

Poetry Series

Meena Somasundaram
- poems -

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Meena Somasundaram()

A Man Cheated.

Away he went with seething anger
cursing everyone with a danger
swearing with accursed synonyms
calling for a consequence in an antonym
Poor man he being deceived by his siblings
deprived in the most of all his belongings
unable to retrieve them much he tried
had to relinquish them I feel afraid
as he has to stay in this world safe in a demure
fearing greatly that his remaining days would turn insecure

Meena Somasundaram

A Deliberation In A Song.

A few days ago
not being long ago
a friend of mine called.

She had been away for long
did not hear from her for long
she being a close friend spoke.

We talked for hours together
nothing did bother
as we went on for a time.

It was a nice meeting of fun
discussed about terrorism and the gun
the hot topic of recent times.

Both of us were pained of the attacks
Paris in particular was ransacked
with hundred and twenty nine killed.

The cruelty seen in such moves
was beyond any prove
man killing man for no reason.

We sat silent for a moment in all
retrospecting the gunshots fall
a deadly silence followed.

What began as a warm up after long
got heated up almost in a way
this being a deliberation in a song.

Meena Somasundaram

A Lovable Picture

The monkey out there
sitting on a tree
playing all alone
somersaulting so beautifully
caught my eyes
and I stood there for long
totally captured by its pranks.

A little while later its mother got near
took the little one by hand
leading him through the branches carefully
fed him with what she brought
eagerly the kid munched the berries
and in turn gave a little nut
that it had gathered.

This took the mother by surprise
who took the kid and gave a kiss
patting it on its back
nestled it close with love
the little one was joyous
and clung to the mother tightly
being a loving picture to see.

Meena Somasundaram

A Love Feeling

Falling in love has its own constraints
with people calling it love without restraint
mostly centering round man and woman
as other things do not fall in common
that of loving the fellow human
not in a way as the expectation run
but in the normal as a man to man
with kindness and assistance extended
and picking up affection with the flow
seeing a child of enchanting beautiful glow
with the combination of smartness
all well-defined in Nature in its greatness
exhibiting a row of gracious elements
that of air, water, fire, earth and space
appealing to the eyes in a pace
provoking an affinity all too fine
generally called as love in shine
henceforth encompassing the stream
with love and delight expressed with a beam.
Love does not confine itself to man and woman as felt

but goes beyond that as told crossing all belt.

Meena Somasundaram

A Morning

It being a gay morning
with the birds joyfully chirping
the wind noiselessly whispering
the sun lazily rising
the donkeys constantly braying
the horses frequently galloping
the dogs randomly barking
the street vendors incessantly shouting
the children soundly sleeping
the women busily cooking
the men tenderly gardening
the day extensively stretching
with activities dramatically lessening
as it being a Sunday in the opening.

Meena Somasundaram

A Stay

A month of stay
which is no way
a great help in a way
as in the day
there be no progress to say
going by the things not so gay
the prolong remain in the place is at bay
for it does not bring any prospects in a tray
but proposes a wasteful time and energy in the stray.

Meena Somasundaram

All The Time

Reading a lot is a pastime.
Writing a lot is full time
Listening a lot is part time.
Watching a lot all time
that be my alibi throughout my lifetime
being an enhancement all the times
giving an exaltation most times
raising my spirit to the sublime every time.
Well, that is how I have been living all the times

Meena Somasundaram

An Irelevant Man

A man out there
with a sonorous voice
cries foul awful with a glare
revelling in immense rejoice.

He alleges and accuses
what not and what for
tracing faults in every cause
assuring a progress not far.

He bursts out with a craze
over simple things all the more
his eyes are on a chase
knocking everything with a roar.

Never once he speaks less nor low
always on the top and high
taking the upper hand not in the go
but demanding all in a buy.

That be him in all relevance
aligning with him is not worthy
going with him is always a nuisance
as he is up with a game dirty.

Meena Somasundaram

Chauvinism And Feminism

Men can do anything
with his chauvinistic rights
while women can do nothing
with their feminine sights.

The stronger sex as man is called
go about with a holistic spree.

The weaker females as they are known
care about the minute details in glee.

The weak are strong-willed
much against their physical frame

The strong have an inner turmoil
very much hidden all the same.

The competitive edge goes on
with one complementing the other
making the balance hold in equilibrium
not one tilting the other

foretelling the damage and casualties (1) lity.

Meena Somasundaram

Compete.-Haiku

Compete you may

not for laurels and prize

only for fun

Meena Somasundaram

Condemn It As Jealousy.

The jealousy rises on no basis.
it being a taint of the mind.
Feeling envy is in the blood
The grudge that comes up
needs no reason whatsoever.
The expression overcomes the analysis
being solely out of greed
nay not be it also the competence
that holds a larger share.
The thought of not able to achieve as much.
The feeling of not equalling the physical looks.
The desire to outsmart and out beat a success
all these go to bring in the hot jealousy
way in and way this goes along
day in and day out this happens
being impossible to smother the claim
the spurt of unusual feel happens all of a sudden
this spontaneous and that which had been inherent
along with the one that has been accumulating with the years
bursts out unimaginably creating a dire consequence
condemn it to as jealousy and go your way.

Meena Somasundaram

Contradicting

The drive down the lane long
going through the crowd
negotiating through the bends
getting squashed in the thoroughfare
being very tedious and tiring
halted in a narrow dead end.

Alighting finally from the car
got into the house which looked small
but became big as one went inside
with large verandah and halls
that opened out into the courtyard
which had a large open yard.

The people there were simple
showed extreme warmth and cordiality
spreading out a sumptuous dinner
perfect and tasty served with affection
the time spent being one of experience fine
contradicting the drive that brought displeasure.

Meena Somasundaram

Dark Be His Mind

as he does not find
anything in a bind
going by his way
all through the day
hearing not anyone's say
thinks of evil design
that expresses things not benign
well that is what he deigns
causing a misery
plundering the treasury
escaping through the estuary
this man is dark all through
and makes everyone to rue
as he disappears in a swift flew.

Meena Somasundaram

Eat Cakes.

Eat cakes if not you have bread
could make one cautiously tread
being that the inhibitions in a shed
has made the Queen come out with a bled
she being of a royal blood
could never realize the common thread
she comes with an alternative instead
being that of cakes all the more in fled
Queens relax and relish the delicacies all glad
not so with the commoner who struggles while being sad
a garish remark it seems all too bad
would not be made by her if she really had
one of being to work for a penny all too hard
for her pennies are small and need not be shared.

Meena Somasundaram

Enjoyment And Security

The chatter of the monkeys was noisy.
The chirping of the birds was noisier.
The barking of dogs was the noisiest
The one making sounds incessantly being harmless
The second one tweeting in soft tunes
The last one grunting rather fiercely frightening all.
This being the noise around me all through
with the monkeys high up on the tree tops
coming down in a somersault
The birds playing in my backyard
pecking at the morsels of food left there.
The dogs of my neighbours standing behind the gate
guarding the portals from strangers with an alertness
These being the scenes around me most of the days
amidst the din and banter I live with no fear
as I have the monkeys looking at me from top
and the birds playing hide and seek in the garden
with them I have developed a companionship
Besides all these there are the dogs living adjacent
chasing away any stranger with one sharp growl
That be the enjoyment and the security I get altogether

Meena Somasundaram

Extended Status

A change in my status
being found in the last few years
has robbed me of my health
taking much part of my insight
as I had to be in one place
not throughout the year
that being a design I had to follow
being here for a few months
and there for another period
closing this part of the home
opening on the other side home
winding up this one in hurry
opening that one in equal precipitation
catching up that I left there
putting on hold that I have opened here
leads me to a confused state of mind
as I tend to forget what has transpired
whether it be here or there
I live like an extended piece of flesh
moving about with no destination
that be my life all these years
hope you pity my plight

Meena Somasundaram

Fighting Tooth And Nail

There being no amity among the brothers
that being very much tarnished
with that of one brother
the rest numbering to three
got together to oust him out
not aiming to break the ties
but refusing him any portion of he wealth
that they all had got of inheritance
one coercing with the other
while the third one posing as a good one
trying to fish out is going in the mind of the one
so as to hatch a plot and get him out
with great effort the family of the affected brother
kept them all away from throwing tantrums
while they by sheer skill and with judicial expense
managed to get the larger portion of the wealth
while the minor part has to be let out in the milieu
having had to fight for the major part of his life.

Meena Somasundaram

Going By The Words.

Going by the others words
he goes towards
not with a sword
very much tight lipped
more or less stitched
silent he seems to be
quiet he appears to be
lacks the usual glee
yet resolute he is apparently
approaches with a capability
accomplishes with a credibility
that be his strength in all
going not by words in call.

Meena Somasundaram

Grass Was Green

The grass was green
looking fresh and nice
now it has turned yellow
appearing dry and withered.

The garden around the cities
gleamed with green and shine
now they are haggard and worn out
reflecting a thirst for water.

The land is going without water
as there is no sufficient rain
the deficiency grows high
as the years turn dry.

The earth is fastly becoming a desert
with no water to drink and use
the deplete is horrendous
as without water none could happen.

The people would starve for water
the land could grow no grains
drought would be the scene prevalent
famine would come into existence.

The threat is so imminent and dangerous
if not the weather improves
with copious rainfall in the anvil
there would be hunger and death all through.

Meena Somasundaram

I Could Hear.

I could hear the bird's song
the area being so quiet
I could see the flower's beauty
the garden being so lovely

I could read my book in tranquility
the city being so serene
I could sleep very peacefully
the night being so still.

I could live without fear
the nation being so peaceful
I could speak without any risk
the country being so democratic.

It is all I could all the way
while the land is serene
Now I hear the bombs explode
the world is torn by war.

I hear the gunshots in a row
terrorism is on the march
I hear people moan and mourn
battles ravage the land.

I hear time and again
the footsteps of the people
from country to country
with a hope to find a shelter.

I hear not any happy notes
I hear not the birds'tweets
I see neither the beautiful flowers
nor the eyes that emit happiness.

Meena Somasundaram

In Her A Sheep

Resembling a sheep
being innocent with no make over
truly ignorant in the look still
she be a lass of great beauty.

The charm in her is overlapping
that be the child like attitude
all the more that be her genuineness
might also be her gratitude.

These three go to make her what she is
a personification of simplicity in full
exposing no vile or deception at the most
being born as an angel of love and grace.

The analogy of sheep might sound a little quixotic
that be akin to a foolishness on the outset
but to me it signifies a gracefulness
that be of elegance with a subtlety.

My definition be very much off the mark
but to me it indicates a veracity
that go to make her look like a sheep
timid and loving, benign and bestowing.

Meena Somasundaram

Jaspal Calls

Jaspal never keeps time

he milk listens to chimes

not of the hourly clock

but of the human flock.

His mobile phone has a song

Hindi one as the tune nothing wrong

comes with my milk from afar

a place called Bidor not in his car.

He motors through in his bike

a milk can tied in a strike

glides through my lane so late

makes me wait near the gate.

It so happens and happened many a time

if not wrong in scores of times

I would walk in tired of waiting throughout

a bonanza for the monkeys out and out.

The day before I opened my door
lo! saw the big old monkey on the floor
had my milk tied in a packet in hand
had removed partially the rubber band.

It was sipping the milk through the opening small
I tried to drive him off with a cane not small
it made faces and sat there unperturbed in ease
after a time it walked away throwing the milk in a tease.

That be the fate of my milk on the day before
all my tricks fail in frightening him to the core
my containers serve no purpose in all
every day I have to be on alert when Jaspal calls.

Meena Somasundaram

Lesson Bitter

I ask none for help being my policy
as I do not want to be a nuisance
but one way or other all the years
I was able to live like that for long
a few days before unexpectedly
a call came from a distance
want to know from where it was
it was from my son
saying that he is going to a marriage
near my lovely home just a two hour drive all in all
having never put forth any request to anybody
I did not want to ask him to go home
but being my dear house which remains unattended
asked him to go there for a while
I would make arrangements to clean it
he flatly refused to do so
hit to the quick I sank low
feeling bad of having asked.
a lesson I learnt from my son.

Meena Somasundaram

Liking

Liking is a love great
that tells us of a wish straight
the heart goes for it without any diction
there being no trace of contradiction
as it goes in the stream of improvisation
liking is something that happens at once
going not by reason in the upfront
where being the play of passion the most
the liking gets a nod so quickly
with the intention to click as early
dwelling not much on the power of the mind
the swiftness of decision lies in the heart
as the affirmation comes fast
the execution comes behind
with that things get done
and the like becomes a loving so far.

Meena Somasundaram

Lovingly Embraced

Talking with love
smiling fondly at his beloved
embraced her undoubtedly

Meena Somasundaram

Martyrdom

The grandmother I have not seen
died long before I was born
lives in my heart very firm
talks to me in private
learnt I from her the uprightness
copied I from her the patience
not I can say I am so tolerant
yet try to mimic her to little
she had never spoken ill of others
not scolded or found fault with any one
if at all did that gently all the more
loved by all with all the heart
she unable to live in this world of crimes
escaped quietly into martyrdom
wish to follow her in death too.

Meena Somasundaram

Mother's Song

Singing to her baby
a lullaby they say
she sings not from prescribed verse
makes her own song spontaneously
loads them with her feelings
adds her love to the baby
tells how she brought him into the world
speaks of her pains and aches
how she finally gave birth to the little one
a lovely expression set to no musical tune
accompanied by no beat or rhythm
touches the heart of the listener
putting the babe to a sound sleep
the song, no lullaby, tells a lot
a different song with a distinctive tune

Meena Somasundaram

Mountainous Call

Mountains look high and tall
Majestic and towering they look.
Gigantic and awesome they appear.
A fine land mass brisk and elaborate
stretching very extensively
almost touching the sky upwards
at the most rising from the ground
up they go in steep heights
Round and round they climb in great weights.
Lofty and holy they seem from earth
with green trees and plants as wealth.
They being Nature's rhythmic delight
call for a peep and peer from within the light.

Meena Somasundaram

My Life Is Not What I Chose.

My siblings made me what I am
they made me rise above all
not out of love as in a call
being one of rivalry in all.

They took everything from me
not in a manner direct in a way
could it be a grab indirect in a sway
all that had been bequeathed to me in ways.

I was passive all through
believed my parents greatly
never rose against any invariably
thought I would be rewarded suitably.

Nothing came to me as inherent property
all those were swindled by my siblings
they joined together in the dealings
seized all my rightful belongings.

I broke down and was inconsolable
furious I turned all of a sudden
the heart which was once a garden
became so heavy with a burden.

I cried and I felt bitter
resolved not to speak to them anymore
they were happy for that all the more
as they would not be questioned anymore.

They live happily with their children
all of them around in a place
while I run up and down in a race
my children too flew away in a phase.

Tell me who has benefited the most
am I or they in the course
they seem to flourish with a force
my life is not what I chose.

Meena Somasundaram

Negotiate Through The Bends - - Allegory

It was down the lane
bumps and potholes in the plane
faltered and slipped all the way
managed to walk with caution in a way
reached the destination all secure
it being a patient endure
could this be drawn in life too
where we live without any clue
what could be and what would happen
could the spirits freeze and dampen
anyhow life has to come to an end
after a negotiate through the bends.

Meena Somasundaram

Never Mind In The Go

As a little girl she was active
never was she destructive
ran up she in speed
came down in the same feed
falling many times in the climb
hurting herself in the limb
met with falls during down hill
injuring herself more still
cried she never at any occasion
telling never mind in every situation
she jumped and hopped all around
going with a merry go around
saying loudly never mind in the go.
Growing up she felt the same
as she never became tame
she met with many success
yet she was well within access
she had a bumpy track down
but could see in her no frown
she pushed aside all her defects
which at times made her imperfect
she certain times got in a trap
but with efforts came out from the grasp
Up and down has been her way of life
Success and failures was found in her strife
lived she saying never mind in the go.

Meena Somasundaram

No Rain

There be rain
wished I in pain
as there had been no rain
for the past ten days a strain
causing an uneasiness not in vain
as there goes the land without water
making the people to totter
walking all the way to gather
taking pots in their head to bother
they getting vexed in the sequence
not wanting to walk in the sun bringing no difference
the drought is slowly setting in with irreverence
there going to be an onset of famine with reference
if this state continues all the more in the presence
giving a delineation that would not be of prudence.

Meena Somasundaram

Old Is Gold

A day or two ago
met my friend of long ago
old she has turned
most of the calories burnt
by age and illness in one show
found her out of flow
staggers a lot in her walk
precise is she in her talk
physically she has lost
mentally she is still fast
hailed me by name all aloud
brought back the events from cloud
speaks out in a voice so clear
tells me I look like an old hag with cheer
Knew not where to keep my face
I pulled myself away with a long face
not able to accept that I am also old
she and I being the same age in fold
yet thought I am young not gone grey
as my black hair shines in the fray

with coloured dye minimal and slight

teeth all original and white

no make up whatsoever in sight

I deign myself in attire suitable

wish to seem like one capable

never did I think that I am old

with a smile now, I accept 'Old is gold'

Meena Somasundaram

Out In A Stretch

Out in a stretch
there was a sketch
that was drawn so well
as it revealed a great tell.

It was a lively fetch
that was brought with outstretch
showing the greatness in the beat
that being so lovely and upbeat.

The picture looked beautiful in all
with scenes well designed in a call
it was an embellishment real and great
a source of amazement at a rate.

The exaltation knew no bounds
as it had gone on many rounds
with the mirth booming high
the excitement got caught in a tie.

Meena Somasundaram

Phailin With Noise

The cyclone Phailin raged across the east coast
breaking through the deadly silence with a toast
crashing on the banks with a bang at the utmost
shattering the inhabitation in violence almost
blowing through the seas with a velocity
creating a sonorous guffaw with alacrity
wanting to devour in a splashy flash
all it could in vociferous gigantic gush
as the villagers around cried beating on their head and heart
the destruction led to a crumble and a tumble an impact great
with people wailing and running aghast in fear
looking for the lost lives and belongings without cheer
as their world cracked under a thunderous storm very near.
This post is a part of Write Over the Weekend, an initiative for Indian Bloggers by
BlogAdda

Meena Somasundaram

Playing On The Harp

It is a harp
played so sharp
the music flows
the face glows
lights up the singer
brightens up the listener
a lovely melody significant
a relaxation different
with closed eyes I hear
soft and soothing brings tears
I forgets the environment around
as the song takes me in a round
am I happy all the way?
am I sad in a sway?
I myself wonder for a moment
the song elevates my soul
enthralled I am on the whole.

Meena Somasundaram

Rains After Some Time

Rains did come after a long time.

that being a month's time

when the town is out of time

experiencing only hotness all time

with no water available every time

the land turned a desert of all time

people perspiring and fuming most time

the down pour comes late in time

bringing in a happy time

when people would rejoice for some time

expecting copious rains in coming times

they need to replenish their stock in no time.

Indeed rains should come for all at all times.

Meena Somasundaram

Simple And Rhythmic

It is a long time in absence
want to impress my presence
I am here with no reference
my poems do make a difference
as they are spontaneous
come from the soul instantaneous
never do I deliberate continuous
nor do I write anything ambiguous
being plain and poetic
simple and rhythmic
never do I indulge in didactic
my writings are simple and modest
well, I write in all earnest
could at times provoke fun and zest.

Meena Somasundaram

The Adamancy

The child in us all
showing itself in the desire for all
raising up in the form of adamancy in the thrive
that be the firmness in the likings with a strive
the feel of stubbornness going up with the age slowly
the intention to acquire increases gradually
the thought gains momentum as days go by
while the need or necessity takes the back seat in the try
the only aim is to get it by hook or crook anyway
that again proves akin to the childlike craziness in a way
with the feverish move there goes an attempt frivolous
which annihilates the reason and analysis almost rebellious
the mulish attitude grows with a zeal tumultuous
therein we find the grown ups as little boys in their glee.

Meena Somasundaram

The Classic

The choice is classic

looking very chic

with the outer frame not thick

while the inner look is sleek

grand and great it seems

lively and cheerful it beams

shining and twinkling it gleams

as it expressed a poetic seam

delightfully outstanding

an art piece to be cherished

an artist who has to be honoured.

Meena Somasundaram

The Coconut

The coconuts from the garden
small they have become
gone without water be the reason
rains have deceived in all seasons
the nuts look dry and parched
exceed in numbers though
starved they seem on the exterior
the inside looks great with cheer
butter like slippery substance
lies there almost in most
hold little water sweet
the tender sleeves are tasty
lovely to bite with ease
like to say like Keats
all things small are beautiful

Meena Somasundaram

The Condos Around Me

Away from my home for a while
coming back saw in style
high raised apartments round me
with hundred eyes peering down at me
a thing unusual and a strange schedule
as had lived through all along in a seclude
with none living around all the way
accustomed to a private and solitary sway
this sudden prop up brings in an awe
that usurps the tranquility in raw
shattering the privacy to a great extent
leaving a dazed feel and a deal different

Meena Somasundaram

The Consent Order.

The consent being given
the order being drafted
the draft being signed
the original being sealed
that too in a court of justice
months later there be a rise
there be a call for amendment
going back on every clause
saying this and that
attributing various factors
that escaped by oversight
appears so cheap and deceitful
they are not men in real frame
being chicken hearted not to be so
they be not right minded beings
they be not righteous and even minded
their reaction could be termed as
fickle and unfaithful, heinous. and shameful.

Meena Somasundaram

The Cry And Smile

The child cries
for what she knows not
cries she all aloud
tears run down her cheeks
face turns scarlet
the mother tries to pacify her
feeds her with milk
makes noise with the rattle
holds her close to the bosom
the child cries even more
knowing not what to do
the mother breaks down
she whispers and sobs
looks the child perplexed
sits there silent for a time
crawls towards her mother
wipes the tears that flow
softly kisses her mom
with a broad smile as ever.

Meena Somasundaram

The Curry Leaves.

The coriander plants
shoot out green leaves
on all seasons without fail
greener during rainy days
paler in the hot months
healthy most of the year
spotted they turn
when rains fail
bloom profusely with cheer
spread a pleasant smell all over
collect them every day
they being an ingredient
to season and supplement
the diet with aroma and iron
Lovely they look when cooked
Lovelier they seem
as they dangle in breeze
great is their value in regular terms
greater they stand with heads high
when tagged with medicine.

Simplicity overwhelms gracefully.

Essential they are for preparation.

Cheap and best in diction.

brushed aside wholly by most

held in esteem by a few

like to sing their praise

commend their value

with a fervour and passion

they do carry voluminous refer

with a coy bright decor.

Meena Somasundaram

The Falls -Haiku

The falls fell
over the rocks in tell
ringing like bell

Meena Somasundaram

The Fan

It is a fan
not an electrical fan
it is a fan
not an admiring fan
who praises sky high
and breaks the tie
it is a fan
not one that fans
raises smoke in a sense
causes a ripple of tense
it is a fan
not a belt with a suffix fan
that propels the machine
releases the tension
it is a fan
a handmade fan
beautiful and delicate
palmyra leaves in a syndicate.

Meena Somasundaram

The Fruit Inside Craves

The skin of a fruit is lush
looks beautiful when fresh
the skin turns a sag
seems awkward in tag
yet the fruit inside craves.

Easy to peel a trousseau crinkled
the loose ends that hold the wrinkles
fall out as the snow flakes
none would wish to go in for a take
yet the fruit inside craves

The fresh one has a robe tight
gives a nice opposition in fight
hard to peel them
any one would hold it as a gem
yet the fruit inside craves.

That be the plunge in all
be it a fruit or any in a call

the wealth, the power and the glitch
would deliberately demand a pitch
yet the fruit inside craves.

It could be seen in a semblance
the one out for deliverance
would be an one of the infinite
could be nothing of the definite
as the truth inside craves.

Meena Somasundaram

The Girl Turns One.

The girl turns one
she has won
all with her smile
she expresses in a style
mimics she everyone in a quick
coughs like the one with a wink
holds her hand as a phone
talks in her way in a run
her teeth have come out
one up and two down throughout
bites she all the time with a chew
perhaps the teeth gives her the feel.

The little girl is pleasant
cool, happy and innocent
likes to be quiet and alone
hates the noise and the drone
prefers light costumes of all
grumbles if dressed up heavily in all
has learnt to climb up and down
when stopped she looks at you with a frown
greet everyone with a wave and a sound
with that she goes back to her own bound
people like to carry and cajole her
she wishes to be to herself in a furl.

Meena Somasundaram

The Greed Behind.

The field that is marked
the area that is circumscribed
the border that is crossed
the mark that exceeds
the excess that overflows
the overflow that spurts out
the spurt that gushed out
the gush that flows in spate
well, that is how everything takes place
as the manipulation stretches itself
with a bound and limit
then pierces through the sides
taking the short cut in a speed
calculating the pros with a wit
discarding the cons with contempt
there arises a flicker in the trail
with that the deal comes to an end
as the greed takes over
the passive sleeps over.

Meena Somasundaram

The Impermanence

The ship on the ocean
gliding along the waters
with a load of people
languishing in the upper deck
the cargo being heavy and hefty
stocked in the lower portion
with all the gaiety in the pavilion
with all dance and song in the top
the ship sailed with the serenity
unaware of the joy that was going on
and not knowing of the danger it would face
as there rose suddenly a storm violent
the waters turned turbulent
tossing the ship up and down
the captain stood pensive for a moment
then steered the ship in the opposite direction
steadily and carefully going to a safer arena
where the water remained placid and calm
till then there was a deadly silence inside
making everyone feel the insecurity it caused
that be the ways of nature greatly
indicating an impermanence and in a way the mortality.

Meena Somasundaram

The Plane Flies

The plane flies
cruises up easily
loses track suddenly
arrives not for days
search goes on
rumours fly high
clueless it sounds
leaving all in pain
mystery shrouds.

Meena Somasundaram

The Publishing Activity

Publishing becomes serious
Writing is always tedious
With a blog there is a reach
little over that it becomes a breach
getting verses in print
looks like a great stint
yet poets want to go across
irrespective of the toss
which might bring a repute
though there is a dispute
that fiction receives a welcome
poems bring no income
poetry still remains for a few
lighting up those who love it true
the publishing takes different forms
that of self and recognised norms
while the queue to get published is long
opting for self publishing becomes strong
with the money to invest possible
nothing goes on in this world as impossible.

Meena Somasundaram

The Read.

It is a read
a beautiful read
in-depth read
is full of lead
is a lively lead
is a sensible lead
packed with information
reveals intricate information
a dependable information
found in the content
expressed in elaboration
great and awesome the read is.

Meena Somasundaram

The Sarcasm

The sarcasm is seen through
well within the structure
that being told with a bonhomie
interpreting two different meanings
that be one for the good
within it being clothed a point
a technique so cleverly used in verse
by those who have a gift
that too with the usage and deployment
a rare texture to be found in the ordinary
that be of a great asset to the writer
which is naturally seen in him
which exalts itself in times of practice
that be of great value to the verse.

Meena Somasundaram

The Sun Shines

The sun burning out
with all its force
wonder wherein it gets
so much stamina with chose
what does it drink?
what does it eat?
that gives it so much energy
shining non stop
all the twenty -four hours
e it int he northern hemisphere
be so in the southern sphere too
not getting tired as the day progresses
becoming strong and staunch in the noon
Oh! what a miracle it is!
I keep on thinking with an amazement
not only today all the more
but the day when I came to know
it is the sun that gives us light.

Meena Somasundaram

The Synonyms

The sultry and humidity that work together
the bubbles and fume that go up together
the light and shine that glow together
the night and darkness that exist together
there being a togetherness all the most
that bring a fraternity in the streak
and show a friendly ambience in the tweak
proposing an ambience of goodwill and harmony
there lying a cordiality and warmth of kinship
that which is the most crucial indulgence
wrapping up the peaceful coexistence of man and animal
closing up the neat survival of mammals and birds
choosing a lovely understanding between birds and reptiles
that becoming translucent in the environment around us.

Meena Somasundaram

The Treasure In Sea Water

The boats sail smoothly over the waters
the fishermen singing with joy
catching a treasure after few pulls
they being not only of fish
but a drenched bag very heavy
the hook being sharp and slender
could hold not such pressure
the weight tries to slip into the waters
painstakingly retrieved from the fall
the men thought they having pulled a lot
decided to return home before dusk
with the air being conducive and pleasant
sailed back home in glee and expectation
eager to open and see what is in it
On their return they took the bag to a corner
where no one dare to enter and eavesdrop
unfastened the bag and found wholesome treasure
that of sea water pearl having a value very high
with gleaming eyes they came back home
uttering not a word to anyone for fear of spy.

Meena Somasundaram

The Water Force.

the ease and flow
with the ebb and high
through the tide and wave
comes the sea to the land
pushing out a lot of shells
pulling in a fair amount of land
the daily affair continues so
with the flow and blow
coming in and going out
there be as low acquisition
an inch by inch tracking
that which goes on for years
why not for centuries together
the water being a powerful force
attributing a claim in the move
configures the land by lengths
enabling a larger water mass
as against the land proportion
paving the way to an extinction of life
though not to be envisaged in the near future
but being a possibility in the next century

Meena Somasundaram

The Whistling Wind

With a bristle and a drizzle
came the wind with a whistle
hiding behind the thistle
blowing without any hassle
hurting none in the nestle
easing out nothing in the tussle
went away in a whistles

Meena Somasundaram

The White Lily

I see a lily
dancing in the wind
looks so pretty
dazzling white it is
twinkling in the morning dew
the stalk green and thin
seem to bear her with a grin
it is a pride to hold
and a fancy to behold
such be the marvellous beauty
escapes the eyes on duty.

Meena Somasundaram

Two Green Trees

Saw through a window
two plantain trees over and above
nestled they close to each other
looked like affectionate brothers
their leaves seemed to bid
their greenery was one of mirth
the potency was one of great wealth
not that of monetary in a sense
but that much of gregariousness
compiled with thought in diligence
the leaves store a lot of chlorophyll
long and broad at the same time
enough to hold many a dish in fill
their flowers are most unusual
look they towards the earth in a dual
have a unique colour of their own
a blend of red and pink in tone
hold they inside a store of values
medicinal to the most in a clue
drive they the toxins from body

its stalk seem so tender
yet have great qualities to render
they too have a strain acclaimed
befit they to the fame
nurture they the medicinal properties
fit enough to expel the kidney stones
the bananas that come out in stock
turn golden-yellow in a block
savoury they are all the more
delicious and sweet they are
eaten fresh or made into a milk-shake
become a curry when unripe
whilst they are still green
sauté with chilly and salt
fried deep or baked soft
A gifted plant or a tree whatever
you might call with pleasure
a sight lovely to look at
with awe and gratia true.

Meena Somasundaram

Unknown And Unforeseen- - - Allegory.

Likening to a thunder
came down a boulder
fell down with a noise
made things look like toys
men working ran away
apprehensive of the fall in a way
luckily none were too near
could save their life dear
the mishap caused a furore
the neighbours raised an uproar
nothing could have been done
as the prevention was all done
certain happenings could not be predicted
reasons could never be attributed
the case could be felt in life too
unknown and unforeseen take place true.

Meena Somasundaram

Vanity All The More.

A girl in her teens
goes by her fashion
that of wearing everything short
glamorous she looks
with a beautiful face and blonde hair
her skin being so silky with no blemish
and her features looking sharp
she goes about with much fanfare
trying to attract all
that does not look decent
as it is typical of a stylish snob
let her be moderate in dress
with a dignified look and grace
she would win more hearts all along
than being so vanity personified.

Meena Somasundaram

Waiting For Water

waiting for water,
women squat
with pots of plastic.
The queue turns elastic,
grows unbelievably long
people throng.
The hand pump sighs,
arms wear out in tries.
Water decreases in speed.
The wait turns a waste, indeed.

the wait turns a waste, indeed.

Meena Somasundaram

What Is Life?

Life is a comedy, you say

I differ from you anyway

it is a tragedy the old man refers

I have to the most defer

What is it? you query

I answer in a reverie.

it is neither this or that

but a combination intact.

You look at me curiously

and cast a look dubious.

I smile at you gleefully

reply to you happily.

Life is joyful in youth

cheer it is in all truth.

It turns sad as years advance

sour it becomes by all chance

Life is heterogeneous.

Do I sound like a genius?

Not at all, in all possibility.

Never am I so, in the eventuality.

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Meena Somasundaram