brood over you never ending fencing.

lalitha iyer

Sound Of Thought

Have you ever heard
the sound of thoughts
a pebble of word
dropped in Silence
as the eyes speak
and looks write in eloquence
have you ever felt
your fingertips itch to ink
the ideas oozing from pinks
the message from hearts
in the language of emotions
when Great men think
connecting many links
could you understand
why the way they shrink
with multitudes in wink

got any idea
about my study area
it is the sound of the vowels
emerging from the levels
where YOu and I cant revel
when I say aloud
you say it is the language sound
of English, German or French counts
you can write
the meanings from dic down
how can you measure
when at leisure
the airing of thoughts
without a syllable apart
I speak in Silence
you talk with breath
with your inner lips
many a divine men of Order
spoke with unwritten tongues
you understood without ears
and language books

Everybeing sends messages
a tree, a sparrow, rain and thunder shower
I am serious, just listen to me clear
everymatter emanates symbols
signs of secrecies
they tell everybody things
clues about their livings
and as you shut up
more and more
you can listen to voices sure
as you pass people in the city
in the villages and valleys
they speak in futile
creating noises unfertiles
in Silence, the music of life
temped in all matters wise

I am too lengthy,
sorry, my muse is more strengthly
do u hear dear
when all are silent
they speak more talent
the inner talk is eternal
it goes on and on
the Voice of thought is on
and our moods and minds
are only gifts of flooding binds.

lalitha iyer

Sound Of Thought-2

The Sound of thought
it ripples in the air
like a pebble dropped
in the Ocean layer

it signals
the space symbols
i speak in Silence
about the day of Creation
to this day of destruction

you listen into you
close your eyes
and sit upon your breathe
and dive into the earth
inside the mind
when your breath you stop
thoughts evaporate non-stop
the world of talkatives
oh, you are full of wonders
to listen to what they do- the soundmakers
the dancers and singers and rock and rolls
but inside you
bright and beautiful
is the most mysterious full
let us close our eyes
and say no to words of thoughts
when that voice is silent
and vibrations spent
in the zeroed space
of emotions
amazed you are
the Cosmic Silence stuns
the Sound of Silence
share with me when you hear
the whisper of Silence simple and clear.

lalitha iyer

Sound Of Thought-3

The earth is inside
the energy besides
you see with vision
the eyes may blind at any junction.
you hear with listening power
not with the ears, only showy towers
your body you see
is only the shadow
of what is the body
with life embodied
the cover, it is the cover
err not, it is the cover
seed to sapling
blood to milk
thought to life
yes, thoughts create matters
and vanish with might after
thoughts are soft spears
they quietly kill your fears
or kindle your untamed rears

stop the thoughts racing
dawn to dusk erasing
all beauties of this moment
questioning tomorrow's attends
Voice of thoughts vibrate within
they hole your bodies
and hurt your remedies
you are lazy
and unduly crazy
the voice of thoughts
they fool you in fury
and rebel your glory

Silence the thoughts
spare me some heart
break the spine of thoughts
truths shall spew out
from the emitant lot.

lalitha iyer

Stain Of Pain

Scars don't go
they settle in unconscious rows;
deep deep below
they have stories to show.

Inhibitions
they moss covers lay
what the smiles green say
secret stings outplay

Stains of memories
painted with brushes of reveries
bleeding relationships
weeping desperacies

like a beautiful oil painting
the stain of pain painted afresh
some love like the winter sun
wakes up the phoenix sent to ashes burnt

My stain is my shame
From my pain oozes blood clots
raping me of every second's joy thoughts;
loved dawns and lovely dusks stinks rot.

Thorns-they prick the spongy breasts
the vulnerable innocence weak and fragile
preyed by the beasts of frozen insanity
the stains spike as stabbers spit profanity inks.

lalitha iyer

Starry Nights

When rains white wash the blue skies
the nights are full of sparkling stars
the sky is sown with smiling gems
like shawls of queens embedded with stones.

Pure light it drips down
liquid light is a sight to delight
drops of lovely tranquility falls
and meets the eyes with majestic calls.

From heavens solitary serene balls
lustrous beauties slip down to looks
washed and clean and neat they gleam
as you lay awake all night on grassy streams.

lalitha iyer

Stealing From God

When I pen
I steal from God
or rather like a mother
he spares the wonders
for me to treasure
giving me the joy
of having something as my own
though everything is his
just letting me allow
the delight of possession
the sweet verses
I steal from his purse
where he has locked in
some morning dew and mellowed nectar
the lyrics of sadness
I steal from his looks
they have the touch of
a missing mother's sighs
the lingering muse
I steal from his disguised smiles
his mysterious poise
I ink with a space
his love and compassion
I sympathise with as mine
In short, I have nothing my own
yet I am proud of everything unknown
that I have stolen
and decked my house alone.

lalitha iyer

Stories Untold

Have you ever heard
of stories
of those beggars
whose hunger triggers
them to steal
the history of the land
and bequeath the geography
to aliens
just for empty stomachs
and endangered hearts

Have you ever talked
to a woman who beds
every day with men new
stinking from head to foot
yet smuggling joy
from stench destroyed
you watch the dancing beauties
have you seen the haggard male
dumping his garbage
into the underdeveloped Indias
poor, unemployed, hungry
hapless woman wretched dustbins
whose stories none hear....

lalitha iyer

Sun Of Monsoon

After years of penance
rains came;
pouring heavily
lashing right and left
washing all and every
leaving nothing untouched
just jumping from heavenly orifices
water drops of different types
round, big, lined, diffusive,
straight, soft, husky, rayed, blown out
like a whisper
slap, pat, galloping horse
tigering for prey
in many forms did rain come
dancing, singing, laughing, wetting our souls
we like children wildly romanced
in and out filled out
we cant resist the urge to kiss
the mounting passions, mad and crazy
rains-they penetrated into the being inside
and we were carried away to worlds unseen
some angelic delight, some demonic hiss
hugging with her cooling gaze
compressing my maturity with her cajoling gestures
rain was beautiful, terrific, toring apart
and inventing new I-s,
in my till then undiscovered self
I was like a ballet dancer
all of a sudden pushed to a whirlpool of feelings
in a vortex of uncontrollable passion
in an avalanche of destiny-fierce and fondly stroking
I was turned inside out
all that was inhibition's treasure
was auctioned free to public eye

but that was not my urge to write
it is today's sunshine that made me pen
like a lazy queen
waking up from her legendary slumber

monsoon gave an opportunity for earth to speak
she woke up, nature with her natural beauties
every leaf glistening with energetic lustre
every air, shaking every being of green with lusty ember
the whole nature purified by rains shone
sun light licking every audible groan
yes, rain wet leaves grieved till yester night
sun came and wiped off every tear in their tights
the song of wind is sweet
it whips up every unknown tweet
chirps bells every branched treats
every tiny leaf has some secret to party
the pond is mirroring her own beauty
upon her breast is imprinted her nature's bounty
cant you see the fishes swim
tortoise in pairs do the circles
crystal clear is waters-they swell
ya, in my heart they swell and swell
I dont know what to do with my ugly physic
everything is ethereal and angelic
priceless and precious hours dawned again
when sun intervenes monsoon session
the heart overwhelmed with impatient urges
but poor mind know not what to do
the whole being quivers
body vibrates to natures music
songs erupt from every being beaten quite
I am defeated, captured, captivated,
I surrender, my will melting, i am sinking
I want to die at this moment of life
when everything is so sweet and pure
when nature's virgin innocence seals my conscious sures.

lalitha iyer

Sun To Moon

When my sun was lost in the nights lap
I wept and wept till my heart broke;
And slept in my tears all wet and woke
as midnight rose something touched stroked
and the silvery hands hugged my fours
your rude sun am I
touched by your love
I am transformed into a moon
full of melting eloquence
and melliflous dreams
but night alone shall I come
darkness alone could see me spun
those magic loves in hearts of fun
to you alone I am the dreamy dove
to the world around she said I am the sun all bright.

lalitha iyer

Sunset

Farewell to all the living things
yes, to all those which respond
Sunset has come
Darkness, pure dark night has overcome
all our miseries and sadness
with the lovely world of sleeps
as the sun sets
my melancholy steps up
i feel i am alone
the sandy shores becomes alien
as if they have swiftly changed
transformed into some giant dragons
rearing to gulp me and mine
all golden dreams gone with the sunset
dying songs, dying music, dying lights
sunset is so tragic, yet people ache to see
the setting sun in reddish aura
the passing ships and plying boats
many a fast day ends into nothing
but sunset, only sunsets could close the days
every life, sweet and sour, beautiful and ugly
angels and terrorists all will die oneday
at the altar of destiny
all suffer truths equally
when the egos strut and stand
and voices echo with kindly bands
I feel the silence that quietly says
no, no, this will not do
time will tell you what i mean
tide will kill the men of greed
all the loved ones taken one by one
all great men died asleep
some burnt in stacks, some in gas chambers
but Hitlers never cry and Jews always sob
remembering forever the bereaved brethren
the man who lost is always lost
his grief is forever his only grief
for one who has heart always feel
either for him or his countrymen

Sunsets speak of rising suns
yet dawn is far off, night is cold and killing
every freezing second of night is ticking very slowly
as if it will never end.....

lalitha iyer

Sweet Memories

My love
when u hugged me
with the hairy mansion of yours
the odour of manly sweat
as it outpoured
my life you did make complete
i found the meaning
and mission of life
all aches stopped sudden
and the arches craved
and curved starved
the cot was no more in the skies
down to earth did I come
i found every empty words come true
and thus we had a babe of two
lovely little sweetest kid
who i kiss remembering you
recalling that night
I still fondle his full round face
and caress his soft pink cheeks
for you are only now a memory
the days of passion are over
my limbs are aching
and hands are shaking
my naked body is shivering
i am but waiting
waiting for the call of death
my days are numbered
yet, how lusty were those lovely days
when you tell me, I too intake
the beautiful nights and blinded days
into one wonderful dream
I too swim for creams
yet my dear,
life is too short
and your briefs only just for a brief
sadly bying you, my lust is in dust
i am bying forever.....

lalitha iyer

Telepathic

Some magic heart types
I could hear the words
some magic lips mutter
I could taste the butter

somebody sings
I flutter with wings
some heart beats
mine reverberates feats

telepathy-thy name is sweet
a child of echo am I
mirroring your face of fictions
your looks of emotionless actions.

passions swim across the air
lust takes shape into a fair
questions quiz you in and out
sadness paints in you the oil canvasses.

face to face they are empty and alien
heart to heart they speak in volumes in train
empathy, sympathy, but not apathy
telepathic codes are heavenly swords.

lalitha iyer

Telepathic Beauty

Said You
what I thought
replied
I from your heart

touch me
untouched
softly you looked
and pressed me with eyes.

looking into
I can feel
you are watching
my secret passions

stunning me
you turned aside
and made my emotions
topsy-turvy.

some can telepathise
their feelings into you
and creep inside
your innermost
relaxing as a King.

lalitha iyer

Telepathy

I can hear
when you are near
what you think
written without ink
you sing
and my lips too bring
the words into fresh ring
do you understand
i am at the edge of a band

I can feel your words
they speak to me in roads
lined in queue they hoard
to destinations aboard
the drum you beat
roars in my heart
the twinkle in your looks
ripple through my books
could you feel my pulse
on your impulse.

It is a secret
is it a secret
all minds could if imprint
upon my paint
some of their heartsteps
I too confused
the cement is always wet
and no mansion is ever set

Day by Day
the ripples die
for I am dissolved
my solvent is in hide
again the tide washes out
leaving me all drained and dry
Life is ebbing, the candle is short
wind is blowing, my flame tapers
bye to my trespassers

cruel immigrants haunting cursers.

lalitha iyer

Thanking You

little by little
I grew up
and smelt the sweetness of life
in my mother's cuddles
waking up in the morning
she used to fondle my face
and kiss my lips holding in her embrace
as I woke up from my dreams
my lazy lousy head drowsing
she will coo into my ears
that birds are calling my names
she will make me feel
as if the earth has dawned
just for me and just for her
stroking my cheeks
every new bird and new bloom
she will point out for me
and make my thoughts lively
her dosas, her idlis and her chutneys
every food tasted from her inner love
she oozed with an angelic grace
the coffee she poured, the bajjis she fried
the kolams she made and baths she does
everywhere she went, she spilled some aroma
i licked the world around, its loveliness
as mum used to plate it in my bosom
she died, she died leaving me the legacy
of how she viewed the world around
how the sparrow chirps
with tiny feet and tiny mouth
how it fed its chicks
and how it found its home
and made the place a Rome
how the clouds carried away
secrets of fertility
till the curved peaks
they crushed against and rained
how the full moon on love
with the suckling earth that lustily fed

upon her silky breasts raving mad
the raging maid the ocean tide
how the longing waves wanted to hug
the earth and all her siblings
jealous of earth loving not her
but the beings on her womb
how she mustered strength to march
and kill one by one the poor things
oh, there is more things silly to say
my world around and within
too silly yet they are mother's gift
mother till her last breath
still in her rest do speak
to me of volumes when I delight
seeing the simple wonders spinning light.

lalitha iyer

The Beauty Within

Inside the eyes
a jewel resides
and they named it
the spirit of Vision

Inside the ears
a pebble rolls
audible sounds it hears
and sings to the minding layers

Inside the skin
a feel tells us
touch is beautiful
warmth makes life full

Inside the thoughts
hidden are the caves
that secrete energy waves
and signify ever present lives.....

lalitha iyer

The Bed In Your Heart

The bed in your heart
I beg to spare for me
I shall rest
as I am infest
with the wounds from life
from too much strife
to you I seek
the alms of hopes
and trust of taste
and link of lines
i shall sweep it neat
with my hairplates straight
wipe the dirts
with innocent arts
smoothen the ridges
with hands of sensing bridges
intensify the joys
by dancing with toys
lessen you sorrows
by chirping with sparrows
cool it with kisses
and calm it with wishes.

lalitha iyer

The Bird Caged

It was day one
the bird was swollen
with life and passion
it bluntly beat its breast
against the bars of the chest
caring least whether it hurt
or bled or pained its softs;

It was day two
it twittered and tweeted
no passerby turned
its breast swollen with bruise
now hurt alive, no more bar wars
it sang aloud to keep it alive
hear me, hear me, my agonies aloud

Days and weeks past by
the poor bird now rested all day
and woke up at nights
to watch the dew drops whiten the ground
the night birds came and sat near the cage
wondered at a day bird lying awake like a sage
moon peeped in, cool and calm, kissing its plummage.

thus life's youth past
it could watch the squirrels mate and chat
kingfishers breed and mate high in the air
storks and swans land near the water pond
woodpeckers dance and doves peck at each others neck
even the moths and butterflies lived in pair
the poor bird just wept and struggled.

Pain shot up, separation killed,
but no song, no bar wars, no sighs, no hopes
slowly it learnt it should die now
its time to learn that life should end now
or slowly death shall inch her to rest
its shot up live and watched around
to find how beautiful birds kill them unfound.

lalitha iyer

The Black Man And The Black Cormorant

who is fair
let us have a test
call the judge
let us play the best
Cormorant plunged into water
and washed and washed and washed
dived and clapped it wings
and breasts apart hands laid to rest

Man poor trusted his friend
he little do know he is cheated behind
he too fell into water and filled upto his lungs
and swam and swam and swam and emerged a junk
his body glazing with elite whiteness
all black washed away by cleansing water body
and so he lost in the game with Cormorant, fair young buddy.

do not imitate the bird he said
birds are tricky and funny, he said
man's rules apply to man alone
poor bird was sad that man lost his weight and colour.

lalitha iyer

The Boat In The Moat

Filthy be the moat
but the boat
it wants to float
unsunk
merrily carried by gale
it wants to find
new moats
drains and winds

boat of paper
with holes of light
yet, happily it sails
the going adds smiles
painfully sinking
days are only coming
today is to enjoy
down it races ahoy!

lalitha iyer

The Book You Should Never Fail To Read

It is a book
the pages are glossy
and printing a fantasy
the story is quite old
yet charms are gold
the looks are cozy
keep them closed
the lips are crazy
sip them up
the cheeks allow space
fingering down to the race
the valleys are lovely
the witches are black
with deceitful blouses
they dragonise the tales
they tell stories
of ages filled with softness
the book is ripe for reading
when the vision is blinding
with the lightening arches
that storm the castel walls
the reader wonders
and the book counters
the story willing to be read
and the reader aching to add
the history is often repeated
and the end totally flattened
the moral is precipitated
when all is over and stipulated.

lalitha iyer

The Broken Branch

It hung there
half alive, half dead
clinging to the ever green trunk
the bleeding branch inaudibly struck

it can see, but not speak
it has feelings, but it wont express
it can hear, but cannot react
it wants to tell but was dying inch by inch

the half open eyes gemmed half dead looks
truth glistened upon the dying sight
it was a moment of wisdom dawned upon
from reality's hands, treasured so long.

lalitha iyer

The Burning Jacksons.....

The child was lovely
born with a flood of kids
with golden tongue
and silky steps
the beauty of music
brimming in those looks
the coal black crown
of shining hair
intelligent eyes
full of eloquent melodies
they were Jacksons
and he stole our heart
the sweetest one
the boy who won
this world
and flew to other

God's country it is
yes, Africa is God's own infantry
there the babies
boom and bloom
exploding wombs;

God's own children
they grow up
wealthy and healthy
with nature's might;

All wonders
in one human
he could sing
he could dance
he could fancy
anything in the world of frenzy
passionate
pumping blood full of drugged galaxies

yet, the twinkling star
at the height of fames

dwindling life energies
did not realise
all that glitters
should come to an end
when the light and heat dissipates
dark holes appear
he became dark holed

injected with drugs
defamed Smug
the golden goose
was slaughtered
done for once
with all killer whales

whose hand is not stained
in ending up our King
who acted behind the scenes
to wind up the singing thrill
who crashed across the tower
Crores fetched fantasies
Fans etched fatal thrones
Now, he is back
returning to his Father's Home
the Prodigal Son
who was made the Pop King
by hands unclean
and hearts uneven

The beauty of music
the elegance of dancing
the art of balancing
the symmetric harmony
everything lost to flames soon
pinching life pulled back
throbbing pains wiped away
truth of life once again knells

It is not yours
you come and go
sing and dance
laugh and play

joke and regale
the spirit is above
watching your being
You are a beggar
in a mansion of alms
Beggars could not be Choosers
King of Kings he had a doc
but doctrine of life not.

lalitha iyer

The Caged Bird

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with life and passion
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lalitha iyer

The Caged Parrot

Alone
all alone
she is sad
in the caged bed

it is raining
mating birds are flying
high up in the sky
their lovely plumes
competing with grooms

the caged bird
fed well
her calling urges
kills her days
all night hours
she sleeps in fatigue

day goes by
pecking on all sundries
but when the dusk enters
and twilight flutters
when every soul on earth
longs for company and hearth
when sadness covers
all earth with darkness
when the urge to mate
kindles every born soul

the poor bird
could only wish
for greener nests
and gayer mates
it is heartening
to hear it woo
mindless parrots
flying high up
far off they flash
in the eternal blues

lovely plumed
their energies zoomed
the aching heart
it grieves and grieves
till it could call
it in full volume utters
its need for company
well hormoned
weary hearted
caged hearted men
breed caged birds
brutal people
senseless couples.....

lalitha iyer

The Ceiling Fan

the sound of the wings
of the fan above
the motion of its swing
and the circling things
images of past and future
it creates by its nature
a room of loneliness
is vibrated by its humbleness
it talks to your inner self
things got cut off
when you switch off
the air goes round and round
and your thoughts wheel you around
decision spill around
from the whirling three legged mount
a roaming wanderer
lifeless, yet breathes life into
the dull room with volumes of wind.....

lalitha iyer

The Child Bride

She can't handle it
her body is too soft
and fragile to bear the thrust
of brutal assaults
into her innocent virginity
yet to become a virgin
she is but only a child
and that too devoid of the hormones
of a bride
her delicate body
and more delicate mind
her tender emotions
and her more tender passions
all crucified
in the one Cross
and he who bled for the innocents
his one dropp of blood he shed
for her the bleeding bride.....

before she was out of naked emotions
she was made naked
her purity of mission
lost in blatant vulgarity
a preying beast
cant be more cruel
than the chivalrous lord
of a childhood bride

lalitha iyer

The Cross He Borne

The Cross
he borne
tainted with
sins of blood
is reborn.

Born again
it searches
souls
to lie across
hearts of innocent.

the KING of Kings
was Crusaded
by Ignorant mass
incurring wrath
that massacred
Jews in the Camp concentrated

The hapless men
inherit
Christ's destiny
all prayers
of good men
legitimise them
the Cross of Sacrifice.

Suffering nobly
saving the brethren
sinning against
bleeding for the
cold blooded terrorists.

lalitha iyer

The Cruel Rains

they came unexpected
like the dark ghosts
from some horror Monsoons
they washed away all urge to live
and filled the dawns with drowning pathos

drenching agony
it haunted every ebony
houses were filled with
unending wetness
mornings were gloomy
earning little energy
to fill the engines
to launch ahead days of toil

Cruel Rains they shivered my fingers
my heart pulsated
with inner fevers
my limbs numb
they pinched my agile stretchings
I started hating rains
fifty years after I have started living.....

lalitha iyer

The Cuckoo's Call

The mating call
of the male Cuckoo
it is so disturbing
that you feel like
going upto the tree
and softly caress the bird
it is melting your heart
it touches you deep within
for ages it is the same
the urge is persistent
and compells you
to respond
the passion is very strong
burning all inhibitions
diving into the velvety depths
and hypnotizing with mellowed plea
you cant refuse the call
neither ignore
it goes straight like an arrow
knows its way like a shot
tempting with eloquence
tempted
from lands apart
the frequency hurts
the fragile mate
to hop near
the whistle is sharp
it awakens the moon
and winter is not warm
pairing is beautiful
and the call,
killing throatfull.

lalitha iyer

The Drying Youth

solving all equations
puzzled by problems
interacting with confusions
searching the truth behind illusions

wondering the source of lips of smiles
smelling the rat in the cupboard of kins
struck with terror about the dying innocents
pained with the apathy of selfish kingsmen

youth dries up, does it
all innocence wiped away by hands of reality
bubbling life, peeling laughter, smelling dreams
what is romantic to talk about with dried skins and painted hair?

is it the skin that is withering
or the probity to death that is killing
the joy within and the charm without
or is it the probability of ending up?

Oh God!
take me to the land of good faith
where my thoughts will never grow dull
with moods of gloom and nameless gall

oh to be a child of love
love untouched by means and ends
loving the air and moon and sky of bends
let me swim into the air tight pool of silky scents

give me your hand of grey
which sends shivers into my spine
as i climb into their sapphire veins
i see a face of eternal signs

when i deeply gaze into you
you suddenly have a mischief gleam
in your looks a baby bursts into secret stream
of unknown understandings it giggles and screams.....

lalitha iyer

The End Of A Music

Music never ends
as it settles
in the hearts
lingering long
with memorable pasts
every song
tuned with images of youth
affectionate incidents of our life
it carries through
echoing sweet and sad life
when we sing again
it brings to us
the pictures of bonds
and silent sadness
a hangover to be
what we could not be
from the heart of a being
to the heart of many beings
the elements of life
embedded in strings of vibrating air
Music never ends
it is born again
and again
from generations to generations
passed on the same melody
same passion, same emotion
just different bodies
different hearts
different lips
and embodied with memories vivid.

lalitha iyer

The Fate Of A Fallen Leaf

do you think a fallen leaf is sad?
the passerby sigh
oh the fallen leaf has no life.
the mother tree shrugs
no more hugs, not mine you are.
the poor fallen leaf dusted self
and looked upon the specks of mud
that gathered upon her breast
once upon a time, she felt
she was at the top of the tree
and haughtily she looked down
at the earthy things, clay and dust
oh, they are too ugly to be gowned
she shrunk from their sight
and unfriended their thoughts too
now, as she lay upon the dust bed
she felt the warmth of dust specks
how could they love her she wondered
after all she had shunned them when she shone
upon the tree top in the glowing sunlight
and breezing sweet wind
now, as she lay destined to die
her fair weather friends all deserted
her beauty and love, all titanicked
she looked upon the specks of dust
with such wisdom and heart of blood
oh to be touched by the hands of dust
to be kissed by the earth so loving
life is real grounded to rest
she licked them with true spirit
reality, oh reality, weeping hard
thou are wide open at nature's silent yard.

lalitha iyer

The Final Exit

Door was open
some came in
some went out
Incomers
staged the show
Outgoers
finished;
All the thoughts
a great waste
all the money
spent in haste
the songs I hers
melodies they swim
in my eardrums
I am going out
Amnesia
yes, she is with me
I have started forgetting
I remember to forget
forget to remember
my brains dont signal
my units need modified
bytes to heights
I am sinking
I know
the leaves rustling
make me unhappy
they will fall
yes, the breeze
busy shaking the branches
life of mine
stroking me to a fall
before I fall
everything disappears
from my lovely heart
yes, I am just wiped out
she is scrubbing
reached the next pane
next, a break

and then on.....

lalitha iyer

The Floating Voice

Sweet thoughts
floated
slowly putting me to sleep

my heart was sad
my days were bad
moments gloomy
mind very lonely

I prayed
for some message
no e mails
neither alerts
just from the heavens
some soothing lines

As in faith
I touched the point of feel
when my tears rolled down
and sobs tided
into uncontrollable shakes
the lovely voice
like a silk fabric
covered my heal
with a touch of mother
slowly wiped
my grief gone
I listened
kneeling unbelieving
the magic of heavens
it filled the air
with messages
urging me to go ahead.....

lalitha iyer

The Garden Of(F) Springs

Yester night
when the moon was a delight
and soft romance flight
landed in my bed
the gardener was busy
his hopes were all rosy
his schemes all costly
yet, seeds were very pushy
the soil was checked out
no weeds was made out
solid paths charted out
the landscape was roadrolled
and the pit and peaks scaled
mounds were mastered to electric shrieks
endless earthquakes consumed the make
long after the intervals reduced
and shivers multiplied and seduced
the springs of the Garden
wonderfully moistened
the lusty lovescape
powerfully opened
Springs found their route
to surface the bottomless float
garden mellowed
and delicious
with scents of New Spring
A forgotten trunk
implanted with seeds!

lalitha iyer

The Golden Dusk

Life days are over
Sun is about to set;
body is paining
the blazing rays are golden
it is dusk
the limbs are faltering with fatigue;
the smell of farewell lingers
and age reasons the arrival of death.

When life reaches fifty
the seasaw is midway
reasoning snaps the cords of romance
seasoned memory
reminds foolish fantasies are stupid.
yet the blue sea is tempting
distant ships are sailing
night is charming;
stars are twinkling
moon is sweet and melodies lute
dusk is full of promises late.

lalitha iyer

The Hole In Heart

Bleeds red
the hole in my heart;
blue roses wreathed
pain stabs my heart.

I weep at the broken twig
bleating calf
fallen leaf
and the fur-less chick

I sob at the motherless babes
the blind kid miserable
the sinking huts
and struggling poverty

my heart bleeds
when heartless hearts
sans kindness bakes
the poor emotions
of conscientious souls.

Is there a god?
does he any eyes
when the poor weep
and the rich sleep
Is he awake?
and wipe the tears
and wake up the others.

lalitha iyer

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lalitha iyer

The Hour Of Truth

Face it,
you have to
whitewash it
the words are gone
but the page is there
tear away the page
still they linger in the thoughts
Meditate, focussing on newer plots
yet, they surface when you sleep
appearing from the ashes of dreams
figuring out what we have buried past
some sorrow peeping from the burrow
which we have covered
deep inside the soil
to avoid confusing turmoils
manuscripts decay
diminish in the sway
but metallic inscriptions
seldom do retreat
more they are washed
treated with acid unabashed
they reappear with memories greener
and reminders sounding louder

you have to face it
it's only a second
or hour or a day or more
when your truths dance
upon the stages in trance
wildly protruding
unveiled.....

lalitha iyer

The Idea Of Forgetting

past many faces
I walk through
past many meadows
with evergreen trees

how many hellos
handshakes and more
yet, some undying faces
they kiss your memories

to leave their imprint
the kisses of warm
and touches soft
tenderly telling the heart's thought

I found in YOu
some signs of life
your eyes spared me
some familiar sights.

I found a friend in you
a harmony that helped me
to resurface and stand against
yes, I know you before I saw you.

How could I forget you
my genes have encoded
your form into mine
How could I forget
what is beyond mine...

lalitha iyer

The Lamp Of Life

in the sparrow's nest
when the eggs of hope
break open and young chicks opens
their red mouths with hunger
in their urge for food
the wormfull mother
with love and ardour
feeds the babes
and you can feel
the shade of the glimmer
of the burning lamp of life

from the pain of birth
as the mother aching eyes
opens and confound
a tiny bundle of mound
from the senses mould
when the teats are held
the unknown one suckles
without intention
but only compulsion
there the world of life
slowly blooms
and the lamp of life
it is held in pride.

in all motherly care
in innocent fairs
in paternal trusts
and preventive chests
in all homely bonds
and friendly founds
the lamp of life burns
treasuring the truth of existence.

lalitha iyer

The Lantern In The Storm

like the lantern in storm
i am insecure;
left and right I lean against
life and death
equally cheers me ahead
am I alive
I am also dead
dreams appear live
life appears dreamy
serious matters casually glance by
silly things I keenly watch at
my heart quivers;
emotions tremble;
who am I? my mind is zero
I am nearly nothing
thoughts are kidding
pulling my legs
decisions like waves
come and go
squeezing my energies
as they retreat;
chillness surrounds me
at times loneliness freezes me
the dead and unborn companies me
like the lamp in the dark
molten gold drops by
I am waxing like the moon
waning with fantasies
in the tide of life
i am sitting upon paper boat
untied and wild
my life swims to islands distant
starry delights cushions my nights
sundry fish schools stirs my lights
I am too empty to live
too silly to survive
my passions like soap bubbles
burst into empty airs
as I fly to catch their hairs.

I am the lantern in the storm
sprinkling light
to a few flies
who throb around
in the cold killing night
just they touch upon my glass
and giggle in delight
they kiss my dying flicker
and hug my brooding hotness
happy are they, know not my end nears
that my life half spent, has little to offer
that this lantern is just a spark about to blower.

lalitha iyer

The Last Love

When my limbs are weary
as I falter with my journey
I remember
my wife
in her teens
bouncing like a rubber ball
curling like a dashing wave
and charming like full moon
she was
youth was bleeding
from her cheeks
blushing beauty she was
her burning looks
crazy me...
flaming dresses
flying legs
flirting lips
coyfull cups

now,
I am crossing eighty
my sight is within
vision is blurred
operations could not restore
the loss of time
I could view
her beauty
water coloured
reflected from my inner eyes
smooth skin
it caresses
my senses past
I steal my present
and dash to the pasts
lest future gulp me down
sitting at the fence
aching with her freshness
I still belong to the days of youth
struggling in my old age

soaring with her warmth
singing with her love
in a cruel, ugly voice
which is mine today.

lalitha iyer

The Last Words

Before he spoke the heart out
he was no more;
he flew away to lands unknown
his eyes now bear no more
the dear look that shone afore.

Before the lips could utter a syllable
the lungs went numb and heart heaved unavailable;
she knelt beside to sketch the smile
or tear that moistened his cheeks awhile
Alas, he took his expressions to invisible miles.

Before she smelt that here he escapes
into a world of untouchable shapes
there he lost his sex and shine
his touch and taste and look and life
she welled his words unspoken-she his wife

So swift do things move around
like magic wands, gods im-mobilise us, unsound
we like gods sprout and sermon the poor around
and learn to unlearn the kindness mother's milk has strewn
till death whispers and dears disappear all clueless and strawn.

lalitha iyer

The Left Overs

are we the left overs
all good men are over
the game is over
and there is only the cover
are we the left overs?

when the cream is done with
and the fruits are finished with
memories alone stick on
our dear loved ones just stickers on....

in search of my mother
to find a heart matching hers
I travelled to hearts a lot
just left with her witty stride

she is gone,
but the world of hers
ranging from music to mundanity
winning to sacrificing for unity
it's with me, the left overs

left overs carry
what has gone
leaving behind the good ones
they remind us of the best ones past

all the beautiful poets
sincere and true minded beings
the true knights and holy queens
the guardian spirits left us behind

just to remind the truth
that left overs are sweet too
but sweetest memories spring
from their presence, about the absence.....

lalitha iyer

I am a human with a heart and a brain
I think hence I cant go
stuck up between materialists and matter
Spirits and Spirit intakers
Musicians and Music
Politicians and Politics
Money and Money minded ones
Mothers and Surrogates
FAThers and Fatherless
Men and Brutes
Do I need Money
to live or to die?
Do I need Love
to mate or to hate?
Do I need life
to sleep or to wake up
Sleeping life is a waste
Waking up you are a Tragedy keepsake.....

lalitha iyer

The Magic Of Hope

The seed
full of treeing hope
just fits
any soil
enjoying the moisture
shoots out
in any earth
just wet enough
and sun abound
just burst forth
the hope drives on.....

Every egg
the mother sits on
hoping her chick
of love
will come clicked
just to see the tiny look
of some giant trunk
the past of a future
so glamorous and gigantic
sharing warmth
and wishes motherly
the innocent bird
it sits upon.

Hope is a marvel
it cures ills
and cares for dears
patiently waiting
for ageing hours
building life bricks
one upon another
touches of hope
they urge you to go on
to step further
faintly yet smiling sweet.

lalitha iyer

The Moment Of Death.....

Every next moment
is waiting at the door step
or next door neighbour
feigning nothing ill to harbour
every next second
life is going to somersault
is it an Assault?
or is it some pole vault?

Down the lane
walking, laughing, jogging and jumping
discussing, dancing, deeply thinking
beings of human plunge into life making
day in and day out
the Cities and streets
full of life energy spilt
bursting beauty of existence
bustling crowd
beaming with energy and enthusiasm

If only,
should they know it beforehand
no, no, no,
why worry all the time
that the ends of time
is nearing some time
praying till death
crying till death
dying to death, oh no
life is to explore the present
to grow and absorb from the living second
flowering and blossoming
the consciousness zooming
thoughts reduced
Silence speaking
to just swim into the
immediate ocean of expansions
no more mansions
why tensions?

escape to nothingness
or into vacuum holes
dark holes sucking the individualities
into one large Sun.....

lalitha iyer

The Moon Lit Night

When rainy clouds black and bleak
skirted my sky with venomous streak
and downpours plagued my lovely earth
with outflowing sewages full of stench
I was depressed and moaned in and out
my friends I lost touch with
and smiles were rare to be seen
as everyone was helpless and crazy
just to reach home was infinitely lazy
the day was full of freezing coldness
all hot life sickened with muddy mundanities
life became soaked with definite sadness
that was coated with melancholy and madness.

Soon the day fell into nights lap
and bloomed the lily of the silver isles
moon came out in splendour dressed in the bright
her charms reborn, with refreshing fervour
the moon light gave me exquisite delight
I just revived my dying spirits
for she came with a beautiful light
that descended from heavenly sights
like the kiss of a baby, soft and sublime
the moon lit night harped upon earths face
with a tender lace of faith and optimistic rays.

lalitha iyer

The Mother's Story! ! ! ! !

Once a mother
went to the school
of her son
who made her fool
for she loved him
and lived for him
he was to her
everything from sun to flower

all the classmates
came to greet
the mother of the boy
and giggled and laughed
for the mother had only an eye
and her face was cartoon like

in the evening
when the boy reddening
came home angrily
and chided his mum
that never again come to school
or else I will quit my going to school
Mother was sad
and agreed every word
and from that day
her feet never touched
the grounds of her son's

the son grew up
but the scar never healed
it hurt him
to have a mother-one eyed
he want to go
far off to shake off
the shame of life
to have a mother without eye

he went away
to a place far off

got a job
and a wife and a kid and laugh
once the mother
wished to see
the little infant
her milking tottler
she planned to visit
and visit did she
to be turned away
by the son
rudily stung and stray

days and months
life rolled away
and the days of mother
gathered no more further
the son was soon sent a word
by the neighbours attending the mad
by the time the son arrived
the mother' s body was engraved
and there she lay the sweet woman
in peace of heavens and ease of mind

a word or two and the son was handed
a letter from the dead mum lastily penned
he tore it open as he was on his way
back to his home as nothing did it worry
to say goodbye to things he have not cared
the letter carried a message
the mother has written in all her life
to the babe of her womb
who all life and flesh did her tomb
' dear son, the eyes of yours
are the eyes of mine
when in sunshine
of my youth did you meet
an accident and lost the sight
I gave you my looks
to cheer up your looks
so that the world outside
dont say things bad and blind
not you be and handsome find

though dead I see through you
you are my eyes
and I see the world
through you and your eyes.....'

that was the story of the one-eyed mother
who weighed upon the sobbing future
of the selfish creature

lalitha iyer

The Night Before The Dawn

it was very bleak
the night before
the air was cold
and damp
no leaf stirred
no life aired
any living urge

thoughts scattered
emotions battered
the bride awaited
for dawn to break

passions weighed
profusions stayed
dreams were escaping
energy sweeping

no song to cheer up
no bird to sound up
no hand to hold on
no band too cold it was

the bride sat upon
the barren rock of life
with breastfull of oceans
full of tidal confusions

it was the night of darkness
night before final surrender
either life will be wedded
or the body shredded

it was stillness
killing the raging blindness
blind was the future
blind was present
past was blinking
like a blinding mission

sinking moods
stifling words
heart listens
it hearkens
to every throb
upon the surface
of earth, air and water

dawn was far off
the bride was dying
her hopes were waning
it was a wish tied to the heart
secretely prized unseen to eyes
freezing reality started dewing
and she started shivering
when truths started barking

midnight hours
jamming chords of power
every second was sinking
into the hopelss linking

transparent thoughts trailed
vanishing images hailed
the flicker died out
and silence worded out
thus ends the night before dawn.....

lalitha iyer

The One And Only One

ONLY ONE
WHO IS YOURS
AND YOURS FOREVER

NEVER RUINED BY PRIDE
NOR SUFFERED IN LOVE
ONCE EXTENDED
THE HAND IS FOREVER

HE IS THE TORCH BEARER
THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
THE SHINE AT THE DARK OF NIGHT
THE SUN AT THE END OF WINTER

EVERYBODY DIES
OR PARTS FOR SOME REASON
OR WE FEAR THEIR VALUE
AND PRETEND MANY ODD FEWS

IN JOY AND SORROW
WITH RICH AND POOR
HE WHO JOIN HANDS
AND SHARES THEIR WOES

THE ONE AND ONLY GOD
BORN OUT OF FAITH
BLOSSOMED FROM THE BEGINNING
AND BLOOMING THROUGHOUT THE EVENING.....

lalitha iyer

The Pain Of Ageing

The pain of ageing
is pinching all things;
all matters aged
live a sort of caged
the limbs are paining
the aches too raining
ills on rise
and cures less
fake are smiles
faces are made ups
love is only time bound
tough is the going
rough are the pacing
kidding age unwinds
life clock needles
music has lost rhythm
as senses figure not keen
the pain is with bonds
budding no more comfort
as the deathknell sounds
bells at sleeping hours
waking you and you alone
past forever are charms
warmth of bed, wife and kisses
unto nature and nature only
life has not future
matured with mellowed pain.

lalitha iyer

The Paining Age

It pains
to age
not in body
but in mind

when the lovely dawn
nomore cheers me
when my fragile limbs
aches more at morn

when the splashing wetness
make me fear of fevers
when the dashing kids
kill me with painful cramps

when my mind is done
I am done
no more brains
but only chains

when the world sings
I am afraid of noise
when the world dances
I am hating actions

When the food I eat
poisons me
when the hope ends up
into nothing but only nothing.

lalitha iyer

The Pearl In The String

A string was lying sad and sly
she was withering hard and shy
slumbering all day and night
she started rusting without any delight

when the moon was shining up in the night
her tender ends will wag in plight
for she was alone and sadly at night
no one was there to tell her stories light.

days and months and years crept
the poor string was dusty and swept
by soil and stinking memories she slept
soon the lovely ring of a giggling pearl swept

and she woke up to feel the warmth of the tiny jewel
it was carried up by the breeze of twilight scent
softly and slyly, dancing upon the breast of the bent
the little bead attempted to send her lingering vent

The lifeless thread soon into golden aura strung
its drowsy head peeped into the new come glazing thing
As Spring into Winter, day into night, light found night
the empty string lit with the pearl glowed in eternal light.

lalitha iyer

The Perfumed Sweat

Sweat of the Sun
have you ever seen
it is the sweetest
or is the hottest
is it filthy
or tasting salty

Sweat of the labour
of lust and harbour
after the virginity
outgrows the cavity
and man and woman
lie waisted and wishful
does it tastes
the pain of kindled thirst

Sweat is sweetest
smell is strongest
and stretch is farthest
when it emanates
from the concentrates
of the labour
who under scorching sun
toils to feed
hungry mouths of his own deeds.

lalitha iyer

The Poetry Of Touch

Blinded
with the lightning
of charged intensity,
the flow of electricity-
voltaged heavily
sensitivity topped
You touched me
with fingers, oh no
with thoughts
provoking my inner feelings
with a heart
pondering the depth of lives
clueless life
glued to your looks
streaming lazer rays
full of wisdom
the cosmic truths
spilling like multitude of sperms
yet, my ovum
will you be able
to catch just one
to mature into
a fully shrined Buddha..

lalitha iyer

The Pond In My Heart

It is a green mirror
rippled by every splash
every bird of passion
leaves lovely curls in the ocean
birds of love mates
in the cool branches aside
dip dip dip there goes the heron
happily drenched it soaks its wings
like a fully open fan feasting my sight
the pond is full of mysteries
the more you look at it, the deeper it touches the soul
and the soul is the deepest portion of heart
where nothing but purity and innocence sleeps
There is a magic lantern deep within the pond
it is illuminant from dawn to dusk resplendent
its cooling and beautiful to sight
Magic birds twitter along its side.

lalitha iyer

The Raining Hours! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

it wets
drenching the whole;
its good
but I am desperate too;

it touches you
deep within;
across the flickering light
the fire warms you with delight;

but the warning night
hampers your sight;
it rains into your moods
the invisible gloom;

it creeps around
sucking your verdure;
it rains into your bones
they pain with chilling tones;

the air whispers into ears
to bed with the lingering dears;
yet, lonely dusks infests with
memories of dead ones dear;

Tears popping unto the eye panes
Stirring images of partings canes;
Speechless upon the life blades
scarred childhood touches the shades;

Smelling into mud bowls
Discovering new seeds;
Opening new buds of love
are the rain drops unseen;

as it rains
moments stain
the heart with dull pain,
disturbed mind diggs burrows

soiled past- caved out errors

brain shivers
with simple isolation
solitude haunts
insecurities jaunt

the hour of moisture
shakes your texture;
it borrows your joys
buries into your pillows;

stealing your present
signalling curtains symboling past
You sinks
into the webbed world
the magic mist changes in cold
you are pinned into
adhesive tapes of emotions
pasted to your passions

suddenly you are alone
in this over populated globe
when crowd passes by
where you can view the mob
you are an alien without a robe
you are stuck up! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

lalitha iyer

The Rainwet Morning

Late night
when the world slept
rain has come
in my dreams
the cool drops
I smelt and slept
late night
when the sadness spoke
heat wearied
the hearth cruelly
heart of earth burnt badly
then came the message
flashing across the sky
in silver tongues
licking across the clouds
milking the garden green
with a deluge of
fertile theme

In the morning
when I woke up
sweetly sun
peeped from east
the lethargic earth
after all night's play
luxuriously lifted
her lustfull hair
tempted the breeze
held the lovely layer
for sun to stroke
with warmth and dry
like a maiden
in front of electric dryer
still exotic
the sight appealing
sang the birds of
breeding nests.

lalitha iyer

The Refusal

A Refugee
was I
yet, refused was I
I knelt beneath
yet, heavens were blind
I begged
but alms none
I struggled
arms stretched
I am not poor
but my life is tied
to strings of conditions
within imprisoned cells
I am driven
from this country
but the doors
of death closed
I am a Refugee
with no earth to stand
Refusing me
and mine
was only my thoughts
If only I could think wisely
I could see upside down
and the night a delight.

lalitha iyer

The Residue

Heart of a maid
hips of lovely strides
snaking our thoughts
the breasts
the thighs
the plunging trips
they are the pictures
of your youth
kindling the desire to mate
and senses to consummate
dont give up
dont give up
it is simply the song of life
music lingers long after the end.

lalitha iyer

The Rising Moon

Blazing silver
behind the clouds
the rising moon-a visual treat
to the dark world
soaked with rains
full of passions
smelling night air flew
jasmine moon smiled behind
the blind clouds clueless hues.

lalitha iyer

The Road To Eternity!

Endless days
and sleepless hours of nights
when the heart is weeping
and moods are swinging wild

when life is cheerful
and thoughts are joyous
and the little world
sings louder and gayer

then the road to eternity
is shorter and briefer
loving bonds bubbling with cheer
enthusiasm the bridge to bear

some times life hours
are quite taxing;
sometimes they sweep of
all the sweet memories waxing.

some times repeat
and come alive a treat
some times flash
across the inner eyes dancing

sometimes I am child
crying for the lost toy
sometimes I dance
giggling with my dear boy.....

lalitha iyer

The Sadness Of Nothingness

Wake up, Wake up
no, my child is not in bed
he is no more with me
the blankness he left
stopped my words
in Silence I portrayed
the figure and fullness
of his presence
and the meaning
of my affection

Tea Time
but I made tea for none
when you have hours and health
and money to buy tea and sugar
but none to entertain
alone you drink
only sad memories to think
the big vacuum killer link

Hai! the child from the next street
no, it's not responding
want to sit upon the swing
and go up and down and sing
but, something creeps into the limbs
and makes me weak and weary
could you tell me when earth is overpopulated
why, we cant simply incorporate new sons?

lalitha iyer

The Secret Of Creation

The seed is shy
and so modest it is
that it does not shows
that it is the giant tree
that touches the sky
and spreads branches
shading a battalion
and nesting a million
with leaves uncountable
and fruits immense
loaded with children
at the top branches
swinging and dancing
a house of greens
with the mound of mud
heaped between her coiled hair
rooted deep down with lust
for water and wealth of crust
in this world
all fullness endowed
the seed is silent
it is never showy
never does it speaks for
it's greatness or pride
yet, how cheap we humans
with little knowledge
and few sensibilities
verse about the secrets of creation
when god in his grace
draws these lines
upon the electronic face
just to make us happy
and soothen our childish cries
the sperm little did it knew
that the egg is going to steam it
and stimulate to the symphony
of survival of the fittest
just to kindle the urge to reach
and outwit the competing millions

neither the ovum could comprehend
that the silly tailed little being
is such a creative monster
that in one blast it will pursue
and break open its breasts untouched
and that the world of wombs
a sudden discovery
will become a truth of lives
that a being of beauty it will confine
in its eternally unfound bounds
going down, oh, going down
and reducing self to the spermovum idea
some worm wriggles down my spine
and then, and then,
before that, before that
will you share that before I end.

lalitha iyer

The Sin Of Touch..

The wind blew
yes, it touched;
and there it flew
the lovely flower;
down into the cover
of some dusty old tower,
losing petals of lovely hues
dropping fragrance
all life and grace..

The clouds touched
the peaks of witches
their lovely breasts
rubbed against;
treasure chests spilled
and temples expelled
tumbling down came monsoons
crawling down the airy cocoons

why touch the untouchables?
and loose the life noble?
Adam touched the apple
sentencing men for example,
when the harp touched the heart
sadness touched the thoughts,
when thoughts touched the paper
world was sighted in laser,
when lungs touched with lust
pulses beat with thrust
and life touched the crust.....

lalitha iyer

The Smiles Of Spring

the smiles of Spring
they fell in the Autumn
dry and brown
dull and done
the fragile leaves
with no greener memory
frozen with times
and tempting fruits
their duties of green
they forgot unseen
the family of Tree
dropped them down free
the clueless bed
clubbed with dust and dirt
and trampled by
tasteless multitude
now broomed to bins
to be dumped in distant dims
to be burnt in the huge pyre
noone to lament, but only fire
fertile roots too forget them
firm trunk too unmindful
just for some time
poor poor leaves they lived
all their energies wasted
till the running of eco cycle lasted
nor did they knew
atleast have a clue
that they are spent up
that they are unwanted pups
that they are about to be thrown
that it is good night for ever
with never a dawn -stunned figures.....

lalitha iyer

The Symbol Of Love

is dove
the symbol of love
nesting for a single mate
resting with the singled taste;

when they love
in days past
they had faith in their hearts
and chaste were the women
who had no counterparts;
and men counted more
the maid within
jewelling the maid without,

now they say
love is bedding,
no beads please-
only seeds with ease
mothers are no more
angels from heavens
any man can litter
his non ending matter
fathers father their fatherless grandsons
mothers wife their wifeless youngsons
they say they too love
those who buy the same packs
to bed a wife, a daughter
and a wayside junk

the symbolic love
sinking into the sinks
relationships stink of
intentional pokers
love stenching with matters
that which matters thrown to waters
man to woman beauty lost in quarters
drugged with harmones
love is defined in new moons

now love is advertised
with marketed preventives in guise
medias project
and modern day forgets
every emotion in Innocence
flowers in fullest sense.....

lalitha iyer

The Thread Invisible

It is a thread of magic bonds
made of invisible fibres
smooth and silky it winds round and round
soft and snowy it binds me around.

as I lie charmed
enchanted by the moonlit night
it lits up one by one
the dead lamps of love unsung

as I sit near the sea of passions
when the twilight of life hastens
it strings in new silvery hues
full of dead old erosions.

as I wait in patience for the day to end
fully tired and exhausted as I repent
it traces down my bosom
some lacy fashions soothing in old fashion.

lalitha iyer

The Tombs Of Desires

Shut up
you are too small an infant
we are silenced
when we want to sentence

listen to me
be attentive
and the whole world of emotions
curtailed and cut off into no-motion

the fresh and full young ones
taught to follow the regimens
their innocence -the source of spontaneity
their profundity-the spring of endless fertility

stopped, stunned, stilled,
still what? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

the bulb grows
the sampling trees
desires branched
desirous arched

now the lessons mushroom from nowhere
the Speaker though disappear;
countless torrents of warnings and cautions
they pop up like the wild blooms
cautioning the awakenings
handcuffing the enlightenings

alarmed,
seeing the signals
watching the cliff points
desires are one by one
sadly buried
in a glassy grave
just to have a look into
when the greying locks peep into
telling you that no problem

now you can look into
however you step into
nothing will catch you,
you are dead and lost.....

lalitha iyer

The Undying Mansion

I have a room
in your heart
I swept it with a broom
made of sentiments intact

I have a chair in your care
I sit upon it and watch with queer
the world you walk across
I too skate down your emotional straws

I have a mirror in your care
which reflects the beauty found everywhere
green and blue, birds and trees
fragrant seasons and fashioned weathers

I have a way in your heart
that I cross every moment of bark
when I beat retreat from the world around
I take refuge on the way of larks

I have a smile inside your looks
a smile that instantly changes its hooks
and meets me in comforting tongues
to cheer me up when I sink into the glooms

I have a hand extending from you
when I drown to catch that fast
to touch it to forget the numb feelings past
to rub it to warm up my freezing body parts....

lalitha iyer

The Unspoken Words

The unspoken words
They wielded the swords
They touched the heart
With hands of firmest parts

Between the sounds
Of syllable mounts
When the intervals began
When music ended,
When the decibels nilled

In the magic clasp of fullness
Yet nothing to hearts
That cant hear the beats
The crowd was noisy
But I was choicy
I learnt the meaning
Of unsaid hearings
The unspoken words
Spoke of living images

In the gap
Like the hips of gentle laps
Consuming the ocean of seconds
The silence filled in
Creeping with invisible gleam
The unsaid words stroked my heart
With untold comfort, I stretched my feet

Unspoken beauties
Untouched realities
All left unadulterated
By the taste of sundry pirated.

lalitha iyer

The Woman Who Is My Woman Of The Day

she taught me love
simple, innocent and pure
she taught me how to be kind
to birds, squirrels and street dogs
she taught me how to draw
simple kinter garden things amazing
she taught me sing
to enjoy your own voice sweet
she taught me songs
to feel divinity at the tip of your throbs
she taught me to voice my voice
and feel the expression of infinite
float through the air around humming and bright
she taught me draw, I said,
forgot to finish it, thus she took me ahead
from creator's start to end
first from simple sketches
and last to full flowing peacocks
first from Darwin's single celled
to find drawing and painting and sketches
in clouds, sky, earth, land, water and empty airs too at last
first she taught how to draw with pencil and paper
then I learnt that drawings do not need the two
you can draw with your heart
in others heart, the art of love, which is eternal
of all the beautiful drawings in the world
let it be Da Vinci's or Van gogh's or my dear Ravi Varma's
the most carved out and most beautiful drawing
is the one carved in a heart by another heart
with the paint of love and pencil of feeling
So my mother, she is my woman of this day
and ages to come and eternally i am in love with her
MY MOTHER AND FOR THAT SAKE YOUR MOTHER,
MOTHERS, OF ALL BEINGS, ARE MY WOMEN OF THE DAY.

lalitha iyer

Then I Think Of You

When somebody rubs
so sharply against
that I bleed
and never could I
show the pain of red
then in sadness
I remember you
who with looks
embalm my wounds
and tell me what is
life and leave me fresh

when my hopes
dashed against
the walls of destiny
taste bitter
and I reap the harvest
of weeded plants undue
I wish there is somebody
to tell the true
story of mine and give a clue

lalitha iyer

meanings fully misconstrued
always prejudiced and pretentious
'Theory of Relativity' will it go in vain.....? ? ? ? ?

lalitha iyer

They Burnt My Son

They burnt my son
my only son
with kerosene
no skin to sight
just the naked knight
he asked for more
Oliver's hunger core
he asked for money
to feed his honey
and babies puny
when i went
on message sent
he was lying in a sheet
just with a piece of meat
which was his
as it added mess
groaning loud
his pain i say pain
it was plain
could you lie
with no skin
i could only sigh
my son, my child
i am his mum
oh, could you come
and tell me the outcome
the beginning or end
of this story which sends
many stories to shame
how could I say how could
one burn another cold
no feeling, eh? no feeling
i just feel reeling
my sense suffer
i am in thoughtless hour
how could, i still wonder
the sight of his agony
you should come wtih me
please lend me your arms

i cant stand this harms
no, not anymore
it sickens my core
i am helpless
i a mother
my child without skin
he has been burned
with oil -he is burning
the touch of inner with the externals
inner softness shirking and shrinking
the cruel world
and his innocent tenders
oh, he cries out
the skin is peeled
the outer world and inner mold
i am thoughtless dear
what to fear
what do i hear
no human schools are here
they dont teach to be humans
only for jobs and just for sums.

lalitha iyer

Thinking Of You.....

I wish
i could peep
into the blue deeps
and find
what binds
them behind?

I wish
i could swim
along the clouds
and caress
those sky beds
and smell
what golden grace
fills them eternally fresh?

I wish
i could whisper
to the birds
in their codes
and lovely notes
and ask them
how to they carry
the breeding theory
from nest to nest
with bubbling fest

I wish
at last
that I could enter
the wonderful hearts
inside the starry looks,
throbbing with life and lustre;
read their melting moods
secreted in invisible pods.....

lalitha iyer

Thirsty Days

Dry am I
deceived of life
thirsty hours
need some showers

the heart is wanting
hours of joy
brain is famished
of ideas to toy

body is sick
of silent tortures
pricking here and
paining there

the labour I do
nobody grade
my efforts of strain
all in vain

I love
to breed only lust
I share
to reap only dust

God is silent
watching vigilant
my stumbles
he studies in tables

why do I live
when my mind is thirsty
my joints are unhealthy
and reason unworthy

give me some life
let me thrive
fetch me a babe's body
let me undress and clothe in rhapsody.

lalitha iyer

Tongueless!

They spoke without words
for ages it seems
simply sitting upon the shore
with silence rich with emotional sands

they spoke without any expressions
which languages and country defined
there was eternal pouring from each heart refined
but words were cutting, so they simply said nothing.

they muted and stuned sat and sat
their aching limbs they seldom patted
the blues started twinkling and
sun mooned into
but no word erupted
from their bodies, but breathing.

it was a beautiful sight to see
for the saga that was tidalling
and pouring out in waves and tsunamis
the looks alone could give up unashamed
the laser beams of immense understanding

they were not lovers, nor body mongers
neither were they animal men
with lust burning their features
they were childhood friends
with the world above and under sinking.....

lalitha iyer

Too Little Hope

Too little hope
of seeing you
I have no tickets
and my purse empty
when I reached the shore
your ship has sailed
the crowd did not clear
for me to see you near
I wish I could
see you just
to say my last words
words of a mother
in love
I want to tell you
that the world is dangerous
that be beware of dirty men
and always be honest before God
and give you a hug
and all my dearest wishes
just once,
to see you
to touch your head
with my ageing limbs
trace your outline
and remember the way you were born
a child, a boy, a youth and now
you a man facing the world
which failed me in Understanding
and in awe and despair
I am waning

lalitha iyer

Tortoise In The Pond

The Summer is on
hot and dry;
Tortoise in the pond
it is forced to land.

the beauty of the being
roofed inside the shell
what a poetic lethargy
what a patient synergy.

the mid day is on
life has past its half run
the poor soul has no idea
what is out of its imprisoned sea

Watch the beauty
personification of serenity
heads and limbs
imageries of human senses five
perseverance they name is tortoise
poise and poetry, patient and wise
yet, roasted in the fire
oh my dear, lost is all inspires.

lalitha iyer

Touch Me Not

Touch me not
in my depths
for they are skies
that go on and on
and you may not reach
my inner recess stretch
the journey to the heavens
is a going of no ends
its the being
not the ending
but the beggining
is the living
there is no goal
and if you intend
then you fail
no missions to achieve
it is only the slow perceives
the dawn begins at night
every fragment little by little
develops at the darkness
with the aid of stars and moons
morn is born at midnight
that is why they say it right
touch me not, i am thine
your bare touch is a waste
it is a sign of senseless ache
when i am not in my body
but in yours
y touch me and reason forsake.

lalitha iyer

Touch Me With Your Heart

Touch me
with thy heart
with the emotions
flowing down like lotions
spill them every portion
and fill me like an Ocean
lovely little thoughts
I love to hug with spots
little ideas flashing
chasing me I enjoy
Come touch me with your Heart
your beauties are my wives
come on my beauties I share with Knights
your words of deeper insights
and verses of richer lights
oh, come on give me a hand
to lavish in this land
some hearts too full of sand
with pearls glimmering grand
touch my bosom
with a blossom
of innocented truth
smile me with thy humour
and kiss me with thy splendour
the armour of yours
remove and brace me with fibres
figure of mine at ease dines
with pining mates de-wined
brush not me
my breasts shall bleed
slap not my cheeks
sharply thy shall creek
I am starving blind
give me some heart in kind

lalitha iyer

Touch The Heart Of Ocean

The waves
they call you
come on
come to my bed
like a lovely lass
they hug your feet
and upset your stand
your steps deter
and again the next
they wet you
and cooling rises up
slowly you are won
the message
has worked
you go more and more
nearer the deeps
you want to feel
the massive heap
and write your name
upon the wet sands
the nearer you go
the higher they climb
and enter the hips
with drugging moisture
Ocean beds are dangerous
sharks and seals together sticks
yet, strongly it haunts you
the call of sea
the blue waves
their magic curves
massaging kiss
and modest wish.....
little by little
haunted by the witch
you step in and step into.....

lalitha iyer

Touched

Wet am I
earth too;
somewhere deep beneath
heart is melting to molten tears
all fears gone
insecurities wiped of
speaks the voice of calm
with lovely gentle charm.
the tap of rain
upon the green breasts
gems of white
they glisten and ball around
the untied bonds of leaves

When it rains
thoughts rain
a new world dawns
birds mate with fervent urge
new lusts are born with faithless haste
earth is shaken with umpteen passions
the urge to sprout competes
in every microcosmic being
man to woman, worm to worm
pig to she pig, frog to frog lady
earth is ringing with bells of alarms
very very deep within the genes
urge to produce kills the lethargies
igniting hot feelings is the cold rain

How to express how rain touches?
its a long long story-a legendary tale
a mystery, the arrival of monsoon
and the washing off of Summer's heart
Summer-could anyone wish Summer
the hot inevitables
the consuming sun, the liquidating temperatures
now, the rain with consummating energy
all cool cool arrives with drowning emotions
and sinking disturbances

remember the little paper boat
the ice stones pelting once in a year
the first rainbow in your childhood days
the first sapling, the first kingfisher you saw
the first love of your school days
the first Mills and Boon you read
Anyway, topping it all rain is a exhaustive lady
she has her never ending charms and deceptive harms
transparent she is a beauty in herself
her multiple dimensions awesome
the breeze her knight in arm
he persuades her to kindle earth
with a world of mushrooming versions
of procreative emulsions
her charms blow off your mind and heart
I am still a slave of the monsoon start
like a tiny lilliputtan I watch and watch
and admire and admire
I grow tinier and tinier
she like a giant avatar dances wildly
and I reduced to insanity
pygmified blink with my zero stability.

lalitha iyer

Touched Deep

Wet am I
earth too;
somewhere deep beneath
heart is melting to molten tears
all fears gone
insecurities wiped of
speaks the voice of calm
with lovely gentle charm.
the tap of rain
upon the green breasts
gems of white
they glisten and ball around
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I grow tinier and tinier
she like a giant avatar dances wildly
and I reduced to insanity
pygmified blink with my zero stability.

lalitha iyer

Touching Me

he touches me
in the form of breeze
waves at me
swinging up and down
sitting at the lap of leaf beds
peeping from the bunch of flowers
rippling through the breast of rivers
ringing emotions
from every corner
the God templed
in every invisible dust

when he is the raindrop
he moistens me
I become one with wetness
forgetting self
drunken with coolness
drizzling passions
fill my body
I melt though cool
my molten feelings
submit my being
to unknown voices
absolutely drenched
inside and out.

Fire
looking at the burning pyre
past, present and future tenses
grind my security to pieces
I am taken through
a slideshow of images
of joy and sorrow
of loved ones
smiles replaced by sobs
happy families
warm get togethers
ending up with
weeping partings

Touching me
in and out
are the extreme emotions
of life and nothingness
icy numbness
and bubbling ecstasies
silence
singling out
the festivity of
jubilant crowd
with sudden destinies.

lalitha iyer

Transparency

if only life is transparent
the apparent
untampered present
the resident
and inner tenant

if only spoken words
could say the original intent
if only the knives hidden
could be seen clearly undone

if the light travels, objects humble
if visions unravel, being crumble
when dresses are see through
bodies reveal ugly true
when thoughts are open
origins unhypocritic
when inner self is uncrippled
and outer self is transparent

caged cosmic passions fly
to invisible horizons
stretching unduly in pride.....

lalitha iyer

Transparency.....

Eye to eye
some mysterious spies
they jump from look to look
peeping into your heart's book
you cant help it
they will indeed take
every thing buried under safe

when you look into
you are stuck up
your being is struck upon
something that is adhesive
somebody that holds it tight
something that catches it straight

the beauty of births
past and future hidden in the lights
that echo through the lensing whites
inner touch you feel
as some you touch with your eyes
your past mother or grand mother
or dearest of generations incarnated
a sudden flickering of familiarity
a quick recognition by the inner reality...

are they laser beams
more powerful than the radiation streams
some captivate you
some trap you
some capture your powers
some destabilise your life and devour
the finer spirit finds out a way out
and focusses upon the Divine Intellect.....

lalitha iyer

True Love

it lends you smiles
when the world dies within;
it lightens your sighs
when you sink sagging sideways

it is monsoon unexpected
raining in summer
when the scorching sun glimmers
and dehydrates you drier

it is sweet to ugly
kind to penniless
it kneels down to the lepper
and stands up to the tender

it sparkles in those looks
like stars from heavenly pegs
it sprays upon the scar
like a balming milky bar

it speaks in silence
soaked with resilience
when every leaf has dropped
it fans with a heart unstopped

lalitha iyer

Truths Of Life

the grey locks
unlocked them
from the look of frocks
to the look of rocks
the talk of a child
to the babble of childish ride

the same moon
it is stirring not my soul
the same sea
it screens away the romantic maids

the dying mind
the dead life
perverted thoughts
pessimistic acts

aching limbs
ageless pains

what is more
that todays are yesterdays
and tomorrows are yesterdays
and yesterdays are timeless space
they appear and reappear
born and reborn
every body reincarnated
every love replayed
every child respermed
every act reacted
every heart repumped
in full vitality
from the dead soil
which is not really dead
from my mother's wishes
born are my son's tresses.....

lalitha iyer

Unfurling Of Leaves

Every secret is written in those palms
only if the baby unfolds it can I see
but the baby is not born.

Every code is written in those hands
only if the baby wakes up then i can see
but the baby is sleeping.

All future in black and white
beautifully lined in those whites
but the baby refuses to open.

It is not ripe yet,
it is not time yet
baby bubbles sweetly
and smiles discreetly.

Every dawn I wonder if that leaf will unfold
the big big leaf of plaintain tree yonder
it is a beauty to see the curled rod of leaf unopened
unstretched it is a lovely sight; yet if only it spreads its chest
oh, I could see the vision that appears in my dreams in mist.

lalitha iyer

Unheard Symphonies.....

sound of wild brooks
spit by mountain rocks
spelling the silent lives
with syllables of rhythmic beats

drops of rain aching to beat
upon the breast of leaflet wet
audible to only insect sets
incredible to the world of electronic sets

at the mid of night
when the world is buried asleep
an orchestra of moonlit waves
rocks the seashore paves
beating the chest of unyielding sands
the crazy water bands
spells the dark hours with mysterious stands.

lalitha iyer

Unseen Love

In the dew cup
in the blue sky
under the grass bed
within the breezing cool
somebody is hiding
with his fairy looks
he gestures oceans and lakes
to quench our thirsts
and draws water from earth
to skies to shower back
cooling the parched lips
of suffering earth
noble are the mansions
of unseen love
divine are the actions
of unseen God
Begging at the altar
with a filthy heart
full of muddy egoes
and swarthy lusts
my stinking body
he suffers
and streaming tears
he stops
I a part of his illusion
or he the source of my innovation
my being
just a passing shadow
when thoughts die
or put to rest
I am no more
nor YOU are here
Lord has got a big big heart
it encompasses
the globe and more
it beats
as I retreat
my fears
it sees

my steps
he secures
my sadness
he wipes
but only time takes
and his hour
is my Century
his seconds
are my life span
I am hurt deeply
with little nos
his tests are to improve
my emotions are simply unproved
I still wander, on and on
like the soap bubbles
my faith colourfully shines
just a second
and burst opens
giving place to news....

lalitha iyer

Unspoken

I wished
to tell you
the secret that stings
deep within my heart strings

yet I thought
the time is unripe
and I kept it beneath my pipe
all precious and prized

yet, when i got up this dawn
I whispered it aloud
to wake up you from your dreams
your cold ears held it not
they tanked not the words
I was late, too late I blanked.

lalitha iyer

Unwritten Thoughts

Each unwritten thought
I carry in my mind
topped my next and next
till it reaches the depths
where it irks me
with its roughest heart
and troubles me with aches
and then I spit it out
with my moods or words
or acts uncommon
and you call me a lunatic
Each unconveyed emotion
I treasure in my heart
Desire-is it defined?
I peep into in intervals
too confirm that it sleeps
only to see the darling looks
wide open ogling my face
as my heart flows all over
the babies too float
and fill all over
they multiply with zest
and armed with zeal
just when I slept
they conquered my silence
and now they sing aloud
with my lips abound.

lalitha iyer

Vanishing Lights

Day passes
desires dwindle
rays of light ceases
eyes seek the glasses

when the lovely little babe
opens into the tiny world
with his black brown looks
when he first sees the twists
the colours and charms best
little did he know
the day of delight will pass
as ageing sight deminishes
vanishing sights of past

when we see the green plants
and azure sky of lovely pants
little do we realise
that all the light at twilight
end up into nothing to sight.....

lalitha iyer

what about being related to me?

lalitha iyer

Vibrations

You vibrate
within me
your thoughts
they shake me
I am dying
but your song
it dives deep into
and activates my hope
to live long.

When I pass by
the skies blue-mail me
waves wet-mail me
distant ships
they Bye-mail me
as I sit in silence
the entire earth
vibrates within
and somebody
somewhere always
keeps on telling me
talking to me
appear in dreams
and distract my peace
with messages
distinctly odd.

lalitha iyer

Vibrations-1

you think
and I feel
your thoughts
they enter my mind
vibrating life
you ride upon my thoughts
and my feelings dive into
deeps
I am living
with your emotions
they wake up me
in the dawn
and end up the day
pushing to sleep
I in the Crowd of hearts
amidst the multitude of thoughts
every man
emitting signals plenty
of good, bad, gloomy and sad
every heart beating wild
with joy, misery and cruelly tied
the world of emotions
the word of thoughts
the non verbal globe
inside an earthen earth
stealing our inner bodies
and sapping our inner energies
we are
growing in
and growing out
slowly
we grow in more
and grown ups
grow less out
when the full grown in
opens up
the dwindling out
is shown the way out.

lalitha iyer

Waiting For His Message

I said no
my sky is dark and done
that your stars are nothing
but stillborn ones
your moon is only
a butter in the oven
and his beautiful verses went
down the alley saying none
his meanings were my hopes
his rhymings were my mops
to wipe out dust and fogs
no more he' gone
and took the delight of Spring
and the entire youth wing
leaving me dead
as if my life a thread
he wounded upon his head
and banged past the door
and left my hours a bore.

lalitha iyer

Waiting For You.....

You are next door
I could even knock
but when I stand up
my throbs mock
and I sit helpless....

I wonder
what have you worn today
blued, whitened or limed you are
wonder what moods you share
and what must me in your thoughts
you are next door
yet, I am afraid to knock.....

It is a fool's errand
I just sit and watch
you could hear me
if I call, just whisper
you could see me
if only I wave my hand
I fear
lest i am uncontrollable
I sit
and wonder
and surrender
to my impotent wishes.....

lalitha iyer

Walking Alone

I searched in vain
for steps ahead
in virgin soil no wetness set in
I found no lead to go ahead the way.

lalitha iyer

Water Colours! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

colour colour what colour
it is blue
it was a kid's play
but it is the final say
look at the waters blue
who paints them grey and sad
when the rainy clouds sway
who mirrors the blackness on the bay
look as you pass the wayside waters
when the breasts of heavens
brims with black waters

colour colour what colour
it is grey.

lalitha iyer

Web Of Life

somewhere some saliva
hanging from the depths of ties
solidifies into one tight web
of elastic humanity
and I cling unto it
Spidering my way upto to
Life's otherwise Zero gravity...

Some harmone
Some gene
which holds me tightly
which tightens its grip on me
and drills into my grey cells
with invincible odd Commands
lands me into the Web of Confusions
fusing my identity new
fussing with my inner credibilities
now I have a Web of unrealities
In the middle of the lovely bed of insecurities
you watch me, I am basking in the probabilities.....

lalitha iyer

What Is Love?

LOve is affection
when your mum harbours it,
Love is Romance
when your date lusts after it,
Love is duty
when your wife cares for you
Love is a new World
when your child hugs you around
Love is a fashion
when you are in your teens
Love is a passion
when you dance in the ball
Love is a touch of feather
when your dying grandpa
wishes you all that is best
Love is a continuation
when you ache for your children
when they fail to reach
the grades that you preach
Love is absolutely life
when at oldage
you smell it from
unknown hands
strengthening the walk
by the touch of magic
and support to the physic.
Love is the final urge
urge in the last prayer
of a sinking soul
desperate and dissolute.

lalitha iyer

What Is More In Love?

When lust is gone,
when age tortures you
with aching limbs
and aimless walks
I love YOu
the words of charm
you dont secretely
embed in a paper piece
and slyly place
in the reader's space....

Time is gone
when the magic spell
held its hold
on the swaying moods
you dont powder
your flushing face
and smile at the mirror
smelling grace

things have changed
yes, thinking has drained
the lovely song
the lips of music
sweetness of dawn
swelling moonlight
smelling Jasmine
sinking Waves
stilling nature
all quietened
by the truth of life

Now, when eyes are ruined
heart is thumping
yes, aloud
legs are paining
joints are creaking
when your past is past
your grasp and grip

future disappearing
into present's dashing course
how do you say
the words of charm?

lalitha iyer

What The Deafs Cant Hear

What the deafs cant hear
Operations could cure
when the beauty of life
Blinds of heart dont see
it is a Flavian Tragedy
Every beauty of vibration
life is abundant with
the silent visions alone
could comprehend
to understand
the nuances
and delicacies
we fall upon trances
of imaginations
and empty our egoes
and surrender to God's sublimity
Tragically,
Born Blinds
eyes could be transplanted
but gene Blinds
with no hearts Width of vision
Gods fear to near.....

lalitha iyer

When A Man Is Overfull

Old age
taught me life;
that I know nothing at all
all the books
the ideas
Education
and degrees
all should make
man realise
that he is only equal.....
the idiot
and intelligent
the beggar
and born millionaire
at 63
I learn to be same
all are God's kids
my knowledge
is only a little
my studies
kintergarden stuff
that wisdom
penetrates from heavens
to be modest
true to one's heart
to accept
Life is taught
by little ants and bees....

lalitha iyer

When Christ Shed His Blood

Upon the Cross
he shed his blood
he who blooded the world
was nailed by the world

he who healed
now, bleeding with wound
he who aches
pledged his stakes
to free his beloved makes

what more sin could men do
when the beast rides the hearts without any clue
the son of God
epitome of power
King of world of hours
they crossed him
he the maker and the ruler
they sinned against him
again and again mankind repays
the guilt of hanging
goodness and holiness
honesty and purity

again and again
terrorists are born
out of Innocents
when Innocents bleed
terrorists are weeded
the touch of divine blood
upon the earth
the horror of the scene
it exploded the bomb
the blood droplets
ignited by nuclear fissions
and fusions confused missions

When the son of God
he smiled in sadness

his heart filled with no, no, no
oh no, it is chiding the child
that refuses to obey the dictates mild
the blood drops Tsunami'd
the pains thorned the earth breast
and now we bleed
the innocents and honest ones
for the sin our forefathers did.....

lalitha iyer

When Fools Read The Headlines

They look at
at the shapes
sketching words
the geometric hypes
Dimensions
Angles and Mathematics
and what not
but only the Apparent;

When the Bikinis reveal
all interesting looks
the inner beauty
is the discovery
of aged souls
wise and realised

Who will dive deep
when the surface swims
with pleasures enough
Sadly, wisdom is
in probing inners
penetrating the invisible
learning the coded secrets

lalitha iyer

When God Touches You.....

When a man touches you
you become a mother
when God touches you
you become none
you are liberated
and freed you are
from the bonds of thoughts
imprisoning our Joys
in the cage of inhibitions
vested with limitations

When a man loves you
you are used up
you are sapped out of energy
and your youth dries up
in building his empires
When God loves you
he pumps into you
the whole world of energies
every moment he fills in you
dawn fresh delights
freed from gravity
that pins you down
as prisoner of bonds

When a man needs you
he feeds upon your beauty
and parades with you
to play upon the crowd
When God needs you
he apprehends danger
and wants to protect from sinking
he extends his love to save
you from ruining yourself
he bestows his love
upon the hapless ones
who with faith prays.

lalitha iyer

When Heroes Fall! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

ON THE FALL OF GERMANY IN THE WORLD CUP

When heroes fail
they do not wail;
they do not cry
but only in the sly

my men were strong
they did no wrongs,
they came and went
goals none did they sent

before they burnt
to ashes hot
they heeled the ball
toying with their balls

nimble and swift
their names lifted heads
they were closing others paths
and mulling others hearts

they were spine scatterers
they webbed spidering all along
they spread into the field
like the netting hunter
they closed upon the field
hankying it into pockets sealed

I love the Germans
for the beauty of their play
the lovely games they swayed
into their winning pots arrayed

Yet, it was the last match
the hour of defeat snatched
from the legs of our knights
the goals they launched to our delight

latching the door to the gold cup
parting their pace half way
the Heroes fell astray
yet, never did they cry
braving with chests of dismay! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

lalitha iyer

When Humans Die, Gods Don'R Cry...Why? ? ? ? ? ? ?

?

A tragedy is not a single day's output,
the seed venomous sown ages past
watered and blossomed with hands foreign,
multitudes littered, multitudes filtered,
the story is an uncompromising legend,
not to end without shame and stain
kids bleeding
heart is curdling
head is reeling
hands are trembling
save the innocents
scrawling like worms
hot is the sky,
hotter the shelling spy
earth is pained
cruelties are mounting
heartless, inhuman
once again Hitlers have sprung
from the roots of History books
how to wipe evil
without wiping good
when it rains
it rains for all
when it bombs
it kills one and all
who is the right
who is the faulty
are they focussing the ethnic minority
or the tigers of liberation
freedom at the moment of death
liberty from the hands of perennial torture
from the hands of self and aliens
when living is painful
death is the only salvation
who will give the refugees land
who will clothe them
who will feed and fund them

what could you do
when the fence eats the crop
or crop outfences
when you are in an alien land
where you multiply without curb
voices of freedom will seldom be heard
for you are the camel in the shelter camp
discretion should play
decision now well delayed
after massacre saving is no use
before the war evacuation is wise
after deaths hue and cry is not in taste.

lalitha iyer

When I Am Alone.....

it is half past day
grey head is dawning
truths provoking
me to responses

it is the time of mid day
when reality pops up hot
when life hangs in between
sunsets and sunrises

we are suddenly alone
every one of us
our hormones too
upset by absurd endings

dreams all wiped clear
the fabric of romance tripped naked
nothing remains
but shreds of reality, bold and blurting sharp

the statues of ego
waxing melting under the hot facts
life is slipping, limbs are groaning
you are alone, none listens
to the secrets your mind stumbles upon

you are facing the wall
wall is walking towards you
yet it is just for you and you only
others cant share this mystery
since they cant see what you see now

You are alone
when the words you speak
none could understand
when the hands you shake
spears with rushing pride
when you are stuffed
amidst the cheering crowd

when the man next to you
couldnot see the humour
that is eating your life
you turning into a joke
and the comedy is about to end
You know, you want so much to tell
yet none could feel the throb of your pulse.....

lalitha iyer

When I Become A Baby Again

Lost my mother
and her love world;
but dreams she cherished
I do not let allow perish.

she showed me the sun
its perpendicular rays
golden lines drawn in our kitchen forays
the dust of life dancing on it in arrays.

she made me love the moon
jasmine and night air stirring me soon
I too sang with her those romantic notes
lyrics of past full of love and harmony boasts.

mother made me realise
how sweet is the world of wise
no killing and bleeding,
but loving and hugging
Wise love and kiss hearts, unbugging others.

She showed me how wealthy are wealthy
who love and be kind and make things around sound healthy
who live with every baby and bathe with every rain
in every tiny blade of green, she showed me fertile brain.

Now as I loose my memory and sanity
my ability to understand mundanity
and commercial world full of competitive insanity
I become a baby again, full of frights and fears in nightie.

lalitha iyer

When I Close My Eyes

Inwardly
as I look into
with eyes invisible
pictures visible
pours in
currents of waterfalls;
past
past images
they walk and swim
dance in the inner screen
the faces
moods, smiles and silly signs
of fond images
they stand erect
caressesing my
emotional breasts
milking my motherly teats
are tender feelings
like neonatal babes
some here
some there
tugs my bosom
taking away my energy
and potential fluid
yet, giving me
the joy of motherhood
The contentment
in suckling the helpless
innocence
with nameless spontaneity.

lalitha iyer

When I Die....

As a corpse
I woke up
to see the world around
oh no, there was sound
everyone cheerfull and round
wondered how they would greet me
with pleasant surprise
joy and pleasure;

I peeped into
my house of matter
where I last did shrug my latter
my son was sitting in the chair
watching T.V. without any prayer
from the kitchen my man was calling
his usual dishes tasted unfailling
there in the wall
I stood in my surprise
confronted with my photo
hung as a shade to
spiders and lizards

I wish I could die before
all time wasted for cooking and washing
nobody missing you
nowonder it was a time for thinking
all love like a sewage drain
down to earth, sick and pain.

lalitha iyer

When I Dont Know What To Do.....

I dont know what to do;
I am reduced to nothing
my aims are no more sound
my goals dont bound
I am just wondering
my body within shivering

my senses devalued
my passions crystallized
my sentiments criticized
my ideas centrifugalized

good and bad
sabotaged
all goods are cowardish
all bads are gold medalists

where is God?
playing hide and seek
or seeking me
with as much vigour
as I seek him

may be in Crores
of Galaxies
he is staying
in one
and seeking from the other end
and I from this end

all physical nudities
echoing stupidity
and mocking at me
The entire Galaxies
are budding in my inner self
I am shivering
I am quivering
I am trembling
I am lost, dont know

what to do
all tangibilities
killing me from within
about to burst
about to worst
I am like the Species girl
transforming into something
I dont know, choiceless
I am not dying, no
I am metamorphosised
Oh, the pain of changing
from within, the cosmic attacks
Oh.....I am pained
but words are meaningless
words are wastes
they dont express
what I am undergoing
the spell is cast
Let me die unconscious.....

lalitha iyer

When I Feel You Within Me.....

The dawn smiles
deep inside me
in the morning
when I wake up
after the dark night
as if they were waiting for me
the buds tell
a tale of smell
within their
yet to open infant fingers

the morning birds
start singing
when they see me peep
from my window sill
charged with life
they start colouring
with watery shades

its rainy season;
no dews,
but the tiny leaf blades
have stolen pearls
gems of drops
from the icy rains
at night

when we slept
the clouds have slyly clubbed
launched the water ladder
to slip down into the heart of earth
changing forms
the sacred spirits
sunked into the cups of mud
and slowly slept at the heart
desirous of a union so sweet
jumping from their heavenly mansions
stepping throught the rainy apparitions
and smelling into the earthly passions.....

lalitha iyer

When I Look Into The Sky.....

Peeping
at night
into the sky
I could see
the light of the eyes
of dear ones
when I am really sad
and ache for them bad
I could feel
their love peel
and twinkles heal
my bleeding scar

When alone
hours of empty eats me up
when the truths
staggers me with unexpected deaths
when the babies of love
my dearest ones
fall dead one by one
and truth is slapped
upon my face
when from my kneeling down
I am forced to stand up and scowl
when the tides of life
movies alike kids me into oldie
I pray in full volume
at heart looking above the skies

then I could hear them whisper
the loved ones in the stars
I sleep into my sorrows
digging sweet burrows
into their mesmerising clouds
they permit me to climb up
and sit upon their radiant laps
soft caress
with their cosmic licks

At times I lie to myself
that they are there
my loved ones dead
that they send me rains
when I am parched dry
send me rays
when I shiver in cold
that they kiss me with gale
when I yearn for some soothing shade.

lalitha iyer

When I Missed You

Once I missed a man
in my teens
he was my greens
so fresh a youth he was
and flaming rage it was
he stood touching the sky
and tough as wood of wild
life was pouring from his
as if the air would sink me deep
the age was that of mirages
every pit was oozing with oceans
and every stone was sparkling gem
the air was full of kisses
and heart filled with wishes
he looked down me
and there I melted a candle
the sound of steps he took
send currents of electric tricks
that was what a loss
I thought, when his wife I cost
but, now when as age creeps on
when the air of films flimsy
rained by life truths messy
cleared up, I say, cleared up
when no hormonal disorders
twinkle the looks and twists the hips
as the moon does not kills you
and earth does not hugs you
any man is just a sperm injector
and Creator's machine for pollination
the only source of human multiplication
attached with necessary tools of contrivance
detached to the single handed motivation
with only to seed and seed anyway and everyway
just to finish the one and only operation
the presence of him is just nothing
not just nothing, but he makes me hate
hate what life is and abhorr the beast in his heart
but for the beast, a man is not whole

and but for the man, the beast is dead
man and the beast like a coin of lust
reverse and there he is
is he the tailed head or the headed tail
everywhere he issues, unlicensed
his survival depends on his sperms
his identity marked by the count of germs
now that that part of life is over
I find everything is just a cover
a cover to just litter
just to litter and our youth is just a joke
to poke is a joke and joke is that poke

yet, now when everything is clear
what the hell am I doing here
I miss me, nomore am I a woman
for the man in me I has kicked down
I will woo no more man
all this is an insult
to creativity, yet pupilling self
why dress young women, but for lying
why lying if no child is coming
why child if too many is too sad
why do young women dashingly dress
are they all the prostitutes fresh
all the lasses from twelve to thirty
the blooms to be fooled
by creator's mysterious rod
all sensuality and romantic verses
all divinity succumbing to satanic curses.

lalitha iyer

When I Wake Up In The Morn.....

When I woke up
my heart sighed
yet another dawn
some vessels to wash
clothes to Iron
food to cook
and floors to sweep
everyday when I get up
same thoughts loot the dawn
I wake up wondering
if I could sleep a little more
and why the world of sleeps was secure more.....

Today,
as I ended up the night
with the alarm of my cell
I sprang up
like a rubber ball
though my aches
snowballed halting me fast
ache or no ache
I danced to Kitchen
ideas of breakfast
bulbed in many colours
I was singing into washing vessels
I was humming when I Ironed the clothes
there was some secret
somebody said some magic words
as if they have changed my world

Yes, yester day I met a man
after ages I met him again
he was there when I was a girl
now, ages since I met him again
he just smiled at me
and shaked my heart
just shaked my heart
and tumbled down the cascades of thoughts
of love and emotions of the past

oh sweetly did I came to life
suddenly I started feeling I am living
in my Zeroed life
somebody sprouted A Meaning
and I wanted to shout aloud
to the bloody empty heads around
that I have somebody now
to love, to cherish and to share
my feelings about life and living beings.....

lalitha iyer

When I Want To Die.....

Then I want to die
when your love never dies
when my dreamy nights
fly past, swifter than light

Then I want to die
when my senses swim
in the hands of invisible Rum
I reduced to a black hole's whim.

Then I wanted to die
when you cradle me
back to innocence
bathe me with mum's essence.....

lalitha iyer

When Lamps Are Lit In The Sky

One by one
as hands of someone
lights the lamp
in the heavens ramp
my heart mirrors days of past
and hours of family prayers lost.

Dusk signals birds go to nest
squirrels holes to fatigues rest
maids to huts retreat and porridge treat
darkness spells a new world of meet
lives dispel and lives

lalitha iyer

When Leaves Whisper

The language of nature
me too silly to nurture;
yet when leaves speak
I cant help, but squeak.

the palms of green
yellow, red and lean
their destiny veined
all art forms
spring from their dreams.

the colours of green
as I amazed look on
an enormous leaf
it fell upon.
I stooped to kiss the grandma queen
what a large heart she bestowed vain.

red leaves, they kill me with their beauty
watch the liquidity of the texture
the mellowed shine of depth rich in splendour
and the yellow beauty wise and intelligent
yellow leaves take you to life's end.

leaves are souls of our unborn babies
from earth they are carried by tree trunks to lullabies
till we take them in they fall not lovelies
sticking to the green mum they sing in breeze stories.

lalitha iyer

When Memories Are Distilled.....

Filtering

some facts remain

sieving

some passions pain

dissolving

some emotions chain

handpicking

harsh truths surface

when I stand

at the shores of sand

the lovely feet

are washed by tidal fleet

I am touched

both by water and

the wetness sweet

something pulls me

something pushes me

down I kneel

down I bend

down I go

and lie

upon the soothing sand

ageless

timeless

undead

yet, a dead effect creeps on

I watch the passing clouds

and the playing blues

forgetting the sights

of washing tides

When watering thoughts

are distilled apart

by the heat of life

hampered by strife

when everything is vapourised

and the body lies at the yard

or at the pyre before the fire

finally what remains
but only cherished fines
what is left
is only earthy desires
what is carried away
is elevators to heaven
flights to paradise
steps to devise
the envelopes of divine.....

lalitha iyer

When My Age Withers Me Out.....

I am reduced
to a grain of sand
lying in the Ocean land
I was up at the mountain
peaking-
speaking to the skies
the crowning glory
sparkling snow capped

at the height of vanity
I danced to the valleys
proud of my beauty
a mountain I was
now a sand grain
from stone to pebble
reduced on my rumble

now only a sand
but years have added
in me wisdom with kind
I understand
that my life is a mission
to discover
the link between
sand and skies.....

lalitha iyer

When Rain Drops Fall

Every drop is divinely formed
needling down the grey sky
are some scaled drops lining straight
some are gushing forth like school children
no time to waste, once expelled out of cloudy dens
some float upon the laps of gusty winds
and kiss upon the greedy leaves
rain drops fall with lovely emotions
the rarest are the ones that fashions
just after the hottest Summer season
smell of earth, smell of earth
in childhood days we used to hearth
those were days when rains were new
and nascent earth smelt fresh anew
every change in nature stirred new passion
to paint, to dance, to sing wild with action
tip, tip, upon the leafy hearts
taps the drops melting her pots

Monsoon season is god's own passion
as rain descends, lust ascends
every flame is ignited
every mate seeks to be united
nameless urges surges drugged
every bird chirps with fresh charm
every bed is warm and a wonder alarm
rain sings before it falls
upon the hilly trends where water travels slow
its a marvel to hear the sound of rain
like a whisper from heavenly terrains
hissing serpents from yonder sky
they set loose your every desire delayed
When rain drops fall, I want to skate
from top to bottom through their skirts
sometimes I wonder if water goes up or down
or is it a magnetic needle drawing every cool form
directly into its own core endlessly adorned.

lalitha iyer

When Summer Rain Spills

I cant refuse
its the Summer Rain
when the Earth
shuns the heat
and the blazing heat
kills her heart
then comes the refuge
the cooling drops
from the breasts of love
they taste the aroma of life
refill with energy to live
the mating urge is born
in the huts and mansions huge
the harmones swell
and honey bees dwell
upon the blooms
to suckle the nectar
oozing from the pool
to be possessed
of the frenzied natural urge
and be under the seige of eternal lust
Raining, Raining, Raining
my heart, my head, my endless pining.

lalitha iyer

When Tears Dry Up.....

When words replace silence
thoughts give way to presence
of some vague sense
that tortures you without essence
then you choke for tears
you dont cry
for all meanings dry
empty could not be world more
when you are alone in the road
they dream, the young toads
they have a long way to swim
You cant smile even
lips are weighing upon
moves are difficult to make
steps forward hesitant to take
directionless or directioned too much
at this moment
decisions do not find
victories and defeats blind
you know joy and joyless
the moment slips clueless

it is the hardest hour
all bonds extent no power
views are distorted
puzzled ideas unsorted
questions dont approve you
answers never improve you

Stars are twinkling
lovely sight; but
if they twinkle they will die
if they not, their star-value's lost
when you find you, you learn you
arent that you are that you
that you think you are
when you think deep into yours
you end up nothing, but totally chaos.....

lalitha iyer

When The Baby Cries To Giggle.....

the baby cries
with a single syllable
you wonder upto skies
and offer all things and lies

you offer pen
it asks to write
you write on palm
it wants to lips

you offer a flower
it shrieks for more
by the time you add
it swallows down the bud

you show the moon
if it is not noon
it looks down to earth
and want it to come to path...

you whistle to distract
it cries for mews of cat
you elephant become
it kicks you at horse speed

all tired, when you are done
then you realise the play
the child was crying for attention
nothing in focus, but only added attention.....

lalitha iyer

When The Day Dies.....

Everything is wet
when the sun sets
sea shores
soiled feet
salty sand
and silent tears

When the dusk nears
as darkness quivers
the heart beats shiver
something whispers
some sadness spreads
and parting day sighs
losing hopes prevails

It is an odd hour
clasping hands tremor
kissing lips unsure
waving dresses swear
lusty passions wear
its a time of mystery
something hugs us
the earth and sea
and the raging ocean
ruthless beats her breast
across the beds of crests
something is let loose
somehow I am failing words
when the sun sets
I am upset
my erotic confusions
and aimless fears
drowns me into misty layers
I just look into the horizon
and watch the burning grave
the embers of dying life
father, mother and loved ones dear
painted across the evening sky
it pains me sad and sobbing red

my heart weeps for the dead ones shred.

It peeps out of the

lalitha iyer

When The Earth Quakes Again.....

the earth quaked
eating innocents
babies and kittens
beasts and brutes
when nature is passionate
poor and rich perish
weak and vulnerable cease
hawks and mighty too decease

earth quaked, why?
why harm the lovely bosoms
living angels tombed under
dust and pebbles loved strong
what harm did the people
do to the trembling beauty?
what did they do
to madden the shivering piety?

Why some are made uncertain
about life and living by nature
when some least understand
what it is all about to brand...
the lips that kiss some
chews out the bloody sinews of some
when the mind quakes in some
some laugh and joke filled with glee
as if life is but an unending humour.....

lalitha iyer

When The Last Dropp I Finish.....

I drank
kept on drinking
just to forget
unwanted things
that battle inside
eating my thoughts
and chilling my smiles
corpsing my wishes

atlast I found
that i am immune
immuned to intoxication
am I
Still when I woke up
with doubled pain
aches in my head
and legs and limbs
Why Drink,
my heart is sinking
yet, why drink stinking.....

lalitha iyer

When The Little Squirrel Makes Its Home....

How sweet
the little squirrel is
sounding tweet tweet
as it jumps up and down
upon the wires and chords
from roof to roof
as it jumps to seek
some new nut
or some new creek

the way it lashes
its bushy tail
beckoning the world
signalling something wild
circussing across the lanes
managing nuts and guts
building its home
upon the untouchable domes

Today, as I watched
and watched amazed
the lovely little being
with its little teeth
and knify claws
pulled out bundles of cotton yarn
from inside the box of an a.c. torn
wrapping material it seems
the happy kid it was
for it rained harder and harder
and the poor thing now loved the new wonder
as I viewed it stuffed and stuffed
into its tiny paws
as much cotton as it could
with the balancing legs
and jutting mouth
balling a whole bunch
into something smaller to sponge
what a clever act of life
the whole world of rags

reduced to a global bag
for a sweeter heaven
so nimble, so brainy,
the world of homes
built by cute little forms.....

lalitha iyer

When The Sun Sets

When the sun sets
leaving darkness
as message
hopes sink
when it rains too
as the evening closes
you take to drinks
as something kills you
why does the night
reminds me every day
that life is dusk
and dawn is to pass
if dawn could pass
y dusk linger on
why sorrows weigh more
and joys settle less
why trust is less
and fear is growing more
When the Sun sets
blinding the sight
truths are lost
and hearts are broken
Nights curve in
with sleeps and lusts
yet, darkness to rest
mind filled with unrest.

lalitha iyer

When The Twilight Lingers....

It is about to end;
the day
sends its message
that the sun will set
yet,
I pretend to enjoy the sky
the beautiful evening
with lovely singing mood
the sailing ships are only dots
the sea gulls flock across the blues
the urge of waves
is in the air
the wetness in my feet says
night is about to come
slowly I can feel
the darkness will spread
and stars will peep out
of their hide outs asleep
staining redness
soaking the bags of clouds
the twilight speaks of
life and death too
it urges you to live on
the mating urge is fuelled
by the mysterious odours
and the music in the air
it fills with an ageless thirst
some roar is felt
deep in the heart
a insecure bird
it flaps its wings
to free itself
of caged cells
to flirt with emotions
up in the passion's caves
the dim lit candle
tapering slowly

yet, you know

night is secretive
it veils
the spirit of joy
in lips of wine
and longing lounges
the darkness
it fills and refills
the chase ends
prey is cornered
fate is decided
put to eternal sleep...

lalitha iyer

When The Voice Dies Out

It was the night of nothings
silence caved in with everything

feelings smothered by numbness
sayings ruined by repetitions

she lied in the bed of death
with passions and compassions all wreathed

her voice could no more be heard
no sound could be uttered by the lips upturned

what was youth, only a memory
what was life, only a summary of zeroes

green and dry, everything sailed by
now, no tears, no fears, no cheers

when the spellings of destiny
twisted by dictionaries

the voice chilled by death
could no longer warm the hearth.....

lalitha iyer

When The Wheels Of Vulgarity Rolled On.....

so cheap was he
that he was stinking with evil
his smoking lungs
smoulders with crapness

in his sweet word
stench of inner wickedness is coded
and his looks speak of
of things his mouth never leaks

all was well
the drama he was playing
was his own will
and splendored was the going
and he too felt
that tricks he has mastered
and the world fooled by monsters

yet, will of the Creator
and Vision of the Divine
was waiting upon him
and dramatic shows just began
his loved ones were shut up
and bundled to bottomless tubs
his life force dried up
and his black eyes opened up
soon the hurt holed him up
and his vulgar views cursed him shut up

he learnt that life is more than you decipher
there is more to learn the more you infer
you can lie to others, but you lie to yourself
as your lies hoard up, your life missions coils to shelf.

lalitha iyer

I fail, I regail that I fail
I sail in gales of eternal fills.

lalitha iyer

When We Meet Strangers

A ray of laser
it passes from our body
into the person opposite
and when it enters his person
if it gets reflected
he is a stranger
oh, what a silly idea
what a ridiculous notion
but, let me ask my dear
why some are stranger
and some friends
when you just pass by
why some smile
and some spill hatred
why some love us
treat us with tender looks
some with gestures
of alien creatures?

What makes us
friends and foes?
Why love is frozen
when some meet some
and fertile
when others meet others?
why some hearts are dry
to some
and not to others
just what passes between beings
that make them love or be indifferent...

Why some touch
yet warmth does not exude
when some touch with words
caressing and fondling with past relationship
as if we have met them
ages past in births last
wonder why some can feel at home
with some and some dont greet

hate even the presence
and show total absence
of any friendly humane sense.

lalitha iyer

When You Finally Say Goodbye....

The clock is very fast
when the dying second parts
before the thought is completed
before the full word is uttered
before the open eyes shut
before the lips quivering puts
the last feeling into messages
looks freeze
eyes still
limbs numb
just look into the elaborate second.....

confusion rides the moment
connections are no more
who am I? could no more
sound the same meaning

no questions stand up
they sleep in the depths
no focussing ideas
they are clueless dreams

the world of lights is darkened
heaviness overcomes, weakened
life is aching to escape bounds
lasting second ticks off unsound

come, kneel beneath the dying man
palpitation reduced to a halt
respiration grinding to a stop
journey is over, horses foaming white

this count of second is killing
trembling hands have terrific telling
the sinking eyes swims into something
as if nomore it could hold the bothering.....

Flashing split second
it is about to be put off

the tapering lamp
in the hold of tempestous cramp

What the beloved
yearn to be told
is finished in silence
Aching words pour out
into the face of nobody's mouth.

lalitha iyer

When You Leave Me Alone, What To Do.....

Sunsets
but hearts
how to stand
when you leave me alone
in this loveless land
the air sings
songs we sang together
waves whispers
the missing words
budding petals
wait for your dews
how to bear
the hour of nights
they weight upon
my pensive heart
sleep has farewellled
my silent cot
I see through
the darkness a glow
the pyre
the burning fire
it scorches my lungs
and kills my thoughts
I am numb
you left me alone
looting all my treasures
my life I gave you
You robbed me of yours
now both
is yours
I a begging maid.

lalitha iyer

When You Sink Within.....

Nobody notices
nobody discovers
but you are sinking.

your kinetic movements
all are fine
but your potential energies
have started sapping out of time.

nobody could feel it
but only you
just this dawn
you realise you are done.....

the storebed of life
has started receding
you are shivering
for drugging urge

nobody finds it out
not even your man
every day your duties go
but you know, you are swiftly slow.

the inner oxygen levels are on decline
mind is meditating into nothing
you are sinking, no more excuses
you are waning, no more pretensions

what is there, after all
life is just a manuscript
corroded by time
eroded by passions

your page is but an illusion
since any page may be yours
what is written is out of fashion
interpretation is anybody's choice

every page is yours
when emotions tear
when truths trumpet
you are a carpet finished.

lalitha iyer

When You Start Listening To Silence...

YOu hear
the songs
the sound of life
and the world of audible moods

Yet,
when you sit
in a relaxed fit
and seek Silence
shutting eyes
and stopping senses
of volition
in the Ocean of Silence
as you go deeper and deeper
Oh! the whole word of invisibility
it vibrates
intangible energy forms
they tell you magic tales
astounded
you are about to explode
your wisdom on the rise
your inner body
swelling with knowledge
and accelerating
with the speed of inner escalation
yes, the more vibration you inhale
listening with your being
that encompasses
within and beyond you
oh! it is beyond imagination
growing up like an aerated balloon
you absorb
adsorbed are you

Now, you are consumed
impregnant with baffling energy
the Silence hearkens
responses from you
your stimuli

your impulses.....

lalitha iyer

When Your Messages Die

The new born babe is full of charm
as the torch is lit and looks glow worms
as the soft and tender silky limbs roams
it laughs, it plays, it giggles,
its a world of wonderful treasures.

Its new born full of heavenly messages
its arms full of mischiefs and eyes full love
for every little beauty it perceives
it aches its heart out for us to notice
a message from the heart of god-mortals cant waste.

When you send messages to ones whom you love dearly
your son, daughter or some distant dear ones holding you heartly
when they fall upon icy shoulders
and you well up with tears to molders
Who shall despair buy costing the faith and fine feelers.

lalitha iyer

When Your Messages Die In Empty Airs

The new born babe is full of charm
as the torch is lit and looks glow worms
as the soft and tender silky limbs roams
it laughs, it plays, it giggles,
its a world of wonderful treasures.

Its new born full of heavenly messages
its arms full of mischiefs and eyes full love
for every little beauty it perceives
it aches its heart out for us to notice
a message from the heart of god-mortals cant waste.

When you send messages to ones whom you love dearly
your son, daughter or some distant dear ones holding you heartly
when they fall upon icy shoulders
and you well up with tears to molders
Who shall despair buy costing the faith and fine feelers.

lalitha iyer

Whispering Hearts

Could you listen
to the voice
of somebody
when he thinks of you
from places afar
feel his grief
or bear his agony
or enjoy his lustful ironies.

Could you hear
the message of a being
carved in stone
or caged in nature's bone
as it releases
its records of ages
steaming with energy
or streaming with enormity.

Could you feel
when you walk by
the side of a tree
or sea or singing birds
or stream of clouds
or in silvery nights
from the heart of nature
some secret code's key word
being uttered by it's vibrations.

Sitting in silence
when the thoughts are imprisoned
by the breath of uniformity
as you go deeper and deeper
into the space of mind energies
the whole globe of oscillations
as thought or messages
adsorbed your externals unaware of
You swelling in inner wisdom
and silent with mellowed truths.

lalitha iyer

Whispers From Heart! ! ! ! ! ! !

Vibrations
of thoughts
they steal in
at night
during day hours
some body thinks about you
curses or loves, scorns or despises
some wave is on
it encircles your unborn

some messages
from the trees, birds, unseen spirits
somebody sends you
signals to your brains
everything ingrained
y can you hear
what others cant hear
y can you speak to
persons whom you cant call dear

somehow, somebody, somewhere
forms the web with somebody
saving me from drowning further
saving me from sinking
into sucking gloom.....

lalitha iyer

Who Will Bear The Shame?

Who will bear the shame of Carrying?
He who bore the Cross
or he who adore the Crescent
or he who herded the sheep
or he who roads the weep.

Who will bear the shame of a Womb?
The husband who seeded her
the child who is embedded in her?
the nature which bred her?
or the culture which feed her?

They lashed her for being a Widow
they bled her for sharing without vow
they whipped her for crossing the line
she sipped only the cup of her Creator's wine.

She was beaten up in public
a mute, silent, cowardish republic
she was ripped open, a budding mother
her womb shall curse the kingdom and others

the pain she bore, oh God forbid nomore
shall any woman suffer, in her passions tower
unknowing the cause and cure, they tore her apart
the temple of birth, the Mosque of Life and Church under cover

those who know not their mother
or mother's pain and stained shiver
beat her for bearing a child with no father
what is in a father, but a knot donkeyed to devour...

they did a job that motherless men do
they killed the fatherless babe which they have save to do
they violated the Creator's Code
for no reason they transgressed the basic moral mode

to bear the fruits a tree has liberty
birds of feather weather the pollens every tree

plants breed, animals freed, birds create, dogs deviate
nature seeds, nature has weeds,
the killer weeds grew more wrongly
the creator's deeds cursed as weeds.

the man who seeded did not stop
the men who witnessed did no job
the men who beat her heartless brutes
and the God who Spermed the life forms silent
did not afford her ease and escape route
was he ashamed to own his name,
who bled her to sprout from age's the same

lalitha iyer

Who Will Save The Tamils?

Glory of the knight is gone
downed by the hands of fate
tigers have been crushed to death
King of Tigers done to dust
now, who will save the innocents
who are begging for some hand?
when you have no home,
you could build one,
when you have no money,
you could lend some,
when you have none still
you could sleep in roadsides
but when you have no land
where you could feet your legs?

Oh my dear hearts,
they are refugees
in one's own land
when your mother
deserts you
who will care the
orphaned undue?
When the hands of care
armed with death
brutally wipes out
the ethnic life
who will save the
sinking crew?
the sight of millions
homeless,
faithless,
hungry mob,
painfully sob
who will help them?
who will give the landless land
who will give the blinds some eye
who will show them the lantern of love?

lalitha iyer

Why Blame The Thorn?

Why blame the thorn
the rose needed it..
when a bud
to protect from plucking hands
when blossomed
safe from suckling bands
the rose slept
while the thorn crept
wildly adept
upon the petalling fingers
when the rose aged
and sees no reason
for the thorn's missions
now the rose
ready to free
from the plant
and adorn the world
hates the thorn
that accompanies it.

lalitha iyer

Why I Am Babyless.....

Barren am I
my babies dont come out
just they dont sprout
my ovums
they dont fuse
I am confused;
I loved him
we kissed in the corridors
and in the beaches
all night
we did not miss
we made love
with wonderful moves
learnt from books
teaching Sex tricks
yet, my baby
it is not coming out.
We met
in the teens
when roses bulbed
in my inner beans
he learnt to draw
my naked in raw
my body a straw
and lust flirted without flaw

yet, my baby
it did not come out
we made it
again and again
but my baby
it did not come out.....

lalitha iyer

Why The Cuckoo Calls?

It calls
Cooes I recall
when I was a child
it was very mild
as my teens grew
I leaned against its flow
why the Cuckoo calls
my son asks,
as I peep from window falls

Why the heart breaks
when the decibels seek
with earnest desire to find
some mate of similar kind
the poor bird
striving blind
as if it plunges the knife
into the unanswering wife

the trail of the long tune
missiling from the wretched groom
when the winter nights close up
and air begins to dry up
emotionally parched thoughts sprout out
the spongy hearts spiky mouthed
aches begin to find a mate

wherever you are
whoever you be
when the Cuckoo calls
it bakes the very walls
of sleeping palls
when it cooes
it pours out woes
of yours and mine
who is without thine.....

the call is clear
truth and honest

unlike human lust
the bird needles the breast
of every lovelorn bust
tearing apart the freezing apathy
of empty world without sympathy
it cooes and cooes till the mate appears
inducing form into the empty airs
transforming the tangential branch
into a haven of multiple switch.....

lalitha iyer

Winter's Feet

Winter's feet is full of cracks
bleeding she labours without breaks;

she harbours pain and undue strains
she wombs in groans and aches;
what seasons shall sprout in Springs

her wrinkles are her worries for Spring's seeds
her silence is full of apprehensive eloquence
her foggy physique veils from aliens
her babbies destined to bloom in coloured seasons

Barren and childless
stuttering and shivering with chillness
ugly and alone, dark and distant
she simple and unproductive,
her beauty wrapped up deep within
for apparent onlookers she an unwanted urchin

the feet of Winter fest with parched hearts
her gloomy looks and graceless nights
killing wishes her numbed passions
she cuts icing life frozen cold.

lalitha iyer

Woman Of The International Womans Day

how do you look today
are you sweet, did he say so?
are you soft, did he say so?
do you need others to say so?
woman of today, sleep on your hand pillows
and sleep throughout night without any bellows.

how is she, the woman of international womans day
is she pro man or anti men
is she virgin or un virgin
is she purdahed aor pampered
wearing nothing but a bikini
does she cooks or eats from hotels
does she counts or ice creams lick

woman, who are you, are you mad
is she mad, stupid and idiotic
ashamed of this stupid day
i get up early morning and make tea
cook and bathe and run to office
and come back at night, wash my vessels
and sleep and again get up in the morning
and repeat my lovely duties of a woman
ha ha ha, do you follow me
i am a woman proud, so i cook cook cook
no book, book, book,
i tea make, tea make, tea make, snacks too if you please
and wash clothes, wash, wash,
all worries and tensions and guilts i shall undertake
am i an undertaker
he says you, you, you, i am the cause of all miseries of all
i need treatment, electric or sticktric or handtrick
thank you vomiting womanhood, baby your man
and suckle him with love and drop the foetus
that is your job, you see you are a great woman of the day.

lalitha iyer

Word Cup Fever

THE DECIBELS BUZZED
INTO DEAD HOURS OF NIGHT
DARK WORLD LIT UP
DRAGONS PLAYED THE CUP

WE SAT AND SAT
WATCHED SANDWICHED
ITCHING NOT FROM OUR PLACES
SWITCHING NOT THE LEGS AND FACES

WATCHING THE BALL THAT PASSED
ON AND ON IT CROSSED
FROM EXTREME ENDS TOSSED
LIFE OF TWENTY TWO IT FORCED

WHAT A GOAL IS
LICKING THE NETS
IS GOD'S OWN TRICK
THE CURVING LOB
PEEPING OUT AND IN
LIFE HUNG ON THE THROBS
GOALS AND HOPES
THRASHING ONES DREAMS

HEROES HAILED
LOSERS WAILED
HANDS OF DESTINY
MADE SOME MASTERS
SOME WOUNDED LUSTERS.....

lalitha iyer

Yester Night When The Wind Blew....

Yester night
to my delight
I saw the sky
just flying....

as the wind blew
it started to draw
up its clouds
and started to roads

At first
amazed I felt
that my head reels
since above sky
appeared to fly

Oh! it was fantasy
teasing me lazy
wind was carrying
the cloud bags
like the cotton balls
burst open frisked by calls.

it is a simple sight
yet, it appealed to delight
I wondered and wondered
just amazed uncentered.....

lalitha iyer

Yesterdays And Tomorrows

painted red
in the memory wall
is the Juicy call
of yester lives

young alive
the air was fresh
the sky was blue
the moon was full
the song was sweet

very touch was an imprint
very look was an albumn
very sight was a film
very taste was Superb!

when God was a Virgin
smelling innocence
and toyed with eternal sense
then smiles were sprouting
like stars in the summer skies

limbs were dancing
likes were twitching
hearts were squealing
hopes were skating

the glimmer in the eyes
the glitter in the looks
the twitter in the tone
and the butter in those fakes

buds are full of hopes
unripened seeds are
future's fruits
uncorked bottle
treasures the tastiest Eve

Dreams are made of pasts

when Age is greying fast
Tomorrows are born of yesterdays
yet, yesterdays roots of Tomorrows
water them, feed them, the dried trunk of fate.....

lalitha iyer

You Are Raping My Virgin Poems

she was innocent
smiling coyly
talking sweet
hugging softly
winking happily
and tasting lovely
they raped the poem girl
they took away her frock
and untied her petticoats
and tore apart her panties
and forced her to lie
upon a thorny bed
and mantled upon her bleeding core
and made her weep and sob with grief
the new genre of poets
they in the name of poetry
rape her and loot her beauties
and stuff with vulgar weeds
my dear poet virgin
adulterated in the hearts of men
who call their creations poetry.

lalitha iyer

You Are Within Me

I saw the cat
in my inner mind
fondling sweetly
the softest fur coat
I knew she was within me
ages past, when I was born on earth.

I saw the seed
of life sprouting
in the rainwet earth
I could feel the growth
every morning my eyes explored
she has begun the journey to plant
I could feel the tree in a seed
and the seed was lying deep within..

I could feel the globe
the things of beauty
of love and loveliness
all encased within my heart
the flowering gardens
the silky grass
the snow capped peaks
the supple curves
the saintly caves
the silent innate contains
what the vibrant outside exhibits

All the noisy flamboyant curses
reside in soft silent muses
the statue is contained in the stone
magic is only in your magestic hone
the pen was before,
the paper too
and the sky and ocean
birds and rains
yet, the poem is born
only from the microscopic within
when unseen angels bell the thing..

lalitha iyer

You Touch Me With A Harp

You touched me
with a hand
oh no, with a harp
with the cool air
kissing the strings
you touch me now
with a lyric
a soft music
a song in melody
that is love
the music of life
the singing voice of living
is love, silently aloud
the more quiet
the air is
the more fuller the feel is
when smiles reduces
into single tears
to fall or not to fall
as they collect near the ends
the inner beauty shines
in the looks drained
all lamps of the holy lit
into the ponds bright
as it dawns
the stars of puzzles
they walk off
no more questions
all answers are sunned
radiant is the mind
the heart- a housefull board
no more entries
memories sentries
they weave and web
of little wonders hub.

lalitha iyer