

Poetry Series

muthu veerappan
- poems -

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muthu veerappan(02-01-1990)

A Hot Love

Long since i last had a shower,
now even a rainstorm is a thin stream...

Who said untouchability is out of the world...!
This accused - rain, should be jailed...

What made you hate me so much,
that you don't even dropp a glance at me...

Why is that i adore you even when you ignore me.....?
more like a human love... isn't it....?

Your absence has shrunk the meadows into oasis,
and a lively soil into a blank paper for an artist named 'wind'...

I miss you, my love... come soon....
there are some secret DATES ready for you..

muthu veerappan

Donning The Banned Hat

at the back of conventional teenage,
came in, the breakthrough..

why not try my hand at the sixth finger?
the knight marched, for the act of valour...

the thickest of coins was tossed, along with another,
coinciding in figures, with the number of cigars..

it was wills preffered, for the will of two...
wondering which end to light..
glanced the counterpart to the right..
got the key to the new world..

lips kissed it, to take on a puff..
to smoke out was really tough..

at the end, i became a maestro..
turned all into ash like fidel castro....

muthu veerappan

In And Out Of Love

Roses become priceless..
Eyes seem to have more charm..
14/2 turns your birthday.

Passing moments melt us..
 And freeze themselves.
A rude word may break a world.
a warm gesture may build a castle..

Hearts speak though they are not allowed to..
Mouths speak, but they are not allowed to..

Validity is life long..
But the relation has to be renewed..
Anger is not a hanger..
Lets get to the root of it..

A touch seems to be that of king midas..
A hug has to be the best medicine..

Fulfill the needs before they become desires..
Share always, in all ways..

Don't keep a heavy heart..
Why to add on to weight! ! !

Intimacy only when the lights are off? ? ? ? ? ? ?
Then, love and so life is off.....

muthu veerappan

Love - Untold But Understood

Got a glimpse of your face,
even before i saw mine..
but why were you smiling when i was crying?
may be thats why still don't i feel free with you....

when you first kissed, i did say,
your whiskers pricked..
i think you kept in mind and
not kissing nowadays..
this also pricks... sorry dad...!

you held my hands for me to toddle..
but now i don't say i don't need it...
i need for company.. but not for guidance...

in all walks of life,
you either led or followed me..
but i wanted you beside..

all the walls you raised, sure,
were for my good..
but i would have been more happy,
if they were short enough to show me the world
and long enough to keep me within limits..

what i feel is, i ll take only your path..
but let me take it on my own feet,
and not on your back...

all these are,
my wishes and
not regrets...

for all you have done and been,
i wanna be your son and i mean it.....

muthu veerappan

Loving, And So Living...

I needed you, came into you,
did have a hold on you,
was around you relishing
each of your movements,
cherished you a lot...

In your place, i felt for sure,
that you were mine..

thought of taking you
away to mine...

but when i did, you eluded from me,
i was brain-stormed..
what made you leave me!

it was then i realised,
the liberty i gave you,
in the name of holes,
made you do so..

This is the way the life is,
when a net is inside the water, and
when it is out of the water..

muthu veerappan

Mom - None Can Fill In Your Boots....

My age in years, turns into months,
when you are near ma,

My bed, turns into a cradle,
when you are near ma,

My smile, turns into a laughter,
when you are near ma,

i wanna become ill,
so that your care on me
multiplies umpteen times,

each second filled by you evades...

At the cost of my life...

i wanna freeze those moments

though i cant do the same with lives....

FOR A LOVELY MOM.....

muthu veerappan

My Lovely Family

Can there be anything better in this world? ? ?
the only world, i know, is my family..

my parents and cute sisters can never have substitutes..
as it is hard to show the same affection..

they have seen all my ups and downs..
and they expect me to be, up, always..

my mom's health tips make her a doctor..
i have no fee to pay but only laughter..

an atmosphere which gives me peace..
we cut into five, even if it is a bread piece..

small fights happen and i shed a tear..
no loss, as they finally call me, my dear..

though they put around me, a fence..
being within, is not that much an offence..

hope these smiles last, not only for a while..
but for a mile, then, it is worth living.....

muthu veerappan

Nostalgia In A Love

Years gone since we last met,
each day passing, reminds me of you..

all my minutes encroached by your moments,
and my eyes, starving to wink at you..

was on cloud nine, as i got your mail,
'meet at the petronas, on 14/2',

wanted to see you, very then, but how?
boasted to all my kith and kin, of your love..

many dreams of whats gonna happen on 14/2,
a gaze? a wink? a hug? a kiss? hmmm.....

got a blue rose, for your fingers to hold,
a mere attempt to feel how it is, to touch you..

the fine dawn broke out, petronas more handsome..
the awaited beauty came with a calm gesture..

you held a hand out,
i welled a tear out..

for, this was in your hand, in blood-red,
'lets part ways.. this be the last valentine'....

muthu veerappan

Quoting An Era

destined to be changing arenas,
venturing into a new world,
from a pool of common gender,
was all of a high task..

might be though,
but not a dry sand grabbing a little shower..
its the chastity of a pedicel and the flower..

cuturals being the cradle of a new culture..
sure it was dusk, but my eyes shone..
couldn't they miss a glance of you...
if they did, it was only on winking...

heard of the break batch..
it was not the batch that was broken,
but my little heart..

not a word spoken,
never the heart open..
moments were fragrant
and that was frequent..

fine dawn set on, to show the hand in your hand,
it was not mine, for, fate showed its stand..

its not mere attraction. that dies before me..
its not mere love. that dies with me..
its a sculpture, that lives and lives and makes a history...

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