

Poetry Series

nimal dunuhinga
- poems -

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nimal dunuhinga(19, April,1951)

I was a Seafarer for 15 years, presently wife & myself are residing in the USA and seek a political asylum. I have two daughters, the eldest lives in Australia and the youngest reside in Massachusetts with her husband and grand son Siluna. I am a free lance of all I must indebted to for opening the gates to this global stage of poets. Finally, I must thank them all, my beloved wife Manel, daughters Tharindu & Thilini, son-in-laws Kelum & Chinthaka, my loving brother Lalith who taught me to read & write and lot of things about the fading the loved ones supply me ingredients to enrich this life's bitter-cake. I am not a scholar, just a sailor, but I learned few things from the last I found Man is not belongs to anybody, any race or to any religion, an independant-nondescript heaviest burden who carries is the Brain.

Conclusion, I guess most of my poems, the concepts based on the essence of Buddhist personal belief is the Buddha who was the greatest poet on this planet earth. I always grateful and admire him.

My humble regards to all the readers.

* I Was Born By The River

My scholar friend keeps his late Grandma's diary
And a certain page was highlighted in the color of yellow.
My old ferryman you never realized that how I deeply loved you?
Since in the cradle the word 'depth' I heard several occasions from my parents.
They always talk about the mysterious river's depth.
But I am grown up now and I understand the nagging life is more deeper than
the river.
A hidden alligator in the river takes a soul away once in a way
And you disappeared without saying me Goodbye!
I murmur your everlasting song while sitting on my sick bed.
'This old vehicle stops at all railroad crossings
As I am really scared of painful death.'

* My humble dedication to Sam Cooke for quoting his wonderful song's title.

nimal inga

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*caguama

Oh! It's very cheap a bottle of Cerveza
And I spent only a dollar and ninety nine cents.
All of a sudden I flew to El Salvador last night,
And it's a Red carpet at San Salvador,
Straight away from the Air Port been to President's house.
While at the dinner table we discussed about the Pipil Indians,
Descendants of the Aztecs, previous series of military dictatorships
And the invasion Honduras.
He offered me a position in the Government,
'Minister of Fisheries'?
I was shocked then I said; ' I am sorry better give that chance to a poor native
fisherman who knows the depth of sea well.'
The two consecutive bottles of beer
Gave me a slight hangover in the morning.
I wiped my watery eyes and I found the fading figure of El Salvador's President
in my strange dream.

*And this was imprinted on the side of the bottle.

Legend has it the fishermen of Central America sought the great Loggerhead
Turtle in warm Tropical waters.It's Tribal belief that this powerful Turtle, also
known as the 'Caguama' symbolized good fortune for the fishermen's Village.It's
our hope that you too will experience the good fortune of the 'Caguama'.
Salud!

nimal dunuhinga

*malani Senehelatha Fonseka

She's listed among the best 25 performing Artists in Asia
And won numeral international awards for her best performance
in our local cinema.

I liked her best roles in 'Nidhanaya, Bambaru Avith and Akasa Kusum.'
Many Rolled Gold film stars approached her to be prominent
and failed.

Wife & myself saw her day before yesterday at La Mirada Theater.

[Udeni Liyanage's 'Swarnamaya Rathriyak(A dazzling night)]

She's still photogenic and I think of her recent award winning film 'Akasa
Kusum'.(Flowers of the sky)

The entire role gives an exemplary of uncertainty of the mysterious life.

*Sri Lankan film actress named as Queen of the Sinhala cinema.

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*mithuri

I write your name
On this small envelope
But I don't know your address.
Anyway, I dropp this letter
Into the nearby isolated Postbox
And hope that reach you one day.
The cruel invisible hands
Plucked my untimely Rose bud again.
The breasts full of milk and overflows
It's really painful and I search an infant on the street.
I pour my tears and the altar burns
Rescued Goddess whispers; ' What can I do for you? '
'Where is my abducted precious child? '
The silence approves her deriliction!

*Mithuri means the female friend in our Mother tongue.

To our darling daughter Tharindu, whenever the sorrow hugs you just think of your poor Mom & 're the two butterflies in your garden of heart at the daytime and around the window of hope in the darkness you see two fireflies! You're not lonely at all!

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*moon Rapes His Sister Sun

In the pitch darkness strange things can happen;
But unfortunately nowadays it happens in the daylight too.

* The title quoted from the book ' American Indian myths and legends' selected and edited by Richard Erdoes and Alfonso Ortiz.

-inuit-

(This violent story tells of a stormy encounter between a female sun and a male moon.)

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*polka

The polka is a Central European dance and also a genre of dance music familiar throughout Europe and the Americas. It originated in the middle of the 19th century in Bohemia. Polka is still a popular genre of folk music in many European countries and is performed by folk artists in Poland, Latvia, Lithuania, Czech Republic, Netherlands, Croatia, Slovenia, Germany, Hungary, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, Ukraine, Belarus, Russia and Slovakia. Local varieties of this dance are also found in the Nordic countries, United Kingdom, Republic of Ireland, Latin America (especially Mexico) , and in the United States.

Month of February finishes
And March comes
With heavy snow here?
Frozen tears fallen from the sky
As she cannot bear the severe coldness
It seems?
And I think of my loving deceased Mother
Who secured me for nine months in her
Precious polyphony Womb?
How she cried deeply
When she heard that my handsome father
Met an accident in his young age?
Both were in a secluded place now
And practice their favorite *dance
That I am sure.
But I would like to know that
Your place get snow and bombs too sometimes
What we get on this planet Earth
Most of the times?

for my loving parents!

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*samsara

Oh! I watch this wonderful game in a lonely park.
A millionaire strikes a small ball with his iron club
And it flies to infinity,
He goes behind that happily.
The poor sinner caddy too crawls towards him
with a heavy bag that full of debts on his oblique shoulder.

*[The endless journey, what 'Buddha' explains; cycle of unlimited births & deaths.]

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A Barber Writes

It's a rainy day
Nobody peeps yet?
I sweep the floor
Last night's gathering
All sort of hair.
And it's very hard to segregate
This's King's and that's Pauper's
Some were straight and some kinky,
Anyway I took the shovel and collected
All into the same bin.
And a customer comes in,
Offered me a big note
For a Crew cut!
I said sorry as I do not have change.
And he promised to return the money
Some other day but he never returned.
And quite sometimes I came to know
That he's a rebellious blacklisted Lawyer
From a quiet village.
And he's killed by an unknown
On his way home at midnight!
Still I could sniff that odor
Some kind of spirit in the soul!

*Death will come on padded feet
Carrying Roses in its mouth.
-Charles Bukowski

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A Beautiful Widow's Upstage

When the juggler smiled,
Her tear dropp not responded and kept quiet.
He was angry and scolded;
'Don't you know how to smile really? '
Then the tear dropp replied;
'After he left the premises
I have never seen such an innocent smile again.'

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A Beggar Maid Sings In An Awful Night!

If you want to see the World
Though I am blind,
Ready to give my eyes.
If you're hungry
Share my bread crumb.
And if you're thirsty
Please sip my broken tumbler.
If you want a shelter and a warmth
I can move to a side on the road
And in the sleep if you want my heart,
Please remove that without giving me a slight pain
As I cannot bear this loneliness any further!

*to the young poetess in Massachusetts Shani Bogamuwa!

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A Beggar Maid's Breakdown In The Life Cycle

This beguile strange woman in her forties and I am sorry that I have heard
forties are the naughtiest.

She begs not charity and she has enough money.

Even though the solitude and suffering.

The precious money could help her to replace solace?

Under the burning Sun and freezing Moon

Still she needs the warmth.

Only an honest human blanket could minimize her nauseous feelings.

Where do they find this pedigree?

She seeks a pure bred Man in her sojourn

And still she struggles to find the needle in a haystack.

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A Beggar Never Complains?

But one day when somebody offered him a Nasi goreng plate
From an Indonesian Restaurant,
He said; 'Sorry Sir! It's too heavy and a rich diet it seems
I used to cold stale meals and don't know my kinky bowels
Could face the unexpected challenge? '

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A Bird Flies Beyond The Sky

This rare bird tells of its encounter
When the Telescopic man gossips;
'I found nothing but emptiness
And I was breathless
Then I *flew downwards.'

* The bird used that instead of declining it seems.

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A Bird Has No Wings In The Storm

I started re-reading Kawabata Yasunari san's 'Izu no Odoriko'
and I dream of your golden country 'Japan'.
I was surprised as I have been there.
Chiba-ken, Matsudo city, sakura-dori, tokiwadaira coffe master
funabashi Japanese language school,
the railway between Kunugiyama & goko.
Sapporo beer, sake with sakasuki
taste of tempura and udong; sushi and sashimi
the restaurants I visited with my life long friend Shozo Suzuki san and his
family.
I walk towards in the memory lane
melancholy tune of windbells in Yoshiwara,
still I breathe the cool breeze there
and I sniff the fragrance of death from isolated graveyards
I would like to drown in Sumida -kawa
like Dazai Ozamu san who killed himself by drowning in the lakeTamagawa at
Inokashira park.
I am sure that you will bury me near by Ishikawa Takuboku san's grave.
Though I am a Sri Lankan, I may be belongs to your soil in my early birth.
Oh! God if you are still remain in the sky; please grant me an opportunity to see
them at least once
before I die in my cage.
that's my only wish.

Dedication to my life long friend i & his family. Also to the poetess Sayumi
Takahashi san & Yasuyuki Tanaka san.

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A Bird Without A Roost?

["Two turtle doves will show thee
Where my cold ashes lie
And sadly murmuring tell thee
How in tears I did die"]? Nikolai Gogol

Tiny featherless bird
You dance near my roost
in the Winter.
I know it's freezing cold outside.
I live here with my watch-keeper
How do I introduce you to her.
Far relative, friend's sister or friend
Or an unknown lost bird
What is the best?

nimal dunu

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A Bitter Menu In Tasty Life!

[This is the forest murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
stand like Druids of old.] - Betty Smith, A tree grows in Brooklyn.....The
American classic about a young girl's coming of age at the turn of the century.

Cheap Restaurants
and mouth watering dishes.
Along the cobbled streets
Call girls whistle folk songs.
Shoeshine barefooted orphan boy
who polishes your shoes,
If you have a thorough look
There reflects your beautiful face?
And after the strenuous work
When Sun goes down
The boy too heads for a restaurant
with a candy for his little sister
who's a dishwasher there
from morning till evening.
And they dream together
in a street corner.
A stray dog their pet
under the Moonlit night
guards them from thieves?

nimal

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A Bitter Pill Implies Where I Belong

I signed the back of a lottery ticket, filled the name and address clearly.
The night is sleeping but still I am awake in a Gas station to fulfill the boisterous vehicles.

I hear a whisper in my decaying wallet.

'Hey! Dear this is not the winning ticket exactly but a day would be appeared and bring you the lucky chance soon.' The lottery muttered.

After a lazy yawn I speak to myself;

'Nowadays the papers talk much while the poor people shut their mouths as nothing to put in for digest.'

* To Gheorghe Zamfir!

Your divine magical pan flute's notes impress me how to grab the fleeing life?

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A Black & White Wedding!

Poor chimney sweeper's
Carbon monoxide soaked
Well creased Gabardine suit
There he wears for his wedding
And the country bride comes
from the dairy farm
with her cheese-like
Culottes bridal kit,
The bell rang
from the white washed
Mountain top Cathedral
and the old bearded father laments secretly
remembering his sweet lost youth?

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A Black Ant Struggles In A Pure Honey Bottle!

I was scared that she could have drowned
and I tried to rescue her.

I explained that I am not from Pest Control
just a poor writer.

Then she replied; 'Yes I know that since a long time
but leave me alone here, in your words

It's a kind of attachment and not committing suicide?

And it's pure honey not like your poisonous breathing air? '

I was speechless and I write here the incident!

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A Black Bird Sings About The Coming Spring?

O this small black bird
her deep voice like old soprano's?
She tells about the Spring flowers
while flying from a tree top
in a Winter garden.
I was familiar with this song
in my handsome youth
but now almost forgotten the lyrics.
This nutty head won't store anything?
Who knows in the future
I could have forgotten my name too?
Besides,
Beloved darns my old shirt's collar
and she grumbles; 'Dad! Time has come to throw away all these stuffs
and I bought you a new shirt.'
Then I said; 'How could I throw you away my old blanket? '
She smiled like The French Lieutenant's Woman
in John Fowles's novel!

and I take this opportunity to wish a happy birthday to MAGNOLIA & PREMJI our
poet friends!

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A Black Sun Peeps Through The Cotton Wool Sky

There he comes like a Santa Claus on a Christmas eve along the road of hope.
Lamp posts salute him and the children offer their autographs to sign.
He uses his thousands of pens which holds in one hand.
Homeless they watch the T.V. in their new houses while washing the dirty linen.
The troubled word 'Dilemma' would disappear from the poor man's dictionary if
you do justice for them.
Please stop the useless wars and blood sheds but do not stop the harmless wars
against the lack of health care, poverty & hunger, injustice, unemployment and
etc.
Like a peevish boy who protects his precious toy until his deathbed,
Please love the country, people, flora & fauna etc.

* A humble dedication to a pragmatic great man who could perform his bounden
duties without any prejudice.

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A Black Swan In The Silent Lake!

[You gave me autumn in an envelope.
The rich light burned within my bones like gold.
It sent the sun down with a vivid shout.
The air pulsated with its after glow.
I felt the mood of old November roofs,
Redolent with their Appalachian fires.
The dusk lasts long in West Virginia, Friend.
Its fall cannot be heard by human ears.]-Sandra Fowler

I write here few lines
of my best poet Mahagama Sekara's
'.....The river flows from the past
and the beauty of this dreamy World
I saw from your eyes! '
Hey! Swan you're alone
in this vast Lake and you're
intelligent than me,
I know how do you segregate
milk and water with your beak.
Please let me know how to draw this poem/painting
and what colour of pastel stick
I have to take first?
Life's real colour is hard to select alone
in the box of my missing pastels
And I hope you float ashore
with these ripples to my humble request?

nimal dunu

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A Blind Gypsy And His Piccolo

He pitches a higher octave the inner song of desperation
While his fiancée on picnicking with her violin.
She fiddles to another heart a different tune
And the blind sees her secret whereabouts.

* I love you and hope you love me
I kept my promise, don't keep your distance.
-Evita, Don't cry for me Argentina-

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A Blind Lover's Lament

He sees her broken heart through his gloomy eyes
And he hears a song like a prayer in a cathedral.
He tries to re-set but it's very hard to bring it back to normal.

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A Blind Undergraduate's Hidden Song In His Braille

[Experience is the name so many people give to their mistakes.]-Oscar Wilde

I cannot see your colour
but they say you're a beautiful flower.
I sniff your fragrance and I feel
the softness of your petals.
If that softness and fragrance together
you could keep forever?
Then I could have taken you
into my heart-vase dear
and I pour my tears ever!

to my friend Paddy Martin,
here started raining and a big hail last evening
hope quiet there everything?

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A Blue Sun On The Black Horizon!

He draws a black line
with the pastel
my grandson,
And I draw on that
a blue circle.
Then I suggest
You bring this
to an art competition
and let them choose the title.
He added some red birds
to the blank area.
How beautiful
when birds
fly in the sky
and no room
for War planes?

[Our children are living messages we send to a time and place we will never see.]-Unknown

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A Bluestocking And A Lilliput

We are not seeing each other
but we exchange what they call poetry.
Madam you are far beyond the vicinity.
I am an old bachelor stick around
longing for something which I cannot express.
Do you find in my poems?
We are only two parallel lines
in the song of love.

to Amanda Lukas.

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A Bookmark As A Present For A Departing Friend

Time is a wonderful thief who steals everything from us?
Shining spring comes through the fallen leaves
And the willy-nilly flowers bloom merrily.
Famous birds sing and the deep rivers flow quietly.
The tricky life begins again and I write on the shifting sands;
'My carefree hidden wise Master, please do not pull this miraculous season away
until I finish the tiresome journey.'

[* My love has been the poem I would have writ
But I could not both live and utter it.]

-au-

American, 1817-1862

Dedication to my childhood hero ' Butch Cassidy and the Sundance kid Star'
deceased n

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A Bride From An Orphanage

An innocent virgin from a hidden haunted house
Who comes out to the new civilized world?
The Bridegroom is unknown from the lower depths?
We all wish them a happy wedded life forever
And bring a dozen of polite offspring to this lopsided cruel world?

* I humbly dedicate this poem to the prominent Sri Lankan singer Maestro
Pandith Amaradeva and the lyrics of this great song by the celebrated poet
Mahagama Sekara.....

' The river flows from the past
And the beauty of the dream world
I see in your eyes
my beloved.'

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A Brief Letter To A West Virginian Hospital!

I send you fresh flowers,
A breeze non-polluted
Hope for tomorrow
And a friendly smile,
You see when you wake up in the morning
To a better World!

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A Brief Letter To Equinox

I checked with your Great grandfather 'Encyclopedia'.
And he has written this;
'The time of year when night and day are of equal length.'
Anyway you visit us once in a year
Like a far prismatic relative who comes with a big pear.
Sorry, I add few more lines;
In the broad day light
I see a patch of darkness
And in the night sky
Surprise a Meteor falls!

*[When I pushed my grandson's pram, I do remember now what I told;
' Sonny! One day you too push me when I struggle on my Wheelchair! .]

nimal dunuhinga

A Brief Letter To Paddy Martin!

My dear Paddy,
Hope you're fine
and I too still breathe this polluted air?
President Obama came again
for another four years!
Nothing changed yet
Pauper still walks
dreaming of a Benz?
I am writing this for a special matter
Sandra Fowler left without saying a goodbye
like you my friend.
She knows you well
and you too know her.
Bards have a rare talent to recognize each other?
Make company with her
as she's a newcomer.
Don't know this letter
reach you in time?
Christmas is coming
and please let her know
That I miss the yearly greeting this time?
Sorry for this brief letter
as I am not well and later write you more.
Hope to see you all one day
when my Visa expires?

with best regards,
sincere friend,
nimal

nimal dunuhinga

A Brief Letter To The Amazing San Diego Zoo

I am a scribbler a far relative to Apes,
And sorry for this unsolicited letter.
I'll be free at weekends most probably
And voluntarily willing to stay in one of your vacant cages
As I want to study the dialects of endangered animals
And their free lifestyle for my research.
That goes to my thesis which I planned to send to my poor deceased Mom's
mighty dreamlike University.

nimal dunuhinga

A Broken String Of A Cello

The poet TYP (Pseudonym) in the poetfreak who introduced me the greatest cellist Jaqueline Mary du Pre. Merits for him!

Jaqueline Mary du Pre was a British Cellist
One of the great players,
Her career was cut short
By multiple *Scierosis, which forced her to cease
Performing at the age 28, and led to her premature death
At the age of 42.
Death always a dilemma for me?
Just imagine a hard shell tortoise lives for a long
And this poor human beings bring to the guillotine
Within a short period?
Who thinks human being's a guinea pig for their experiments?
Anyway it's not fair indeed and the guise of the Life is ridiculous!

* Abnormal hardening of the body tissue?
Human should get only the soul and live a long like the tortoise!

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A Broken Winged Butterfly Flies?

The darned life crawls through the smooth & silky roads
But rival thorns; And he feels the fragrance of a distant Gypsy flower
But his patchy lungs won't keep enough breath for the tiresome journey.

*To my first kind critic of the site
poetess Amanda. Lukas

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A Bumpkin's Chronicle

He likes her burgundy lips
And he begs for a kiss.
The poor chap really misses
And he regrets of the wild goose chase.
A countrywoman close upon her menopause
Still waits for him with a crack up
And this wild flower beats about the bush.
The naive Goody-goody who walks from the city end helplessly?
And in the semi-darkness of the twilight sky the glimmer of the Starvation star
twinkles lazily.
No barriers & restrictions it seems,
The country road always opens for the desperate wayfarers.

To my dearest 'Though we never met in this sojourn
Yet I see you in my fading dreams on and off, how strange this life my dear Joe?
,

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A Butcher Was Called For The Surgeon İNterview

'Yes, Thank you very much for your interest
About the Surgeon vacancy,
But we're sorry to inform you
That your application has been rejected.'

'Why Sir? '

'They agreed that both of you cut
With your sharp instruments
And take everything out for biopsy.
But the difference they say
A Surgeon fix everything as earlier
And you throw half of the gadgets into trash bin! '

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A Butterfly Rests On A Cannon In The War Zone

Hey! My little creature
It's not a tree trunk
And not the perfect game.
(Hitting of two balls in one shot in billiards.)
Please go away and rest somewhere.
Be alert! When handsome Man operates the Toy!
You hear the nasty sound
And the fire ball flies and hit on the other side.
Do not get misunderstand
That inferno isn't a New Dawn!

* Merry Christmas to our brother soldiers who play with Human conspicuously!

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A Cactus Flower

If I am a Snake and you are a Cactus flower in a thorny bush.
Do you think that we can love forever?
If I am a River and you are the Bank
Then only we can join together in the Ocean of Love.
In the ocean if you turn to a Shark and I become a coral flower,
Then what will happen to our endless love?

To the eternal lovers who drowned in the stream of love.
Re-birth of my friend may you long live!

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A Cataract Eyed Gardener And A Wild Rose

'My dear, you pour me water or tears as I feel the warmth it seems
And do not get upset please as I keep my word forever.'

Wild Rose said faithfully.

'I am a poor deserter Rose and how do we live together happily? '

Cowardice Gardener replied.

'That doesn't make any difference my darling

Your wheelbarrow is quite enough for our honeymoon and your humble straw-
house really a castle for me.' Wild Rose pacified him kindly.

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A Catnap On A Catafalque

A distinguished person
Sleeps in a Mahogany coffin
Well to do people shake hands
And the Widow sees through her black veil
The robust who's having a chat with the Corpse!
He's not dead just a catnap and she thinks
He would be back after the catalepsy.
When the soil thuds over the coffin
She cries again in the Cemetery
And the robust Chauffeur returned to her
She smiles with him like a parole
And the candles lit in the wind.

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A Chimpanzee Cries In The Cage

When I was passing the chinchilla's wire enclosure in the Zoo
I heard a deep cry like a Man's voice,
And when I turned back,
Then I saw a Chimpanzee cries in its cage;
'You resembled my eldest brother Sir
Who's shot dead in the second World War.'

*Time is a dressmaker specializing in alterations.

-Faith Baldwin

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A Clown Among The Stars

The best Actress of the year accepted her award
And she's stepping down the stairs,
By a windfall the ugliest man in the World
Met her on the way and he offered his autograph.
She wrote I love you and gave her small pocket book to write him something.
He scribbled; ' Madam! I learned swimming easily in the Dead Sea! '

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A Comedy Of Error

A couple went to the family doctor

Husband to get his usual insulin dose

And wife takes her contraceptive injection.

There is a new doctor in the absence of the Physician.

The new doctor is really an absent minded mediocre

Who does illegal abortions?

It seems by mistake the syringes being changed

And the husband got the contraceptive and wife the insulin.

Then after sometimes she conceived for the fifth occasion.

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A Consonant Of A Pallid Soul

When I touch the scars of last year's wounds
Really I get a consolation,
And I think of the next year approaches very soon
Without an invitation?

Those wounds were healed by the nature
But the new winds who knows?
May pierce and reunite to make them fresh.
I touch the lonely heart with my palpitate palm
And feel a different beat,
But I cannot change my sorrowful song friend,
Though you provide a pleasant music
Because it's my panache.

* The unseaworthy Soulship must be rigged properly to the Windswept.
[A diary from the Seabed]

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A Consumptive Coolie's Gossamer Daughter

A tattered coolie who was born in a leap year that comes home after a strenuous day's work?

He loves his coquetry daughter.

Her mother has disappeared when she was an infant.

He thinks that he has to make a cordon to protect her from the ruffian the apothecary's son.

His wife eloped through this rickety fence and he is scared of his precious daughter's future.

He dreams one day his daughter goes right of the passage with rituals.

But who knows and how long this skeleton survives with his sing-song?

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A Coral Flower Dwells At The Zenith

I am a poor fisherman
And the eyes of my net are too big
Even a Whale could easily jumps
And my tumbledown boat isn't seaworthy
Just rests on the polluted beach.
It's totally an off season for fishing
And the rough waves are surfing.
I lit the half burned candle
in my shaky hut.
And I pray the cruel wind
Give me a sound sleep.
The fishmongers are jealous of you
Being a beautiful Virgin
And they gossip a lot in the marketplace.
A friend of mine who mends the nets
And the friendly Sea Gulls too
Told me that you're pink of color.
I call you Pinky!
Though it's a risky journey
If you could drift with the waves
Towards my neglected solitary Harbor
I can wait in standing my whole life for you
Like a lonesome Lighthouse!

*To my Life-school Art Teacher, the poetess Sandra Fowler in gratitude!

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A Country Lass Weaves A Cane Basket In Her Lifestyle

After I finished my handicraft
We'll go together full of apples in the basket.
The far away isolated park where a bench is alone since last year.
A year has passed but you are still stuck in the town.
You have forgotten my address and at least a single line to say hello!
I know that you are busy in the ruined Manor among the maid servants.
Coming Christmas I am already twenty two and I am scared as my aunt
She is sixty two and still a spinster.

nimal dunuhinga

A Country Lassie Writes To A Farm Boy

While knitting woolen booties for my infant twin brothers
Grandma prompts;
'Hey! My little needle
You are a big girl
And wear a bra now.
I could read ther secret heart
Through your talking eyes.
Don't idle in the fields
And bring home nettles.
Keep in touch with the Sunday School
And learn some miracle prayers.
World is big like a Watermelon,
You are an Ant; Not an Elephant
River beneath the singing Mountain is really deep honey
And beware of Piranha! '

* To Aisha, a shy 18 year-old Afghan woman who was sentenced by Taliban commander to have her nose and ears cut off for fleeing her abusive in-laws.

nimal dunuhinga

A Courtesy With A Black Bear

I met a bear on a city roadside accidentally.
'Don't get frightened that I know Men sing well
And I would like to hear a song from your deep voice.'
The bear told in a friendly manner.
I strum my old Ukulele and started singing;
' It's mighty dark for me to travel*
Oh! The beautiful bears are our friends
That reminds us in the book of History.
Hardly I carry this honeycomb with bees in my childhood old satchel.
I am sorry, it could be melt now as my poor heart is warm like an autumnal
breeze.'
Bear showed me a wry smile and I realized that sniffed I am an Alcoholic.
I saw some bruises on my back and that could be the touch of bear's claws,
But it's not painful.
The scenario resembles my precious grandson's lost 'Teddy bear' in this cryptic
homeward dream.
(*'Bill Monroe with Jim & Jesse')

[I am not worthy to loosen the thongs of his sandals.-A humble prayer-]

I dedicate this poem to baby Adam and I am sure that one day you understand
this unseen old silly man's dream.

nimal dunuhinga

A Cowboy On A Wooden Horse

I dreamed in the Mexican desert, I drove cattle on my grand son's wooden horse.
The Marshall caught me at the border.

I said, ' I am Lone Ranger.'

Then he gave me his horse and some forged documents to cross the border.

She woke me up in the morning.

I grumbled; 'Let me sleep today is the Independence Day.'

'Hey! We are still aliens.'

I dedicate this poem to my sincere friend

* Wherever you go you never find a home like in your Motherland.

nimal dunuhinga

A Cripple Ant Near A Mango Tree

I have heard about the tasty fruit when it ripens
and the legend says lightning won't peep to your premises
if you grow a mango tree in your yard,
But I am very unhappy as I cannot climb on my neighbour's tree.

* I humbly dedicate this poem to the authoress of the novel 'The House on Mango street' written by ros.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dainty Flower In The Rib Cage!

A dainty flower in the rib cage!

I turn the chapters of n's
History of Art-Book.
Man in the red turban
self portrait of Jan Van Eyck
Rogier Van Der Weyden's
Descent from the cross
Luca Della Robbia's
Singing Angels
The garden of love
Painted by Peter Paul Rubens
Boy playing a flute
Judith Leyster in black & white
Rembrandt's Night Watch
Diego Velazques
nicely drawn 'The water carrier of Seville'.
I jumped to Realism and Impressionism
Goustave Cobert, Edmond Manet
Claude Monet, Auguste Renoir
Edgar Degas, Paul Cezanne
Georges Stuart, Vincent Van Gogh
and Paul Gaugin etc.,
O The old Guitarist of Pablo Picasso's
dragged me to my recent pastel drawing
(drawn on a Saturday in late December)
'A dainty flower in the rib cage'
with this short poem;
'Short white candle burns
between my rickety ribs
and beloved darns
the torn heart with a silky thread.'

for Brian McLaughlin with gratitude!

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

A Daughter Writes To Her Father Who's In The Battlefield!

Dad! Take care of yourself
And others too.
Perhaps your enemy's daughter
Has pigtails like me
And she too goes to school?
Better come back home Dad!
I learn fast and do a nursing job.
Dad! Then you can rest.

nimal dunuhinga

A Deaf Hears The Christmas Tree Cries

Where I send all these small gifts
And greeting cards?
Poor children scattered
All over the places
And no fixed address.

nimal dunuhinga

A Death In The Opposite House!

[Mother-that was the bank where we deposited our hurts and worries.]-Thomas De Witt Talmage

I was sitting on a small chair

in the patio,

Like bygone Seafarer days on ship's deck?

And my beloved boils the Asparagus for tonight

in the kitchenette.

I count secretly who crawls to the funeral house?

A lady with an umbrella in this late evening drizzle

Squeezing my hand that resembles Ms.E-death in my nightmare,

inquires me; 'Honey! Funeral is here? '

I pointed out her the front house with my index finger

and murmured to myself 'Thank God! still I breath comfortable here? '

*Yesterday's Tuesday, April24,2012 @ 10: 00a.m. I scribbled this on a piece of paper in UMass Memorial University Campus, Worcester.

While I was waiting for my Colonoscopy test carries out by Doctor

Christopher Marshall, dear Mom! part of your humble dream comes true as I

touched for the first time in my life, the campus soil, but I am sorry that 's not for your dreamy studies and for my sudden Endoscopy?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Decayed Inn

A skinny vagabond comes from afar,
and he himself doesn't know
where he comes from?
Or his destination.
Perhaps this could be a stopover.
He is only a tenant of the building
and it's belongs to a debutante
who lives in delusion.
Poor fellow needs a tinker to mend his soul
and he is anxiously searching a panacea.
Will he be able to find?
before he enlisted to the run away crowd.

nimal dunuhinga

A Deer Hunt

Hunter pursuits a white-tailed deer and suddenly it disappears in the thick jungle.
The way back is forgotten and he was left behind.

There live a Widow and a Virgin who were pioneers of the secret forest provide
him hospitality.

The hunter doesn't want to white wash and he catches these two birds
(huntresses) in one stone.

nimal dunuhinga

A Demigoddess Walks In Diabolic Street

I call you sister as I have a sister of your age.
An Eye-opener; The eye-catching lass seems to be an apprentice.
The dusk falls and in the sky I see birds fly to their roosts.
Sun too lazily drowns in the sea.
You started your career as a novice in this late evening.
In your spring you have to devote for love and enjoy your life.
But you never find it in this thorny path.
And it prickles your soft barefoot.
The street is forbidden for saintly souls and these enigmatic people instead of
love they give you sicknesses.
I know that you have immeasurable burdens and my song won't solve your
problems.
Anyway I have a small word with you my dear
Try to catch a poor king and live happily together.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dewy Tear On A Cobweb

A lonely spider thinks early in the morning
This could be a teardropp from the waning Moon
Who hides with the fear from the sparkle Sun.
He weaves the old web stronger than earlier
As a suspicion of her gatecrash.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dialogue

An old man; hunchback
He was carrying some firewood's
And he is passing the old graveyard towards his cottage.
He said that he heard a dialogue
Between the child who was buried yesterday
And the oldest tomb was in the cemetery.

New Grave: Grandpa is you still living?
I hear your breathing.

Old Grave: My son I learned to breathe here.
The world is full of puff,
What else?

nimal dunuhinga

A Different World

I was bit drunk and leaning to a lamp post
Then I had a dream of another world exists.
In the day time the moon is visible
Night you could see the sun.
Deaf they hear, blind they see and dumb they talk.
The rocks, trees and animals too communicate.
Cripple they walk.
No thieves, gamblers, liars and smugglers
So there won't be any politicians anyhow?
And money is strictly prohibited.

nimal dunuhinga

A Diplomat From Hell Walk Along The Heaven Street

He seems to be the new Ambassador to the paradise from hell.
And he gave all his relevant documents to the Registrar and got his Manor's key.
He types a thousands of letters in a day and his agenda is pick one by one legally
to the heaven.
I heard that both sides would arise some mutual transfers in the near future.

nimal dunuhinga

A Discard Doll

I slipped from the Manor's upstairs into the trash bin.
My hair burnt, eyes removed and they amputated my hands.
I stuck in the leftovers, among the stench I cannot see anything
And I write on a broken slate with a piece of chalk which gripped by my right
foot's fingers.
Darkness is better than a true vision.
And I think of the new doll who sings well in the upstairs.
I humbly pray for her a long-life in the Mansion.

*[Australian Man throws the daughter off bridge. A morning News.]

I dedicate this poem to innocent street children where they sleep under the same
transparent sky.

nimal dunuhinga

A Disrepair Soul In The Monorail

I never count my precious breathe as I know everything has its own limits,
This breakable dishearten skeleton doesn't stand like a breakwater which face
the force of waves.

Is this hidden soul disperse when you stop breathing?

* Aging; First you forget the names, then you forget the faces and you forget to
pull your Zipper up, then you forget to pull your Zipper down.

-Leo Rosenburg

nimal dunuhinga

A Dog With Its Chain Walks Behind Me

'Hey! My elderly brother, you seems to be very kind
When I compare with my cruel Master.
He eats all the flesh and throw me bones
And I have no way to go
I would like to stay with you.'
'Oh! My dear I call you 'Marco'
My pet son's name
Probably now in the heaven.
Sorry, I too out of a billet
And I have a holey pocket.
Really I am not in a position to throw you
Even a bone.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Domesticate Little Sparrow

My photogenic faded tattoo bird flies in the frequent deadlier dreams
And I realized the time has come to demobilize her.
My darling! You suffered a lot with me in my lonely battlefield.
I am so sorry my dear sweetheart.
This resentful life is heavier than lead
And I am still sounding the depths.
I open the cage door for my petite colleague to let you free
And I have no regrets; Birds should fly at least once in their lifetime.

* The Buddha said ' One has to understand clearly that craving and attachment to material and immaterial things are the main roots of stress and depression.'

I dedicate this poem to my beloved wife Manel.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dot

In the pale blue sky
It's like a dot
And I imagined
Whether a bird or a butterfly?
Though a fledged still she gathers the passing clouds as wings
To flee in the uncertain visionary vista.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dreamer's Peninsula

I dreamed on and off few days ago

A passing cloud, honey and salt

Bees and Oceans,

And it seemed to be a fine combination.

My beloved grumbled 'Anyway, it's an omen dear; Who knows whether it's good or bad? '

'Yes darling, there is no any doubt that the passing cloud denotes my dark floating mind,

Bees give honey and oceans provide unlimited salt, isn't it?

But who brings us the evaporating happiness to our desperate shrinking hearts? '

* To my dearest pet-son 'Marco', Your pen-pusher father says so sorry as you skipped lot of scanty meals and suffered with us in your shaky kennel during our hard times.

nimal dunuhinga

A Dreamer's Schizophrenic Jigsaw Puzzle

Could you please see the outskirts of prismatic mind in decaying life
And the overgrown soul's overwrought.

Is this the end of an innocent's journey who struggles on his bitter picnics along
the mysterious beaches to build a sand castle?

I humbly dedicate this scribble to the hawk-eyed Asylum officer who interviewed
us harshly (beloved wife & myself) on the 17 th of April,2008 @ BCIS,1585,
ester, Anaheim, CA.92505

Postscript

* 19 th of April,2008 @1300 Hrs.[Saturday, in the Anaheim Public Library]

My beloved hugged me early in the morning and whispered 'Hey! my wanderlust
you have already reached the 57 th Milestone tossed a penny in the painful sky.'
Guess my honey head or tail? '

I said; 'Darling if we have the tail then there is no any problem at all.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Drifter As Driftwood

The knock-kneed girl who wears a knee cap, beautiful flowery knickerbockers and carries a knapsack?

A knick-knack around her slim neck and tossing a Kopeck in a narrow cobbled street she walks towards home the late evening.

I feel lonely myself with the sorrowful Sunset and before midnight I must go back to the ship as she suppose to sail early in the morning.

I regret that I couldn't ask her name and I made a note in my diary with an asterisk.

I gave her a name "Stella"; my ships name.

She resembles the actress "Lara" in the film Doctor Zhivago.

I start to write a short story that would be an endless which I have to throw into the sea.

I see her fading land from far away and it's like a peaceful dream.

I strum my old ukulele to the beat of ripples.

And the sleep peeps secretly into my disarray cabin.

*A seasonal greeting to all my poet friends!

nimal dunuhinga

A Dumb Hero's Tomb Speaks In Darkness

They have forgotten my name and domicile too.
Engraved letters disappeared of my pedigree on the tombstone.
And I want to write this but I cannot come up as the lid is too tight.
Another hero might come here, a friendly advise for you my brother.
Stay away from ego & politics and rest in peace without a tomb.
Life like a Sweet pea soup and you eat once or twice but no more.
The tortoise too flies nowadays and then what else?

nimal dunuhinga

A Dust Cleaner Marries A Street Sweeper

Skinny poor Princess
Who works in a Tea sorting Factory
And cleans the dust whole day,
On her way back home
She coughs and dust mites run.
One auspicious day she met
A courageous Prince
Who sweeps the street.
How the shrewd fate brings them together?
And nobody oppose as they walk on the same street.
He stops at a certain place with his broom
And she heads to the Factory.
As far as the dust & dirt would remain in this unclean World
Thank God! Their jobs are permanent it seems!

*To have a friend, be a friend.
-Old saying

nimal dunuhinga

A Dying Man Requests For An Extra Time

Like in soccer when the two sides were tallied
Referee gives an extra time
Isn't it?
My invisible referee,
You dragged me to this unfair game
And you are taking me now without my concern.
Please blow your miraculous whistle,
At least we could have change our goals for a while.

nimal dunuhinga

A Faint Light In The Darkness

This starless chilly night I see your phosphorous eyes far beyond the infinity.
In your territory though it's dim still bring me a desirable heaven
Moon has never shown.
But we are in two different altitudes as leftovers.
And I thank you very much Bonny
For the Booby prize your legacy,
You decided to leave me alone crumbly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Faint Smile In Her Teary Eyes

The infant's cry stopped for a while.
I am sorry my baby, to read your mind
I drowned in the encyclopedia
But my dreary eyes failed to catch.
I feel it's like child poetry
And the matured will never try to hear their poems.

nimal dunuhinga

A Faint-Hearted Dinky Doll

When she reached the adulthood and she forgets her childhood friend who accompanied her in the nursery road.

She becomes a mother and numberless new toys scatter around her child.

Saga of a sad toy continues and this old doll wants to join with the new dolls but she is very scared.

Her child plays with toy guns, helicopters, warships, armory and etc.

The rustic old doll repents of the new civilization and she cries in an isolated trash box.

*Is the human cruelty immeasurable?

nimal dunuhinga

A Faithful Mirror And Human Error

'Not necessary to peep hundred times
And dishearten yourself,
And I'll try my level best
To keep you younger
As earlier! '

nimal dunuhinga

A Female Spider's Cobweb And A Scrawny Poor Man

The featherweight skeleton entangled in a cobweb.

It's not an ordinary one and very strong.

He is unable to survive.

"Unnecessarily you trapped in my net.

Frankly this is for insects I wove.

Never mind my dear I prefer coexistence and I have no any objections of your stay." Spider replied smoothly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Ferryman And His Blind Dog!

Villagers were certain that he died a long ago
But I met him last night at the river bank.
Though his dog's blind wagged its tail
While I was talking to ferryman.
He said the Blacksmith his old friend has borrowed the ferry
To bring his forgotten tools but he's scared
Whether he could row safely to this side
As the weather was not so good?
Then I said I am going back home
And he gave his kind regards to my parents.
On the way I realized that my parents were no more
And all were in the same boat!

nimal dunuhinga

A Ferryman's Song

It's not dew a teardropp from the moon.
Because of the fading humanity.
Though you found a needle in a haystack
Very difficult to search a man among the men.
Let the wind blows and do not get panic.
Perhaps tomorrow will be calm?
Do not count the Stars.
As they may fall on your head.
Who says the grape is bitter?
Anyway do not search apples in a vineyard.
The Ocean never bothers of her waves.
But the beach keeps memories.
They are building a new bridge
And I can see the shadow in the river.
Oh! I'll say good bye very soon to the wayfarers!

nimal dunuhinga

A Fire-Fly

The man was sentenced to death
jury was agreed and the magistrate already signed.
He was an innocent criminal and a scapegoat
but no options.

The true criminal with the Lords
and the Law is imbalanced.

One night in the prison cell
he saw a fire-fly like an ambulance
and he scribbled on the wall.

'Tomorrow morning a prince comes
to take me away, a better world,
my little fire-fly you try to show me the way
and I see that real world from your faint light.

Thank you so much my dear
now only I realized that I was in the total darkness
beneath the sun and moon.'

Welcome to our world my dear friend

nimal dunuhinga

A Firm Handshake

The soldier who comes in a special plane from the battlefield
And at the Air Port he became a hero.
He walks along the red carpet and the band plays aside.
Rifles shot into the silent sky.
When the bugles blow General appears in his full uniform
And gives him a firm handshake.
But the poor soldier is unable to grab as he lost his fingers.

nimal dunuhinga

A Flimsy Cobweb

I see a spider weaves its tiny network in between the twigs in the garden.
And I thought If I am an insect,
Then I could have rush into your mesh
And swing until a twilight sleep.

nimal dunuhinga

A Flimsy Soul Who Plays It Again Monotonously?

He strums his broken stringless lute in a filthy street corner
And still the hidden sentimental tune comes out in the lonely moonlit night,
But if he gets the missing strings back somehow
I am sure that you could hear that full song of life.

* In the darkness you see more things?

nimal dunuhinga

A Flower Asks Another Beautiful Name For Her?

Poor Gardener
Why you collect
my withered petals
among the leaves
in your book of heart
that I have never seen
in the garden of love!

*A humble dedication to the poetess Sridevi I always adore her writing style!

nimal dunuhinga

A Flower Blooms In The Railroad

I lost my return ticket but the train won't delay for me
And it's already departed in time.

We met on the platform and she invited me to her hideous world.

She goes out early in the morning and comes back late at night

But I have no any objections as it's her independent job.

I never call you a whore my dear because you gave me the life again.

* Some flowers give a rare fragrance and nobody knows the reason?

nimal dunuhinga

A Flowerpot And The Posies

The old tenant listens to the secret whisper in the decaying flat;
'The householder change the flowers when they depressed
And she brings another bunch of fresh flowers.
I am really fed up of this monotonous routine and I wait anxiously until the day
when she introduce everlasting shrubs.' Pot cried.

nimal dunuhinga

A Fly In The Ointment

She holds a toffee apple like a child
And he plays the mouth-organ mild.
They pass the time in the messy world
And they go on a ride in merry-go-round.

Though it's bitter; Life is a carnival for them
And they make fun of showing realism.
Someone laughs at them who believes nihilism.
Sun & moon rise and set but never met in the sky of individualism.

He is alone like a featherless bird and very unhappy today
As it seems she flew to another cage secretly.
Now he feels the weight of life like mercury
And the mouth-organ plays the song of melancholy.

nimal dunuhinga

A Frustrated Skipper On A Sinking Vessel

You all have abandoned me
Never mind my dear crew.
I could see through my funky telescope
Your tossing lifeboats faraway and the happy faces.
How do you grab the life tightly?
Remember, I too grabbed since my childhood
But later on I realized it slips through your bony fingers.
Go home safely and live happily.
Please do not bother to buy a priceless coffin
Let it be a sea burial and let my flesh eat by small fish
As I have eaten half of them in the Ocean.
I hear the death murmurs like a Mermaid's voice
'Hello! Is that me you looking for? '
I gulped the last dropp of my bottle, The 'Bourbon Whisky'.

nimal dunuhinga

A Frustrated Street Vendor

An apple seller pushes his cart towards home
And the sale is very low as everybody asks grapes.
The other day when he brought grapes,
They query about apples.
Selling fruits is very hard nowadays and he muttered himself; ' Next time I must
take sedatives and drag their pockets.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Full Moon

I scribbled on a scratch paper to her
It's a full Moon to the desert here too.
Her last performance for the year of 2005.
Do you remember the day you told me
how many times being separate we watched this same moon.
still watching alone in two different poles.
Is this a punishment for writing poetry?
I hear the bell tolls from my remote village temple
and the shepherd boy tunes his flute
at the river's edge.
I am bit nervous in this lonely night
arouse my hidden desires
and hope that you too victimize.
I had frequent dreams of you
and I am so sorry for holding the gravity.
The man who set foot on the moon
has he ever seen this beauty?
He brought only the fistful of sand and what else?
The round moon resembles my beloved wife.
Oh! what is the purport of seeing beauty from afar alone?
Anyway it's at least a fortune
as they all cover their faces and not to be seen here.

nimal dunuhinga

A Full Stop

She begged!
At least before the New Year
Eradicate this unnecessary punctuation mark
From the life sentenced.

nimal dunuhinga

A Gadfly Drowns In A Brewery

Oh! That's a marvelous place.
I didn't taste it yet I was very dizzy.
My wings totally got wet
And hardly I escaped from the cauldron.
Straightaway I flew to a country Pub
Where the drinking companions rushed.
Landed on the brim of a mug
And listened to their conversation.
Some they sing, laugh and dance
Some argue with the deeds.
But I found a soul at a table corner
Who cries alone.
I was so sorry and realized later
When a dumb got drunk he only cries
And what else he could perform?

nimal dunuhinga

A Gamble

Queen of the Hearts eloped
With the Jack of Spades
O poor widow jackass
Plays solitary,
On & off invalid old Kings galloping
But never takes her to the card pack?

nimal dunuhinga

A Gardener Cries In The Autumn

When a bee flies from a flower to another flower
collecting pollen,
I can feel the flower's depression.
But she never says; 'leave me alone'
and she always bloom.
Blossom, I thought you are everlasting.
But eventually the unchanging rigorous wind
comes from a wrong direction
and he takes you away,
where a place call far beyond infinity?

Dedication to the poetess / friend in

nimal dunuhinga

A Giftcard For Mother's & Father's Day!

Hi Mom & Dad!
No time to give you a hug
At least you're lucky
under one roof,
Anyway we meet
Once in a Blue Moon?
He does Masters
And I do Bachelors
Believe we have no way to think of our children
We're on line with the Banks
Checking the balances and week ends
Stuck in Swimming & Meditation classes
Hi Mom & Dad here's a gift card
With a small coloured note
Take care and good luck!

* Father secretly sings Maestro Amaradeva's song; 'I am in old age now'
And Mother always murmurs superb Nanda Malini's song; 'Suduhamine! where
are you now? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Girl In The Rain

She came in wearing a mackintosh
And her mercurial and soften by soaking manner.
She was late and the snack is over in his tea shop
And he realized that she needs something to eat.
He said 'I am sorry' and gave her a cup of hot coffee.
He was shocked by her gesticulation.
She kept few coins on the table and ran away.
He wants to run behind and have a word with her.
But it's heavy raining.
He found her wet handkerchief on the floor
Which has monogrammed in blue 'Love'?
He never sees her again in his lifetime.
Though he is a bachelor still he counts that's his first love
And he dreams forever her appearance.

nimal dunuhinga

A Glimmer Of A Dull Flower

She blooms secretly in an unflappable graveyard.
And who sympathizes for the immature except a grave-digger?
She dreams of a soft heart butterfly and stagnates with the dead souls.
Who understands her soft spot, language and the soggy heart?
So-and-so, a hooligan may rest for a while.
After a nightcap, until he gets sober.
Be watchful my dear especially on curfew days.
This is the true nature of the atmosphere and we all are born to decay!
But it's immaterial; be steady my sibling.
Flowers are not asphalts for the highway limousines.

Dedication to the current rivals in the War Zone in Lebanon and bless for a peaceful negotiation as soon as possible!

nimal dunuhinga

A Gloomy Picture In A Slice Of Life

An orphan in the dormitory stares through the lower window
And he saw one of his colleagues sitting on the campus lawn bench.
She hums his favorite song; 'The green green grass of home...'
He waves but she continues on humming without any notice.
She holds a Braille not a Mandolin
And he realized the situation.
He murmurs to himself ' Oh! My somber idol I would like to to be a perfect Sun
forever into your dark World.'

* [How beautiful the garden was, how see its small things grow big, change, and
wither; and new little things come again in the same endless, unceasing cycle.]

'The Thorn Birds'
-Colleen McCullough

nimal dunuhinga

A Gloomy Snapshot Of An Old Bachelor

When wild geese fly in the twilight sky
He lights his kerosene lantern
and close the tiny windows of his shack.
With peep of the darkness
Mosquitoes' drone that annoys him?
He tastes his shot glass and crunch a peanut.
He scribbles in his memory book;
'I am alone in this oblique World
which rotates faster than earlier
and if you don't suck my blood
please let me open the window pane
to send this sooty smoke outside? '

To that greatest artist Vincent Van Gogh and I realized your sanity!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Grasshopper's Grandiloquent Chirping Noise

I am the License less pilot of my little plane
And I realized the fuel tank is too small
To reach the World's end.

* A small poem-gift to my grandson for the New Year.

nimal dunuhinga

A Grin Of A Grizzled-Man

He's a groundsman
But never engaged in sports
Still a bachelor in his sixties
Fights with the Lawnmower
And he smells cut grass.

nimal dunuhinga

A Haberdasher's Whereabouts

The lonesome bachelor stuck in his small boutique
among the needles, threads, thimbles and etc.

The nearby widowed seamstress who comes there frequently for different yarns
and materials.

It's a rainy day and she has forgotten to bring her umbrella and borrowed his
one.

He said ' Please do not bother Madam I'll collect it when I pass your place one
day.'

'Certainly, then I could give you the embroidery which I finished last night' she
replied.

*Needles and threads are always friends. Isn't it?

nimal dunuhinga

A Handsome Beggar

Under the burning Sun in a corner of a busy road
He begs with a smile like an actor of a movie
And his till is full of notes,
Someone painted the money in different colours.
But the guy isn't happy like
As the soul is still empty and he doesn't know
What he wants?
The painter who knows about these mysterious notes?

* Really what the man wants?

nimal dunuhinga

A Hangman Eloped With A Beauty Queen

He ran with her who was condemned to death,
Towards his best friend the gravedigger,
For a secluded place.

* Dedication for one of the greatest songwriters Cochran;
'Make the World go away.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Happy Inn For Tired Pilgrims

If you're religious
I have lot of books
And if not, I have some other journals
With coloured pictures.
Please do not hesitate
And if you have any extra coins
Just dropp into my till
And it's not a must.
In the horrible winter
I would be a desert for you
In the heat of autumn
I could have whisper cold songs to your ear
And I am sure that you never leave me forever!
I can read your palm as same as the precious heart.
Journey is tiresome and let's have a chat for a moment
As who knows whether we meet again or not?

*There are no shortcuts to any place worth going.

-Anonymous

nimal dunuhinga

A Happy Melody In The Kitchenette On My Day Off!

Hey! Darling what are you frying that smells fine?
Shrimps in hot garlic Tonight's menu!
Oh! That sounds very good
But don't be tired
Just a slice of bread
Dip in the last night's chicken gravy is more than enough
With a bottle of King Cobra Beer!
I am scared if the food is not sufficient
You may run to different restaurants for varieties?
I understood the sorrowful music and changed the topic.
Darling! I am scared that we have to work here till we die?
Don't bother honey as I read in the paper the horoscope
End of this year Saturn moves somewhere
And bring prospects to Capricorns!
We both are Capricorns and do not forget that?

nimal dunuhinga

A Hazy Night And I Remember The Sensuous Playhouse

A faded rainbow splits in the shameful dusk
And prying stars scatter in multitude.
The dull sky almost a sparkle
And drizzle stops for a while.
The best actors in the world get ready in their ghettos for the rehearsal.
The beginners have no alternative in this low waged tragedy
And they grab the oldest profession.
Finally the pussyfoot greedy customers
Donate their hidden sicknesses
And it seems the each performer gets entr'acte of this chain reaction.

I dedicate this poem to the poetess b in gratitude.

* These stereotyped individuals are the victims of morality and their heartbeat is the Morse code of social imbalance. Life is not easy on this planet earth, though it rotates yet not a Merry-go-round.

nimal dunuhinga

A Heart Of A Rock

A rock plant cries in the mist.
I grow here like an orphan
And nobody cares my love.
I know this rock never melt
And give me a droplet for my thirst.

nimal dunuhinga

A Heart-Throb And The Go-Between

The old man dropped his precious letter
into the isolated letter box
where it stands in the gravel road.
The notorious postman who tampers letters
comes very seldom to collect.
He found only one letter in the box
but no addressee and stamps too.
He opened the letter and read loudly.
' I am an old godforsaken man
but still not senile; good for nothing my dear.
This could be a giveaway for you.
If you read this I am sure you may excuse me.
Do you know about spiritual love?
Sometimes this letter will annoy you my sweetheart!
Take it easy honey as I am a dreamer.
I am lonely and frustrated
and I need someone with a goodwill
who comes and stay with me forever.
I'll offer you my old hammock
and I know thousands of stories
which I can read for you on full moon days
until you sleep quietly my darling.

dedication to the letter box at ' home for the elders'

nimal dunuhinga

A Heavy Book

["Who are you to judge the life I live?
I know I'm not perfect
-and I don't live to be-
but before you start pointing fingers...
make sure your hands are clean! "]? Bob Marley

I sit on the threshold
and read the poem
you have written
on the mist;
'The distance between us
very narrow
but when I speak to you
from my heart
I feel that
you are far away
and I look through the mist
you sit on the threshold
and read a heavy book?
The title is smudged
but still readable
and it's 'Life!.'

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

A Helicopter From The Hell

It's a metallic gray color and roams in the nameless sky
Drops pamphlets multicolored to the rage battlefields
On this decent planet Earth.

I saw an orphan child picks one and reads aloud;
'When a Man meets a Man? '

* A humble dedication to the Haitian victims those who departed untimely.

nimal dunuhinga

A Hole In The Roof

The old prison cell and there's no ceiling
And a hole in the roof.
The person in confinement
Who sees the night sky.
No changes at all
The old stars and the Moon as earlier.
The North star seems very old
And the bachelor thinks of the next-door widow Violet and her whereabouts.
And he's not seen his old friend Jack Daniel's smile since a long time.
Someone says the President's Birthday comes soon and there will be an amnesty
for prisoners?
He's sentenced for ten years and the half of the term almost gone.

* To my poet friend ck in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

A Homeless Became A House Owner For A While?

[I got myself a sleeping, walking, crying, talking Living doll.]-Cliff Richard, 'Living Doll',1959

A manor by the riverside
Black Swans mate and drift with ripples
in the Moonlit night,
And the dumb ferryman
Who sings a sad song
in his deep voice?
White washed Church stagnant
and the bell tolls to the strong winds
without a bell-ringer?
And he suddenly woke up to the moisture
As his cardboard shack got totally wet
Heavy rains started late in the night
And he sees through his blurred polythene window
Lightening makes sorrowful designs of life
in the dark barren sky?

*I remember while I was in California, one night a homeless smiled with me and he muttered; 'Long time no see? Sorry brother, I have a non-filter cigarette otherwise you could have a small puff into the patchy lungs if you don't mind? '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Homeless Writes On The Ballot?

O the rich Winter comes
Poor Man's eternal enemy?
I have to move from my cardboard house
Nearby the Railway Station.
A hole in my old boot
and a penny stuck in the wallet?
I have to skip fish oil
the doctor prescribed for cholesterol
But I have to fill my miniature empty bottle
with that weather-beaten Elixir?
For decades I just dropped my poor vote
to every Tom, Dick and Harry
But still it's a dream
The handsome politician's usurp Utopia!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Humble Advice From A Simpleton To A Prodigal Son Of An Old Politician!

[Some artist has here taken the trouble to try to picture what it must have been like when Adam and Eve found their dead son Abel out in their field. One assumes that neither son came home when they were expected, and Adam went out to look throughout his cultivated fields and pasture and found dead Abel and the evidence of a fight. And had no idea of where Cain had gone. He appears here to be holding his chest where his heart should be. And Eve is sobbing uncontrollably like any mother would. I can only wonder why our Jewish author has not seen fit to write even one word about their grief. But all this too becomes very clear once we can all read the original Sumerian documents baked into imperishable brick that describes in great detail the history of *Kaen and Abael the sons of Adapa..]

Please do not squeeze the rainbow
As you won't get those colors as it is.
Why you pelt into the sky in vain
In case if that hits the Moon
She would be cracked soon?
Let the river flows quietly
And do not try to stop that
with your strong fist.
Keep your fantasy kite aside
Until you feel that wind blows.
And do not blame the weather
That cannot be changed ever?
Let your athletic father does all the miracles
And make sure dear*Kaen
Still that you're an apprentice?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Humble Letter To The Queen

Honored Madam,

I take this opportunity to wish you a happy birth day as I saw in the BBC the celebrations,

Oh! What a lovely pageant.

My blessings, you may long-lived!

Sri Lanka is once a colony under your kingdom.

Thank God we got independence.

But Madam you left your precious friend in our tiny country

And his name is ' Divide & Rule' a real gentleman.

One day some innocents died of a bomb explosion

But your precious BBC showed only the empty bus.

I think some defect to their cameras?

This ethnic cleansing is a by-product of your factory 'The Imperialism'.

Never mind Madam we can forget the past as we are Sri Lankan.

But I humbly request a favor Madam,

if possible could you please minimize?

You're prominent BBC's (Prima Donna) partial yelp!

Thanking you in anticipation of a kind and a favorable reply.

I remain Madam,

Yours most obediently,

A scribbler,

Nimal Dunuhinga

I dedicate this poem to Miss or Mrs. a (BBC correspondent in Sri Lanka) for your prominent double standard.

nimal dunuhinga

A Hunchback Warrior Who Waits At A Bus Stop

The usual murmur of the sea breeze fades away; ' The Ocean is great; but you cannot sip a little dropp of water.'

And it seemed since morning till evening he waited for the bus.

How does he takes a bus as the poor guy has no any idea of his destination?

And he carries a heavy bag that full of gloomy nightmares.

* A hymn to the battlefields all over the World.

nimal dunuhinga

A Hungry Soldier Never Polishes His Toy Gun

A pauper takes out a notepad from his satchel
And scribble something with a pencil.
Where is the bitter pill that neutralizes the hunger?
I have never been to a school and don't know the capital letters,
Commas, Fullstops, Semicolons and Question marks in this misery life.
Even I cannot erase my sins as it's against the law it seems.
I humbly request a death with dignity
If someone hears patiently?

* [And how does this happen to me, that the Mother of my Lord should come to me.]

nimal dunuhinga

A Jailbird's Squeak

Who tells he is black or white?
And either he is not brown or yellow,
But he has some feathers of all those colors.
He tries to fly in the serene sky.
He begs and requests from his deceased loving Mom;
'Please show me the right direction
Where I can reach the sanctuary
And hide away from these cannibals.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Joss Stick And Fragrant Flowers

In front of your statue
I burn on the same altar
With a smell of incense
Among these soft tiny flowers.
And I realize that I convert into ashes very soon
As the flowers wither.
We never live together for a long,
And I hope we meet again someday
Somewhere beyond the sky?

A humble dedication to the poetess Sue Ann Simar

*Remember the sorrows of with kindness on those who suffer, who struggles
against difficulties, who drink of the bitterness of life.
-Prayer in time of need.

nimal dunuhinga

A Kind Farmer Who Appeared In My Innocent Colored Dream

Alas! He called me by my name and introduced himself as 'Steinbeck'.

' Do you have any connection to beck? '

'Yes may be a far relative, I am beck, if you want in full beck.'

He brought me a large gunny bag which full of Idaho potatoes.

I said; 'Thanks a lot.'

'Why you suffocate here? ,

You should come to my state and engage in our farms.'

'Dear, I do not have the valid papers.'

Then he replied; ' Hey! Chum not to worry I have a good friend an old retired Coroner who will help you to get anytime a death certificate.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Kingfisher And A Tiny Scalloped Fish

'Hey! My buddy what's your name please?' kingfisher questioned from a leafless tree top.

'My name is small king in the muddy pond.' tiny fish replied humbly.

'Oh! Then we are in the same genius family it seems and let's fly together to see our kind neglected relatives abroad.' The scallywag kingfisher requested politely. Tiny fish sings in the flight; 'Oh! What an amazing sunrise in the broken sky when the depressive election drew nearer.'

* Tiny fish grumbles to publish this in the site as a dedication for the Labor day.

nimal dunuhinga

A La Carte

A gloomy evening
I was in the red-light district of Yoshiwara, Japan.
In a restaurant I ordered 'Sashimi & Sake'
raw fish with garlic sauce and rice wine
my favorite dish.
I saw a bonhomie 'Geisha'
she wears a red & maroon kimono
who brings the plate with a sing song.
A very familiar face.
Oh! I couldn't believe.
She is my loving wife.
I was so angry and I asked her' who brought you here? '
'you brought me here' she replied calmly.
I woke up to the set alarm.
The dream complicated my mind the whole morning
and suddenly I called home.
She is very fine.

To my poet friend ig

nimal dunuhinga

A Ladylike Man In Monogyny

He drowned in a proposal marriage.
They were from opposite poles.
Happily hunting ground they do hanky-panky.
Bridegroom thinks of his former lovelorn lass
And the bride dreams of her brave archer.
They live forever under a one roof
Like obedient husband and wife.
After the litigation who will have the last laugh?

nimal dunuhinga

A Leaflet On The Car Windscreen

I thought it must be an invitation from an unknown
For a Christmas party.
Sorry, It's a ticket of Citation.
'You have parked the car
Just five feet away from the fire hydrant
A fifty dollar fine! '
On the reverse side I scribbled;
'Dear Sir, please do not get misunderstand
Just for general knowledge I ask,
What's the safe distance between a school and the bombs
Where they throw from the sky? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Letter Like A Poem

Really I feel this is not a resignation
And some kind of a gratitude.
The destiny has forced us to leave Anaheim
And we have to reach Corona soon.
I am so sad to leave 'Montessori at Elm'.
Because it's my life school and I learned a lot
Mixing with dolls like kids.
I take this opportunity to thank you very much for your hospitality
Given to me in my hard times and I never forget that huge help.
Also I never forget the comfort I had under the shady trees at 'Elm'.
Please convey my loving regards to the kind staff
And specially for my loving precious kids and their parents too.
I end this brief letter with a tear dropp in my eye
And I am terribly sick these days.
I wish you all the best and a rapid progress to the school.
Thank you very much,
Yours very truly.....*

* My beloved spouse sketched this letter in our mother tongue
And she wants to dedicate this poem-letter to ickrama

nimal dunuhinga

A Letter To An Inventive Friend

Happy birthday to all human beings!

Let all be friends and eradicate the word 'enemy' from the human vocabulary,

Long live America! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! ! !

nimal dunuhinga

A Little Angel Who Sings Beneath An Old Bachelor's Little Sick Heart

Thank you my dear little angel
Sing little louder please
As my hearing is little weak
Like the fragile little heart.
I remember once
I too sang my sad song
With my little companion viola,
Low pitch in solitary parks.
But angels were not seen
Those days.
Yes, my lost youth full of songs
But nobody knows
And only the withered flowers
Just smiled with a teardrop
In their innocent eyes
But I was little scared of unnecessary taboos
And left behind!

* I humbly dedicate this poem to my silent poet friend Dave Tanguay who resides in Florida!

nimal dunuhinga

A Little Girl In Her Father's Boots

Father sleeps
And Mother cooks
Where she plans to go in her father's boots?
War's over my little daughter
And keep that boots in a corner
You need that for a better school in future
Where they do not teach killings each other?

*When friends meet, hearts warm.

-John Ray

nimal dunuhinga

A Little Long Twilight Song

I parked my humble vehicle beside the Trinity Lutheran Church at Long Beach.
And waited for my singsong beloved's day struggle's over to pick her up home.
Yes, I have a home though it's a rented house.

I poured some water into the Radiator.

Vehicles too thirsty nowadays like human beings.

Pastor Vicente Minerva Negrón started evening services of the new hope of
Cambodian.

Suddenly my mind traveled to Cambodia and caught the deceased mass killer
Polpot's distorted face.

I prayed to the human God Jesus Christ.

Comrade Jesus!

still roams elsewhere with his patchy blue jeans.

And I carry my heavy cross.

Please let my path be cleared till I take my last breath comfortably.

My poor nickel went down the till and made a big noise.

Some worshipers gazed at me and I was bit embarrassed.

A tear filled in my cataract eye secretly

And the faraway eventide bright planet Hesperus smiled amiably.

nimal dunuhinga

A Locust And The Old Flame

He strums his old lute's melancholic whisper and the everlasting song.
Her lustre eyes will never get satisfied
And he cannot leave her in the lurch.
His mysterious entanglement and the lovelorn will be a long lasting Endeavour.
There is any loophole to let go the illusion?
And if not, the non-starter will burn in the sadism it seems.

nimal dunuhinga

A Lollipop Lady And A Lollipop Man

The reckless drivers like a jet fly and they think the road is a sky.
These two personnel hold a circular sign on a stick to stop traffic.
And the children cross the road.
They too like to go with them to their school but they have lost their certificates
of birth.

nimal dunuhinga

A Lonely Night In A Desert

I am a lone Bedouin and how strange this Nomadic race?

The legend says of Pharaoh but I have never seen them.

I see through my tattered tent the far away red star in altitude

And it must be Aldebaran.

I take out the old lute from my knapsack and pluck the strings.

My ration is poor and I dream of an Oasis nearby and I hear the sad murmur of my companion camel and its boredom.

We sing together the oldest bitter song.

' Where we have come from and where do we go? '

*[You have made me for yourself, and my heart is restless until it rests in you.]

-tine

nimal dunuhinga

A Longshoreman's Mentality

Unionist, the man in his fifties and near by sixty
loose heart, loose oneself, loose one's way
and finally loose his weight.
He walks lop-eared, lopsided
but very loquacious and try to maintain his Lordship.
Running at a lost he always dreams of lotteries.
Still a lover in a lounge.
With his lounge suit wanders in parks
in lonely evenings.
A book of loose-leaf memories in hand
and the loner who is mending
the patches of life.

nimal dunuhinga

A Looseleaf Diary Of A Philander

He writes secretly in flowing hand;
Monday evening to be at Mary's house
And on the way back if not late
Just try to dropp in Lucy's apartment.
His beloved wife Rosemary added openly;
Tuesday early in the morning definitely
I'll rush to your worst enemy's place temporarily.

*Carefully chum of your whereabouts.
The ruinous wedlock is a great disaster.

nimal dunuhinga

A Loose-Leaf Flies From The Dark Inn's Memory Book!

I see your poem-like
that long signature
pasted on the solitary
mist-screen!
And when it disappears slowly
beyond the mountains
a teardrop on the grass
about to evaporates?
Do you remember me
with a pile of books,
once I lodged here
for a short period and
One dark rainy day
I left for my unending journey
borrowing your mackintosh
you're shocked and not even asked my name
and I too forgot to ask your name?

[We all have our time machines.
Some take us back, they're called memories.
Some take us forward, they're called dreams.] - Jeremy Irons

for my friend Paddy Martin and if I know your domicile definitely I enclose this in
a Christmas card!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Lost Bird Flies In An Awful Night

It's very strange when others rest in their peaceful roost
Why you struggle alone in the unlimited sky?
Take care my friend as the Air planes collide themselves
in the broad day light.

And if you find a better place, please do not forget to give me a shout.

*[I am worried dear as there is no place in the serene sky to stop and relax
when you are tired?]

To my friend Max Reif.....I am very anxious to hear your precious song
again, 'Stars in your eyes' and I imagine all the friends around us; Sandra,
Alison&Jerry, Amanda, Suzie, Denis, Dave, George, Duncan, Nick, Linda, Patricia
and rest of all.I hear they clap.....!

nimal dunuhinga

A Lost Love Poem

Blind eyes write
To a dumb heart
And the soft crippled words
Crawl in the deaf atmosphere.
Scattered quicksilver
On the whispering grass
Evaporate in the mild Sunrise?

nimal dunuhinga

A Love Poem

The young Chemistry Teacher
Resembles Lara in Doctor Zhivago
Her beaker like heart full of chemicals
She pours into pipettes in the dark Laboratory.
I smiled with her and she too smiled
But soon that evaporated
Like Carbon Tetra Chloride?
I approached her like in an Appollonius Theory
But she firmly believes that love is like Sulphuric Acid?

to the poetess Susan Jarvis in gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Lullaby For The Stillborn Infant Who Sleeps In A Trash Bag

Oh! What a sad circumstance is this?

I could have die in the war or could be blind forever.

I touched the baby girl's limbs and it's still warm.

Her poor mother has gone for milk or ran away.

And the unknown infectious father must be stuck in a brothel house?

Oh! My dear you haven't seen the precarious life in camouflage.

That's better as it's rather bitter to swallow.

Please do not open your small eyes my wingless bird

And sleep as much as you can.

nimal dunuhinga

A Lunatic Asylum And A Sunrise

'I loss of interest in activities once I enjoyed,
It's very difficult to concentrate and make a decision at once.
Sometimes I feel worthlessness
And I need more sleep, my poor appetite never improves.
Sad thoughts mingle with gloom in the hidden mind at all.'
He whispered to the doctor.[another patient]
Then doctor said; 'I too had the same symptoms earlier
And those are called depressive disorders,
But now I am quite O.K.
That's why I see the patients voluntarily and there you see a Sunrise in the
west.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Lyric Poem For London Aunt's Newly Compact Disc

My friend wrote me that his spinster Aunt who lives in London wants some lyrics for her new CD and it should be mostly radical as she likes if it bans then she gets her fame further on.

I row my dinghy in River Thames
And my tiny oars happy with gentle waves.
The British once they boasted;
'The Empire on which the Sun never sets.'
Let it be and we are colonial friends.
The weary Sun drowns in an Ocean corner
Resembles Sir Winston Leonard Spencer-Churchill's face in War times
And a far away person who swims upstream
When I see through my Binoculars.
I recognized him certainly he's Blair
And his butterfly stroke both arms lifted like Election days.
Sorry, I forgot to bring my transparent bikini
Otherwise I could have jumped into the water
And swim together for a better World.

nimal dunuhinga

A Man And A Statuette

A man reads an old paper sitting on a bench in an isolated park.

A wearisome whisper of a female!

'Brother any interesting news in the paper today and do they still in a search of me? '

'Where are you? ' Man asked.

'I am just in front of you and your friend woman' Statuette replied.

'I am sorry I cannot see you as I am a born blind'.

'Then how do you read the news paper? 'She verified.

(This neglected park of huge trees touch the sky and you never see a flower. The secret whisper and the lament of a rebellion that haunt in constantly. Only the Fruit bats fly here and there in the awful night.)

nimal dunuhinga

A Man Of Letters Who Needs An Escape

Turn off the lights and crawl into bed.
But the night is still young.
Sleep skips away and he too needs an escape.
But he's chained to the pillar of success
And cannot avoid letting things pile up to his fatty nose.

nimal dunuhinga

A Man Sees Many Horizons At The Journey's End

There are lot of names and addresses engraved in his book of heart.
Before he leaves, He reads all and thinks when he gets a chance to have a kind
word with them.

Poor Journeyman! Please do not keep any regrets
As you too a passing cloud in the nameless sky.

nimal dunuhinga

A Man Stands Alone

A gloomy evening at the bus stop
He saw his best friend's wife was seated in the bus
And he just waved but could not get in.
The last bus came
And he saw his best friend
After a long time,
Who was going home?
He promised him to meet on a Sunday
And he confessed to himself
Thinking of his friend's wife.
His tears joined the drizzle
Which has turned to heavy rains?
And he drowned in the flood water.

nimal dunuhinga

A Mason's Daughter And A Carpenter's Son

Each & every muddy brick
And the wooden planks of their house
Whisper about the courageous parents
And the cottage comes up gradually.
The proud sky is bit inquisitive it seems
And the humble river says;
'Do not worry, their innocent roof won't touch and bother you anyhow.'
Big ferries cross the river with huge cranes and building materials
And the proposed 'Toy Factory' build up very soon as per the country bald-headed Mayor's election promise.
The old ferryman sings in a sad voice late at midnight;
'Hey! Dear Sons & Daughters
Definitely you all get jobs
And you meet strange faces with a new busy culture.
But don't change your lifestyle and let them burn your halcyon cottages
Those were built by your poor parents hardly.'

*Certainly the rich stormy winds ruin the bourgeoisie Folklore.
-From the poor ferryman's Scrapbook.-

nimal dunuhinga

A Matchmaker Brings A Fuddy-Duddy Bridegroom For A Teasing Conservative Bride

The well known Matchmaker comes along the muddy road with him
And his bell bottoms swept the road,
The white pantaloons turned into brown color.
When he's introduced to the bride
She's shocked by seeing the baggy mud soaked trouser.
She grumbled with her parents in the kitchen;
'Mom & Dad I do not like to marry this Public Works Department Overseer,
Better propose him to the next door teacake aunty
And they are well match it seems.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Matured Kingfisher And A Smarten Carp

A Kingfisher rests on a tree top
And listens to a sad song,
A small carp in a muddy pond
Floats and sings; ' My relatives live in a big river
And why should I suffer here.'
Then Kingfisher mutters;
'Hey! My tiny brother if you cooperate
I could have taken you to that river safely.'
'Certainly I would like to accompany my big brother,
But I had a nightmare yesterday a blue bird has taken my relatives
from the river to a lonely ground and eaten them one by one.'
'Those are dreams and we're friends'
Kingfisher whispers while flying to another tree.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Mechanic Writes To His Fiancee

I want to be a fan belt
in your
break down
vehicle.

* To my sincere friend Jerry Hughes

nimal dunuhinga

A Meditation Class

A friend of my beloved wife introduced the class
And the conductor is an Indian 'Guru'.
All the worshipers were kneeling while we entered
And the Guru said; 'Close your eyes and concentrate on breathing, take in and
take out.'
What a fantastic exercise and now I realized you see everything when eyes
closed.
Bombing in Afghanistan and severe blasts in Iraq
Arrears of my house rent,
Pending light, water and gas bills
Penalties and fines from different sources.
I feel very sorry for her
She groans a little after her day's strenuous work
But still counts the breathe it seems.
And I am bit scared that she might go to Nirvana straight
Leaving all the burdens on my shoulder.
She cooks and washes dirty linen
And she sweeps the floor with my sins too.
Never mind if she finds a better place
Where there is no sorrow?

nimal dunuhinga

A Merry Christmas

Thick snow covered the mountain tops and the dangerous calendar is going to be finished very soon,

But a new shining one comes with the same old nagging worries.

I hear the hymns from a faraway church

And I think of my old thatched village church and the skinny bearded father who wanders in my blood-soaked native land.

Oh! My Lord Jesus of Nazareth,

If we could have the Christmas at all to our miserable lives?

* Dedication to Sandra, Jerry, Alison, Denis, Dave, Max, George and the rest of my fellow poet friends in the site.

Merry Christmas and a prosperous new year to all.

nimal dunuhinga

A Middle Class Wedding

The bride and the bridegroom exchange the rings
While an invitee comes and introduced himself as 'Muscovite.'
Then the bride's father a Middleman who's never been to a school inquired; 'A
strange name.'
'Sorry, I am from Moscow.'
'Oh! That sounds good and we can do cow business.'
Then he replied angrily; ' Yes, you can import cow and export donkeys.'

* I think of damned politics in my tiny island Sri Lanka. Freedom of expression
goes for a song nowadays and I heard that innocent journalists are missing
again, is this the democrazy?

nimal dunuhinga

A Migratory Widow Bird From Afghanistan

Her long black tail feathers and the somber color of its plumage
Gave me an impression of widowhood,
I try to listen her plea and it's sorrowful
The bird speak the language of human
But nobody understands.

'My innocent husband died in the poppy fields while searching food
A bomb dropped from the sky and I escaped and flew here,
Oh! It's a winter I forgot and I left my winter clothing at my husband's roost,
Don't know whether I could be friendly with the birds here? '

*Birds can be unite wherever they fly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Mild Rose Whispers To An Apprentice Bee!

[A nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.]-William Shakespeare Quotes

I must pay my gratitude wholeheartedly
to my brotherly thorns
Because of them hardly
I could have maintained my chastity
from these aggressive Hornets?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Mill In Ruins Beside The River

A beautiful widow with a wooden bucket
Walks towards the Farmstead for milking
And the deaf Cuurch bell ringer's handsome eldest son
with a pile of books idles for the ferry.
Life is so cruel and he joins the ferryman
A teardropp falls from her luscious eye
At the ruined mill premises!

*[Is the burden so very great?
Take time to rest.
I still shall wait
Here as I promised, under the moon.]
'Peer Gynt'-Henrik Ibsen

nimal dunuhinga

A Mime In An Abandon Playhouse

I am home again Mom!
Your poor little vagabond,
After a strenuous adventure.
I bought you some rare black pearls.
A gypsy woman sold in the port of Casablanca.
She read the mind too and forced me to go back home soon.
And to whom I show this loose-leaf travelogue?
Because Mom you are already departed leaving me in a solitary inn.
I replace the black pearls into your missing necklace
Which I found in the back graveyard while searching your tomb.

nimal dunuhinga

A Minnow, Trench And A Widow

I found a guppy struggles to swim in that lack of water ditch
And I borrowed a bucket of water from the near by watering widow.
Then I poured the whole into the ditch.
Oh! The minnow swims happily I watched
And I too felt happy after a long time.
I returned the bucket and said; 'Thank you very much Madam.'
I sniffed and measured her roomy smile
Really it's deeper than the trench.

nimal dunuhinga

A Moment At The Railroad Crossing

I stopped for a while till the Goods train moves.
Oh! Huge materials carry on that,
And it seems to be a non-stop train.
I counted the goods one by one,
To pass the time and my ghost like soul
Taken the impression what's the train showed.
'The life too is a non-stop train and we carry our huge sins
On our oblique shoulders.' My hidden ghost murmured.

* Half of my journey I have dreamed ragged Station Masters holding their unlit lanterns.

nimal dunuhinga

A Moneylender, Beekeeper, Hunter, Woodcutter And Their Wives

While they were in the jungle
And struggle for living,
The kind-hearted Moneylender who visits to their shacks
And verify their difficulties?

nimal dunuhinga

A Monotonous Closet Drama

We get up early in the morning.
I dropp her to work
And I too grab the struggle.
Evening when I am off
I pick her to our gloomy roost.
Take dinner and go to sleep.
I am awake in the middle of the night
And she's fast asleep on our rickety bed.
She cries and smiles in her dreams
And I am bit worried that she could have eloped with a King.

nimal dunuhinga

A Moth Sees A Flame Afar

When the Sun and Moon were angry
You could see what they call Eclipse?
There he goes in the darkness searching a Superstar.
Stars never come down from the serene sky my dear
And he weeps in the milky way.

* You could see more things in the darkness.

nimal dunuhinga

A Moth Watches The Candle Burning!

'I realized
now
that
we
all
are
dying! '

The insect
scribbles
on
its
cold
wax,
Frozen tears of the candle!

nimal dunuhinga

A Negress And Her Black Shadow

Her smile when she cries,
Nobody realizes whether it's a smile or a cry?
Along with her lost identity she was searching around.
At least if exists a relative or a known person in the Necropolis?
All were gone; cruelty only remains
She was looking her missing ones.
No names but mass of graves.
She saw only her black shadow is dancing.

nimal dunuhinga

A Neigh In The Western Sky

Threesome was in tie-break from time to time.
You see a slight difference otherwise it's very hard to choose the beautiful.
The triangular trendsetters treble the song of life.
The magical gypsy sisters, triplets on their way home with Nick-knacks.
A roll-call in a rodeo but my handsome slapdash cowboy!
Be careful because a gypsy girl belongs to a Romany prince.
It's a hereditary.
Let alone!
Please do not try to transgress and let down yourself.
It could be an ordeal with the opposite.

I dedicate this with condolence to one of my in-laws* tharathne who passed away today of a prolonged coma.

(30, Sunday, July 2006)

*my elder daughter's Father-in-law

nimal dunuhinga

A Net, Fish And The Ocean

I am a net and I have to obey what Master says.
I also like to get a rest as the others
But he throws me into the water day & night for a big catch.
What can I do my little fish?
We are eternal foes in this dirty game

I am a fish and my Master never allow me to live ashore.
But my question is why people come to sea and catch us?

I am the ocean and I watch the sky forever.
Horizon is an illusion and we never met.

* To the author, Ernest Hemingway for his precious novelette 'The old man and the sea'.

nimal dunuhinga

A New Road Map To North In Sri Lanka

Borrow a pencil from the West and start to draw the map.
The road was almost dark for the last thirty years,
Firstly, it's ideal to draw lamp posts and give them proper food and shelter.
Be friends!
And give them hands.
Sing the fading song loudly
We are brothers & sisters until we sleep together in the common graveyard
Earth.

nimal dunuhinga

A Night Cannot Sleep

A pregnant woman cries in her peasant cottage
Infant's day is coming soon to see this magic World?
And a faraway fox howls on top of a mountain.
A stray dog barks to the Moon at a sandy beach
And a wounded soldier weeps of his deep cuts in a bush
Yet night still awakes and prays Sun to bring a mild day light!

A humble dedication to my friend Pranab K Chakraborty!

*To his dog, every man is Napoleon; hence, the constant popularity of dogs.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

A Non-Spiritual Seeker's Endeavour

The lonesome who lives far away?
And he erects like a Lighthouse.
We never met and do we ever meet?
My abandoned soul-ship sounds its foghorn and toss on the rough waters.
The painful eyes seek a land through the mist and see a fading figure at a long
distance.
My wounded heart laments for you and I have a brief message
Which I want to pass to you
Before I finish my vulnerable voyage.
We never met and do we ever meet in this enigmatic sojourn?

*To a certain friend in gratitude who recognizes my holey vocabulary?

nimal dunuhinga

A Non-Starter And His Nook

His clock has stopped for some days
and he is not interested of time.
But the time is passing
and he is not worried.
His room is full of incomplete writing papers
but the book is not finished yet
and the publisher's advance has spent.
The spirits evaporated and the empty bottles
rolled here and there.
He writes and erase then spill again
but the spineless characters
won't stay any longer in his book.
and they all run away.
He heard the siren of an ambulance
and the scholar takes for Schizophrenia?

nimal dunuhinga

A Notable Scratcher In The Wilderness

The scrawny who comes early in the morning
And scratches the lotteries here till noon for good luck.
I hear the creaking inner scream of his misery
And everything was written on his jaundice face.
He doesn't cry perhaps all the tears could have dried.
The wildfire brought him the catastrophe to his doorstep
And he lost his all valuables.
He is a newcomer to the homeless of this ugly world.
The bourgeois river of democracy still flows silently
And he cuddles his beloved wife and the pet chihuahua in his fading dreams.

nimal dunuhinga

A Notorious Scribbler's Property

-Notice of sale at public Auction-

Notice is hereby given that the following mentioned property will be sold at Public Auction on the 30th of November,2009 at or after 8.30 A.M.

The sale will be conducted at Lower depths, Happy ending Road, Missing Island, Zip 12345.

The Manor in the thick jungle

A skeleton of a Dinosaur

Clothing, furniture and other household items.

Abandoned stable and Cocoa fields

A brass kennel (Who slept there on full moon days when he was drunk)

A Library without books(The books already sold in rough climates)

A boat without oars and a large World Map that highlighted his lonely journeys.

His unfinished novel titled as 'The Abortion rights and a poor Eunuch' dedicated to a Homeless.

*To Louis Armstrong for his beautiful song 'What a Wonderful World'

nimal dunuhinga

A Nude Pose

The middle aged Woman gatecrashed

Early in the morning.

'I do modelling and how much you pay for a nude pose? '

I looked around and my wife's frying something in the kitchen,

I said; ' It's not me next-door the painter.'

'He said you're the painter & poet.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Painted Woman In A Drizzle

Low limbs of the live oak twist
like overlapping black rivers
across the sky. It is easy
to feel lost in the maze
of their convoluted journey
The World is Green Again
-Marjory Wentworth

Normally I do not go out with an umbrella
And it's a drizzle late in the evening
On my way back home from the library.
She smiled and ready to share the umbrella
The silence said in between us.
O the fingernails sharp and beautiful
And I was scared of her adhesive thick red lips
If I attached how could I go back to my beloved?
If not the umbrella her beauty washes
That's certain and her magenta colour transparent skirt
I saw the whole World of innocence!
'Rain seized and she said; Time has come to say Goodbye
And thank you very much for the warmth Grandpa! '
I said; 'It's a pleasure daughter! '
She turned to the upper lane and I used my usual gravel road.
In the darkness I whispered ' That name's already registered in the book of life
forever Grandpa! '

nimal dunuhinga

A Pale Lass Who Plucks Golden Tea Leaves

She isn't aware whether it's Broken Orange Pecko
Or something else the best quality,
Anyway she plucks hesitantly.
The poor girl drinks sweepings in the factory for Anemia
While some others have a tasty cup of tea arrogantly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Pale Timid Flower Struggles To Bloom In A Competitive Summer

I do not have attractive colors
And soft petals
As same as the rare fragrance
Where the aggressive hornets require,
But I promise on one thing
Whoever comes first accidentally
I look after him well
Till I wither.

nimal dunuhinga

A Paper Mall!

Window shopping
It's really hard
With a light wallet?
I realized the tiresome bargaining poor customer
And please peep into my tiny
Cheap snack Restaurant,
I give you a free combo!
A Shoe flower drink and paper pulp cake
That deworm the parasites of life!

nimal dunuhinga

A Parcel From Overseas Beyond The Great Barrier Reef!

As a habbit, firstly
I check the sender's name & address
Oh! It's from New South Wales
Australia, My dreamy burial grounds
To rest in peace with Aborigines!
Guess who sent the precious gift?
Brother Poet & Humanitarian
Paddy the Martin!
Two pocket size books
His poetry Anthologies.
'Poems that bloom in my garden
And The ancient Poet.'
I have not started yet the reading
But that smells a rare fragrance of a flower
In the garden of Eden!
Where the Humanity began!
Thank you is not enough
For the soft soul's honest smile
And I add this; 'Let us be friends
And smile together until we reach
The Horizon, Zenith or Infinity
Whatever it is promise to shake hand warmly!

* Humbly to my friend Paddy Martin in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

A Parking Ticket

It's payable and compulsory that I know well
And thank you so much my dear sir for the notice of a fine for illegal parking.
But I never expect that a parasite's tumbledown old crock parked in the paradise
road is an offense?

* Long live my loving Mother-in-Law 'Virginia' and I bless you for an immediate
recovery, thank you so much for giving me a right partner and I remember the
bygone happy days together we enjoyed that would never ! we are scattered like
quicksilver.

nimal dunuhinga

A Passage From The Life Read Aloud To You My Beloved

Please do not step out any further as it's very far away.
If you can wait for me a while,
Then I'll teach you something about the amazing life.
It's not so sorrow or happy as they say.
Go slowly my dear as the road is slippery
And you may face lot of risks on the way.
Nobody was returned those who lost the path.
Though it's far walk as much as you can with a smile.
I know that much only my beloved of this opaque life!

nimal dunuhinga

A Pauper Doesn'T Want A Parachute

Who gives him a wake up call?
But he gets up before the Sunrise.
His kingdom is the roadside
That leads to a housing complex.
He has no worries of the rent, water bills and electricity.
Under the dim lamp post he reads his complicated palm.
And he found his wealth line already disappeared.
He too goes out with the birds for food.
And no regrets of yesterday, today and tomorrow.
Only he scares of the free breathing,
One day he has to give up forever
Whenever he meets his friend the grave-digger.

nimal dunuhinga

A Pauper's Dreamlike Journey

When he kept his burdensome head on the velvet pillow
He felt very comfortable,
And the springy mattress shot him to the Heaven.
He walked here and there like a balloon.
When angels played with a singsong
He danced like a harlequin
And the sequins of angels' costumes punctured the balloon.
He fell down and broke his crown
And found the stone pillow by the roadside pavement.
He heard the distant horse car where the king heads for his secret harem in the
midnight.

* Lord; remind me how brief my time on earth will d me that my days are
numbered, and that my life is fleeing away.
Psalm 39: 4 (NLT)

nimal dunuhinga

A Peasant And A Pince-Nez Noblewoman

Like a prima Donna in an opera she comes to the harvest festival
The farmers and their families were gathered.
He holds a festoon in fervour which will be offered her at the Commemoration
and he thinks this opportunity as a heyday!
Will this willowy idol recognize him among the crowd?
And she will give a faint smile in the least on one's own.
Then the weary soul's tattered heart can rejuvenate.
Definitely he will explain to all his farmer friends eagerly
Once the most beautiful woman in the world who smiled with him merrily?

To the poetess dy

nimal dunuhinga

A Penniless Sailor Struggles In The No Man's Island

He sees the far away ship tosses with the rough waves.
The adamant skipper cast off the vessel all of a sudden.
He stands on the ruined pier and the seagulls fly over.
He thinks of his misery wallet and the smudged passport
Left in his untidy cabin.
Oh! His loved ones are in a long distant
As same as the bottomless Ocean.
This unmeasurable grievances like the shifting sands
And he found a rare shell but nothing inside.

**Many a refuge do human seeks
Mountains, woods, and even trees
Sanctuaries and sacred images
When overcome by fear.
-Buddha's teachings-

nimal dunuhinga

A Penny For A Tick

If the dreams come true how beautiful the ugliest life!

The slippery Zig Zag road ends at the village Manor
And we got down, myself & wife from our tumbledown car!
It's a small drizzle and a Twilight
The Sun offs for the day it seems.
The Baron and the Baroness happy with us
For their advertisement in the Pennysaver
And he says; ' You are the ideal couple we expected
And really satisfied by seeing you! '
Wife makes different names of spicy meals
And cleans the household things.
The two Doberman familiar with me
And I pluck their ticks a penny for each.
Cut their high grass in the lawn
And night I read my poems.
The kind Baron offers me a Cuban cigar and a nightcap
And now I don't steal pennies from my beloved's piggy till.
In the night she wears her old nightgowns
And she looks like the Baroness!
I do marketing; Rides the Harley Davidson
That belongs to the Baron's one & only son
Who lives in a different state.
At the backyard there're scattered old tombs
And I guess their ancestors.
Secretly I tell my beloved; 'Darling this is the final roost of our Gypsy journey
And one day they bury us here, We must send the address to our loved ones
Perhaps their offspring win the Green Card Lottery and visit our graves some
day! '

To my dearest poet friend Paddy Martin who undergoes a surgery and my
blessings for his immediate recovery.

nimal dunuhinga

A Pigeon Builds A Roost In My Isolated Mail Box

Very seldom I get a letter from someone.

And I hear the cooing in the mail box.

She has already started making her nest.

'I am sorry dear; You should informed me earlier,

Then I could have paint it nicely.'

'Do not worry my handsome Master still it's better and I just give a shout to the inquisitive World not to send any sad letters here after.'

This kind pigeon's coo make me happy forever.

Dedication to my new critic poetess Diana Van Den Berg

nimal dunuhinga

A Pilgrim Stands At The Road To Nowhere

Whenever he climbs up the singing mountain
As same as while his descending,
He hear some gentle foot steps behind him
And he looks around but sees nobody; This skinny wayfarer thinks
That the secret steps seems to be tired than him.

* The thorns that never harm the flower
But only the invaders,
Oh! What a wise combination is this?

nimal dunuhinga

A Pillar Collapsed Under The Fragile Peace Bridge

I was shocked of hearing the sad demise of our foreign minister.
Who was shot dead by some unidentified gunmen?
Oh! These human sinners, when they realize the reality, value of human lives?
'Blood is thicker than water'
Please do not forget my dear comrades
We all breathe in Oxygen and breathe out Carbon dioxide.
Also the Elephants are Vegetarians. Isn't it?
We should fight hand-in-hand against poverty, hunger and et cetera;
But it should be a harmless with words and deeds.
When we shall be true friends?
Perhaps it could be either on this planet or somewhere else?

To my poet friend y

nimal dunuhinga

A Playwright In A Lunatic Asylum

The Psychiatrist read the script and said;
'I am your doctor my brothers and sisters.'
'It's a common saying and we too whispered the same line
When we're enrolled to this college.' A colleague interrupts.
'But now we're almost cured' Someone muttered.
'What's your religion? ' Doctor inquired a patient
He tells; ' My Dad is a Strong Catholic and mother is a simple Buddhist,
Sister eloped with a Muslim and the youngest brother converted to Hindu.'
'Sorry you need my religion isn't it?
He wants to give me a scholarship to Harvard University it seems.'
My religion is Oxygen.'
'What, A new religion? '
'No doctor the oldest religion since the beginning and once that stopped
All the sages go to hell or Heaven who knows? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Plea To The Invisible Ombudsman

In this sweatshop our tears are not valued
As it's not shinning well.
Though it tastes salty,
Not exactly salt.
So it's going for a song.
Moth always flies to the flame
And burns it seems.

nimal dunuhinga

A Pleasant Mood Of A Ragged Angel!

A street child smiled
As a Lottery Winner!
And I inquired.
She has found a pencil stub
and an eraser
in a trash bin?

*[There's no experience better for the heart than reaching down and lifting people up.]-John Andrew Holmer

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Pledge For Deprivation

Desolated men in despair
and desperately they go with the wind
not knowing the exact direction; a flimsy veil covered
but you cannot see through.
A see-saw in a children park
but they cannot sit
as they are overweight.
Do they overstep?
Who makes a play ground for these overwhelming crowd?

nimal dunuhinga

A Poem For Kafka

My elder brother Lalith.P
Who taught me to read and write
And lot of things about fading life.
He's a humble Encyclopedia.
We drink together as friends
When our holey pocket bit sounds
And we had a common sickness
Allergy for money but not alcohol
Villagers amazed of our Brotherhood!
He who introduced me Kafka.
'You should read his The Trial, The Castle
Amerika, The Metamorphosis and the penal Colony.
Most of his unfinished novels published Posthumously.
And He's a German speaking-Jew.'
My brother was really mad of Kafka.
I read few lines of Isaac Bashevis Singer's short story recently
'A friend of Kafka.'
And I write this brief poem underneath for him;
'I am sorry Kafka and still I couldn't touch
One of your golden books
But my inner feeling speaks
You're great among others.'
As I always respect of my Corsican brother's word!

nimal dunuhinga

A Poem In A Garbage Bin

A man dies, yes he is dying.
He lived like a dead man.
Nobody knew about his whereabouts.
My dear English professor,
extremely sorry for my grammar mistakes,
you explained me about vowels, present tense,
past tense, commas, semicolon and et cetera.,
Why all these unnecessary pinchings sir!
He is already dead.
The man who hasn't a family
who worries about him?
Let him rest peacefully.
All in his lifetime he was dead
and now only he is living after the trauma.
His name is common man.

Dedication to my favourite poet Takuboku Ishikawa

nimal dunuhinga

A Poem In The Mantelpiece

["We each have a special something we can get only at a special time of our life. like a small flame. A careful, fortunate few cherish that flame, nurture it, hold it as a torch to light their way. But once that flame goes out, it's gone forever."]?

Haruki Murakami

I am a cotton bud
soft heart and a mild whisper
this hot tears won't
extinguish your fire below?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Poem Like Letter To My Faraway Friend Pranab Chakraborty!

*[The films are a 'coming of age' narrative in the vein of a bildungsroman, describing the childhood, education and early maturity of a young Bengali named Apu (Apurba Kumar Roy) in the early part of the 20th century. The first film Pather Panchali (Song of the Little Road) is about Apu's early experiences in rural Bengal, as the son of a poor but high caste family. His father Harihar, a Brahmin, has difficulty in supporting his family. After the death of Apu's sister, Durga, the family moves to the holy city of Benares.

In the second film Aparajito (The Unvanquished) , the family's finances are still precarious. After his father dies there, Apu and his mother Sarbajaya come back to a village in Bengal. Despite incessant poverty, Apu manages to get formal schooling and turns out to be a brilliant student. The growing Apu comes into conflict with his mother. Later, when his mother dies too, he has to learn to live alone.

In the third film Apur Sansar (The World of Apu) , attempting to become a writer, Apu accidentally finds himself pressured to marry a girl who has rejected her mentally ill bridegroom. Their blossoming marriage ends in her death in childbirth, after which the despairing Apu abandons his child, but eventually returns to accept his responsibilities.]-Wikipedia

How are you my friend
hope you're fine
I too still breath here?
And I want to let you know
that I am listening
that great Bengali singer
n's "Sun Mere Bandhu"
All of a sudden my thoughts
dragged to one of the greatest film makers
*Satyajit Ray from your place?
Still I live with his trilogy
and Apu haunts in my mind wherever I go?
In the song of the road
Am I an orphan?
Thanks & best regards!
an unseen friend nimal
in this precarious World?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Poem Written In A Brothel

Those who go in the heavy rains
some do have umbrellas
but some they don't have
and both of them got soaked.
If you want to get wet
not necessary to go outside.
You find rain indoors too.

nimal dunuhinga

A Politician's Plane Crash-Land In Wonderland

The plane landed in an emergency.

The politician was surprised in the air port as lot of women with garlands greeted him.

A woman said "You are the first delegate politician who visited our country."

"Really is it? How do you know I was in the plane? " He replied.

"Our radar says when a corrupted human being lands to our country."

He was taken to Quarantine and found positive to HIV virus.

In wonderland there is a remedy for the infection and they gave an injection the patient forgets his past.

He was surprised by seeing this magical country.

The citizen is very happy and there are no jails, Courts, Police, Armed forces, sick people and all are well off.

For the first time in Wonderland's history they made a special jail for this politician and he was sentenced to jail lifetime.

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Artist Who Wants To Hide

He wants to express his grievances and inner feelings
on a torn canvas piece.

He owns a hairless brush and few stuck paint tubes with him
and he mix them with sweat and tears.

This incomplete abstract painting

(A toothless man cries and a ballistic missile enters to his opened mouth) .
he named as 'Poverty stricken'.

He search for a place to hide on the exhibition day.

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Barber's Rabbit

I have only one carrot
And I feed you little portions.
Please do not get misunderstand me
I am going for an interview now
For a barber's position!
If I get a chance to hold the razor firmly
Definitely I cut all the carrots in Judas's illegal farm
And bring you a lorry load in his wheelbarrow!

*We all make mistakes, but everyone makes different mistakes.
-Ludwig van Beethoven

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Caddy Who Goes Behind The Masters

The skinny dreamer strike the ball and it's landed on the Horizon.
But they are not ready to grant him the championship until he brings back the
lost ball.

Oh! The voiceless stampede Golf ground cried alone
And he collected the tears in the dawn.

Dedication to all those who touch the grass for solace.

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Carpenter Writes

Though I sandpaper this rough life
This abrasive substance won't smooth it
Ebony is hard to polish
And life gives an antique value
With a matt finish!

*To the silent poet Ebn Zaiat!

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Caterer's Advertisement

She writes on her apron with a colored chalk.

Dear Customer,

I provide you tasty food at all to buy few oxygen for my weak lungs.

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Christmas Gift For Her

She's uneasy and unwrapped.
A feather like Handkerchief
Woven by threads of love.
And she found the colorless stain on it
In the shape of a tiny heart
Like a Watermark in life.

* To my beloved spouse

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Cobbler's Courageous Son

The barefooted handsome boy who mends shoes on a filthy street corner.

Passers by; Some they whisper that he should join the film industry.

A Varsity girl stops; 'Hey! Prince you don't go to school nowadays? '

'No, My papa was paralyzed and I help him.' The boy said.

'I love you Prince.'

'Oh! What a beautiful sentence is that?

But I am scared Princess.

When my Papa was drunk

He used to play the Mandolin

And sings in the night.

Love has mesmerized wings

in the unrestricted serene sky

And fragile souls swim and drown

in the Milky way.'

* I dedicate this to an innocent Cobbler who vanished during the ethnic violence in Sri Lanka.

nimal dunuhinga

A Poor Snake Charmer's Charming Daughter!

Though she's beautiful
Nobody comes behind her?
One day in the class room
Literature teacher asked her to write an essay.
She wrote with a piece of chalk
On the black board;
'My father has three snakes
Hope, Prosper and Dancer their names.
And when the snakes dance in the market place
Papa is very happy and he brings us sweets & money home.
We have no venom and why the venomous World
Looks at us on a different angle?
Because of these snakes we get a sound sleep in the night
As the thieves never jump over our rickety fence?
Though we eat bread crumbs father never forgets to buy
Their daily three eggs!
I dream sometimes that I marry a rich & handsome snake-Prince
And my poor father rests on a couch in the palace corner? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Postboy's Tie-Break

While he rides on his bicycle with a whistle
He speaks to himself; 'One day I would like to be a postgraduate.'
And he writes on a postcard address to his fiancée.
Yet he couldn't post it due to the long-standing postal strike.

* [The Campus wall is too high to jump over for a handicap.]

To all my friends Sandra, Alison, Jerry, Denis, Max, George, Duncan, Dave and et
cetera.....in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

A Prince Wasn'T Born With A Silver Spoon

It's very hard to pronounce and the prince's name is Legerdemain.
His patchy wallet contains a picture of Madonna and full of rubbish.
He is not a cherub it seems.
The scars of his wrist a handiwork like tattoos of different handcuffs he wore.
His Pidgin English and the moisten heart
Does somebody could understand?
Then he will be surprised.
He is a pickpocket and one day he found his deceased mother's photo
In a stolen wallet and he said goodbye to his sorrowful career.

nimal dunuhinga

A Prompt Response From The Devil

'Hello! Mr. Scribbler I received your letter
which was addressed to the Queen.
I was there at that time while they were celebrating the b'day party.
What can I do for you?
I am also helpless these days
you know why? these paradise people
make ' Nitroglycerine' toys for better prospects.
I can do one thing for you if you like?
I'll make a multiple visa for you to the hell.
There you can live peacefully
and I'll give you a surety.'

Always your friend,
Devil de morals.

Dedication to my poet friend wycz

nimal dunuhinga

A Prostitute's Lament

Be silent please,
this is a court order!
someone shouts in a high pitch.
'You are my honoured sir,
I can swear more than a thousand times.
The woman in the mirror in front of you
isn't me.'
'Then who are you? '
'I beg your pardon sir,
you must have lost your memory
or you may purposely trying to hide
our fairy-tale.
my sweet-scented childhood days
and the innocent golden rose; my chastity flower
how you plucked in a parasitic manner?
The mirror exactly shows the Cruelty, Tyranny
and the dark side of our parable,
isn't it? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Pumpkin Grows In Midwife's Yard

Her mother is a midwife
and she is a nanny to her far relative.
He collects pumpkins hastily for the sunday fair.
Do you think a street vendor sees pleasant dreams?
Anyhow please do not get surprised
if a street vendor marries a nanny
and she delivers precious children safely
as her mother knows the job perfectly.
Still the pumpkins grow in the yard
and the vendor collects them without any bargaining.

nimal dunuhinga

A Punishment In The Act Of Play

A Higher Authority has punished him for stealing the Rainbow
And pawned in a Harem.
After sometimes punished him again
Because he has redeemed and replaced it in a better sky.
He remained as a poet in the entire drama
Until the last scene.

* Darling! How do we grab the Life with three pennies?
A miniature gift for my beloved spouse on our 37th Wedding Anniversary falls
our Lord, We still breathe and struggle on the quicksand as usual.
We watch ourselves in the mirror and the gray hair tells; 'Still remember your
juvenile faces.' And I found a teardropp gathers in her small eye.

nimal dunuhinga

A Puritan's Purpose

A President can be a puritan.
A righteous or a rigid.
May he recite Rig-Veda
to a Ring-Leader?
But a sad thing is in a stalemate.
Why a Giant wants a sudden castration?

*Those who wants a war never go to the frontier
and who dies in a war one day a curse to the whole humanity.

nimal dunuhinga

A Queen In Ruins

She is a decent woman in this corrupted World.
Who lives in filthy streets and sell love for her living.
I have visited her twice.
When I asked her to marry me she said no as she cannot give children.
Her sweet name is Marianne.
Some call her by Caroline.
Anyway she has different names for the Kings and Beggars.

nimal dunuhinga

A Ramshackle Piano In A Junk Yard!

I cannot play any instrument
But I can hoot aloud against the unjust!
I just pressed a reed and in a low pitch
I heard this; ' Frederic Francois Chopin,
Do you remember a Polish pianist?
I suffered from poor health
And I died in Paris in 1849
At the age of 39.'
I want to say him that I have been to Gdynia
And I saw apple cheek beautiful girls in the dance of Mazurkas.
But I was dumbfound and I felt like a dummy run in the life theater
Or behind the stage as an unkempt underprivileged!

To my friend robyn selters with gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

A Rare Bird Makes A Fragile Nest On A Fruitless Tree Top

'Hey! Brother is it a crash landing on my broken runner way? '

The decaying tree whispered.

'Not exactly my dear, I too do not have strong wings to this endless sky.

Let the wind blows.

At least we can talk each other in the sleepless nights.'

The old migrant bird replied.

nimal dunuhinga

A Rare Gift!

Dam patin la sanda besayanawa
Akase ranwan patai
Samugena yanna magen tawa mohotai
Nododa inne ayi?
[Purple Moon sets and the sky is gold
To say good bye is close by
Why don't you speak?]

(The immortal song by Gunadasa Kapuge & Malanie Bulathsinhala and the precious lyrics written by the veteran dramatist Lucien Bulathsinhala.)

He who painted the twilight sky
in my faded dreams,
Talked to me;
'I 'll give you a precious gift
on your 61st Birth day!
A modernized wheelchair
You can use as a glider!
But be careful as I cannot give you a guarentee on brakes! '

(for them!)

nimal dunuhinga

A Rare Pearl In The Deep Indian Ocean

Oh! My tiny precious Island
Is this a Shark-fin soup
Eat by the Boss and his Kith & Kin?

* Still I respect though he's a terrorist or a freedom fighter
Anyway he loved his people.

nimal dunuhinga

A Rare Twitter Bird At Hand

I want to let her go; but she says' No, we fly together.'

'I do not have wings.'

'Never mind and I can wait.'

'How long? '

'A lifetime.'

Our poet friend Jerry must have sweet dreams and hope a recovery soon from the surgery.....Good luck to my far away poet friend!

A humble dedication and congratulation to the Illinois Sen. for the democratic presidential nomination.

*Please refer my previous predictive poem titled as ' A rising sun' in the

nimal dunuhinga

A Rat's Song Of Survival

A poor young rat on the mats
Behind the gunny bag of potatoes
Holding a half eaten one firmly.
When I peeped with a curiosity
It tried to run hurriedly
And I just smiled friendly.
Then it stopped and started a Singsong;
'Master you should know my cute kitten?
She gave me a hug in the kitchen
And I begged her to elope soon
But she cried as her Father's a born Racist!
Specifically hates the rats.
If you become a negotiator
That would be much appreciated
As I love her deeply.
We could bring a bunch of offspring merrily
And solve this long-standing vengeance playfully! '

nimal dunuhinga

A Raven Cries Near The Mulberry Bush

I have flown all over the sky
And really dishearten
of the Freedom!
Do you have enough room
for me to caged?
Then the philanthropist replied;
'I have a caged bird a different color
And she wowed to stay forever,
If you're able to compromise her
Frankly telling you that I have no any fear? '

*Disco Queen Donna Summer dies at 63
and my deepest sympathy to her!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Reaper

He dances with his shadow
To the tune of cicada's chirp
In the middle of the night.
Harvest has stolen by an unknown,
The poor farmer's beholden
And how he shows his indignation?

nimal dunuhinga

A Red Cow Speaks With Deeds!

Passing the slaughter house
The barber stops for a while
And he feels his previous birth
That he's a cow!
Now I cut the hair
From a child to an adult
Never do a sin
And the mirror knows
But no way to express her emotions?
When I use the razor for shaving
I'll be very patient
Specially on butcher's throat
As still I feel that enormous pain
And what he did in my previous birth?

(For Dorothy s apwlts2 in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

A Representative From The Hell

For the current crisis they have sent an intellectual to the you and O,
The letter says ' we are old friends that's why I sent this gentleman and he is a
former rebel.

We can deploy our battalion too attach to your peace keeping force,
It's up to you my dear,
From my side I'll be ready at anytime.

With best regards,
Sincerely,
Devil de Morals.

nimal dunuhinga

A Retail Seller

A cottage by a riverside there lives a lass
and a small shop she runs
selling yogurt, peanuts
kindness, happiness, politeness and emptiness.

The townsfolk call this man
Sir, master, boss, lord or minister
but some address him secretly
'a dirty wolf'

he is like a clown
wears a red cap, green shirt and a blue trouser
comes on a bicycle (Racing)
for his vacation to this village.
he carries a leather bag
full of notes and coins(forged)
and distributes to the children who run after him.
(nobody knows the election gradually drew nearer)
He stopped at the cottage to have a cup of yogurt
on the counter left a leaflet
and vanished.
it says'you have a bright future that's in my hands'.

nimal dunuhinga

A Returnee From A Concentration Camp

I hide my striped uniform as a keepsake
And I talk a little as they snatched my voice.
I came to my village and it's almost changed.
Soon after I crossed the singing river with the old ferryman
I found that she's gone to the town
And a rumor goes around from there she stood on a step of a railroad car,
Then took her somewhere.
Before this concludes I want to add something; They live together happily
And that's my only wish.
Another dramatic change Occurred,
Eager and I were married, her youngest dumb sister on an equinox.
In our honeymoon night I watched the sad expression of her gloomy eyes
after seeing the burnt scars on my back.

nimal dunuhinga

A Rich Queen And A Poor King

The handsome threadbare man who struggled in a slum.
I don't know why I loved him and took him to my palace?
I gave an old king's name to bring him to our own society.
This beautiful witch-Queen dragged me to her palace
and given me an ugly name of a Lunatic.
My halcyon slum is a paradise.
The edge of the heavy crown pierced my head
and I never had a sound sleep
since I came to this hell.

nimal dunuhinga

A Rising Sun

I am sure that he brings the lost prestige to the land of opportunity.
He definitely fulfill the commoners' dreams.
He may stops all the unnecessary wars and he brings back home our brave
brothers and sisters from the rage battlefields.
Guess who comes to the dinner?

* His long-sighted attitudes would bring the prosperity to the dreary mankind
and I hope his promises are last for a long time, I hear the opponents too gossip
of his prominence.

'Fool me once, shame on you;

Fool me twice, shame on me.'

-Chinese proverb-

nimal dunuhinga

A Ruby-Throated Hummingbird On Your Parapet Wall

Sorry, Did you wake up to my morning call?
And before you go to school
You see that strange flowers in your empty jar.
While sitting in your religion class
When you open your book of prayers
Please do not get excited
By seeing the new poem remains there,
If you prefer leave it as a bookmark!

(For Sandra Fowler in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

A Running Man; Fox & Bitter Grapes

He is running or a limping walk?

How far he runs?

He is tired and stopped!

And how long he could wait?

Promises are like gas-balloons in the sky.

He straightens a rickety ladder and climbs the greasy steps carefully

To pluck the cluster grapes.

A runaway rabies infected fox pulls the ladder and cries down;

'Life is nothing but only a fistful of bitter grapes.'

To my dear friend Jerry for his promising health and also to and of their lull.

*[It's really funny and strange, still I remember what the poor street lunatic said a long time ago after seeing my crotchety palm; 'Hey! My comrade keep your toy gun aside and you are not belongs to your motherland natural death will occurs in a foreign land some day.]

nimal dunuhinga

A Rusty Needle Cries

When a silky thread
passes through the eye of the needle
He murmurs; 'O it's really smooth
And you gave me the life again! '

[To my beloved who cuts a Black Forest cake today!
When I asked 'sorry how old are you? '
She said; 'Just completing Sixteen!]

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Heart Of A Lover

Beneath a huge mountain like an ant,
He watches the birds where they fly in the twilight sky towards their nests.
A single star gossips with the Moon.
And he hears their secret croon.
Who comes to chat with him?
Only the darkness peeps to his untidy room.
He dreams the day of betrayal that she left the village like yesterday.
Why the morning star visits so early?
No, it's as usual.
The midday is very warm like an oven.
And the teary eyes always there never leaves him alone.

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Letter On The Altar

Hey! My haughty red Rose you are still in secured with the brother thorns.
Why is the favoritism on the boisterous Hornet, Wasp, and Bee?
You always give highest marks for them but the harmless black ant last in the class.

Please do remember this humble letter,
As far as the delicious nectar remains
Those selfish lovers flutter around you but they never bother
When you wither, only the poor ants live on withered flowers.

To Sandra Fowler, I take this opportunity to wish you
'Many happy returns of the day.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Melody From An Old Vineyard!

There are no standards of taste in wine, cigars, poetry, prose, etc. Each man's own taste is the standard, and a majority vote cannot decide for him or in any slightest degree affect the supremacy of his own standard.' -Mark Twain,1895

Though the ripen sour grapes sleep in the moonlit night
Yet the Landlady awakes with a solitary song.
Her fiance sleeps in another vineyard beyond the hills
Those grapes are sweet it seems?

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Melody In A Livestock

This is the story of a cockerel and a pullet.
Her name is Diana; not the princess
And his name is Charles; but not the prince.
Anyway the poor two creatures are true exemplary lovers.
Meanwhile the cunning poulterer writes in his blood-stained business diary the
dates of their unfair destiny to the town butchery.

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Song Without Music For A Rural Butterfly!

I call you Pinky!
For the pink spots on your transparent heart.
How do you bear my pains & cries
With your soft wings?
I am sure it's hard to fly
From the village to town.
A long journey!
I wish you all the best.
But do not forget this sympathize ecliptic face
That covers with dark clouds?

nimal dunuhinga

A Sad Tune She Plays In A Rainy Night

With a small drizzle I hear the melody,
Queen of the night she walks here and there with the wind
And it looks so sad when she passes without a hope.
There isn't a single soul to be seen on the road
As the drizzle turned into heavy rains unexpectedly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Scallywag's Scribble!

My sweetheart!

You're my sweetcorn & sweetmeal

This sweet tooth greedy for someone's dish

And my sweaty heart

Weeps

At your restricted doorstep!

nimal dunuhinga

A Scampering Run In Labyrinth

Bilaterally, they started their journey.
But there is no any trace of ancestors.
Their tombs covered with grass.
We grass roots continue our journey.
It seems that according to a certain order by a hidden enforcement?
The old coloured lodgings here & there with their brassy new names.
We stay a night or two then proceed onwards.
The conviction in everybody's mind that hides the careworn?
We pretend as perfect but we are the carbon copies of our hazy Ancestries.

nimal dunuhinga

A Scanty Meal With An Unknown Friend!

The above name is my poor little eating house!
And I am your cook, waiter, cashier and the boss.
Before swallowing a strawberry,
If you say sorry!
And I do not have money
Then I have a sympathy
And tell you bring money some other day!
But after licking a bone of country chicken
If you pretend that you lost your wallet
No excuses at all and I'll arrest
You damned culprit
In my hot kitchen!

Humbly to the poetess and my friend Vessy a rare bird!

*Sweet promptings unto kindest deeds were in her very look; We read her face,
as one who reads a true and holy book.

-John Greenleaf Whittier

nimal dunuhinga

A Scapegoat's White Hope

A sunstroke sunflower yawn in the whirlwind
and a scapegoat scamper with his old wheelbarrow
which is full of manure.

The Master of the field who walks behind his alsatian dog
and the nanny is washing the baby's nappies.

The Landlady in hysterics after the childbirth.

Bees are humming in the morning glory.

Whipping boy hear the rustling of the pale sunflower
and he poured more water & manure to get her closer.

nimal dunuhinga

A Scattered Tear Dropp Laments In Solitude

' I give everybody a slight comfort when they are in a sad mood
But when I cry who gives me at least a tattered handkerchief to wipe? '

* Do you believe some tears they talk?

nimal dunuhinga

A Search In The Pitch Darkness

A thousand matchsticks
in a box
And who strikes?
The war is over
But nobody rescues.

nimal dunuhinga

A Secret But Everybody Knows

Life is a song my dear
but nobody knows,
Life is a sad poem
and everybody recites?

nimal dunuhinga

A Seedling's Vigil

Am I ugly or lean?
My cruel gardener pour me
little water and fertilizer.
Because I don't smile with him.
But I know one day
when I grow up and bloom
definitely a handsome bee will arouse
and crave my aromatic love.

for anonymous flowers.

nimal dunuhinga

A Senile On The Memory Lane

He meets them on and off
But he has forgotten their names
And sometimes they call by his name
But he never looks around to greet them.

nimal dunuhinga

A Sense Of Timeless Running Along The Sojourn?

My child little aggressive in the cradle
and I know one day she jumps over the fence,
She cries with her nappy rash
and it's kind of poetry?
After seeing the outer green
Her excrements in green
She absorbed the colours.
Her farts like harmless bombs!
When she crawls I give my hand
to get up.
She learned faster in the University
and chosen her partner too.
As an adult she's busy with her offspring.
This old man became a child and helpless
and when I crawl hardly with my bedsores
Hope you give me your strong hand to bring me up
in a sense of timeless running along this sojourn?

to my poet friend John Thomas Tharayil in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Short Poem To Drink For The Thirsty Pilgrim!

Like Karl Marx
described about the class struggle
in 'Das Kapital'
Mom! You taught us
in simple words
of our day to day life!
'There are two bachelor pilgrims
they struggle each other
in our innocent soul,
one is farsighted
and the other nearsighted? '

['There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It's by studying little things that we attain the great art of having a little misery and as much happiness as possible.']-Samuel Johnson

nimal dunuhinga

A Silent Pond

Lotuses, Lilies and some insects cajole with me
And I know they never leave me alone.
But I like to see the flowing rivers, creeks and seas
My unseen faraway relatives.
Oh! I am just a stagnant waters here
And no strange waves or peculiar sounds.
When gossip birds sing their beauty
Certainly I get depressed of my usual isolation.

nimal dunuhinga

A Simpleton On The Ropes

This innocent lacklustre who works in a farm earns a little and out of that he gives equal shares to his poor loving mother and a girl who pretends as his fiancée.

He dreams of their future soon build a cottage and have a child devote his entire life for them.

One equinox he received a letter very light from the city.

"Hi! My dear I joined the Jamboree here

Yours ever love Rosemary."

Exactly after a fortnight he received another letter lighter than earlier.

"Hi! My dear the Jamboree is over and accidentally I found a boy.

Sorry, I am your unfortunate Rosemary."

nimal dunuhinga

A Singing Horse

They say that I am a rare breed horse
But I never won a race.
Better you decide yourself my darling
Whether I am a horse or a donkey?

* To all my poet friends in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

A Skeletal Juggler And His Charming Pregnant Wife

His wife whispers in the middle of the night;
' You make miracles that I know
Though the doctor says probably twins
I feel like a dozen and my womb is so weighty
Than this uppish World.
Oh! You are a wonderful creature
And you make miracles honey!
I love you more than my life.
If I deliver a dozen of magicians
They'll change the lopsided Globe
Into a well balanced World.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Skeletal Man In A Big Town!

He smells Varnish!
Because he works as a wood-polisher
To a Funeral Caretaker.
He nicely polishes
The Coffins
With his stained hands.
He's the owner's pet
The old underdog not paid well.
There he takes
Three meals free and he sleeps
In an old coffin at the Embalm room.
Shrewd Boss loves him very much!
And given him a promise
That he offers the very best Casket
For his going away!
Poor Man in a late evening
Mutters after gulping an illicit liquor in the town.
'I polish their coffins and see my wrinkled face.
As per the Boss's promise the expensive coffin
I never see while I am going
And if he shows when I am alive
I could have polished it well than others?

nimal dunuhinga

A Skew Of A Skylark

I see my haughty star's profile and for your information
I am a runner-up; Run-of-the-mill in the mysterious blue sky.
My high-spirited heart-string strums a sad tune in highly-strung.
This hermit's hermetic heart is open for your kind perusal
And if if you just peep through your hideout that's greatly appreciated.
I search the unattended umpire to get his kind permission to unbolt your secret
door.

* A humble dedication to the poetess

nimal dunuhinga

A Skinny Boxer In His Late Fifties Still Fights In The Life-Ring

What's that heavy burden lies on his troubled head?

The featherweight innocent; How long does he carries that much?

Dear Champion brother! Relax yourself and please do not punch him harder,
As his fragile skeleton would be scattered.

* Once I dreamed to be a Boxer,

But the mysterious hand pushed me to be a constant Runner.

A humble dedication to my sick friend Jerry for his immediate recovery.

nimal dunuhinga

A Skinny Migrant Worker

The biopsy it doesn't say that he is a poor creature.
Perhaps the pot bellied immigration officer may inquire of his legal papers.
What else he could produce unless a tattered certificate of birth
That belongs to his poor loving parents?
Please let him walk comfortably along this jealousy road
As he cannot die until he dies.

[The tractor plows over the farms in the neighborhood wiping out any evidence that people ever lived Grapes of Wrath is about the Joads, an Oklahoma family who was forced off its farm in 1930s, dispossessed farmers on a disappointing trek to California looking for other Beck's novels have also dealt with migrant workers in California.]

nimal dunuhinga

A Skull Rests On A Table

Through your sunken eyes
I see the World, its uncertainty
And the skeleton figures boast themselves.
I regret that I cannot see my own
And how beautiful you are without flesh?

*Every time I close the door on Reality, it comes in through the window.
-iant

nimal dunuhinga

A Slogan

The Sun, Moon, Stars and Planets
all were abandoning in the Milky Way.
So, do not let them solve your destiny.
The God who hides in your heart is better than the God
who remains in picture frames?
When you stand in front of a mirror
you can see your god.
when you smile; he too smiles.
When you cry; he too cries.
Life is not a 'once upon a time' story
which has an ending?

nimal dunuhinga

A Snorer's Cute Darling

He always thinks when he unlocks the brass kennel door
She jumps out; But she never tries.
The nextdoor handsome greyhound named 'Romeo'
Barks mostly sad songs in the midnight.
But his darling 'Juliette' never listens.
'Hey! Your bony Master is getting old and tumbledown
And reach the goal very soon.'
Whenever he tells her his pathetic story
She just smile and wags her bushy tail.

* To my beloved wife who accompanies me through all my hardships along this foggy roads.

nimal dunuhinga

A Softie Moves Smoothly

It's an early gloomy morning.
And it seems Sun forgets to rise!
The single's door is open.
A black cat mewls on the doorstep
And a gadfly enters and stays for a while.
The next door maiden comes in to give the newspaper.
You can hear a faint cry inside the house
And the penniless old man is no more.
He belongs to the pauper's graveyard
And the funeral is over quietly.
The doleful maiden writes a memorandum.
'At last he left leaving the black cat his will for me.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Song But No Lyrics

He's a ramshackle piano and his partner's cheesy finger tips
touch the wobble reeds.

The intonation of music comes out with his cries and her tears
like a salty wind from a consonant Ocean.

nimal dunuhinga

A Song Of Ants

My wife grumbles when I throw sugar on the floor.
'Hey! You invite pests purposely.'
'No darling see how they carry patiently
And you hear their pleasant song? '
' Dry seasons we struggle to collect food for coming rains
And we have a small party for our relatives.'
Then I think of my few relatives here
They carry fire under the water.

nimal dunuhinga

A Song Of Despair

Her beauty wraps with a red checkered fabric
And her teary eyes with a shock of expectation of a better world.
Anytime there will be a blast somewhere.
She requests to stop the war.
Who listens?
They do not want to stop.
Why?
All are at the gambling table and they use these innocents as trump cards.
One day all these War veterans will be punished severely.
Who makes a harmless bomb and eradicate these nasty wars?

nimal dunuhinga

A Song Of Solitude

A Park full of trees very quiet
and a bench isolated
waiting for someone to
come and have a chat please.
A single Star in the sky hurriedly
searching the wailing Moon.
A drizzle comes with a nocturne of a Dragonfly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Soul Whispers

Whenever I ask what really he wants?
Everytime he replies ' Leave me alone please.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Soulful Waywardness

The dark cute shadow of his divorced wife stumbles in his fading memory.
And she never allows him to see the beauty.
In his stupefy dreams she comes as a witch broody.
He gets up in the middle of the night sweaty.
Though he wants to go back to her like a wishy-washy
Yet she enjoys her life in tomfoolery.

nimal dunuhinga

A Special Greeting Card

I was really amazed
It's from our Grandson!
A pencil drawing of a Gocart
Two old fashioned figures sitting inside
And he pushes.
Oh! He writes poetry in capital letters
Perhaps he thinks that we cannot read simple letters?
'Do not worry my dear Grandma & Grandpa
Sorry, I heard that your car has run into a junk-yard.
When I come to America
I'll push you to Grand Canyon in my cart
If you guide me along the road?
I pasted some pictures of Grand Canyon on my scrap-book
You know my girl friend 'Priyanwada' gave me.'
*I added this;
Hey! Sonny you looks like your naughty old Man
And why don't you send us her photograph?

nimal dunuhinga

A Sri Lankan Hawk Repents In The Gloomy Sky

Why the Yankee Eagle
Quits our Roost
On his way from my neighbor's den
To the garden of Eden!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Stoic Against The Wind

He stands in the storm with a straight face like a Flagship.
An Idealist in his idiosyncratic world
and he never bows to injustice or heeds any ill-advise.
This saintly character is a maverick.
He imagines a better society; an equilibrium
and he needs deeds to change the whole atmosphere.
He goes in every street corner with his megaphone
but to his creed nobody listens.
Corrupted young generation's malfunctions and their malice
is a cause for distress to the entire world?
This social worker though he stands in the storm
cannot stand among the exorcists.
He will be chased very soon to his hallucination world
by these underworld henchmen.

nimal dunuhinga

A Strange

Hey! Scribbler

We issue a stamped envelope and a calendar
for the next year on behalf of your Birthday!
Please send us your recent colour photograph.

Thank you,

With best regards,

ceo@

P.S.

Tell us something about you.

*When you dance with your customer, let him lead.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

A Strange From The Devil!

A groomsman is one of the male attendants to the groom in a wedding ceremony. The term usher is more common in the UK while the term 'groomsman' is considered somewhat lower-middle-class and used by those who have adopted the term from America.[citation needed] Usually the groom selects his closest friends and relatives to serve as groomsmen, and it is considered an honor to be selected. From his groomsmen, the groom usually chooses one to serve as best man.

For a wedding with many guests, the groom may also ask other male friends and relatives to act as ushers without otherwise participating in the wedding ceremony; their sole task is ushering guests to their seats before the ceremony. Ushers may also be hired for very large weddings.

In a military officer's wedding, the roles of groomsmen are replaced by swordsmen of the sword honor guard. They are usually picked as close personal friends of the groom who have served with him. Their role includes forming the traditional saber arch for the married couple and guests to walk through.

devil@

You'll be surprised Pen-pusher!

How I found your address,

Specially I collect bard's whereabouts

As I am very fond of poetry!

I read your profile and that's why

I am sending this invitation.

My one and only daughter marries soon

And the Bridegroom's party suggest you as a Groomsman

Because he knows you since in the Army.

Please reply us soon your availability.

-Devil de Morales

I replied him in brief.

Many thanks indeed for your valuable selection

But I have some regrets of my old Gabardine suit

Recently I wore for the Royal Wedding!

I have few rich relatives here

But they are not in good terms with me

As I am poor?

Otherwise I could have borrow one of their best suits and a Limousine!

With best regards,

Poor Pen-pusher!

for the silent bard couple Alison & Jerry!

nimal dunuhinga

A Strange Farm Girl

She smiled with the old farmer's son
And he thinks that she's different from others.
The way she holds the sickle
And her talking manner too.
After the harvest festival
She's not to be seen anymore and the farm boy is sad.
'She's with her far relative here
On her school holidays and then back to school.'
His inquisitive widowed sister told.
She helped to the Harvest and not only that
And she's stolen the boy's mild heart.
How many school holidays have passed?
And the usual harvest never stopped.
The farm boy has taken
His deceased father's burden
And like a nonentity he just walks towards the barn!

* 'There are times when silence has the loudest voice.' -Leroy Brownlow

nimal dunuhinga

A Strange Gathering Of The Bards

There won't be any restrictions it seems
And poets from all over the world met here in the workshop.
I saw at a corner Sandra and Alison having a long chat
And behind them Jerry, Max, Denis, Dave, George, Duncan and some others
arguing of the current money crisis.
Amanda, Susie, Linda and Patricia just entered into the hall with a smile.
The reciting started in an auspicious time and my turn came after a while.
I was ashamed as I have nothing new to tell,
Then the conductor insisted; 'Tell whatever you like.'
I murmured; 'Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water.'
'Hey! Darling you are sleepwalking nowadays and why did you carry this rusty
bucket from the bathroom.' She squeezed my hand and grumbled.

nimal dunuhinga

A Strange Love!

Her kiss was very painful with her wisdom tooth
And I found my denture was broken!
She holds me and never let me go and she wants to lock me in her dog's kennel.
And I am certain that she wants to rape me in the darkness?
' I am almost Sixty and you're supposed to be twenty
My beloved is waiting for me and I have a grandson too.'
' That doesn't make any sense where the love's concern
And I am Edeath Satan's youngest daughter.
If you try to ignore me then you'll get bad results my dear! .'

I was shocked and came running jumped over the parapet wall.
My wife grumbles; 'You always skip your sugar tablets
And that's why you want to urinate in the middle of the night.'
I explained her my nightmare.
'You must be very careful darling and stop all the nonsense e-mails & chatting!
Specially the unnecessary evening walks, this could be a good or a bad omen
that I am certain? ' She replied.

*for Frank James Ryan Jr./FjR in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

A Straphanger's Pilgrimage

Yet I remember what you said as a secret my poor Mom; 'Your delivery was very painful and it's like a Tug of War.

The placenta almost wrapped around your neck and the awful cry lasted a long.'

Yes Mom! Since then still I am crying, but nobody listens as it's an inner cry.

Thanks, You have taken me to a specialist doctor on several occasions in the past.

But his magical stethoscope failed to read my rare palpitation.

I realize the distance between us and now you are far away.

I am sorry Mom for your prodigal Son's curiosity,

Still I hold your knitted facecloth as a keepsake

And I step down and walk towards the sad withdrawal of your stranglehold.

* The pilloried who acts hastily on the ridiculous stage of the Life-Drama.

nimal dunuhinga

A Stray Parrot Recites The Greek Alphabet

'Alpha, Beta.....&.....sigma...! '

Early in the morning I heard these strange words.

And I saw a Parrot rests on my next door neighbor's olive tree.

'Kali Mera Mastura! , Sorry that means good morning.' Parrot whispered.

'Where are you coming from? ' I asked.

Straight away flew from Greece the country introduced Civilization first.'

I said; 'I like Greece and tsakis and his book Zorba the Greek.'

'Oh! Master if you know tsakis then you know all about Greece.'

The Parrot imitates the Zorba's dance and I lived in Greece for a while.

How strange the autumnal dreams?

To my poet friend Duncan

nimal dunuhinga

A Street Child Writes In The Book Of Life!

Nobody inquires
My beautiful name,
My bad age
And magical gender?
They realize that I am a female
When I become a small mother very soon.
I am not quite sure this zig zag road is a haven
For an Orphan?
As the massive Armoured cars pass here very often.
But my poor qualifications are not enough for Heaven
And nobody smuggles to a Palace this ugly ragged Queen?

To the poetess Angelina Pandian in gratitude!

*@10.00 A.M. today in a coin Laundry, Stanton.
O that Hispanic little girl's tiny jade talking eyes forced me to write something
and I found a throw away packet of cigarettes in the trash bin and the pencil stub
always stuck in my holey pocket!

nimal dunuhinga

A Street Sleeper With Smoker's Cough

It's windy and cold in winter
Hard to sleep on the roadside
When stars give endearing twinkles
Among his horrible cough.
And he covers the whole body
But through the rat holes of his linen
He sees the vast sky and Moon hides
Stars alert in the the night.
He begs a sound sleep at least,
As the old King passes this way to the Harem tomorrow.
And he has to wake up early in the morning and clear his citadel!
The poor chap dreams the runaway horses and the broken coach one of his
childhood movies?

nimal dunuhinga

A Street Sweeper

He wears a white uniform
That belongs to the Municipality.
While sweeping he worries about the previous night's dream.
The garbage he raked turned into currency notes
But when he took those to the bank to get realized
All converted into garbage again.

*'Worldly values are never really going to allow you to feel at ease' the Buddha said.

nimal dunuhinga

A Sullen Flower And A Sultry Hornet

From a summit a handsome Hornet flies down to a garden and he hears a cryptic cry of a dainty wild Buttercup.

'I am sorry that I am not a virgin anymore' flower nagged.

'It doesn't make any difference to a Flirtatious who prefers a variety of flavor? ' replied the honest hornet.

The old Chauvinist gardener who repents?

'What is the use of searching a virgin flower in the summer while the mischievous hornets flutter? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Summer Red Bird Sings On An Elm Branch

The general colour above is light brownish-green, the sides of the head and the under parts generally brownish-yellow; larger wing-coverts dusky, edged with yellow; quills deep brown, externally margined with yellowish-red; tail-feathers of the same colour. The bill, eyes and legs are of the same tints as in the male.

I lost my way
And sorry extremely
For trespassing!
It's hard night flying
And I just landed
Papa's orchard
Are you still awake?
Promise to depart
Early in the morning
And if you prefer a love song
I don't mind to stay longer?

(To the Syrian nightingale Suzie Suhair Gharib.)

nimal dunuhinga

A Sweet Memory

Her name is Matilda and she got a very huge bust.
She was nick named by Dairy Queen in the class.
Her family migrated to Great Britain for good
And before she leaves gave her autograph to sign among friends.
Still I remember a friend of mine wrote;
'Matilda this is certain and be careful if you get an opportunity to embrace the
Queen, definitely the Buckingham Palace would be collapsed.'
He too lives in U.K and sent me a letter recently that he met Matilda by chance.

nimal dunuhinga

A Swimmer And A Crocodile

He wants to cross the river
But the ferryman is nowhere
The notice says Crocodiles and beware!
Swimmer in a clue.
An old crocodile came
And tears in its eyes.
'I was watching since in the morning
And I am so sorry,
Believe me I am a different one
Always help others
And if you don't mind
I can give you a ride
Before it gets dark.'
'I too scare of darkness
And I love rides but not in a rough weather uncle.'
Swimmer replied.

nimal dunuhinga

A Syrian Spinster Bird Flew From The War Zone And Landed At The Old Grandpa's Vineyard!

A Syrian spinster bird flew from the War Zone and landed at the old Grandpa's Vineyard!

Boss! Leave the cage door latched?
As war planes fly in the gloomy sky.
I'll be safe with you and let me stay here
forever!
You said once that you have been to Latakia?
I'll sing you some meaningful Arabic songs of Asala Nasry's
and you can play that broken-stringed lute,
also I could recite you few poems
from Khayyam's Rubayyat!
Definitely your Vineyard be fruitful every vintage!

to the poetess Suzie Suheir Gharib with gratitude!

nimal, inga

nimal dunuhinga

A Syrup For My Friend Jerry

Hey! Chum
Just imagine
Her lips like syllabub
First is hard to get
But the rest comes easily.
Please don't try now
As she goes to synagogue.
My far away friend night is still young
And swallow the bitter pill and enjoy the mysterious life.

nimal dunuhinga

A Tall Money Tree At The Edge Of The World Kiss The Pale Blue Sky?

You drive your
Tumbledown car
Barriers a lot!
Poor brakes are not applicable.
Drunken Cops check your tattered driving license
Insurance & etc.,
Beyond the barbed-wire fences
Handsome gangway robbers
Sniff your wallets
Then you recite the prophet's chant?
But you're almost tired
and got down at goodbyes
peaceful grounds?

for the poetess Magnolia in gratitude!

[In the life's unscrupulous factory, cruel machines crush your bones, reproductive testicles to sensitive brain, enzyme spleen to sad heart and the helpless souls believe that their fragrant ashes float in the unseen Heaven?]-nimal

nimal dunuhinga

A Tall Money Tree At The Edge Of The World Kiss The Pale Blue Sky? Along The Serpentine Road

You drive your
Tumbledown car
Barriers a lot!
Poor brakes are not applicable.
Drunken Cops check your tattered driving license
Insurance & etc.,
Beyond the barbed-wire fences
Handsome gangway robbers
Sniff your wallets
Then you recite the prophet's chant?
But you're almost tired
and got down at goodbyes
peaceful grounds?

for the poetess Magnolia in gratitude!

[In the life's unscrupulous factory, cruel machines crush your bones, reproductive testicles to sensitive brain, enzyme spleen to sad heart and the helpless souls believe that their fragrant ashes float in the unseen Heaven?]-nimal

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Tear Like Ball Of Lead Rolls In My Fragile Heart

I write this to a friend of mine who madly involved in competitive politics.
This is a paper flower that never betrays you.
Hey! Chum, New year bird gets ready to fly at her roost in the sky
Until the crawling month of January peeps.
My Granny whispers in her old gray tomb;
'I know that she sings the same old song with a different dance
Like a handsome politician in a colored dress.
When a red fox howls at the midnight on a mountain top
I think of you deeply and worry my friend.
My heart laments like the mystic Protagonist in your favorite book of Fyodor
Dostoevsky's 'The Brothers Karamazov'
If possible, please change your slippery road brother
And meet one day in a cobbled street corner.
We belong together as bards forever.

*How strange when I read the passages of obituaries here in a foreign land and I
feel they are my own familiar people? I wish them a Merry Christmas!

nimal dunuhinga

A Tenant In The Obscure House

He has a morbid fear of crowds and the doctors diagnosed the sickness as 'Ochlophobia'.

In the day time he locks himself inside and he goes out in the middle of the night.

He invites his best friend the handsome death for a chat

Where he lives nearby the cemetery,

But the death says ' it's too early my dear and also your ticket is not valid yet for the departure,

Please be calm and stay comfortably and I'll knock at your door

When the express train stops at the station of Goodbye.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Tendency To Ignore The Realities Of Life?

Painter! Is this a void picture
Or am I blind?
Let it be in its true colors
And please do not whitewash.
Poor carpenter who makes for others
But in his house there's not a comfortable chair?
And the skinny Mason does leveling
on this unbalanced World.
That luminous board never says
The right place where the road ends.
On the way I met her holding an Hour glass
and she gave the name and address
in the pitch darkness!
When I read it under the dim street lamp
O it's just a blank paper?

to my friend Pranab who lives in Calcutta!

*['What I am looking for is a blessing that's not in disguise.']-Kitty O'Neill Collins

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Tender Heart

While his boss is double counting the collection,
This rare waiter refuses the ten dollar bill tip for servings
And he requests only very little from the Millionaire.

*I dedicate this tiny scribbling to one of my intimate friends in the site
ay, these days only I hear your silent song but it has something of the
mysterious life it seems?

nimal dunuhinga

A Tenderfoot In Lovesick

Lovesome lad doesn't know really what he wants?
And his poor parents are worried.
They take him to all the specialists with great hardships
But the sickness not diagnosed yet.
She is engaged the nextdoor lass
But the boy imagines an illusive love affair.
He is already matured now; but still a single.
And she lives happily with her grand children.
Love knot tightens day by day
And the tight-lipped dreams of his death bed seems ready.

nimal dunuhinga

A Text Message

'A fellow poet from Solomon Islands.
Hey! My scribbler what's your Motto exactly? '

'To be a rotten hard boiled egg
And finish the journey in a Tycoon's Bog.
A poor Hen's soloist somber offspring.'
I responded.

*God does not create poverty, we do, because we do not share.
-Mother Teresa

nimal dunuhinga

A Thick Slick

In an avenged park
somebody's love is floating
on an isolated pond.
The lovers at the beginning
very soft hearted like butterflies.
Is this the nature who becomes
venomous Hornets
and abandon the love astray?

nimal dunuhinga

A Thief, Rusty Padlock And A Vacation

The safe was stolen by a thief
And thrown away the padlock.
Padlock sings in the darkness;
'Though you're labelled as a rouge
You're an understanding person
Who knew my plight and gave me a vacation?
The stingy Master Pawnbroker
Always unlock me and lock again
And never leave me free
Like his jewelry!

nimal dunuhinga

A Thin Kite Runner

[Our children are like jewels, to be polished by us and presented to the Lord.]-
Unknown

Orphan boy who takes his kite
along the road down to the marsh
and the boggy surface almost dangerous!
Don't run further little gem, perhaps your kite
will be in the sky with strong winds
but you may stuck in the fatal mud?
And your loud cry won't hear the stars above
As there's a vast gap in between the sky & earth?

nimal dunuhinga

A Timid King

The script was given in time
It's too heavy and really a challenge.
He was chosen as the King.
He cried, and he wants to tell the Playwright
"Give me a small part in your massive drama,
As I am a born pauper.
The crown isn't fit for my head
And I am scared of the sword.
The rough shining dress tingles my soul
And I shall faint on the stage
When the curtain rises."
But the thoroughbred horse neighs
And refuses any other King to ride on its saddle.

nimal dunuhinga

A Tiny Flower Whistles In The Thorns

'Why you became a flower
To pour fragrance into my life
But it's forbidden me to kiss? '

-One of my Sri lankan favourite songs sung by Amarasiri Pieris and lyrics from Saman Athawudahetti.

I must be proud it seems
As I never run behind them,
But even the tall Kings at twilights
Bend and ring my door-bell
in case of emergency!

*A woman's beautiful not when she smiles; but in her secret cry?

nimal dunuhinga

A Tiny Flower's Dream

The rainbow winged butterfly rides on his bicycle towards the Sunday school through the green.

She found his bookmark on the doorstep.

It's dropped from the Bible and she wants to replace it.

Bees hum around her; 'It's in the middle page and please do not get upset
Sweet, we promise you to take it back for him to put in the same page.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Tragedienne In The Real Theatre

With her seven children (Except the eldest who was stillborn) she struggles by the road to success.

Her beloved husband was a missing in action and still she believes he would have come home one day with his old rusty gun and the puffy epaulettes & stars.

If the opaque curtain is lowered, dear spectator please do not think the drama is over,

Yet the act goes on without the audience.

nimal dunuhinga

A Trip To Farthest Farmhouse

My little happy-go-lucky cart
Rolls towards the fields.
And I hear the faraway sound of breaking soil
With the harrow.
Sorry, I do not have any qualifications to be a farmer
But I have a hatchet and my broken-stringed lute.
Hope a farm lassie loves music
And I can sing a song to her lonely heart.

Humbly I dedicate this poem to the *Irish poet Mat Mooney.

nimal dunuhinga

A Turtle Dove Weeps

I know that you are in a harmless war struggle with life to make us happy.
What is the use of being?
Sun and Moon in this vast sky
When I am asleep and you are awake?
Do you hear my distant cooing?
Anyway please do not run behind a mermaid's sad song.
I have the faith still as same as the unsaid love.
A turtle sees a light once in a blue moon.
My unmoved heart is waiting for my weather-bird and I pray day and night
storms won't come into your world.
I never expect wealth and take care of your health.
My calendar's motion is very slow and I feel days are not moving like.
Though I am afar I see you in my faded dreams
And I know all of your whereabouts?

To the poetess Linda Haungs, Linda Ori & Dorothy Spooner.

nimal dunuhinga

A Twitter Bird Cries?

I hear early in the morning
on a Cypress branch
That covered with snow flakes.
O this sad song!
'How do we bear all these pains
and we have little hearts
One of our friends
passed away two days back
a songbird!
Is God too dies? '

to Harriet Beecher Stowe for her 'Uncle Tom's Cabin'!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A Tycoon's Testimony

It's a registered mail few days ago,

Oh! What a surprise?

A Philanthropist Tycoon has mentioned my name in his last will.

The poor scribbler struggles much and I leave my Manor by the riverside for him

I have no idea to give some money as his rusty wallet seems to be allergy for
currency notes,

He could write more poems facing the river and I wish him best of luck for his
future endeavors.

I took the letter and showed it to my next door widowed attorney,

She said; ' Please do not keep much hopes as this could be a racket, anyway you
have a bright future that I noticed.'

And she squeezed my fingers secretly.

nimal dunuhinga

A Vase At The Pottery

The potter's daughter; like her father's craftsmanship
very beautiful to her *pinafore dress and the pigtails.
He sniffs when I ring the bicycle bell
during my routine delivery of their daily bread.
He knows my boss well; the pot bellied baker
and they are good drinking partners.
Baker's son goes to a high school
and very smarter than me.
Oh! I am an orphan who sleeps on a sooty mat
near the oven.
But she likes me very much
and I gave her a birthday present a stealing bun.

Postscript

*Because of her pinafore dress and the pigtails
she was attracted to me (on her school days)
and still struggle in life.

Dedication to the wild flowers whatever blossom & deteriorate
mysteriously in the wilderness.

nimal dunuhinga

A Very Sad Movie At A Dark Horizon?

I have not been to a movie theater
and it's really boring this life here? '

My beloved grumbles.

I pacified her;

'See this news darling

What a sad happening?

A gunman killed twelve at a theater in Aurora Mall, Colorado
and fifty nine wounded, and it's safe watching the movies
at home?

That's why I try everyday a scratch lottery

If it works properly, definitely

My first preference is buying a T.V. and a CD player
for you! '

*My deepest sympathies to all the victims and their families.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

A View From Dumb Lucy's Ghetto

Her tumbledown castle in pitch-black under a starry night.

And she looks at the hallucinogenic sky.

A capricious marriageable star that's burning red

Like her wounded heart.

She dreams that one day someone who comes like a meteor to take her hand
and goes to the paradise?

nimal dunuhinga

A Village Grandpa And The Kind Doctor

'Yes Papa what brought you here'

'I am sick with menses'

' I understand Hemorrhoids'

'No, Women get that kind'

'Certainly Men get menses'

Doctor pacified the old patient!

*Man's mind once stretched by a new idea, never regains its original dimension.

-Oliver Wendell Holmes

nimal dunuhinga

A Virgin Prostitute

She is the Sun in the morning to slums
And the Moon to isolated drunkards at midnight.
But she never get drowns in shallow waters,
Like a courageous mother she advises to the lost souls
And everybody respects her as she still being a virgin.

*If anybody could stone her though she is a prostitute? No as she stills a
Rosebud and her name is Innocence.

nimal dunuhinga

A Waiter Writes A Poem In A French Restaurant

I am only a toothpick that never gets a kiss from your sherry lips.
I am only a serviette Mademoiselle,
You wipe your golden fingers and throw away.
I am only a firefly in your chandelier room of heart
And really I am a fool who cries for the Moon in daylight.

*To the moths where they fly at night and burn with flames.

nimal dunuhinga

A Wanderer's Imprisonment

A painful rhythm of a songbird's timbre
after a somatic somersaults in the nimbus.
The nocturne dragged me to her haunted nest.
I was trapped by her tricky sorrowful voice
and she has tighten me to the twigs
and it will never loosen.
She leaves early in the morning with the flock
and return by twilight to the roost.
I was a prisoner in her shady nest
and my wanderlust almost swept.
All my feathers she had plucked
and allotted a soft pillow to sleep
without any nightmares.
Oh! I am just a fresher in her night university
with all the fundamentals.

To the dainty migratory swallows where they hide in the cloudburst.

nimal dunuhinga

A War Pilot Retired Hurt

He withdraws the mysterious sky
But there is no any place on Earth for him
Because his domicile too destroyed.
He shouted to the gloomy sky
For his fellow Pilots.
'Please do not dropp metal toys
As the children were gone
And no more playgrounds.'

* To Richard Bach for his 'Jonathan Livingston Seagull.'

nimal dunuhinga

A Warrior Hides In The Man

He likes Art.

He likes music.

He loves the love

And stay with the family peacefully.

But he hates the deadly weapon gun

And ambush in the battlefields.

nimal dunuhinga

A Wasp And Myriad Of Flowers!

That cruel wasp strangled
Thousands of tiny flowers
And the whole garden
Turned into a burial ground,
Thank God!
Yet he breathes for another term?

*Nazi camp guard get five years!
John Demjanuk,91 in the killing of 28,000 Jews!
-News

nimal dunuhinga

A Wayfarer Seeks His Ancestors In A Tombless Graveyard

Poverty ornamental brewing soul walks in the Pepper tree lane
And a far away tall chimney carries off smoke to the wistful sky
Like his wistful thinking.
Hardly he got into an omnipotent bus that goes to an unreal destiny.

I would like this to be windswept, if I know the whereabouts of the songbird b?

*[They have pierced my hands and my feet, they have counted all my bones.]

nimal dunuhinga

A Wearied Flower And A Skeletal Bee

'Sorry dear, I came to wipe your tears

Not to suck the nectar.'

Old bee whispered.

'I too must say sorry, Sir.

And it's a surprise to see such a kind bee in an off-season.'

Exploited flower responded.

And the inquisitive Autumn eavesdrops in a garden's corner with a wry smile.

*[Suicide bomber in Sri Lanka kills 13 and wounded several dozen including a government attack attributed to the Tamil Tigers indicates they can still strike far from where they're concerned.]

-Los Angeles Times headline today with a photograph.

nimal dunuhinga

A Wearisome Toothless Crippled Horse In Watercolour

I quit my habitual smoking,
Not that I do not like it or health wise
Because I am not in a position to afford
And I dreamed of my new job in the land of opportunity.
I myself keep on standing nearby a decayed post office as a mail box
And my pale scrappy tongue out as a moisturizer for stamps and envelopes.
Precious time runs like an unicorn and end of the month the weighty rent creeps
like a venomous serpent.
Light, water and gas bills
This and that taps my head like a woodpecker.
What a sad brief sleep and a long non-stop run to earn?
Oh! I am almost tired my dearest
And this 'Work horse' really needs a rest either in a rickety stable.

*I humbly dedicate this poem to all my poet friends and the Attorney-at-law
who appears for my political asylum case.

Postscript

Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in life, the days are no more!
(Alfred, Lord Tennyson[1089-1892])
-Tears, Idle tears-

nimal dunuhinga

A Wedding And A Funeral

She smiled for the first time in her life
at the age of fiftyfive.

Married to a retired postmaster
still he was a bachelor.

On their wedding day not a single relative from both sides

The honeymoon was in a train
they were going to a distant town
on the way he got a heart attack.

Still she is a virgin

and a widow too.

counting her gray hair

and the destiny she leads is not fair.

nimal dunuhinga

A Well Disposed Squire

Among the amber dusky smoke in a twilight
This rare thoughtful gentleman still survives as a bachelor
Who shares with the jobless his bare lands in complaisant.
He provides the necessary for the ploughmen to turn the unkempt earth
and bring harvest in time.
The poultry is look after by country lass
And I am sure one day a wetted country hen would pick the Headmaster's
fragment heart secretly.
Please do not let vamoose the handsome Sun in the romantic sky.

* A humble dedication to my poet friend ck who visited into our gloomy nest lit a
bright & fragrant candle on the Christmas day and conveyed our sincere
gratitude for his generosity.
Thanking you again for your kind attention!

nimal dunuhinga

A Well-Wisher Offered Me A Bicycle!

Dear Friends,
My tumbledown car
Ran to the junk yard!
And a Well-wisher
Offered me a Bicycle!
I start my journey again
Along the gravel roads.
And I changed my resume.
Please do not laugh
And I have submitted my humble application
For the post of Postman with my bike.
That may go to the History
An old Postman with a Bicycle in America!
And I promise you all to deliver New Year greetings
Without any delay,
If everything goes smoothly!

* To the desolated Lion in my dream that requested a poem.

nimal dunuhinga

A Whinny Like A Horse

Like all men he too started running from a certain end.
Even after passing the winning post he continued on running.
And never stopped to obtain his trophy.

*[In the cycle of birth & death do you remember the partaker how many times
you defeated?]

nimal dunuhinga

A Whisper In The Venturesome Pilgrimage

I remember my golden school days.
An attractive girl and her toothy smile.
She gets angry sometimes
When I ask her what toothpaste she prefers.
Perhaps the time brings us to a standstill?
And I became a pupil in the life-school.
She looks after her children with all the burdens.
We met accidentally on a rainy day.
'Hey! You look like a whizz-kid.'
She told me with that toothy smile.
'Thank you Blossom' I replied.
'You still remember my name.'
'How can I forget a fragrant flower? '
'How are your wife and family? '
'I don't have that sort.'
'Still a bachelor? '
'Yes Madam.'
'I am a widow.' She whispered.
Then I felt like the whole world collapsed on me!

nimal dunuhinga

A Whisper In The Weeds

They cut in a hurry for the sport complex
And I hear the silent cry of bleeding weeds.
'Where do we play with little insects
If you extirpate our wild plantation? '

nimal dunuhinga

A Whisper Of A Hush Motif

A vagrant scribbler just completed few lines.
A piece of creative writing and it's expressing
his inner feelings.

The narrator of the poem is a feminine gender
who made a protest quietly
and the poet was shocked simultaneously.

He sees the little woman a featherweight
who stimulates on the lines
and he heard of her whispering.

'Hey! my dear stick-in-the-mud
why you forced me to involve
with this baronet sexless?

Still the idiot expect a virgin baroness.

How could I be a virgin
after sleeping the half of my precious life
with a notorious poet?

nimal dunuhinga

A Wild Flower's Take Off

I hear the woods cry and the stream stops for a while
And fiery birds fly to a distant place.
An isolated boat drifts lazily and the ferryman is nowhere?
I sniff the fragrance of the hidden flower
And I feel someone keeps her in a cruel city.
This rare flower never blooms here again
That I am sure like a Sunset.

*Man! It sounds great. [-The lower depths]

nimal dunuhinga

A Wild Flower's Whisper In Dark Woods

In a moonlit sky stars play hide & seek
and below in the woods a pale colorless flower cries;
' The young they boycotted my birthday party and few Grasshoppers and
Dragonflies visited me without an invitation.
These artless vagabonds do not know at least how to suck nectar?
They hurt me violently and scraped my soft poor petals vigorously.
The culprits disappeared like politicians without leaving me a present.

*Count your age by friends-not years
Count your life by smiles-not tears.
-Old saying

nimal dunuhinga

A Wind Bird Chirps On A Raintree By The Kite Shop

Poor children with their holey pockets
Just come and see only never buy a kite,
And the heavy rains fall.
Kites prefer to rest in the shop
Their entire life as they are scared of the fanatical war planes
Fly in the hopeless sky.

nimal dunuhinga

A Woebegone Bird Watches The Forest Burned!

Where's that silent tall tree
Who gave us shelter free?
My offspring kept in the roost
And I flew early in the morning
To a faraway farmland!
I collected a mouthful of golden seeds for my loved ones
And on my return in the twilight the forest almost burned!
Where's my children's father and all of them burned together?
Fire has extinguished but I found only the ashes.
In the thick smoke among the debris
I sniff their fragrance but the cruel odour of wildfire
Filled my prostrated lungs.
Where do I fly in the hopeless sky and to whom I bring the food hereafter?

*Is there any Establishment not a court in this troubled World a bird could plea
and do they really understand the lament?

nimal dunuhinga

A Woman In Her Sixties

My name is Woo Man
A rare name of the bygone Native.
Isn't it?
My caretaker, sixfooter a liar
And a former reputed Boxer
Who's in the Seventieth milepost
Eloped with a teenager
Like his daughter
In her racing car.
I would like to dance in the Hurricane
And show him that I am not an Icing cake
Really capable to fight still in the Ring
And bring the champion trophy home.

*[The monk Ananda a senior disciple of Buddha once inquired on their way to a certain place when they met a beautiful Woman, 'Sir, What do you think of a Woman? ' 'Great and precious Ananda but an obstacle for our Monastic journey, I smiled with her when we passed that's all but she accompanies with Ananda I think.' The Buddha said. Then he blushed.]

nimal dunuhinga

A Woman In Patchwork

The patchy life goes together
with her monotonous career.
He roams around in the vicinity of her district.
A destitute man of letters who is searching his old publisher friend.
Both souls are mending their decaying lives
and accidentally the fate granted them to know each other.
He wants to darn his trouser
and replace few missing buttons.
She stitched for him and it's free of charge.
He gave her a surety to be her partner forever.
The destiny is almost ahead unpredictable.
By the way this will be the stranger's roost.
How beautiful if it goes on a pleasure journey
with a happy ending like 'once upon a time' story?

To the poetess

nimal dunuhinga

A Wonderful Camera

Secretly,
from your heart-camera
I took few photographs
of your close-ups.
A miracle
you were not there.
It's me
in all the print outs.

nimal dunuhinga

A Writer And His Ink Pad

He tries to collect the hidden picture in the smudged pad.
Oh! A wearied person dipped in a bottle of ink and he attempted to commit
suicide by drowning,
But the bottle is empty.
Then he tries again to behead himself by his old rusty nib.

* I dedicate this to Kawabata Yasunari, Ozamu Dasai & Yukio Mishima the three
selected Japanese novelists and also Ernest Hemingway the American, all of
them committed suicide of frustration.

nimal dunuhinga

A Young Coast Guard Writes To His Eloped Fiancee

I see a far away yacht at sea toss with the mysterious waves
And the red painting of the Western sky fades away.
An old sleepy Queen jumps out from the twilight sky
But I cannot sleep as I am not a King anyway.
I am awake till dawn
And when my reliever comes
Then I'll be off to my lonesome bed.

nimal dunuhinga

A Young Nun Got Down From The Bus At The Nunnery!

I was seated behind her
and I scribbled this in my
note book with a pencil stub.
'When birds sing different tunes
and flowers bloom in different colours
someone murmurs O it's spring!
And the birds flew away
these flowers wither,
scatter in the wind.....?
Same persona cries
O it's damn Autumn! '

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Aborigine Son's Pastel Poem

All the excited immigrants
Hide in Kangaroo pouches
As the Aussie PM
Needs to send them back home?
I write a brief letter to Captain
To find them a nook.

* Last night I dreamed an aborigine graveyard.

nimal dunuhinga

Acrobatics

As Berlin they put up a Paradise Wall
Because the escapees are much more
Than earlier to hell as it seems the standard of living there goes high.
When we sing together myself & Beloved
I noticed the Captain's marveled! '

This year is going to be finished very soon
And I think of the Senior Citizenship.
They say at the age of Sixty five
You're qualified for the Knighthood here!
I dream If I get the oath
With my beloved I do a round trip
Around the fabulous World!
And I'll speak to the Captain of the ship 'Tsunami'
That I go as a working passenger
And my beloved makes tasty soups
As same as spicy foods.
*Also she could sing well
And I do my usual strumming on Banjo!
If Captain asks 'Can you dance? '
I will tell him; Sorry Captain I could do only acrobatics
Which I learned from different politicians! '

nimal dunuhinga

Adam Really Loved Eve; But This Adam Is A Sadist? (Cain Attacked His Brother Abel And Killed Him.)

I read some epitaphs of the new burial grounds:

'I love my mom & dad and kittens too.'

'My plane goes to heaven? '

'And I paint a moustache on my handsome god's face
because the devil has a tough one.'

'Dad I give my water colour paint box to a poor child
who brings nothing for lunch.'

'Mom do not wash my dirty pants
and I wash them when I grow big.'

O that blank tomb without an epitaph?

I took my pencil stub and wrote this:

'If you go straight to North

you see the North Pole

and if you go straight to South

you see the South Pole

but beyond that I don't know? '

*The good shepherd is willing to die for the sheep! -(The New Testament)

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Adultery

One way it's a great sin
an illegal partnership too.
These sleepwalkers drown in their fantasies
entangle with the string of passion.
and how can they let go?
This longing won't be an end
with a marriage or a separation,
unless they adrift uneasy
on the stream of endless suffering?

nimal dunuhinga

After A Goodnight's Sleep

I wake up to the discotheque World.
The stars disappear and the pale moon still hangs in the sky
With a broken smile.
Plump sun comes out like a ripen orange,
I think of the last night's meritorious dream.
Oh! I was a playboy king in the palace's harem
While my smiling queen in a sound sleep after some sedatives.
But the daybreak I am just the janitor who opens & closes the door for my
insomniac Boss's world.

nimal dunuhinga

After The Berlin Wall Demolished

Bereft fragments cry;
'You are not you
And I am not me.
Then who am I?
Only the remnants of the strongest barrier
Once you enclosed.'

nimal dunuhinga

After The War

A songbird on a decayed pole
shivering and woebegone.
nothing remained
everything has turned to dust
except a pauper's inn.
In the darkness
he was searching out of the debris
Alladin's wonderful lamp.

nimal dunuhinga

Ages & Ages This Tall Tower Stands Alone!

[Obamacare is changing the face of American health care for the better — but Republicans are doing everything they can to block, delay, and defund the law. Join the team that's going to fight for Obamacare, and against Republican obstruction.]

Crematorium!
Countless smoke
in circles
you have blown to the barren sky
after cremating the poor corpses?
I touched your peeled brick walls
and What's the secret as still it gives coolness?

['Even death is not to be feared by one who has lived wisely.'
'It is better to travel well than to arrive.']-Buddha

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Aging And The Run Away Adolescence

Fading make up and vanishing lipsticks
Brought her face into reality.
Your beauty is enormous and you covered purposely that
Half of your entire journey?
You are a blossom and nobody could steal you from the garden of life.
That corner bench must be reserved for us it seems
And let's have a sit and we could chat leisurely.
Yes, I come here tomorrow again if time permits?
Time is the most precious thing I remember my brother said once.
If you don't see me around not to be frightened Madam?
Just keep in your kind memory that you have met a pilgrim by accident.

nimal dunuhinga

Alas! Slowly Disappearing Summer?

A weather bird seeks a secured nest
to lay her eggs and the offspring
definitely fly before the next summer?
While whistling the old man peeps
through his shattered window
And he counts like childhood days
How many summers
that he could fly
with his darned wings?

[As outward beauty disappears one must hope it goes in!]-Tennessee Williams

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Alison Here Autumn's Going To Start And Tell Others

Thanks for your kind words
Also Jerry's warmest regards,
My wife too sends her hugs to you all,
Here Autumn is going to start soon and they call fall,
Yellow foliage in jaundiced color.
My wife grumbles that her piggy till's level goes down
As I steal pennies like a magician for my Cuban cigar.
When I was drunk I stammered, 'Darling if we have a Son,
We could have form a musical group named 'The three stooges meet Herculeas.'
I always see your precious garden through your poem paintings,
Does the bard Paddy Martin resides near by?
He too a very nice character found in poetfreak,
So life goes as usual Sun rises and Sets according to the Master's instructions,
Homeless they sleep on the roads here and dream heaven on and off it seems?
Wish that tricky life smile at all with yours,
I buy lotteries and if luck pinches by a mistake
Definitely We jump over the Great Barrier reef
And see you all without an invitation!
Take care and good luck!
Let's smile together until the hardest breath crawls,
with best regards,
fondly,

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

All My Friends Were Scattered In The Geographical Map?

["Don't walk behind me; I may not lead. Don't walk in front of me; I may not follow. Just walk beside me and be my friend."]? Albert Camus

History book
yawns in the freezing cold
Geography book
quite a sleep.
An Unknown Professor wipes
the thick glasses
of the whistling kettle's steam.
Warmongers scared
if the snow continues
the rage war could be standstill?
I sip my nightcap
beloved knits a booty
for her friend's newborn son.
I too think of a child.....?
And all of a sudden
I fly to my old thatched school
O the beautiful starry-eyed history teacher
the long hair touched her buttocks.
a frozen statue in the class
and I searched my Mango friends
all were scattered in the Geographical map?

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

All The Four Queens And Kings

The queens in the playing cards pack
Grumble for their powerless kings.
The Master of gambler re-shuffles the pack
And like puppets they go here and there.
Shrewd Jacks hide somewhere.
When the trump card turns,
Poor man loses his pocket.
He never gets a chance,
Win the queen of hearts and back home?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Am I A Father Under Alien American Skies?

I met her the Manageress of my apartment in the laundry room
And she wished me ' A Happy father's day.'
I said thanks Madam and I am washing my old sins.'
Then only I realised that I am a father.
Though my beloved wife besides me all the time
Where are they now my affectionate daughters?
Elder struggles in Australia and the other in Sri Lanka
With their loved ones.
Oh! I am just a skinny nonchalant actor in the twentieth-century drama
But all the dialogues forgotten and good for nothing as I am old now.

* 'Don't forget there are two ways of being of yourself.....
You can either show the straightforward picture or else what is called the
negative? '
'Peer Gynt'- Henrik.Ibsen

nimal dunuhinga

An Adult And An Unforgettable Summer

Gentle wind blows
And weak leaves fall
Autumn peeps overall.
He gazed at a far away kite
That idles in the Western sky.
Oh! It's like his bygone summer
Gone with the wind quicker.
The same wind comes again
And where do you want to take him now?
His grandson draws a red kite in a pale blue sky with pastels
While sitting on the threshold.
It's almost an unforgettable summer
And his faintly kite never seen forever.

* I humbly dedicate this poem to the 9/11 innocent victims and their weeping families.

nimal dunuhinga

An Aged Woman Poses In Front Of A Shattered Mirror?

The rusty pincers she holds
With shivering fingers
And she plucks her grey hair
Here & there
She noticed in the eye brows too
few appears?
Dark rings below the eyes
And wrinkles on her forehead.
She smiles with the mirror
And mutters; 'No change at all the secret smile
But what happened to my youthful Elasticity? '
She realized for the first time in her life
That mirrors too speak sometimes?
'Madam! I am there with you
even in your fleeing beauty? '

*[God made woman from man's rib-not from his head to top him, nor from his feet to be walked upon, but from his side to be his partner in life, from under his arm to be protected by him, and near his heart to be loved by him.]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Ageless Poppy Grows In Afghan Soil

I want to bloom freely in the meadow
But from the serene sky a rain of bombs
And the other side fundamental taboos.
Oh! I am so unfortunate flower uneasy to meet
An understanding black hornet.

* When these rare species set free?

nimal dunuhinga

An Apology

Oh! My beautiful naked fragrant flower
An off-season for me this Summer.
I am sorry as this old wearied bee
Rests on a pepper tree,
It's allergy the pollen
And I am scared of hay fever.

nimal dunuhinga

An Application To The Whitehouse!

Sir! ,

Being given to understand that there are some openings arises in your honoured environment!

For the elders?

Herewith I submit my humble application for the same for your kind perusal.

I am Nimal and my beloved is Manel.

I am just passing at 61

and she's 58.

She cooks any type of food

and holding a Diploma for Cookery!

I am good for nothing

Just an old Pen-pusher?

But I love pets and specially dogs!

If you offer me the job to look after them

I 'll do it to the best of my knowledge Sir!

And I would like you to mention that our 40th wedding anniversary is getting closer and by the grace of God if selected us for this rare opportunity

We could have arrange our humble party there if permits?

I was a Seafarer for 15 years and a good painter too!

By the way I could have done some patchwork if possible?

Thanking you Sir in anticipation of a kind and a favorable reply,

With best regards,

Yours most obediently,

nimal dunuhinga

Postscript

In the event of my being selected to your honoured Establishment, I assure you of my loyalty, hardworking, dependability and dedication to services in the manner that would uphold the good name of your reputed Humanity Sir!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Athlete And A Tennis Player

They met finally and she's a sportswoman it seems

And he asked; ' Are you an athlete? '

'Sorry Honey, I never ran even in a dream

And you must be a Tennis player.' She replied.

'You have mistaken dear and these Tennis shoes I borrowed from a friend of mine.' He explained.

'That's fine and let's start running and we must be punctual at the trail of mysterious destiny.' She murmured like a singsong.

nimal dunuhinga

An Autumnal Frenzied Dream!

'Hey! Chum leave that sleepless graveyard shift
You are too old now and you said that you have the guard License?
Let's go to a Ghost Town and there's a project of Gold mining.
They hurriedly search for Security guards and offer a handsome salary
And much more benefits with a health insurance?
You get an opportunity to cure your nagging Sciatica too!
By the way secretly you can collect gold dust! '
The dark fellow murmured like a ghost
And I saw his upper golden denture that glitters!
In the morning I told my beloved wife
That I have an idea to work in a Gold mine.
Then she said; 'O No you are allergy to gold
That's why our jewelry still remain in the pawn shop
And not yet redeemed? '
And she cried secretly.

nimal dunuhinga

An Elegy

During my short stay in Japan,
Winter started and my heart covered with snow.
Her spontaneous smile
dragged me to the restaurant 'Sakura' everyday.
I asked her name and she replied 'uchi'
We came to know each other very soon
and it leads to a massive bond.
'I am already married and having children'
Then she says 'I am an orphan'.
We cannot say goodbye now
but my days are very less I explained.
My family is waiting for me
I must go back home.
This won't be a farewell I just lied her.
It's a big lie; bigger than Mount Fuji.
I know that I never get an opportunity to see her again.
I am always guilty when I pass frequently
the orphanage in our road.
My wife grumbles; no commas & full stops at all.
'why you so moody these days? '
Then I lie her to pacify.
It's a big lie; bigger than everything.
'I am thinking of our future'.
Then she smiles very innocently.

nimal dunuhinga

An English Professor's Dog Writes A Poem In Its Kennel

I don't know English much
Except few Yiddish,
My educated Master eats all the flesh
And throw me the bones.

* To Alison & Jerry

nimal dunuhinga

An English Rose

I thought that you do not bear thorns
But it's sharper than other roses.
An immigrant butterfly's heart is delicate
And please do not hurt the visitor.

*To my poet friends Tai chi Italy, Denis, Duncan and Roy.

nimal dunuhinga

An Epitaph!

An Epitaph!
Brother Soldier!
Please convert your heavy machine gun
Into a soft guitar!
Let it be Maple, Red Oak,
Mahogany or Brazilian Rosewood
Anyway that rhythm should
Touch my wounded heart!

*for Paddy Martin in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

An Error

A letter has come from a Pet hospital.
It's critical for Nimal to receive vaccinations.
Our records show Nimal is overdue for a vaccination
Against the following disease:
'Leptospirosis'.
I replied them:
'This is a grave error,
My pet son Marco most probably lives in heaven
If I am not mistaken.
If you have any vaccination against retaliation/discrimination?
I am ready for that my dear Veterinary Surgeon.'

*I fought against the obstacles
But I am scared now,
Even to walk under the barren sky
Perhaps it could be collapsed?

nimal dunuhinga

An Essay Or A Simple Biography Of Yukio Mishima To Please My Brother Lalith!

First of all I must so grateful to my brother
Who introduced me the greatest Japanese Novelist!
Remeber you yelled at me ' Read his The sea of fertility, a cycle of four novels
and his tetralogy, 'Spring Snow, Runaway Horses, The temple of dawn and The
decay of Angel.'
Sorry brother I have a small volume of second hand books
And I couldn't find those?
I work as a Graveyard shift Cashier for a convenient store
From 1155PM to 700 AM!
And my beloved leaves in the morning for a Montessori
And struggles there with kids!
We're two slow trains of the opposite tracks in the life shuttle?
I do scribbling in my whole life.
I bought his short novel recently from a junk book shop
'The sound of Waves' set in a remote village in Japan
It tells of Shinji, a young fisherman
And Hatsue the beautiful daughter of the wealthiest man in the village.
I promise you to finish this book and I remember you told
'Mishima committed seppuku(ritual suicide)
At the age of 45!

nimal dunuhinga

An Even Keel Vessel Goes Run Aground In The Ocean Of Life!

My dear Son,
It's nice to hear
That you're a Skipper of a small craft!
Your poor old Grandma & Grandpa proud of that.
Be careful Sonny!
Ocean is vast & mysterious
And bottomless.
But there are some places you find shallow waters.
Obey & respect the rules of the road!
Yes, Mermaids are beautiful
But do not get tempted
And if you steer your course off the given route
into shallow waters definitely your ship goes run aground!
Be alert of the warning buoys
And give a friendly smile to mermaids.
Yes, they are beautiful
And I too love them
But they are belong to sea
And don't forget that you have lot of friends ashore!

*Humbly to our grandson Siluna!
Today is our 38th Wedding Anniversary and you're in the Indian Ocean and We're
in Atlantic,
Oceans are apart!

nimal dunuhinga

An Evening At The Coffee House Nearby Fishery!

Old Mahogany Grandfather clock here
Struck to say it's exactly seven!
Rusty wind peeps through the broken windows
That's really nauseous,
Faraway tossing boats
And in the deep sea Sun dips
without a Life-jacket?
Seagulls rest on the breakwater
And a vibrating song echoes of Louis Armstrong's
'O what a wonderful World and dark sacred nights'
Shrunk golden tea leaves struggle
To give their taste of Paradise
But they're frustrated it seems
As the tiny coffee beans brewed
And mesmerized the strange customers
Providing their bitter taste of oblique life?
On his way home,
A drunken poor sailor
Stopped for a while
And he offers a citation ticket
for his twelve ounce cup of coffee
and a Doughnut?
Midnight!
It's totally dark here
without the unlit Lighthouse?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Evening In A Solitary Park

The rusty padlock cries at the gate.

'Oh! It's almost closed.'

'Fortunate lovers sat a long time here and they were gone somewhere hand-in-hand.'

Lopsided rickety bench grumbles.

The motionless swing whispers' The children were already grown ups in full swing.'

The withered fallen leaves were helpless in the violent storm and it reminds me the sojourn in the mysterious life.

* Dedication to.....my poet friends Sandra, Alison, Jerry, Amanda, Angie, Delilah, Dave, Denis, Duncan, Emma, George, Linda, Max, Nick, Patricia, Raynette, Roy and rest of all in the site.

nimal dunuhinga

An Evening; Someone With A Painting At A Seaside

[At the foot of a Lighthouse one finds darkness.]-Spanish Proverb

When the evening star twinkles
in the purple sky
He takes his brush
and paints her secret eyes.
But the eyes seek another face
beyond the skies?
When the fishing boats toss in the deep sea
He sketches her uneasy heart
that departs from his sacred port?
And when the birds fly to their roosts
He too takes his satchel and gets ready
to go back to his old lonely hut.
He watches in the twilight sky
faraway a sad star burns in the colour of Red!
Like his weeping soul.
O those foot prints on the beach
wash away by the rough waves
and the darkness fall!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Honest Plea From A Scribbler To Survive

Time has come to beg it seems

And I am sorry that I do not know the know-how.

Poor wife and myself entangled in a political asylum case here.

Money! Money! Money! Dogs never sniff that I know but I need a lump some for the Solicitor who look after us.

I have altogether 800 scribblings the only wealth I own

And if a philanthropist would like to have a kind word with me,

Herewith I submit my curriculum-vitae please.

inga

1836, Lane, Apt.#8.

Anaheim,

Ca.92804-6944

E-mail nimalkavi2003@

mobile phone # (714) 224-6987

* I am sorry my dear poet friends this is not a propaganda but a true yelp from a human-dog.

nimal dunuhinga

An Honest Tree

No restrictions dear friends!
And I breath all sort of air
From North, East, West & South.
That's why my fruits are so tasty
And please do not call them as illegitimate children!
I can whistle a Beethoven's great tune
But never play an instrument.

*(From an old prostitute's diary)

nimal dunuhinga

An Icebound Harbor

My aimless ship drifts on the frozen Ocean of life
Around this abandon Harbor
Though I use my foghorn,
There's no way to drop my rusty anchor!
Faraway icecap on the mountain top
Brings me the nostalgia of my poor Mom's icebag
Who puts on my head like a crown
For the high fever when I was a child.

* The soul would have no rainbow if the eye had no tear.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

An Immigrant Butterfly Cries!

[Those who love deeply never grow old; they may die of old age, but they die young.]-Sir Arthur Wing Pinero

Sky is high
And I sigh
the barriers like
clouds above
pass away,
I look down
the Earth
Barbed-wire fences
not uprooted
I touched
and understood
not really flowers
sharp thorns
that may pierce
my soft wings?

To the professors Alejandro Portes & Ruben ut for their precious book 'A Portrait
Immigrant America'

nimal dunuhinga

An Inkling Of A Stranger

The mysterious whisper since a long time
Turned into a conversation.
She appears in a transparent gown
And introduced herself;
'I am Edeath your friendly enemy,
Still a virgin and I give you a specific time.
Sorry, I have to carry out orders from the top
But we are friends tyrannical.

*[I dedicate this poem to the journalist Amantha Perera for his great article was published in the recent Time magazine.'Postcard: Jaffna. After decades of civil war between the Tamil Tigers and the Sri Lankan Army, one road connecting north and south has finally reopened. Scars from the past more than 25 years of conflict has left its mark on the city of Jaffna.']

nimal dunuhinga

An Inner Cry

The day started with a smile and I thought it will remain forever
but nothing is certain in this life.

I saw in the mirror my hair turns gray, a front tooth loosened
which cannot grip anything.

Hearing too very weak and doctor prescribed me glasses for cataract.

Oh! it's really funny now I see things better than earlier.

Everybody has changed and they all are running behind something
but nobody knows their goal.

new currency notes and coins twinkling like stars
and the banks open day & night to secure them.

Those who doesn't have accounts waiting for what?

They too feel hungry and run here and there
even not knowing their blood group.

paper says the petrol price has increased again
and it doesn't make any difference to me
as I walk all the time.

Today the topic is our children, already grown ups, married and settled down in
overseas.

we are waiting for what?

at least to see them once before we die,

but they grumble always

no leisure time to visit us.

banks open day & night; people rush

what is this unnecessary stress?

Myself and wife both of us waiting hand-in-hand

looking to the infinity with a smile and inner cry

for a better world without any barriers and boundaries; if little more Oxygen.?

nimal dunuhinga

An Innocent's Marriage

The parents chosen him a bride from a remote village.
Like his next door tailor friend
he thinks the measurements of her bust, waist and hips.
He inquires his mother' Mom! does she loves me forever?
Or she stay with us two to three days and may grumbles
that she wants to go back home.
Mom! if she goes then I too go with her
as I cannot stay alone'.
'Don't worry my son she will stay here forever'
mother is pacifying him.
'Mom! I am not going to sleep with her
and I tell her Jack and Jill rhyme until she goes to sleep
then I 'll come back to y I am scared'.
'Then what's the purpose of bringing her here? '.
mother replied.
'She will help to my poor mom I am sure and in a free time
I'll take her to the park and we can go in the merry-go-round'.

nimal dunuhinga

An Insipid Nameable Person

What a memorable character is he?
He uses all the name-brands
And never search for cheaper ones.
He eats solid gold and shits scattered quicksilver.
He drinks the most expensive liquor in the world
And urinates strong acids.
He never touches the earth
And sidesteps one foot above.

nimal dunuhinga

An Interesting Interview

I was called for an interview in a Liquor store.
The Boss is short and stout
And a big Cuban cigar in his mouth.
He spat and started the conversation.
'This is a mop and you must handle it very carefully
As it's like a delicate woman, if you grab tightly
You get bad results and be careful at all.'
He gave me the mop and I mopped a certain area.
Then he smiled;
'What do you think of my smile? '
'Really that resembles me hill.'
'Not Hitler? '
'Perhaps if that typical mustache pasted? '
'I hope that we can work together, you drink? '
'Only when my pocket happy and sounds.'
'All right, I'll call you soon before the Christmas season.'
My old sleigh skidded in the Snow-White dream.

* To all my friends in the site.

nimal dunuhinga

An Interview

I was called for an interview
For the position of Dental Assistant.
It's really funny on that particular night
I dreamed that I punched some President
On his face in an unknown country
And his Molars were broken.
I was scared at the interview
And the Doctor smiled of his pure white denture
That resembles the dream President?

nimal dunuhinga

An Interview For Hangman

'Yes, your qualifications are more than enough,
But you have skipped purposely the mandatory question.
What is your religion? '

He said; 'Humanism'

'There is no religion called on such 'ism'.

'Yes, it's everywhere but nobody aware.'

'Sorry & So and we cannot offer you the job unless you fill one of the religions.'

'Then you write down, favoritism Sir.

And I have a dilemma perhaps you may have an answer in your heavy books.

When a person dies if he requests the life once again? '

* I dedicate this poem to my friend the silent songster Denis Joe.

[You conjure a poignant observation of hypocrisy and prejudice which is present in any ism. I especially enjoyed the line of questioning 'ism 'and the arrival of favoritism which is the prevalent ingredient of predominance. History and religion is written and exercised by the victors. You my perspicuous friend are truly a Sage. Your friend, George]

nimal dunuhinga

An Invitation To Warlords From A Songbird

Hey! That boasting new year has come again
And I hear a rare bird-song from a tree-top.

'My little ones sleep in the nest quietly
But they are scared of bombings.
Please try to stop at least in this leap year.
My birthday falls on February twenty ninth
And I celebrate once in four years.
Leave all the rubbish weapons aside that kill the humanity.
I invite you all without any hesitation,
Sir, I hope that you bring the true peace for my humble party.'

* Do they come for the party?

nimal dunuhinga

An Iris

[The Good Person of Szechwan (German: Der gute Mensch von Sezuan, first translated less literally as The Good Woman of Szechwan) is a play written by the German theatre practitioner Bertolt Brecht, in collaboration with Margarete Steffin and Ruth Berlau. The play was begun in 1938 but not completed until 1943, while the author was in exile in the United States. It was first performed in 1943 at the Zürich Schauspielhaus in Switzerland, with a musical score and songs by Swiss composer Huldreich Georg Frü, Paul Dessau's composition of the songs from 1947-48, also authorized by Brecht, is the better known version. The play is an example of Brecht's 'non-Aristotelian drama', a dramatic form intended to be staged with the methods of epic theatre. The play is a parable set in the Chinese 'city of Sichuan'.

I write on your soft petal;
'Dear, inside and outside
it's really painful the life.'
And I remember you whispered;
' Hide in me and I try to
minimize your irksome feelings.'

for Bertolt Brecht!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

An Isolated Shack Beside The Railroad

Only after the last night's train passed
They get a proper sleep on the cracked floor?
And children get up early in the morning
to the train's annoyed hooting!
But none of them go to school
As the infectious rats were eaten
Their tattered certificates of birth?
Unlettered father and sympathetic mother
pacify them that they have planned
One day to go on a train journey
Somewhere around hill side
Where the diamond mountains touch
The sky & Heaven!
In their sugary dreams near by dawn
Children see the train goes faster
Passing the skyscrapers in the city.
And one pulled the chain merrily.
Train stopped and they woke up.
O they observed the barren sky
Through their holey thatched roof!
Rich trains go in the right time as usual
with the rowdy hoot!
And the shearing skinny children never grumble on picnics
Poor parents too won't discuss the planned trip often
Ultimately all in the shack got used to the life's boring excursion?

[Remember the Econ-teacher once asked me about the restricted word
'Exploitation' in a college I replied; 'Who's stolen the poor man's wealth and
deposited in Swiss Banks?]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Oblique Cashier And The Stagnant Cash Register!

Hey! There's no any difference to be seen between us
You count and I keep someone's money,
Remind yourself that a cashier never holds a register in his life time
And the register never owns money.
Now I see the the slight difference,
You breath and I am lifeless.
When we retire one day
I'll be a rusty box and you turn into ashes in a crematorium
Or eaten by worms in a burial ground?
Then both of us lifeless and some other lunatic counts that dirty money?

To my old friend the English Teacher JVL in gratitude!

*Imagination is more important than knowledge.

-Albert Einstein

nimal dunuhinga

An Obvious Painting

If I could be a miniature painting in the gloomy sky above the evening star?
Through the dusk that scene you may watch from your halcyon cottage.
Then definitely you will shout 'Hey! There is a new star in the constellation'.
And all of your family members come out and see that without blinking.
When the dew drops scatter in the new dawn the star begins to pallid gradually.
And that never comes again to the sky.
Then you will utter with a cry 'Hey! It could be a dream'.

* How do you have dreams my dear in this laborious wakeful life?

To my dear friend O'Driscoll who lives in Liverpool.

nimal dunuhinga

An October Dream With A Native!

*Cher

Of course Cher had the hit Half-Breed (it was her second number one hit as a solo artist) and if you were alive back then and had a pulse, you remember Cher sitting on the horse singing the song on The Sonny & Cher Comedy Hour back in 1973. You can still see the video on YouTube.

I had forgotten what a knock out she was back then.

Cher's father was Armenian and her mother was of Cherokee, English and French descent.

Wearied woman
who pushes the Apple Cart
at the hill and she resembles *Cher.
When I said that I would like
to give her hand
She said; 'No, thanks! '
She's strong
probably a Native
and passed me an Apple!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

An Ode For A Friend's Departure

It was a Sunset and the darkness gathered gradually
But I saw the same Sun in the pale sky they call it Moon.
My dear friend where are you now?
Your boisterous smile really it's a song without words
Like a murmur on a string of a precious Cello that haunts me frequently.
In this dangerous Gambling I reshuffle the tricky card pack
And still you shine like a hidden trump card in a corner.
My dearest friend just give me an impression of your lonely whereabouts where
the darkness exists forever?

(I dedicate this poem to my deceased friend *iriwardane who drowned in a
solitary Lagoon.)

nimal dunuhinga

An Odor From Cut Grass

Among the withered grass
Poor Grasshopper struggles to fly
But the Lawnmower has borrowed
Her tiny wings without her willingness!
And I whisper to her of the catalepsy;
'Dear Hopper I too jumped so many hurdles in the past
But these feeble bony fingers won't grip
Even an ant now and how could I help you?
I feel your nagging pain and see the deep wound
We both are in the same capsized boat.
Your helpless chirp and my melancholy song
Never reach above and even though they hear
They do not like that friendly bargain.
Are you going to stop, please don't?
And we continue our fight
Until our fragile heart
Changes its usual beat! '

*Life is not measured by the number of breaths we take, but by the moments
that take our breath away.' -George Carlin

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Bee In Retrospect Among The Fresh Flowers?

['I had three chairs in my house; One for solitude, two for friendship and three for company.']-Henry David Thoreau

Is this the same old garden?
But a juvenile gardener
watches there
and variety of fragrant flowers!
I am just an old guest
with this tattered satin coat
and they do not pay any respect?
I remember the bygone days
How Roses were shivered
When I hummed and roamed around
And Daisies humbly worshiped
when my strong wings fluttered.
O the old age is sad & wearied
and nobody wants to pass a friendly smile
withered flowers too quiet and don't know why?
Anyway, I do not keep any grudges
That I can promise though you ignored?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Clock Tower Beside A Park

I am stagnant here and you don't believe,
My feeble hands won't move anymore
As the machine has stolen, sorry
I cannot give you the right time.
Alas! You choose the digital watches.
Nobody wants to paint and repair me
And I remember the colonial days here
Lovers meet & depart with thousands of promises!
But none comes nowadays except a friendly beggar
Who counts his till, a nightcap with a scanty meal
And I hear he groans like a bull!

* Heaven lies about us in our infancy.
-Alphonse tine

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Fashioned Horse In A Modern Racecourse

I choose my destination
But someone interrupts
And they ask where do you go on vacation?
I say sorry my dear, the word 'vacation' has disappeared
since a long time in my notepad.
And this working horse gallops out of the track
So never reach the goal it seems.
Even I do not have a leisure time to replace my wearied horseshoes.
Someone interrupts!

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Florist Still In His Bachelor Status

'You are almost forgotten to collect us sir,
I see the shinning town and I too like to give my rare fragrance to poor souls,
Anyway this is not a complaint but a kind request.' A wild flower begs in teary
eyes.

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Henchman Of A Leading Politician Who Sings In An Underground Bar!

You can request any song
from ancient cowboy singer
to modern soprano.
When he's drunk
You can hear the strong speeches
from Hitler to Polpot & Idi Amin
And rest of all?
After sometimes he weeps
Then he mimics of all over the World
Bygone innocent Presidents
Until the Manager drags him out
from his neck?

to my school days brotherly friend Rufus Rajanathan(Sammy Davis)
who resides in New Zealand now as a Chartered Accountant if I am not mistaken,
he has published a book regarding the cruel ethnic violence in our country(with a
historical background)we never had any misunderstandings though he's
Tamil because we believed the real humanity!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Lion Sleeps

In a Zoo African Lion's vacant cage was opened
And a notorious drunkard jumped in and locked the door.
He was fast asleep and groaning.
A passerby said; 'The lazy Lion's roar like a groan of a human being
And it's very strange as no tufted tail and shaggy mane to be seen? '

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Man Walks With A Long Resume?

Melting Snow

Life flows.....!

Still the patchy lungs
absorb the bitter air?

I think of dainty flowers
and last year's butterflies.

I look into the sky
clouds float to Heaven
on dapple grey horses
and I look down

an old man walks
with a long resume
some vacancies
in a faraway graveyard?

to the poet Edgar Lee Masters for his 'Spoon River Anthology'.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Peacock Meets A Crow In A Cuckoo's Wedding

'Hello! Brother we met after a long time.

Isn't it? ' Peacock greeted.

Then the crow said; 'Certainly, do you remember when we met last time at one eyed scavenger's funeral.'

'Oh! You have a good memory,

He drowned in the Mayor's sewage line if I am not mistaken.

What's going on in your proud city limits? ' Peacock gossiped.

'As usual, We get a scanty meal in the garbage bins on their pay days only.'

Crow replied.

Cuckoo introduced his bride to old Peacock.

Then crow interrupted; 'She is my niece.'

Peacocks, Crows and Cuckoos sing the national anthem when the chief guest its Minister of Health who arrives with his bodyguards.

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Promise Of My Friend

One of my friends a documentary film maker
Who promised me to give a role in his latest film.
The saga of an uprooted family live in a remote village
And I am their great grand father.
My photograph with a lame horse was hanged on the wall
That remained in the entire film.
At the end of the movie,
The camera focused on me a close up
And they found tears in my eyes.
I was the nominee for the best supporting actor.

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Talisman

This is an ancestral object from my great grandfathers and it goes as inheritance.
They wore for a better fortune but they all lost their wars and the horses died in
vain.

These crucial wars never stopped.

Very seldom I used to wear this and hide in the turtleneck.

Yes, a harmless war and I stick to myself.

But it's very hard to control.

Mind looks like a sticking plaster.

This talisman won't reacts for my stillborn yearning

And the both I buried in the isolated garden of old love.

To my poet friend e

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Tree Listens To The Tumult Of Distant Storms?

'And the days are not full enough
And the nights are not full enough
And life slips by like a field mouse
Not shaking the grass.'

-Ezra Pound, American, 1885-1972

That flamboyant tree
gave us shade,
Remember once
Under the burning Sun.
But now the branches
fall often?
Flowers never bloom,
So how do you expect
sweet fruits?
Birds changed their usual route
for better orchards.
And the hollow tree shivers
even to a small drizzle.
Though the tree dreams of a refuge
unless the friendly termites
does anybody interests of an old barren tree?

to my West bengal poet friend Pranab!

nimal dunuhinga

An Old Wine Grower

He became a ghost after he died
and goes to the every president
like a Santa Claus and he keeps a gift
at their door steps.

A hamper to each of different wines
once you drink never sleeps.

Then all the rulers can see what is happening
in this world.

nimal dunuhinga

An Onlooker, Mist And The Mountain

'I touch you and feel that you're great! .'

Mist whispers.

'It's very smooth your kiss

And I love you!

But you float

And I am stagnant.'

Mountain cries.

'I know the sadness

That touch my heart

And she never betrays me.'

The spectator smiles.

nimal dunuhinga

An Open Letter To The Cricket Board If It Still Exists

You must arrange a triangular cricket tournament
In between India, Pakistan and Sri Lanka in lankan grounds
And must be fair umpires to be present to catch the shy bowler.

*Dedication to my poet friend Jerry Hughes

nimal dunuhinga

An Orphan Girl Who Writes To Santa!

Uncle Santa!

I dreamed last night

You parked the sleigh

at the pavement

where I slept and whispered

to my ears what I want for Christmas?

Yes, my doll has no eyes

That I picked from a garbage bin last Christmas

and she wants me to tell you that she likes

to have a brother who could look for her

missing father & mother?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

An Uncertified Wrestler

As a brown pelican dives for its food
She jumps to the road,
Late in the evening.
Street lights know her whereabouts
And the each brick of the cobbled street
feel her gravity.
She has many stories for her clients
And she knows the fake notes well.
Please do not play with her and bargain the trade
As she's a respectable woman of this uppish World.
Why they so hurry about her certificate of birth
Anybody offers her a better job?
Call by her given name and that's enough.

* Dedication to all my poet friends!

nimal dunuhinga

An Uncle From Philadelphia

I was so upset after reading this fancy letter from an unknown.
Hey! Pen pusher you have an uncle here,
Perhaps you have no idea.
Never mind, I have a large graphite mine
And the old Foreman leaves soon.
I am sure that you can handle this task.
Don't get frighten son
Come and see me soon.
I am good-for-nothing
And waiting for my termination.
It's a gymkhana sonny and here's my address,
Philadelphia.

nimal dunuhinga

An Undeniable Letter To A Farrier Who Lives In A Remote Village

Dear Smith,

My stallion is ready for the grand race and I promised him to buy new shoes.

That should be durable and not fashionable.

I want you to explain my situation dear,

I have a holey wallet in that never remains the colored notes.

My Windmill is very familiar with the racecourse and I am sure he would bring the prize home, this is a humble requirement and invitation from a forgotten old friend.

sincerely,

The lame jockey Surmise.

*Postscript

I hope you still collect the old coins and I have few silver that I can polish for broken door is open at all for my drunkard old friends.

nimal dunuhinga

An Undernourished Rusty Nail And A Giant Ball Hammer

'Please give me a mild beat brother
As I have a slight head ache since in the morning.'
Nail begged.

'I am sorry my dear
As this ruthless carpenter
Forced me to hit hard.'
Hammer stammered.

*To the poorest who struggle with life day & night.

nimal dunuhinga

An Unforgettable Blossom

If you bloom at the razor's edge,
Then I have to get ready for the war my dearest.
If I die in the battlefield,
Please bury me in an unknown lover's graveyard.

* A young recruit scribbles on the rifle butt while resting in a campsite.

nimal dunuhinga

An Unorthodox Bird Soars In The Gloomy Fundamental Sky

My intimate friend flies so high
And I watch,
Sitting on my rickety bench.
The thuggery henchmen of the prominent gangster in the World
Laid a net and my bird friend was caught.
Oh! What's all these unnecessary pinching
And the puzzling Worksheet?
Who does the filling in the blanks
As my poor friend never been to a school.
Questionnaire on the settee table and they all seated on the sofa.
Full name, Nick name, Father's & Mother's name and their ancestors, Age and
date of birth; is it legitimate? , Have you been to any radical countries within last
five years? , Pedigree and the Religion et cetera, Are you a member to any
society those who boasts of freedom of expression?
'Hey! This is a forged Passport and it's already expired and the photo not shows a
bird and it's a stray dog.'
At last they found underneath her tattered wings
Oh! This poor gangrene poet's scribbling.
' Learn my friend, When you're in Rome do as a Roman do
But please do not hit below the belt,
When the gossamer life smiles with you; smile with her
But when she cries do not cry and please leave her aside
Sing a song louder from your heart as a Mockingbird.'

*I dedicate this poem to Henry Valentine Miller for his semi-autobiographical
novel 'Tropic of Capricorn'.

nimal dunuhinga

An Unorthodox Fox And A Country Pullet!

He waits at the barbed wire fence
And murmurs;
'I am a black sheep as I never touch meat.'
The young hen loves this adolescent very much
And she cries;
'I promise to come with you one day
When Madam opens the padlock
But please do not betray me
As I am a puritan! '

nimal dunuhinga

An Unpleasant Incident

Two days ago we found
a cat has delivered her two
new born kittens on the cement floor
in our building.

The day was very cold
and a friend of mine
made a card-board box
for them to secure.

Today I saw the worst and unpleasant thing
in my life.

My own eyes couldn't believe
This ferocious mother cat was breast feeding one
and the other was half eaten,
only two legs and the small tail remained
Oh! what a catastrophe is this?

I thought a blind is fortunate than me.

Luckily my poor mother who was gone earlier
without seeing such a heartbreak.

The buddha must have seen a similar incident.

That's why he was frustrated
and left everything for a perfect bliss?

nimal dunuhinga

An Untimely Death Of A Flower Bud

A rare fragrance in the garden
and a passer-by wasp in the vicinity
never trustworthy,
heard the poor virgin flower's whispering anthem.
The cruel honey eater never miss a chance.
With his coaxing manner
approached her.
She cannot cry or shout as she was mesmerized
and prostrated helplessly.
The following morning
a kind bee found her soft petals were scattered
all over the ground.

Dedication to all the victims who were suffered in concentration camps.
My special features Anne Frank & Etty Hillstorm for their literary prodigy of the diaries.

nimal dunuhinga

Anchovy

Hey! Master you fish in a wrong location
And your bait fits for sharks.
I do not have such a big mouth to swallow your piece of cake.
Start your engine please and find another place.

*To my Iranian Boss who fish in troubled waters nowadays.
And just now who laid off me.

nimal dunuhinga

And Fester Elm Tree Laments In Solitude

My little twitter birds I am so sorry as I cannot give you shelter anymore.
The autumn comes stealthily with strong winds,
Of course! It takes my innocent withered leaves away.
Winter in camouflage; sniffs the green light like a polar bear.
I'll guide you to a better place where the kids college stands.
They start a new program in the musical theatre it seems.
Enjoy the exciting world of dance
And please do not miss this jump opportunity.
You'll learn more songs and when spring comes
You could sing the mysterious song of life rhythmically in rival.

*I dedicate this poem in gratitude to West Virginian Nightingale
before the music ends....Sandra.

nimal dunuhinga

And He Found Himself At The Mysterious Theater

Along this zigzag journey ups and downs it seems
On the way he kicks the stones
Probably gems and who knows?
He always carries a new hope in his holey pocket
And one day in his dream he found himself but it's too late
As the clock has stopped in front of the last mile post.
No make-ups and no more rehearsals hereafter
And your role is done my dear Wayfarer!
Do you hear the bell rings and the opaque curtain goes down?

nimal dunuhinga

And He Says Not A Single Smile From Her?

Mountains struggle to hold the passing clouds
Broken ladder steps prefer dwarfs not giants.
And the beautiful girls search handsome lads
But not the old boys?
Sky likes the Earth,
But Earth knows the vast distance in between them.
And he says not a single smile from her
Life's almost a drought?

[A fresher who submits his first poem to the Annual poetry competition in the University.]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

And He Still Struggles To Be A White Collar Worker!

*Scapegoating is the practice of singling out any party for unmerited negative treatment or blame.[1] A scapegoat may be a child, employee, peer, ethnic or religious group, or country. A whipping boy or 'fall guy' is a form of scapegoat

When Sun goes down lazily
Moon peeps in teenage looking
With the stars merrily!
Another day's end
And he comes home along the Zig Zag road
After sweeping the Warehouse.
He looks tired and sees the crescent Moon on her birthday
in the transparent sky!
He imagines when she blooms as a Full Moon
His promotion would be all right
As a Senior Warehouse Supervisor!
How many setting Suns and Full Moons
Poor guy has seen for the last twenty five years
On his way back home?
Yet, He's a *Scapegoat in the life's smouldering factory!

To that great Lady her name is Woman! Once I met a Trade Unionist's humble wife she told in a sad mood; 'My honest husband lost his job after the prolonged strike in the Bank, but still it's open and people change money there some deposits for future prospects and we're left behind with the old wallet full of bronze pennies make a melancholy singsong? '

nimal dunuhinga

And Her Going Away That Never Comes?

Newly wed bride goes out
Hand in hand with her bridegroom
and the sinful lass who sweats to the manor
since her childhood,
She had a tear in her heart
and she knows her sad fate
That she has to serve them forever
and her going away that never comes
till she gets old?
She thinks of her poor mother & father
Once she served to this manor
Now rest in peace in a faraway tombless graveyard
and the brave father was missing in a rage battlefield?

nimal dunuhinga

And I Always Keep The Distance?

I remember one day you're standing
with an umbrella in a drizzle at the long dreamy bridge?
And the secret river of love flowed quietly.
It's a Moonlit night and I was not quite sure
Either you, Moon or someone else
danced with ripples?
Let me say again please
That I was the poor river bank
Under the lonely Bamboo grove
And I always keep the distance?

to John Nebaza who's from Uganda!

nimal dunuhinga

And I Am Not Quite Sure Where I Have To Turn In The Midst?

Gloomy sky shows the symptoms
of the sick Autumn,
And purposely hides somewhere the old Sun?
A dull morning
I hear a flock of black birds're singing
merrily search in the withered grass
and struggle to survive the small insects!
Please listen Chum and leave all the puffy arguments
Wherever you go
and whatever you touch
You see the suffering
and feel the enormous pain?
Insects' cry dragged away with the strong winds
and I am not quite sure where I have to turn
in the midst?

to the poet Michael L.P in gratitude!

['The clue to happiness is being interested in e's happiness is as great as they can create it.']- Hubbard

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

And I Measure The Distance Between Us?

It's very sad by seeing the rusty anchor
of a salvage ship ruined at an abandon ship yard?
The old Captain and the young crew
Where were they now?
Crescent Moon peeps above the Birchwood trees
A familiar song echoes on the hill side
from a dim light pub!
And I listen carefully.
O it's my brother's favourite song of Jim Reeves!
'I hear the sound of distant drums faraway!faraway! '
Salty winds brought me these nostalgic thoughts
And I measure the distance between us?

To my loving brother, best friend and the drinking partner I missed
in my life Lalith!
Who taught me to read & write
and lot of things about the fleeing life
through our bony fingers?
When we drunk discuss about handsome God & rowdy Devil
Then he says of Greek Philosopher Diogenes! In broad daylight
Who was in nude with a hurricane lamp
roamed in a city and the King Alexander questioned him?
He said; 'I am looking for a Man Boss! '

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

And I Promise To Reserve A Seat For My Lonesome Master

Still I am going to school and nobody sits in the class.
Peeled walls look so sad like an old fresco
And I think of my old friends.
A piece of chalk and the duster
Still remain in a corner on the rack below the blackboard.
Some letters were missing in the old essays but readable.
Before I step down I hear the echoes of music teacher's melancholy voice
And I never thought a chalk could speak like a parrot.
'Hey! Master I watched your regrets and I want to tell you that some of your
friends already stuck in a home for the elders.
Your favorite teacher was retired and she collects her last pension it seems.
But it's glad to see still you look as a student's charisma with your old haversack.
Please come another day after the refurbishment of the school
Then you could see the new students and teachers
And I promise to reserve a seat for my lonesome Master.'

* To Sandra Fowler in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

And I Touched Them In My Nostalgic Dream

For Tom Jones Singer Sir Thomas John Woodward, OBE, known by his stage name Tom Jones, is a Welsh singer.....'Yes, they all come to meet me, Arms stretching, smiling sweetly, it's good to touch the green, green grass of home! '

On the Jack-fruit tree
Owl sings the mysterious song of life
in the middle of the night.
Early in the morning
Childless Midwife's love birds chirp
Where's that naughty boy who urinates
to our Madam's Rose-bush?
My brother Lalith who tells yarns constantly
The whole day you could smile freely.
The faded Hopscotch squares on the shifting sand
and how I was inquisitive with my mischievous friends
to watch the beautiful girls and their new pants
when they hop over the marked squares?
Poor Mom stands at the clothes-line
searching the stains of cigarette butts
in my hidden pockets of the trousers.
The pond in the temple
carps swim here & there
and the old kind monk
still grab the life putting a comma to Nirvana?
The deaf bell ringer maintains the old friendship
with the cast-iron bell yet gives that melancholy sound!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

And I Write This On His Birthday Card!

Not clear the big letters
of the pictured calendar
and it's really bitter
the music of old age?
Window shopping
in a late evening
Knotty walking sticks
too expensive.
Hard to look back
to sniff the fragrance
of lost youth,
a slight chest pain.....
beloved forced me to take
a baby Aspirin?
My dear far away friend!
I am worried whether you receive this card or not
As I posted it without a stamp?
Sorry for that.

to my silent poet friend Nightmute!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

And I Write This On Your White Tomb With A Piece Of Charcoal

When I see the twilight sky
I think of you and your poem paintings!
When I hear a bird's chirping faraway
on a tree, I count your unsung poems?
Whenever I pass burial grounds
I believe that you're still alive
and write?
But you're gone and it's certain.
Do you remember we made a promise once
That one of us do our Epitaph?
Yes, it's my turn and I write this
on your white tomb with a piece of charcoal
and who writes on mine in your absence?

I dedicate this poem to the celebrated poet Khalil Gibran for his love letters!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

And It's Really Sad When The Forest Mourns?

Most of the trees
Bear green leaves
Though the fruits
in different colors
and the flavors too.
Yet, the dialect
not much varied
and gives a similar whisper
when the wind blows.
While the robust Lumberjacks
rushing into woods with their
cruel modernized equipments,
I heard your faraway cries!
Like babies.....and
It's really sad
When the forest mourns?

[When I think of the elderly people where they're like old trees in a ons of adults
are suffering with progressive mental decline, a mind-robbing form of memory
loss that can rip apart families and lives?]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

And Let The Oil Flow Cheaply!

Heads of state or government of 25 nations met in Belgrade, capital of Yugoslavia at the first Summit of Non-Aligned Nations on 1st September 1961. Sri Lanka was a founder of the Non-Aligned Movement which consisted mainly of developing countries that preferred to stay away from any power blocks. These nations were not aligned to any superpower – either USA (America) or USSR (Russia). Sri Lanka's newly elected Prime Minister, Sirimavo Bandaranaike attended the inaugural Summit, stepping on to the world stage as the world's first woman Prime Minister. She attended the second Summit held in Cairo in 1964 and in 1976 hosted the fifth Summit in Colombo. Thereafter Sri Lanka occupied the chair for three years. The origin of the movement dates back to 1954, when the Prime Minister of India, Shri Jawaharlal Nehru had coined the term "non-alignment" during his speech at the Asian Prime Ministers Conference in Colombo. In this speech, Nehru described the five pillars to be used as a guide for Sino-Indian relations. Called 'Panchaseela' (five restraints), these principles would later serve as the basis of the Non-Aligned Movement. The five principles were: Mutual respect for each other's territorial integrity and sovereignty, Mutual non-aggression, Mutual non-interference in domestic affairs, Equality and mutual benefit, Peaceful co-existence.

I hear a sad Bedouin song of an aging Dictator
Who sung with his deep voice for a long period!
Yes, let others to sing and get rid of the power.
Bring the lute and leave the wealth.
Like your younger days remember
You touched the Sri Lankan soil once
As Omar Mukhtar the Hero!
At the 5th Non-Alignment Summit, Colombo, Sri Lanka in 1976.
We're old now and leave aside the burden
Watch how they sing with the different pitch?
Companion Camel too old now
And no more desert crossing
Stop at an Oasis!
Take the lute out and sing the oldest song;
'Where we've come from
And where do we go? '
And let the oil flow cheaply!

nimal dunuhinga

And Quiet Flows The River Kelani!

Kelaniya PS member murder: CID takes over investigations January 6, 2013 11:23 am

The Criminal Investigations Department (CID) has commenced investigations into the murder of Kelaniya Pradeshiya Sabha member Hasitha Madawala following a shooting, police said.

The case has been handed over to the CID and they have assigned a special team to conduct investigations, police spokesman SSP Prishantha Jayakody said. Two unknown gunmen had reportedly arrived on a motorbike and opened fire at the PS members near his residence in Waragoda yesterday.

He was rushed to the Colombo National Hospital following the incident, however succumbed to injuries soon after.

Madawala was among several members of the Kelaniya Pradeshiya Sabha who along with its Chairman took a stand against alleged corruption and irregularities taking place in the Kelaniya electorate.

Sri Lankan Buddhists believe that the Buddha visited Kelaniya in order to quell a quarrel between two Naga leaders of two warring factions,

Luckily no murders in that era!

Innocent people were quiet

as the river Kelani

because the thugs

all around the holy city

with automatic guns

no way to visit Buddha now and

To whom we shout?

Still I love my Motherland!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

And She Hugs Me Thousand Times To Ease My Pain?

[*In the land of invisible women;

The Arab Spring gave Yemen's women a public voice and a visible face, but the revolution has faded without changing anything for millions who were married too young and shut away in mud huts for rest of their lives.]-Janine Di Giovanni
Newsweek

Sticky the secret kisses
and her wisdom tooth
pierced my lips,
she offers tissues
to wipe the tears.
It's really amazing her tattoo
a barbed wire fence
just above her buttocks
and she hugs me thousand times
to ease my pain?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

And The Flower Smiled

A nameless virgin flower just bloom in the thick jungle.
The hermit sniffs the fragrance and breaks his inner peace.
The flower invites him to her kingdom
And the hermit forgets his chants.
He mutters;
'I practice my way of life since a long time with great principles.
But I feel now that I cannot move any further and I became a weaker.'
'Master! I'll teach you just a simple chant,
Love the flowers before they wither
And do meditation after they perished.' The flower smiled.

* I dedicate this poem to the poetess Sue Ann Simar in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

And The Life Is A Journey But Not A Rat Race!

I understand that I cannot run like a horse
And that would be much appreciated
Merits for you Sir!
My rickety stable is much safer than the racecourse.
But I have a small question,
Why in my peaceful dreams
They try to pierce my bare feet
And wear the horseshoes?

*[When I come home after work she goes out for struggle and when she comes back I go out again, the old ragged station Master who knows about our complicated schedule and he sees us everyday with his dim lantern. These two shuttle service trains are wearied now and when we go for shunting?]

nimal dunuhinga

Angry Flowers Bloom!

A house is built of logs and stones,
Of tiles and posts and piers;
A home is built of loving deeds
That stand a thousand years.

-Victor Hugo

All the guns got strings
And the bullets turned
into notes,
They sing the song of happiness
that never bleeds
Jews & Arabs
Again brothers!

nimal dunuhinga

Another Frightening Dream?

[We live in the present, we dream of the future, but we learn eternal truths from the past.]-Unknown

Stray dogs bark in the Moonlit night
willy-nilly flowers in bloom,
He walks as Idi Amin
Mustache like Stalin's
Benito Amilcare Andrea Mussolini's face
and he smiles like anthropologist Hitler?
He said that he's a Representative
from the Hell,
with a tommy gun
and he holds a camera
Hasselblad.
He wants to take my close up photograph
for the new currency notes
introduce to the hell
and I argued;
'Why don't you take an orphan's or a handsome beggar? '
I shouted in the dark room
While he's developing the photos.
He threw me the Hypo Developing tray
and I woke up!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Another Swansong

Am I a voracious Shark
Not a Human being
And why did you give me a Sea burial?
It's very sticky here the Salt water
(Sodium Chloride- NaCl)
I would prefer to wash all my bygone sins
And back to the pond where I resided with my silent prayers?

* The Boss writes in his mysterious loose-leaf diary, year of 2011 just started and there are three significant occasions occurred! Firstly Divine Sathya Sri Sai Baba's sad demise, Prince William's Grand Wedding and a Sea burial of a Martyrdom! Life only could teaches you about life and nobody else he underlines.....?

nimal dunuhinga

Antiques Wanted And We Pay Cash!

We accept old paintings & lithographs
Jewelry, Furniture and fine Asian stuff.
I sent them a letter in registered post.
Really an Asian pedigree
Aryan, a Bohemian!
Eager to hand over my skeletal body
Half burnt and the rest smother
It's like an abstract painting.
You could use as a sculpture or a wall hanging
If not could be easily auctioned to New Egypt
As a modern mummy!

*Enclosing my photograph and relevant documents for your kind perusal

nimal dunuhinga

Ants

I found you all in the brown sugar bottle early morning
And I thought how lucky your living,
When I compare myself dump in the tar barrel boiling?

nimal dunuhinga

Any Better Recipe To Enrich The Life's Bitter Cake?

In shape of the heart you could make the wonderful cake
Instead of white flour take stampede dust,
Mix with hot tears and preservatives collect from sighs,
No blood in the veins to colour the cake
Rich mosquitos sucked all the nutrition
And the skeleton's decaying as no friendly calcium support,
Blurred vision because the eyes sunk into sockets
due to undernourishment?
Poor Guy attempts to walk straight as a Man
with all these hardships and he cannot rest for a while
As a mysterious hand pushes him from behind?

to my Bengali poet friend Pranab K. Chakraborty!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Anybody Lasts Longer?

When the weak lungs unable to breath the polluted air,
Vision blurs, then heart reduces the palpitation gradually.
Even the giants collapse as dwarfs in this fighting ring
of the mesmerized World?

The handsome death sends his luxurious car to the rich
for going away and the poor souls crawl to the pauper's
graveyard as usual?

[Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;
Rock me to sleep, mother-rock me to sleep!]

-Elizabeth Akers Allen

nimal dunuhinga

Apiary

All the flowers get together
as a trade union
and made a complaint
to the Apiarist.

The bees were kept
without their consent
and they grumbled
bees are freelance
and why did you
obstruct their freedom?
Oh! what a lovely pageant
when flowers are unified?

nimal dunuhinga

April

[Every tear is answered by a blossom,
Every sigh with songs and laughter blent,
Apple-blooms upon the breezes toss them,
April knows her own and is content.]-Sarah Channing Woolsey

March already gone
and I have come for a short stay.
Then May comes
When I leave quietly,
Likewise, all the months
in the old calendar
come & go?
It's so ridiculous
New year colored calendar peeps again
with big letters like new politicians?
The Headmaster who knows all seasons and the schedule
We're just a heap of pupils in the thatched life-school?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

April Appears Lusciously

The fourth month comes with the Eastern wind
And I hear the faraway my cuckoo bird sings,
Apprehends our new year begins soon.
I sniff the fragrance of oil-cakes.
Oh! Our nest scattered and wife & myself
The old couple here and the loved ones there.
Who makes the longest bridge in between us?
I see the World map hangs on the wall
Where my tiny island standstill like a Pearl.
My beloved took a footruler
And measured the length like a Surveyor.

nimal dunuhinga

'Arbeit Macht Frei'

Which means work sets you free.

That bears at the entrance of Auschwitz-Birkenau Nazi concentration camp.

How does it fades the holocaust in the poor human memory?

The memorial day is commemorated internationally January 27, the anniversary of the date of the Liberation, the death camp in 1945.

Nowadays in the whole World Men were out of work

And I think of the infamous phrase 'Work sets you free.'

*My regards to the couplet Alison & Jerry.

nimal dunuhinga

As The Crow Flies

There are certain species in the crow family.

This entirely glossy black bird never sings.

Carrion crow feeds on grain and the house crow is a reputed scavenger.

Fish crow eats fish and all these species live in the handsome and dangerous

Man-crow who sings at all but never flies?

nimal dunuhinga

Ashes

I met her in an orphanage.
She gave me her autograph one day
And said 'uncle please does write something'.
Then I wrote few lines to be pleased her.
I saw the true love of Moths and flames.
It's a swarm of suicides.
'Uncle it's very short' she insisted.
I added one more line.
Love is sad.

Dedication to my poetess friend r

nimal dunuhinga

Asphalt

We're charcoal black and under the cruel burning Sun
We melt with gravel and make you a smooth surface road.
You accelerate like jets your boisterous proud vehicles
Hit poor souls on the way and run away to hell or paradise
With an Angel face
Only white God knows?

* 'You are rewarding a teacher poorly if you remain a pupil.'
-Friedrich Nietzsche

nimal dunuhinga

At Last The Love Utters With A Lisp?

In between the sky & Earth
He's born to a well to do family.
Getting his Master's degree
Chosen a bride from a shining pedigree?
Beginning really a happy-go-lucky!
And changed into a misery.
Sweet words and melodies
Like darling, honeycomb & sweetheart
All disappeared in a while
Rat, Cat & idiot
Donkey, Monkey and go to hell.....continues
Day by day life goes thinner
As a piece of paper
Chest pains,
Heart attacks!
But rescued.
Then collapsed from the staircase
Ultimately the Graduate was paralyzed?
Oozing! Wet stockings
Loathsome and he dies in sleep
And the burial was a grand event with music!
But no address to be found hereafter?

to my poet friends Pranab Chakraborty, Premji Premji, Raj Nandy & rest of
all.....!

[Consider that this day never dawns again.]

-Dante

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

At One's Wits' End

In the wind chill,
A broken-wing lavish bird
Crash-land to my wistful world
and begged for a shelter.
I said that I can look after her
bringing fruits from an orchard.
I never latch the cage my little bird
but one thing you have to promise me.
Never try to flee once you get your wings back.
She agreed with a sarcastic smile.

To the birds cannot flutter!

nimal dunuhinga

Atheist

Back to my friends!

Atheist

Poet!

What are you

Going to write

in your loose-leaf

Notebook,

When a religious woman

undress in front of you?

To adoor gopalakrishnan for one of his great movies!

Elippathayam - 1981

(The Rat Trap)

nimal dunuhinga

Attachment And Betrayal

What do you feel when an apple falls?

I think Newton's theory of gravity

And I still remember the curly haired physics teacher,

One day she brought an apple to the class room and said;

'Hey! My pupils this is from the garden of Eden.'

When I fell not once but several occasions in my jostling life

I had a dilemma of human beings why they collapse constantly?

And latterly I noticed the teacher goes out once in a month to collect her miserable pension.

nimal dunuhinga

Aunt Ching Chang Chung's Shark Fin Soup!

I like that spicy odour
As same as the wonderful taste.
That's why I peep every other day
To Shanghai bamboo Restaurant!
Migrated Aunt established here
Long ago it seems and her eldest daughter
Chung Chang's nasal song of the yin & yang
Sometimes bit annoying.
And I saw on the wall a photograph hangs,
I asked; 'Is that Comrade Mao Tse-tung? '
'O no that's my step father! '
'Where's he now? '
She replied with a Cantonese smile;
'He still watches the Chinese Great Wall! '
I left the restaurant while Aunt's cutting Pork ribs
For the steak grill.
And I think of the poet with a breath of fresh air
Tu Fu! I respect him at all.

nimal dunuhinga

Auschwitz; A Paradise To Nazi State

I hear the whispers like in a dream
Oh! I was there in their stinking latrine
Worst than Amonia I inhaled
Solid human dung deposited on commodes
And the flushing not worked
As the ridiculous Nazi 'Economia' of water.
While I was a sailor have been to Port of Bremen
And I saw the miracle paintings of Adolf Hitler
This same Man did the Holocaust who believes?
Now I realized the insanity of a painter-criminal
Who hates the humanity and fond of deprivation?
Is this a dream or really I heard a Jewish girl cried;
'They raped my poor Mom, teenage sister and poor father
before they raped me.'
And this was written on my heart;
'They were tormenting and tormenting me. And then they decided to get rid of
me. They sent me to prison. And the details of my sentence - do you think I
heard anything or I read anything about it? I heard nothing and read nothing.
Judges were in rush they had theatre tickets so they were in hurry to leave the
court.'

* To all the friends in Worldwide!

nimal dunuhinga

Autopsy And The Corpse

Coroner: This is very complicating and in the whole body music runs and
It takes couple of years to diagnose.

Corpse: It doesn't make any difference dear officer just sign and give so and
so died as the others.

Coroner: It's really difficult as the corpse still speaking and the music goes on
never stops it seems?

nimal dunuhinga

Autumn Creeps Stealthily Like A Serpent

My yoke fellow who talks about Fall and yellowing of the foliage.
He always carries his untidy diary and there are few blank pages left behind.
He wants me to scribble something on those torn pages.
I write; Hey! Chum you may call it Fall but I pronounce as Autumn.
Anyway this is the season between Summer and Winter.
My dear yardmaster, your yardstick is not enough to measure this lengthy
journey.
Only the invisible who knows about the Unit?

Dedication to my poetess friend r who paints 'Autumn' in her poems attractively
without any brush marks.

[This notion pushed me today while I was jogging along the Manhattan beach.]

nimal dunuhinga

Babushka

[Origin of BABUSHKA

Russian, grandmother, diminutive of baba old woman
First Known Use: 1938]

Is it a dream
or real?
Last night
an old butterfly resembles my poor mom
whispered
resting on my shoulder;
'I rub my wings
and this powder
gives you the strength
to fly wherever you insist to go? '
And she disappeared at once.
O in the morning I found some powder
on my limbs, I tried to lift my useless heavy body
but it's very hard and I see
boundaries and barriers ahead?

to Doctor Priyantha Bogamuwa who left for Moscow today, early in the morning!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Barber Shop

'Buena-Dies and Habla Espanol? ' She greeted me.

'Pokito' I said.

She brought a brochure and asked me to show the style I want.

'A short cut Madam and not to worry as I am not an actor.

If possible cut my neck too.' I said as a joke.

Later on I saw the parking lot through the glass window and some police cars with flickering lights.

'Hey! You are arrested and they offered me the hand-cuffs.'

Definitely she has called nine one one as she was scared of my joke seriously.

On the way to the Police station one of the officers inquired; 'Do you have to tell something.'

'Yes, I realized now this annoying life isn't belongs to me.'

nimal dunuhinga

Barmaid And A Drunkard

The rural bar is always full.
Pungent smoke and the vapour of spirits
Intoxicate her before it's closed.
A young drunkard journalist as a habit
Who stays until the bar closed?
And he drops her to the threshold of her house.
She finds a day to talk him about their future
But it's very hard as the guy is not sober at all.
Very seldom he comes now and it's stopped all of a sudden.
She goes home alone after the bar closed
And a small twinkling star guides the entire walk.
One day she found in a customer's newspaper her lost soul's obituary.
She left the bar before it closed and murmured on the way
'I am not afraid and I feel that he comes with me along my life.'

nimal dunuhinga

Baron Loves The Private Nanny?

Baroness's yelp is so sad?
'She delivers her baby
before I do and what's the use of this
Aristocratic family life
If I do not have a voice
in front of her?
I am just his Queen of Hearts
in the old card pack
and he just keep me as a trump
for a mysterious game?

for the poetess Karin Anderson in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Barren Grounds

A solitary Buzzard flew over my thatched roof
And I recalled the bygone days of her ripen harvest.
What I found in her readable eyes?
Only the odds and ends and what else?

Dedication to my poet friend
Is there life after death?

nimal dunuhinga

Battledore

Today, I knelt in front of a flowery altar and prayed.
Oh! My dear God; I have a dilemma since my weak childhood.
Why these fragrant flowers short-lived
And wither?

*Dedication to Ita for his son's untimely tragic death and also to the innocent buds where they sadly disappear in the raged battlefields in vain.

nimal dunuhinga

Beautiful

There will be another Sun rise tomorrow.
Birds will fly all over the sky.
Look through your window, a butterfly is waiting.
And the rainbow peeps through the clouds.
River flows silently; not like Oceans.
Bees are humming; beloved!
Really this world is so beautiful without this dirty paper money
And some lives nasty people.

nimal dunuhinga

Bees, Butterflies, Thorns And Flowers

'Oh! The sweet nectar.' They whisper while searching.
But they are very scared of the poisonous thorns
And questioned; ' Who sharpened the cool enemies? '
The old dumb gardener watered only and who's not responsible?

* Flowers only know the secret it seems?

nimal dunuhinga

Before The Rain Falls

It's almost dark outside and birds fly here and there in the gloomy sky.

There was a severe drought in his heart since a long time and he waited for a drizzle to come.

He heard your real voice from far away and it hinted him to write few lines.

Oh! Dear rain, bring him some soothing news or let him cry to pour some tears to your flow.

nimal dunuhinga

Begin To Understand Where The Parasitic Life Goes?

You gave me the life and you were gone Mom.
I cannot hold anymore and it goes somewhere.
The strong character without any characteristics
Never bothers and grabs everything,
But nothing can be hold chum!
It goes and never turn back.
Try to understand this careless journey!

nimal dunuhinga

Beware Of A Wolf In Sheep's Clothing?

'Yes, my honoured Sir!
You're very handsome these days?
And you asked my name,
Age & date of birth,
Permanent address,
Race, Religion and parent's name
Political opinion, my pedigree
Where I was in the past 10 years?
You missed a vital question Sir!
'Did you have your meals? '
I submit everything in black & white
Honestly, but tell you frankly this
I have no papers, the relevant documents
And no franchise for me?
Still an Alien from another planet.
I watch you in the Television
after your professional hairdressing & manicure for the role,
And I promise you to say 'Hurray' loudly
with my rickety both hands lifting up
As an obedient servant,
If you win Sir! ? '

['Birds sing after a storm; why shouldn't people feel as free to delight in
whatever remains to them? ']-Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Beyond The Blue Ridge Mountains Shenandoah River

My dream boat without oars
Drifts along the river
But still far away
From that beautiful place called
'Almost heaven West Virginia'
Life is short
Shorter than a needle
But it's very painful
When the tapering end stings your heart.

* To my fellow poetess friend Sandra Fowler.
I was really intoxicated by r's song
'Take me home, Country Roads.'

nimal dunuhinga

Beyond The Wetlands An Isolated Poplar Tree!

This is Home for the elders
but my Halcyon cottage is faraway?
An old man older than me
who murmurs while sitting on a bench.
I smiled with him and he too smiled.
He called me 'My younger brother! '
Afterwards he started reading this passage
from his notebook;
'Beyond the Wetlands an isolated Poplar tree,
When Flamingoes gather in the Twilight
She brings my broken handle mug
to the bench and it's like this.
She pours the black bitter beer
with a plate of black olives and feta cheese.
She's the one who tastes first and grumbles
O it's really bitter, then I say certainly like life?
Those golden days never come my brother
Flamingoes flew over the Wetlands
and I am here?

The latest film script for my poet friend Premji!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Birds Too Aware Of The Fleeing Months!

["The cuckoos remain silent for a long time (for several seasons) until they are able to sing sweetly (in the Spring) so as to give joy to all."]- Chanakya quotes

Sparrows gather near by a melting ice ditch
but never touch the water
Crows do the usual watch
beside the garbage bins.
Month of March is marching
towards the tail of February.
Bill of Electricity amount flies to the sky
Bachelor Landlord smiles
showing his new denture
Not a surprise as it's near the end of month?
Playboy-Sun shines after a short lull
While trimming my finger nails
on the threshold I check the broken Wealth-line
on my weak palm and I heard my beloved counts
the coins in Piggy till that reserved for our Multivitamins!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Bitter End

The gravedigger's little daughter reads a passage from a loose-leaf book sitting
on a broken tomb

While her father digs a grave for a pauper.

'The cunning fox tells

That grape is bitter on the hills.'

The kind nurse with a smile brings medicine to a sick bed

That's too bitter.

His weary beloved makes a night coffee mug of a broken handle

That's too bitter.

Though the life is bitter than everything

Yet we pretend it's so sweet then grab and lick eagerly.

nimal dunuhinga

Blackout

I cannot see anybody in the total darkness
and if dying is much better.
But this is a temporary loss of consciousness.
Their screams faintly I hear.
'Oh! my darling you should take me with you
and why you left me alone in this hollow world? '
Spouse's voice.
'Oh! Daddy we lost our best friend
and we planned to go on a picnic with you
but you left early? ' Children cried.
'Oh! this man died leaving four months arrears
and I lent him such a big amount.
I am a fool and how I know this fellow will die so soon? '
Householder murmured.

nimal dunuhinga

Bleeding Iraq

Polluted sky with toxic gases
and river Tigris turned to scarlet.
Earth cannot absorb so much blood.
Warmongers! do you think?
oil is thicker than blood.
Stop! Stop! Stop!please.
Let them solve their problems
and why this unnecessary interference?
Let the river flows quietly.
Dear brother soldiers hurry up and back home
as your families are waiting
and do not smudge their innocent dreams.

nimal dunuhinga

Blind Road Ahead And A Hill Too!

An old man older than me
and he pushes a cart with two water barrels
taken from the muddy river
for his small vegetable farm?
'Papa I could have push the cart
as the hill ahead.' I said.
'O my son thanks a lot, but
your dress get this dirt? '
'Never mind I just go for an interview
that's not a white-collar job,
collect the stray dogs for a rehabilitation camp
and it's actually a volunteer, not paid? '
Then the old man mutters; 'Good people get bad jobs sometimes
and bad people get handsome salaries for doing good jobs, it depends? '
And I pushed the cart till the end of the road
Then he said; 'Thank you son and good luck! '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Blood Is Thicker Than Water

Remember the days we shared a slice of bread
Dipped in a chicken gravy bowl.
Unfortunately bones got wings and flew away.
Remember the days we shared a tiny bed with bugs.
A winter; We stranded in Portugal
No heater; the cheap room rented in the upper Lisbon Railway station.
Still I hear that mysterious train hoots of our hard times.
Hardly I breath now and sadness hugs me secretly.
But you are no more, my loving brother!
You are my intimate friend and I think of you deeply
While waiting at a solitary station till my crawling train comes.

* To my deceased younger brother Rohan! Once we traveled together in Europe under the same tattered sky without an I never forget your precious soup that made from throw away rotten tomatoes.

nimal dunuhinga

Boardinghouse By The Riverside

He has lost his youthful idealism.
The old bachelor sips his mug of coffee,
She stirred well the spinster Landlady.
I have no idea any further,
But he's a boarder with the rest two,
A barber and a bankrupt fisherman.
Bachelor depends on his pension
And he dreams all the time,
If he marries this stingy lady
by an accident he could buy
The fisherman's selling boat
and live happily by fishing?

[We are always the same age inside.-Stein]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Bohemian; A Flyleaf In The Book Of Morals

He makes his roost on an uprooted and a flamboyant tree.
The wingless bird is longing to fly.
They divide the earth and inside the barriers build their own prisons
In different colors and shapes it seems.
They fly in dreams along the illusory sky and smile, cry, sing and dance.
The grown-up offspring struggle to flutter over their new roost.
The elders isolate in their old gloomy shacks and lament.
The dumb earth knows everything,
Yet her dialogue is a dead language in morbidity.

nimal dunuhinga

Bootee!

I found
your
precious
bootee
Mom
in my dark room!
I tried
them
to my
wearied feet again.
But it's not fit?
Then I realized that
I am closer to your
resting place!

to all the mothers knitted our lives!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Bottleneck

Her rare astonishing love

It's like Braille alphabet.

You have to touch the raised dots and understand.

But caressing is prohibited since a long time.

Then how can he trace this fragile creature?

nimal dunuhinga

Bougainvillea

Who doesn't like flowers?
but he is scared of thorns.
Singly she lives with a sing song
but the prince is scared of thorns.
He has to jump over the fence of thorny bush.
Young prince was a good high jumper in school days.
That she knows.
But this hurdle is different
Prince has to think twice
and he scared of thorns.
Not only that,
he is worrying of his Crown.

nimal dunuhinga

Bouquet

I smell your presence from afar
Even in dreams, wherever I go you are with me
and your pleasant smile brings me nostalgia.
Am I a pilgrim or a wayfarer?
This unending journey I stopped for a while.
Then you came like a song; whisper to my soul.
I hear beyond the hills and the flowers you offered
I protect as a keep-sake and I step further into the loneliness.

To the poet wycz & some certain personnel I missed them on this journey.

nimal dunuhinga

Boxing Day!

In Great Britain, the first weekday after Christmas, a legal holiday on which Christmas boxes are given to Postmen, etc.

Oh! This boxspring bed
Provides me strange dreams!
The Queen has sent me a pair of Boxing gloves
And invited me for the feather weight Championship
The letter mentioned that I am a colonial friend.
I practised the whole night
And found the holes
On the boxboard wall
Early in the Morning!

nimal dunuhinga

Braille!

When he sings from afar
I know that he's singing for me
But I do not see him
Though he sings besides me?
And this strange lover
always ask my Religion, not my name
And I say 'Braille! '

for Irene Ryder-'Nobody's child'
'I'd walk the streets of Heaven where all the blind can see? '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Bright Neon Signs Along The Angry Road

'Round trip to heaven and we sell cheaper tickets here.'

'Buy one get one free.'

'Delicious chicken soup without bones.'

'We provide lucrative jobs and doors are always open here-Job Agency.'

Oh! I am really fed up of these rolled gold sign boards and I saw the teasing painted dolls under street lamps in rivalry for their living.

nimal dunuhinga

Brighton Cemetery's Very Far From Us Dear Son!

First of December Two thousand ten
Tattooed in our mild hearts with a pickaxe!
Our precious grandson Prabashwara's buried
With another eight Roses in Australia.
The tiny caskets nine in a row
On the altar and above the Virgin Mary's magnanimous Statue stands
With that kind face and I read her conveying Expression!
'I'll look after them well! '
Oh! The Baby Lawn among the innocent tombs
And Earth quietly accepts the new arrivals!
The sky looks so sad like in a funeral.
A Red Rose on each casket with a tear
And they sleep in the mass grave peacefully.
But we're the sinners never get such a proper sleep
Until we go there leaving all the attachments?

*To our loving grandson Prabashwara, May you rest in peace with your unseen friends! One day we visit there if time permits.....and bring you this poem, your poor Grandma would sing a song of our hardship & haven?

nimal dunuhinga

Broken-Hearted Brunette

She waits for the politician
Who promised that he marries a woman with brown hair.
But after the election he became a minister.
He exchanged rings with a Blond.
She threw away the birthday gift
The mouth-organ he gave the other day
And she cursed him; ' Next time you lose your seat booby.'

nimal dunuhinga

Brother! It Seems To Be An Off-Season

The magical song birds flew away from the uncle's orchard without informing him.

The trees some were uprooted and old as same as uncle's gray beard.

I remember the bygone days when the fruits were laden and ripen on the tree tops how they danced merrily?

But now no more any singsong or a friendly chat and only you hear is the faint whisper of decaying leaves over his pet dog 'Marco's' silent tomb.

*Hey! My dear friend nothing could be hold firmly as everything disappears like in a sad dream.

This poem is a dedication to my friend ck in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

Bumblebee

It seems to be a perplexity
And this's a dainty innocent flower
Mozzarella like petals be careful,
You should land on a Sunflower
She's very strong like Sun
And hold you forever.

nimal dunuhinga

Burning Fragile Souls

Fire brigade trucks fly on the road in breaking rules
And making an unpleasant noise.
There must be a fire somewhere?
Do they ever trace a human being's fire in the soul
Without a flame and smoke?

nimal dunuhinga

Burning Water In A Gloomy Winter

Firefighters are like fish
With their hoses
Jumped into the ditch
And searched
Where the mysterious fire started?
And they found at the muddy bottom
The singing beggar of the old fish market
Who drowned holding a cigarette butt!

* To Paul Simon and Art Garfunkel important stars in music's firmament and for their greatest hits!

nimal dunuhinga

Butcher's Transparent Cellophane Bags!

They play with innocent lives in their beautiful Wars!
At last what they bring us?
Cold bodies wrapped in cellophane bags.
As a relative of human beings
I asked from a five star Officer;
'Sir, why you wrapped their precious bodies
In your cheap bags? '
Then he groaned;
'For your convenience mad man
Don't you know that's easy to identify.'
And I want to say this.....
But I was scared of his heavy bugle
Loaded with massive bullets!
So I kept quiet.
That's why I could have mutter this for you as I am still alive?
'Sir we can identify them even you wrapped in aluminium foils
But the problem that we cannot identify you
With those brass stars studded uniform
That covers the fragrant Humanity? '

**To that great character Sivakumar Sathgurunathan, I met him accidentally at a bus stop and we discussed about Tamil Literature and he asked me to wait for a while and then he bought me a book from a bookstore, Saint Poet Tiruvalluvar's 'Thiru Kuraal', I am sorry afterwards no message form this kind hearted soul and I pray he must be safe somewhere!

nimal dunuhinga

Buttercups Under The Flamboyant Trees Beside The Lake

The old ferryman waits at the river bank
for passengers?
But only one he sees
A lass with a cane basket,
Who believes that his old fiancée's
eldest daughter?
In this off season no more buttercups
But the old flamboyant trees still stand
They only know their past friendship.
Though he grips the oars well
Yet he couldn't hold the ancient faded love?

[One does not pour new wine into old skins.]-Jesus

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

By All Means Life Is An Accident

'I am tired Doctor as I am wakeful.'

'Better wake up as there are so many wonderful things happened around the e
do not sleep as you miss the train,

Read obituaries in a leisure time as your unknown friend may die at the edge of
the world by hitting his head on a decayed lamp post.'

'Hey! Plain, I watched you get down at the same station everyday.'

'Why not; That's my native town near by the Russian border.'

'All right! Then don't sleep as you miss the train, anyhow the new broom sweeps
well and this is a train journey my dear.'

nimal dunuhinga

Caged But Not Birds

Some they do have wings
But none for human beings.
Cages on the latch
But they stuck indoors.
Unexpected birth
And the tedious death
On the same nagging Earth
Of these rare specious Wolves.

nimal dunuhinga

Cage-Free Chickens Fly In A Twilight Sky!

I saw in a twilight sky like small jets
They fly for a better place full of vegetarians!
Leaving the chauvinistic-Machismo human beings,
Eagerly opened their watery mouths to chew
The jalapeno chicken sausage fully cooked
Lower in fat and calories!
How long the innocents could fly for an Utopia
That grazing on wide-open pastures?

[Father, so often I have said one thing with my lips and held another thought in
my e help me live consistently with your love.]-Amen

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Cameo!

I placed my broken tiny ladder
into the silky sky
and your heart-like cloud moves away?
It's really painful even if it's a dream
When you collapse from the sky
and touch the Earth?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Camisole

'Hey! My Darling
You look so young today,
What a nice garment you wear?
You arouse this old Man
For the War! '
I saw her innocent cry
That dragged me to our youthfulness!

* Time's a wonderful thief that steals everything from us?

nimal dunuhinga

Cancer Patient's Soliloquy

Has happiness ever come to my life?
if I go to North or to South
East or to West, somewhere else
Who brings me solace?
if there is a bitter capsule or a sweet sugar coated pill
can be swallowed easily
which kills the poverty or give strength to live peacefully.
if there is a doctor kind hearted
without spectacles which covers the humanity.
A bed of a soft mattress to kill the back-ache
I can sleep in a graveyard or a thick forest
listening to the birds and beasts.

nimal dunuhinga

Captive Bird!

Captive bird!

[“...I keep looking for one more teacher, only to find that fish learn from the water and birds learn from the sky.” (p.275) “]”? Mark Nepo, Facing the Lion, Being the Lion: Finding Inner Courage Where It Lives

Nobody opens
your stainless steel
cage door it seems
and have you ever heard
about the transparent sky?
You can fly in the blue sky
it's very clear and that won't be hurt
even if you hit a cloud by accident.
in the day light you could see the Sun
and in the night round Moon and stars.
I would like to teach you my sweetie
How to move your soft wings slowly
But please do not forget me
When you go up above the sky?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Cart, Carter And A Carte Blanche!

He collects pebbles into his dilapidated cart
The plastic red bucket perhaps from a junk yard it seems
And luckily no license needs for the unending road?
I asked him; 'Papa! Why all these pebbles? '
'Yes I understand and everybody asks the same question,
Certainly I pass this clue and do not bother please!
I make my own tomb with the help of these round stones
And this white blank paper which I have signed below
That's for my humble epitaph and I hope you finish it? '
Yes I do Papa! ; 'Some collect bare lands for future prospects
And some collect money for pleasure but very few
Those who collect friends and that's why I scribbled few lines hereto! '

(To Mr. Patrick Gabriel)

nimal dunuhinga

Cause And Effect In Karmic Life- School?

[In Buddhism, karma (Pali kamma) is strictly distinguished from vipaka, meaning 'fruit' or 'result'. Karma is categorized within the group or groups of cause (Pali hetu) in the chain of cause and effect, where it comprises the elements of 'volitional activities' (Pali sankhara) and 'action' (Pali bhava) . Any action is understood as creating 'seeds' in the mind that will sprout into the appropriate result (Pali vipaka) when met with the right conditions. Most types of karmas, with good or bad results, will keep one within the wheel of samsara, while others will liberate one to nirvana.[citation needed]

Karma is one of five categories of causation, known collectively as niyama dhammas, the first being kamma, and the other four being utu (seasons and weather) , bija (heredity, lit. 'seed') , chitta (mind) and dhamma (law, in the sense of nature's tendency to perfect) .]-Wikipedia

When thunder storms shakes their innocent shacks
And the heavy raindrops hit on the tin roofs
O the saddest music erupts with their heart beats?
Breakfast, a scanty meal
Bread crumb dip in the black sweepings-tea
How they taste with their Aluminium mugs?
Bright children go to school on barefoot
along the thorny paths and the home work
They have done by erasing the mesmerize arithmetic sums
using their dirty thumbs with saliva?

for my poet friend narain, j. p. with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Caution! Frequent Stops

Please do not approach me and keep a safe distance my dear.
Do not rely on my broken wheels.
This nagging engine is too old for the slippery road.
Please overtake me and I have no any regrets.
My horn is weak as same as the brakes
And I wish you a happy and a safe journey!

[Lord Jesus also suggested, ' When it seems to you that your suffering exceeds your strength, contemplate my wounds.' (Diary 1184,1152)

* A merry X'mas and seasonal greetings to all my poet friends!

nimal dunuhinga

Cemetery

Those who left remain here quietly.
Politicians who gave false promises,
And the deaf, dumb, blind and cripple who lived peacefully?
Even though the teacher, preacher, black-marketed, singer, musician.
And all are listening to the living fools.

nimal dunuhinga

Chaperone

The old piano plays
John Strauss II's waltz
'The Blue Danube'
Under the dim chandelier lights
She dances alone an unmarried woman
Behind her a Charlatan struggles
to win her heart and breaks her innocence,
But the Chaperone, she looks after her well
And nobody could approach her
on this occasion!
I watch the Chaperone's
deep blue teary eyes like ripples
And I imagine her beautiful younger days?
Her secret smile utters
We both are passing the sad sixties
Isn't it?
It's really funny this old man peeps
into the dancing hall in his sugary dream
and the sepia glossy photograph fades away
at the dark room in the morning?

[For five blocks after I left home, I walked like a man with something to do,
someplace to go- Takuboku Ishikawa/'Sad Toys]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Chaperone And Granny Flat

The middle-aged woman lives in this apartment with her far relative girl.
She goes to work early in the morning and comes back late in the evening.
The woman left in the house alone the whole day.

She is a spinster in her late forties.

The story begins in this lonely house with two spinsters.

Yet the girl is a teenager.

Once in a blue moon a boy with emerald eyes who comes to see her in blue
patchy denims.

"Nowadays he comes very seldom

But very soon the day comes

That he will be here everyday

And one day he takes you away.

Then no more news from you

And I would be the loner again."

One Sunday morning the girl woke up late as it's a holiday

And she found those lines written on a serviette which has kept on the
kitchenette table.

Nobody knows about her aunt's whereabouts

And her name was registered in the missing person ledger nearby police.

nimal dunuhinga

Charlotte Rose Duardo

I hear an infant's cry
from Lakewood side,
And it's like a familiar poem
Oh! It's not a miracle
And I came to know that George
Became a Grand father!

* Congratulations to my friend ck and his loving wife.

nimal dunuhinga

Chaste And A Coquette

Once upon a time
these two opposite figures
who were stranded in a ferocious thick jungle
where the wolves, bears, lions, tigers and anacondas et cetera lived.
They talk a different tongue
but it does not bother to understand each other.
They found a cave and started living together.
But the hermit stuck to his morals.
Like in a Hindi movie they don't sleep together.
Early morning he collects something to eat
and the lass cooks deliciously for him.
But how long they are going to maintain the chastity?
And I heard in a rainy night she had convulsions
and questioned the hermit about his clear conscience.

To my poet friend s

nimal dunuhinga

Chauffeur, Beggar And The Full Moon!

Bearded kind Chauffeur in a Matt black Hearse
stopped at the roadside pavement
and asked his classmate
wears a ragged check shirt
who's a beggar counts the coins
in his till.

'Hey! Long time no see my old friend
and I am free today no funerals
would you like to have a ride
around the Lake? '

The beggar thought it's a fine chance
as he never gets such an opportunity
in his life time.

'Yes Sir! that would be nice
but don't drive fast
as I like to see the new year's full Moon.'
Beggar replied very humbly.

To Guy de Maupassant for his short story 'The Necklace'.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Cheesecloth

Her thin loosely gown looks very beautiful.
Like her heart.
Her silvery voice sounds like a wind bell.
My lean country lassie you are a Victorian queen for me.
I am your forlorn peasantry lover.
Though we have an age difference
My peaceable soul still cries as a nestling.
Please do not get nervous as I am going to the town to get fulfil my endless
dream.
Don't worry I struggle there and earn more.
Before I get old definitely build a cottage.
And we can start a small enterprise.
Better cottage cheese as it's your favourite.
Please wait for me and don't go away.
I bought a silver ring and I am sure that fits to your finger.

nimal dunuhinga

Cherokee

She explains;

'I am an Indian of an Iroquoian tribe

And I am sorry for my English slang.

I want you to thank for that beautiful poem

'Not a foe'

Yes, we are friends

I am a spinster but unfortunately

You are married.'

I hear my beloved groans by my side

And it's late at Midnight.

It's another sad ending of an Oklahoma wintry dream.

* To all the friends, wishing a merry Christmas and a better new year!

nimal dunuhinga

Child Prodigy

'Do you know from where we get rain? Child queried.

I tell him from the sky.

'Do you know from where we get light? '

'Yes from the sun we get light.'

'The moon too gives light in the night.'

'No my son, moon doesn't have a light it's a reflection.'

He asked lot of questions.

Sometimes I get annoyed with him.

I explained him about four seasons,

Also I described about the birth & death, smile & cry and et cetera.

Oh! It's very strange all in a pair

Then why the God is a bachelor?

nimal dunuhinga

Chimney Cleaner And Soothsayer's Daughter

Romeo a handsome youth
Who carries a rickety ladder door to door
And clean the soot properly.
When smoke rises up to the sky
He just sit on a step and stares towards infinity.
Soothsayer's teenage daughter roams around the balcony
And she's very cautious of what her father once said firmly.
'Juliet, You must be very careful of your future
And it's written on your forehead.
One day you choose a partner
Who works hard with dirt.'

nimal dunuhinga

Chocolat-[cheryl's Chocolate Challenge]

[The most tempting of all sweets becomes the key weapon in a battle of sensual pleasure versus disciplined self-denial in this comedy. In 1959, a mysterious woman named Vianne (Juliette Binoche) moves with her young daughter into a small French village, where much of the community's activities are dominated by the local Catholic church. A few days after settling into town, Vianne opens up a confectionery shop across the street from the house of worship - shortly after the beginning of Lent. While the townspeople are supposed to be abstaining from worldly pleasures, Vianne tempts them with unusual and delicious chocolate creations, using her expert touch to create just the right candy to break down each customer's resistance. With every passing day, more and more of Vianne's neighbors are succumbing to her sinfully delicious treats, but the Comte de Reynaud (Alfred Molina) , the town's mayor, is not the least bit amused; he is eager to see Vianne run out of town before she leads the town into a deeper level of temptation. Vianne, however, is not to be swayed, and with the help of another new arrival in town, a handsome Irish Gypsy named Roux (Johnny Depp) , she plans a 'Grand Festival of Chocolate, ' to be held on Easter Sunday. Based on the novel by Joanne Harris, Chocolat features a distinguished supporting cast, including Judi Dench, Lena Olin, Carrie-Anne Moss, Peter Stormare, Hugh O'Connor, and Leslie Caron. ~ Mark Deming, Rovi]-Wikipedia

You dragged me to France
That wonderful film
'Chocolat'
Joanne Harris's novel
Screen play by Robert Nelson Jacobs
Lasse Hallstrom's direction
Juliette Binoche, Judi Dench
Alfred Molina, Johnny Depp and a lot!
A woman and her daughter
Opened a chocolate shop
in a small French village
That shakes up the rigid
morality of the community.....?
Thanks Cheryl! I am writing this while dreaming
of that chocolate shop.
Life is a Movie.....isn't it?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Chopped Wings

If the sky become silhouetted
You could see the God.
If the Earth become transparent
You could see the Devil.
When the God and Devil become one
You could see the real Man.
Yes, the real man is a bird
But he cannot sing or fly as same as a real bird.

nimal dunuhinga

Christendom

I hear in my dreams a far away church bell tolls and a choir.
I see the Christmas tree decorated in every house.
The Christians are very happy in the month of December.
They are commemorating Christ birth.
Their chromatic hearts bring the chromatic scale all over the season.
Though I am a Buddhist I have my regards and respect at all for the infant
Jesus because you are a human being my Lord!
I admire the Jesus Christ and I grow my beard as yours
But it never comes like that.
And I try to smile like you but it's not similar to your smile.
I too carry my cross towards the graveyard but I feel that your cross is heavier
than mine.
Judas is still accompanying in different surnames.
I am sorry not only one my Lord!
There are thousands who camouflage as saints and make pitfalls to the
scapegoats?
The brothers are very cruel nowadays and they kill each other for borders and
boundaries.
Some they go to Mars for searching new lands.
Anyway I do respect my Lord!
Christianity a religion based on teachings of Christ.
But I wonder why some they scattered into different groups?

nimal dunuhinga

Christopher Columbus

If I was born on the twelfth day of October,
On which day in 1492 Columbus discovered America,
But I was born on the day 19th of April,1951 in a general hospital of Colombo,
Sri Lanka.

Somehow I discovered the pinching sorrow in a nightmare
Where the childish man who struggles eternally?

* I dedicate this scribbling to my deceased pet dog. [Marco my precious son] His
yelp taught me lot of things about the mysterious life.

nimal dunuhinga

Chronicle Of A Strange Trollop

She invited them for the dinner.

Tom's a Mason, Dick a carpenter and Harry a painter.

When they finished the dinner,

Tom did some masonry,

Dick repaired her antique bed

And Harry painted the kitchen.

Their pretention looked as drunk

And want to stay the night it seems?

But when they see the one-eyed butcher at the back yard with a sharp knife

All greeted her politely and left the premises quietly.

*Wish you all a Happy Christmas and a Properous Nerw Year!

nimal dunuhinga

Cinderella

Descend from the foothill and don't you feel the humidity?
Dew drops scattered all over the meadow as pearls.
Give me your hand; hand-in-hand we can pick them before the sun rise.
The flowers forget-me-knots & chrysanthemums were in bloom next to Midwife's
yard.
Do not forget to bring your cane basket.
Hand-in-hand; we can collect them before the sunrise.
Please bring your home work book too,
On the way we can do some corrections & fill in the blanks
In the moonlight before the teacher comes.
Cinderella, please give my lost childhood.

nimal dunuhinga

Citizen Of Earth

His loose-leaf travel document
All the relevant pages
Smudged with his tears?
And the cataract eyed sentry questioned;
'What's your name? '
'Man'
'Surname?
'Human'
'Religion? '
'Humanity'
'This seems to be a forged passport
And you can go back to your place
Where you have come from.'
Poor Man mutters;
'My poor Mom already buried
And the jolly good father escaped
from earthly burdens,
No next of Kin or a faithful relative
Why all these barriers,
Rusty barbed wires and bacterial tetanus?
I am a citizen of Earth
And he whispers his favorite song of n's
Sentry listens the strange dialect;
'Ahi kuro hai
Safuno hoghi theri
Aradhana.....'

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Civilization Capsized And They Carry In A Doggy Bag For The Doomsday

There are certain people those who say that side also good
While the boat overturns.

The whole world capsized in the void space

Make wars, but not casualty departments?

The pack of liars gathers and boasts their progress

What a shame?

This ridiculous world of rolled gold plump organizations

Sleeping in their dens, still unable to impose at least a word against the
uncivilized, brutal war!

To all my poet friends for their unity!

nimal dunuhinga

Civilization!

["I am beginning to understand, ' said the little prince. 'There is a flower... I think that she has tamed me..."]? Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *The Little Prince*

When Lion loves the Lioness
Never roars
As same as Tiger loves Tigress
never counts her stripes
and Snake kisses the female Snake
never transmits its venom
but the civilized Man?

Postscript

'Short white candle burns
between my rickety ribs
and beloved darns
the torn heart with a silky thread.'
(Quoted from my recent poem 'A dainty flower in the rib cage')

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

Clairvoyance

All the superiors they call people for citizenship on Mars.

They have already put up borders and barriers there.

Nowadays there are food and some other shortages on earth as they export everything there.

Priority has given to Politicians and Crooks and they call tenders for brewers including illicit liquor manufacturers, Prostitutes, Gamblers, underworld and et cetera.

They are highly paid and get more benefits there.

For Carpenters, Masons, Plumbers, Electricians and rest of the engineering field get multiple visas.

So it seems they take everybody and everything from the earth and the planet would be a Vacuum very soon.

The preachers they have not decided yet?

One thing is certain that they are going to cleanse the earth.

It's praiseworthy anyhow this kind of Pragmatism as the newcomers on earth can make a better place with the remaining Preachers.

nimal dunuhinga

Clamour

His clammy lungs still breathe in the mysterious Oxygen
And breathe out the hazardous Carbon Dioxide.

Though it's dangerous the kind flora absorb and in return patiently give us the
precious air to survive.

Oh! What a masterful chain reaction is this?

The poor jobless vagabond peeps through the broken window in his lonely
decaying citadel and he sees afar the gloomy picture.

The inhumane souls clear the jungle forcefully with their cruel bulldozers.

*In gratitude I wind up this to the Syrian silent songbird b.

With best regards,

yours sincerely,

a jailbird

nimal dunuhinga

Cleopatra

She said;

'Don't ruin me as still I am a virgin.'

Then Caesar said;

'Don't worry sister this only a platonic love.'

nimal dunuhinga

Cloudburst

['Forget not that the Earth delights to feel your bare feet and the winds love to play with your hair.']-Khalil Gibran

Why you look so sad my little sibling?

Your face like an emotional prose.

And I hear the strumming of broken
heart strings.

A tear drop about to fall

at the edge of your talking eye

Oh! I am really bursting.....!

To all those innocent souls who departed and some still suffer with deep injuries!
Frustrated of the cowardice act in Boston Marathon.

nimal dunuhinga

Cocoon

I want to hide leaving all the burdens.
Which is penetrates me day & night.
Why this unusual wake up early in the morning?
And I fight with the life for nothing.
Dear Caterpillar, if you like
We can exchange our bodies and souls.
I prefer your cocoon better than this open prison.

nimal dunuhinga

Coffeehouse Bar Stewardess

She blooms in the morning like a coffee flower.
I like that rare flavor and I peep there frequently.
I sit on a bar stool and wait for her to bring my elixir.
When I sip that with a straw I feel like getting more courage
To fight with the Devil's day.
I have been in one evening but she wasn't there and the following morning too.
I gossiped and verified that she already left the place for better prospects.
Since that gloomy day the coffee tasted me bitter like rusty life
And sometimes I drink without a straw.
I scribble on the table mat with a pencil stub.
Let the tricky life turns into a fairy tale to you!

nimal dunuhinga

Coming Of Age!

['You see, in life, lots of people know what to do, but few people actually do what they is not enough! You must take action.']-Anthony Robbins

First of all let me introduce my beautiful name to you.
Poverita! O it sounds really strange
Am I right? But my poor Mom pronounce that well.
When I see my oval face in the shattered mirror
The slim neck and the diamonds are too heavy to wear?
The coloured beads I made out of different tooth brush handles
Ideal it seems!
When Mom worries of my bare ear lobes
I pacify her that cloves I would prefer.
We use to share the same bras & underpants together
like twins and it's the real meaning of true friendship?
Oil is expensive nowadays and we use our tears
to light the lamp on altar.
Aged Dad writes from morn till night
But the sad letters won't go to the God's domicile
without stamps?
I encourage my poor mom and dad;
'Not to worry,
I work as a Nanny one day
to a Middle-East tycoon
and turn our shack into a Manor! '
I never see such an honest smile
but their sunken eyes are too dried
as their innocent tears they poured into that Aladdin's wonderful lamp?

To my Historian/poet friend Raj Nandy a great Human being!

nimal p. dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Coming Soon

The stretched bare land
Reaches the infinity
And there's a small security billet
At the entrance of the barbed wire fence.
And the board says; 'A special Hospital complex,
The proposed skyscraper is the tallest building in the World.'
I walk nearly ten miles from my shack everyday to this place
Along the road back to normality.
The guard from the new generation
Though he's like my son I call him brother!
We used to chat a long and whenever I go there I am broke.
This polite brother offer me a pull out of his non-filter cigarette
And we smoke fifty fifty to our defeated lungs.
Days, months and years passed
And the boy is already a middle aged now
And I am in my final list?
In my tattered Resume for the post of Carpenter
Some letters were already disappeared.
The project won't be a success as some restrictions from the Top
Because the top floor of the building is very close to the Heaven it seems!

*Still I remember the first salary [my first job is a power-loom weaver] which I
gave to my poor Mom, then she said; ' One day my son goes to the Heaven! '

nimal dunuhinga

Coming Soon The New Year's Life- Bar!

Come inside my friends
This door is open always
unless the Rulers
put restrictions
to close on particular days?
Your wise pen take out
from Corduroy trouser
dip in the Alcohol Jar
and here the blank papers
Write your poem, letter,
Essay, prose or a petition
to the Government?
Whatever you like
you can write.
Angels like poor lass
with transparent skirts
exhibiting their underpants
pour your drink on every table.
Please do not ask their names & whereabouts
They're your sisters and ready to recite your stuff.
Listen the classical music under dim lights
and if you feel that you're not steady to go back home?
Along the passage we have our cubicles
and you can rest your spinning head
on feathered pillows?
Please drop a coin or two as gratitude
into the pottery till if possible?
Thanks!

To the Persian Poet, Philosopher and Mathematician Omar Khayyam!

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

Companion Shadow Never Gets Tired And Leaves Me Alone?

A shadow is an area where direct light from a light source cannot reach due to obstruction by an object. It occupies all of the space behind an opaque object with light in front of it. The cross section of a shadow is a two-dimensional silhouette, or reverse projection of the object blocking the light. The sun causes many objects to have shadows and at certain times of the day, when the sun is at certain heights, the length of shadows change.

An astronomical object casts human-visible shadows when its apparent magnitude is equal or lower than -4.[1] Currently the only astronomical objects able to produce visible shadows on Earth are the sun, the moon and, in the right conditions, the planet of Venus.

I have come across
The last sixty years
Not only meadows
Mostly mountains
And I am almost tired & frustrated.
One hazy night I turned around
And spoke to my friendly shadow;
He doesn't speak but I understood
What he wants to say?
'Master! I'll be with you until you reach the last mile post! '
'I know that you never betray me but I am really worried about you
in case of my absence where you go? '

to my friend premji premji in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Comparison Of Viola

I do only a cry
in the lower pitch.
But the Violin
the greatest of all.
Please do not compare us
my sweet violets and pansies.

nimal dunuhinga

Comprehension

Time,
that
speaks
but
your
busy
ears
not
listen,
later
when
you're
concern
she's
already
gone!

nimal dunuhinga

Compromise

When a lovable hornet meets a slender flower
She has memories of her visitor.
After a little lull she replies,
'You are very familiar my dear but don't hustle like earlier'.
In this cycle of birth and death
Who knows how many times they have met with different names and faces?
If we unveil this net of illusions and unleash the unlimited expectations
Then we could see the reality of the mysterious Universe.

To the poetess b

nimal dunuhinga

Constipated Hostler And The Homebred Woman

Sometimes he sleeps in the stable
And wakes up to gadflies' hubbub.
Scarcely a woman waits for him
At the Pub to secure his wallet.
He neighs like a horse after two gulps of cheap liquor
And she plucks the gray hair from his beehive like beard.
After sometimes both of them groan
And the Platonic love continues till the rickety stable closed.

nimal dunuhinga

Convulsions Of An Old Stage Actress

Oh! The cracked lips are like a severe drought.
And the sunburn skin as an Ethiopian race.
Her sleepless eyes caught a bygone memory.
She was admired on the stage when the curtain raised.
And the incessant rain of clapping, where were they gone?
The playful audience.
Still she acts in the life-drama but no spectators.
The stage is almost dark and she hears the faraway theme song gradually draws
nearer.
She does the rehearsal; 'Stagecoach has come with all the horses,
Before it gets dark I have to pass the woods.
So I leave the script here for my brothers & sisters and the drama is not yet
over.'

nimal dunuhinga

Cooing In A Nest

My beloved wife bought me a sunblock cream; 'Dad! You have some wrinkles on your face.'

'Yes Mom! We are close upon our sixties, yet to be chosen for the yearly Marathon.'

She collects pennies in an old jam bottle and hides somewhere as she knows that I steal for my daily Cuban vanilla cigar.

I dreamed one night the till full of gold coins.

nimal dunuhinga

Copper Pennies In The Till

'Please do not worry and get stress Master
And we realized your situation.
We try our best to convert into bullion
And make you a Man.'
Oh! I love that sad song which has no music.

nimal dunuhinga

Corona Car Wash

While they are washing my tumbledown car,
I run through my old memories.
Then someone mutters inside me;
'Hey! Penpusher you must be proud of yourself
I remember you never had even a push bicycle of your own
Now you'll be all right there.'
Then I said; 'Thanks brother, still I didn't find the Aladdin's wonderful lamp to
help others.
This's only a regular not a luxury wash my friend.'

nimal dunuhinga

Coroner's Daughter Writes Me A Poem

'Opportunity seldom knocks twice
And it's written on an old building's door
But I am scared to open
As it's an abandon mortuary.'

nimal dunuhinga

Cosmogony

The nature is that much powerful.
We are only dwarfs take oxygen
and give carbon dioxide to the air.
They call this life.
What else?
When breathing stopped
Earth takes us back immediately.

nimal dunuhinga

Counterfeiter

A barefooted cobbler is mending a shoe for a bank clerk
who sits behind him and reading a newspaper.

When the cobbler said 'finished sir'

He gave him a big note and vanished.

Cobbler is very happy and on his way home

He dreams to buy a good dress for his wife
and so many things for the children.

If he knows the note is a fake?

nimal dunuhinga

Cravat

Your pinkish-mauve silky scarf
Blown in the wind
And safely landed in my backyard.
But how do I find your whereabouts
To hand over if it's not a keepsake?
Are you faraway or closely?
I have no sleep till I get a prompt response,
Please do not cremate my innocent hopes.

nimal dunuhinga

Crime

It must be midnight; no idea
Anyhow the darkness is horrible
And not a single star remains in the sky.
An infant's cry very loud; non stop
Deaf father still not sleep and mother is dead already
Nobody knows.
There isn't a single meal in her stomach.
Infant's cry continues.
A retired and a senile magistrate who never sleeps lives at the next door raided
the cottage.
Does he strangle the child?

*I dedicate this poem to street children of the World who doesn't have an
identity.

nimal dunuhinga

Cry For The Severe Drought Like A Rain

What is the use of throwing an ice cream when the boy says 'Hungry'?

Please do not shut his mouth when the boy cries.

Let him sing to the World of the hungry song

The voice of voiceless,

If it's plausible to remove the wax of their precious ears.?

[When r OMF(MD) accepted God's call to Guinea Bissau, Africa, he soon discovered, that one in three people there suffer from people actually eat roots, grass and mud cakes trying to stay alive.]

-The Franciscan Mission-

*God does not create poverty, we do, because we do not share.

-Mother Teresa-

nimal dunuhinga

Cry Over Spilled Milk

She appeared only once
in my gloomy dreams.
Like an actress in a movie
with a singsong
she disappeared at the end.
In the life-theatre still I am sitting
until the curtain opens.

for Sandra Fowler with affectionately.....

nimal dunuhinga

Curtain Call

In the life-drama, the playwright my beloved wife grumbles;
' I do not know why you cannot stay in a one place a long time
And you talk about rights and fires from time to time darling? '
'I agree with you honey, The Gypsy blood runs in my veins and I am a Gypsy
moth,
I was born under a wandering star, Really I am sorry but I never betray you! '
Then the music goes on, Oh! that's her hidden cry.

nimal dunuhinga

Daddy

Tell me dad when you come back home?
Mom won't get a proper sleep nowadays.
She believes that you do not go to sea again.
Mom is jealous sometimes
and she tells stories of Mermaids.
Not only Mom, myself, brother and twin sisters
We all hate the sea.
Deep sea doesn't have a heart.
The naughty waves bring us sorrow everyday
destroying our sand castles.
One of my friends told me
She dreamed last night a Giant eagerly drinks the whole ocean
with a straw.
I am scared Dad please come back home soon.
I forgot to tell you that I came first in the class.
What you bring for me?
Your loving daughter
Hope.

To the poetess Esme Shaw

nimal dunuhinga

Daguerrotype

In the dark room of severe crises
It's is an early kind of photograph for the Exhibition.
And it takes a certain time,
But be confident and give your full support to get the finish off.
Probably this could be one of the best sepia photographs
That would hang in the White(boarding) House.

nimal dunuhinga

Dance Under The Brass Chandelier!

I see you dance alone with a smile
And I only look at the polished floor
As I know the vast gap between us
In the same music?
You're the younger Queen in the manor
And I am just the young ragged gardener!
Though I pour water to the flowers
I have no right to pluck them.
My unlocked Castle at the backyard
And we live in the same premises.
Sometimes in your sugary dreams
I may be your Hero but in reality
I am only the orphan boy
Who pushes the wheelbarrow
Full of fertilizer!

[I heard a lot of Gospel music when I was growing up, black and white gospel music, which is very Blues-infused in its musical vocabulary.]

-Guitarist Tim Sparks

nimal dunuhinga

Dark Horse

The amorous handsome devil seems that's in spying at dusk.
Spring tide in the lake and he is very anxious to catch fish
But he isn't a regular fisherman.
A mistrust mistress too prefers the dusk and carousers don't like moonlight.
A prank but nobody cannot blame.
It's not a prearrangement but an accident.
When opportunity strikes who oppose the option?
In the darkness you cannot see the heart and tattle is not so important.
A taster needs a small sample?

To my poet friend

nimal dunuhinga

Dark Soul In The Broad Daylight

A poor chap is digging trenches
in the frontier beneath the Sungod.
He is not in regular army
who enrol voluntarily.
Like an arrow he has fallen to the earth
who cannot read and write.
For the daily wage he press his thumb mark
on the matt finished wages sheet
but his cataract blurred the notes.
He scorch like charcoal
and he sweats like an ocean.
During the short interval he take a catnap
and he dreams who became the Major General.
He is bit unhappy when he come to the reality
But this brave soul's smile covers all his mentality.

nimal dunuhinga

Darned Socks Inside Polished Shoes

My daydream is to walk one day
hand-in-hand with a lover
on a lonely beach.
But I am scared
if she ask me to remove the shoes
for convenience.

to the lovers who go hand-in-hand.

nimal dunuhinga

David & Goliath

Hebrew Bible (Christian Old Testament)

They described him as a Giant!

But this Goliath is a very skinny person

In his sixties and an orphan.

He seeks a relative in the World

And he met David the gravedigger in an old Bakery.

But not that David The King of future Israel.

They came to know each other

And lived together.

Goliath helps David in his diggings.

And one morning David didn't wake up

And Goliath completed his job.

The story tells that Goliath died in his Centinarian!

*[My Grandson grumbles to make a story using the name David who brings bread in his bicycle for them.]

nimal dunuhinga

Daylight Saving Time Begins Today!

[May you soar on eagle wings, high above the madness of the world.
May you always sing Melody in the Symphony of Your Life.
May you taste, smell, and touch your dreams of a beautiful tomorrow.
May your sun always shine, and your sky be forever blue]- Jonathan Lockwood
Huie

Late in the evening
I am day-off today
refrain from counting my Boss's money
in the Register at the Gas station.
On the tripod stool
the plate of boiled Asparagus
mixed with pepper & salt.
We bought the bottle of Red Wine
from Trader Joe's.
'Primitivo-Red Wine Epicuro'
sounds to my mischievous wallet.
I read the small letters on the label
using my magnifying glass!
'Made from selected grapes in the ancient
Apulia Region(the heel of Italy)
The Primitivo is among the best expression and 'Know how'
of the wine making culture in Southern Italy.'
OH! All of a sudden I traveled to Venice
The Gondola named just married
and the young couple in the stream.
I begged my beloved;
'Let's marry again borrowing some money from ck'
'It's enough now as you go to North pole'
And she took the bottle away.

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Dear Comrade! Erik. Solheim

I too like to hide in your kite's tail
And see a better world from a high.
If the whole world rules by a joker
What a pity instead of a tyrant?
Our children die everywhere kicking the Land mines
And they are very brave sometimes.
They knew your old fox's story
About the bitter grapes,
Not only that,
Pi! A Greek letter used as a symbol for the ratio of a Circle's circumference
To its Diameter. (About 3.14)
They sing the old song of Archimedes 'Eureka! Eureka!' uproariously.

nimal dunuhinga

Death

A River runs
never take our sorrows to the sea
A Cloud passes
never take our worries away.
All of a sudden
my old friend Repentance
with another friend
search for a shelter
in my sick-bed.

nimal dunuhinga

Death Is Theatrical?

I just murmured;
'Who's afraid of Virginia Woolf'
and looked around in the theater.
Then an unknown person I found
seated behind me
and he was told;
'You have come to know me soon
And I am your native humble funeral caretaker
Barney Raymond's representative in the States
Very helpful to the downtrodden.
Burial could be in the motherland with all the rituals
and your known people.
Not to to worry about the expences and we have our own flights
like a rocket your corpses reach there and the *kindest President
will be there for the ceremony? '
I was really scared for the last night's nightmare.

nimal dunuhinga

Death Roams Not Only In The Evenings

Beloved! We met in different costumes along this endless cycle of births & deaths.

We touched each other with secret whispers,

Then we discussed in a friendly manner about life, love, sex and fear of change, challenges and lot of things.

But the corrosive noble death obstructed our path.

He is the only person that never changes his rotten name

Comes with the same opaque identity

And who grabs our innocent personality?

I dedicate this poem to the deceased Sri Lankan celebrated poetess rana

nimal dunuhinga

Deepen

[The Buddha's basic teachings are usually summarized using the device of the Four Noble Truths:]

There is suffering.

There is the origination of suffering.

There is the cessation of suffering.

There is a path to the cessation of suffering.

I am a Whale now
swimming with my offspring
in the deep Ocean
I tell them a story
of my previous birth
that I was a shrimp
in that beautiful culinary teacher's
deep fry among her promising students
and how I suffered?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Deflower

Let us
wither
in our
remote village
And listen my old florist,
Your fingers are rough
As Blacksmith's
And it's really painful.
We have no intention
to exhilarate in your town showcases.
Village flowers belong to villagers
And not to cruel hands?

[You give but little when you give of your possessions. It is when you give of your heart that you truly give.-Unknown]

nimal dunuhinga

Delirium

His eternal dream is a windfall?
and not a wink,
dawn came with the mighty sun.
Sun knows about witchcraft
that's why the moon cannot reach him.
While he was doing window-shopping
he found a handbag on the street.
Only a halfpenny, handkerchief and a hairpin
which belongs to moon
and there was a photograph too,
Sun's boisterous youth.

nimal dunuhinga

Demigod And A Demi-Monde

She always looks for the status
and re-examined her blueprint lover.
He doesn't like her disdain
and tawdry damsel's illusive world.
They put the cart before the horse,
Still holding the cart load
and deprived unnecessarily.

To the blushing lovers.

nimal dunuhinga

Democracy

You took my brothers for interrogation
a long time ago.
During this period
You built the longest Bridge, Tallest Tower, fastest Train
and supersonic Jets,
And shown so many miracles.
But my brothers did not return.
I went to a district Magistrate and explained the matter.
He was simply disappeared.
At last you said brothers were on a pilgrimage.
I searched them in Kathmandu, Bethlehem and Mecca
all over the world.
but there is no any trace of them.

nimal dunuhinga

Departing Soul And Restless Wind

Restless wind blows desperately and repents
As there is no proper place to lodge it seems.
'Welcome friend to my lonely hut.
Here all the windows are opened and the tattered door
Not fasten by a latch.
Just tap and enter,
Please do not hesitate to take a seat on a sofa
And read something interested in the shelves..
If I am not there, don't worry
And I'll be back soon.
But if it's a longer delay
Think that my soul has blown away.'

To my loving Mom who died in my absence.
Also to the innocent souls in disaster-stricken Samoa, Vietnam, Indonesia and
the Philippines.

nimal dunuhinga

Deprived Daughter Of A Homeless

Poor ragged Cali looks in the mirror (lid of a can)
That hangs on the cardboard wall
And she mutters; 'If I become Miss World
And when a handsome tycoon brings a gem studded Crown?
I humbly bow him and test whether it fits for my nutty head.'

*Dedication to the Honourable Governor Brown for healthy, wealthy and a beautiful California!

nimal dunuhinga

Disaster

Fish gathered
At the Sea bed
And It seems to be a big conference.
Curator, An Octopus reads the Protocol.
'Why these cruel human beings spill oil in our region?
They must find an alternative instead of oil.
We innocents travel without fuel
And never pollute the Ocean.
When these cut-throats learn the manners they invented? '

nimal dunuhinga

Disaster And The Saviour

I drowned in shallows with shamefaced
And I pretended that I was happy.
But my inner thoughts were in afflict.
I dreamed that I floated and a distant island appeared in the far away mist.
My ageless passion got agitated and I saw a Nymph nimble for my assistance.
She realized my long-suffering sickness 'Agoraphobia'

nimal dunuhinga

Dishwasher

He washes the dishes very fast and he sees his face very bright.
He doesn't count as an employee and always he thinks as the owner of the
Restaurant.

This is the way to live happily.

Though you are not a Saint but act as a Saint.

* When he throws the left over to the trash he thinks of his brotherhood and
their struggle for a breadcrumb.

nimal dunuhinga

Dispensary

Madam!

I am an obedient servant to you
dispense with medicines,
still I couldn't find that
colorless love tablet
in your closet
which could fight
against
the fatal death!

nimal dunuhinga

Dissident Soldiers In A Strange Night

When the dark falls
Birds fly to their roost.
The Watch keepers,
Moon and Stars appear in the pale sky.
I too start my graveyard shift.
The distance between us I calculate leisurely
And I hear a serenade far away.
'Night has a light
And for what?
You and me awake and the rest fast asleep.
You never come up and it's impossible me to come down.
In this eternal battle we are just two soldiers.
If the destiny was written,
Then why should we are awake?
I dim my light a little and you keep that toy gun aside.
We are almost tired comrade
And let's have a rest for a while.'

nimal dunuhinga

Divine Ice Cream Melts In A Poor Girl's Dream?

A charming poor girl asked from her blind mother;
'Mom! I like to taste an ice cream
Is that the same flavour of our hot tears? '
Then her sickly aged father replied;
'No my little parakeet daughter
Rich they sing in their new tune
it's a fruity taste in heaven
Who knows? '

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Dodder

Hey! .Intellectual
what you expect from this man?
Do you want him to join your language marathon.
A skinny; you can count his ribs.
Let him stay as a semicolon
and don't make him a full stop.
You may keep your dogmas with you
and let him crawl to the grave.

From my stressful heart, dedication to a certain reader who insulted me publicly for some grammar mistakes of my poems. I agreed and I know my limitations as the English is my second language and without any hesitation I would like to say that I am still a e excuse me, my friendly readers.

nimal dunuhinga

Dogs Bark And Mountains In Stance

The next door dog sleeps in his kennel
And his dog sleeps out in their kennel.
The following morning a big grumble.
Dogs are friends and housewives are enemies.
'Let the dogs be friendly and we too make a peaceful negotiation.'
He said.
His wife laughs with his scribbling
When he woke up in the Sunday morning.

nimal dunuhinga

Don; We Met After Forty Years

He is my elder brother Lalith's class mate and his full name is . Bandhu
Don comes from Portuguese ancestry,
Padma denotes Lotus and Bandhu means friend in our mother tongue.
Time of course a Magician, after leaving school we met in the land of opportunity
and it's almost forty years
But we have not changed a bit, I have a gray beard and your side whiskers
slightly gray.
We are old that's all.
Thank you so much for the the gift the big Johnny Walker Red label bottle and
it's really a fountain for me to scribble my anguish,
Leave aside all the subjects we studied together
Algebra, Geometry, Physics and Chemistry
None of them help us today as we are the victims of Life's struggle.
Again we met in the life school my dear and we have a lot to study,
Around us there are vast different characters in the life school
And be alert as you live in the Valley with your loving family
And I am here in Anaheim with my singsong beloved and the loved ones are far
away
Let smile like our school days and I still remember your favorite song.
If life is a song
But it's a painful nagging and what else?

* To my loving brother Lalith in gratitude as you taught me a lot much more than
the encyclopedia.

nimal dunuhinga

Don'T Cry My Cute Turkey Bird

A kind fox very sophisticated like a politician who sings well;
'It's a risk roaming at odd hours these days in twilight
I have a party invited across the river for thanksgiving
And I take you there with me, I promise you dear
And I give you my cashmere ribbon-shawl then you can cover your beautiful
face,
Lets go together
And I never betray you my dear!

nimal dunuhinga

Dormouse And A Ghost

This rare creature used to sleep all over the winter.
When the winter was over, one night the poor man heard
Somebody was scuffing the ragged doormat.
Then he slightly opened the door and peeped.
He saw it was scurrying away.
The next day at the same time
Scraping sound came.
He opened the door and kept a carrot on the mat.
This habit continued until the undernourished man died.
But it came as usual to the haunted house and there was always a carrot on the
mat.

nimal dunuhinga

Double-Decker

Thank you so much for the Starline Sightseeing Double-decker,
Beloved, myself, in-laws and their family from Boston
All of us seen the spectacular beauty around Hollywood.
From the Chinese Theatre at Starline Terminal to Hollywood Bowl Amphitheatre,
really a long journey.
She got into the bus at Sunset Boulevard if I am not mistaken.
She seated close to me and smiled like an old familiar friend.
I said; 'I have seen you somewhere.'
'Certainly in silent movies in bygone era.' She replied shyly.
'Sorry, I have forgotten your good name please.'
'Me too.' She smiled again.
I looked at my wife and her eyes watch the infinity it seems.
'Honey I am no more as they aborted my fetus.'
She squeezed my hand while getting down at 'Hollywood forever Cemetery.'

* I humbly dedicate this poem to Survivors of the Abortion Holocaust.

nimal dunuhinga

Doughnut

She works in a doughnut outlet
as a part-time in the evenings
and the day time she goes
to a high school.

A handsome Shoeshine
shone in the sunlight
with his sachet on the pavement.

Nothing to be surprised
and they are eternal lovers
under the vast sky.

It's always and everywhere
there are obstacles
occur to the innocent love.

In the Municipality
the Mayor has passed a bill
to clear the road of vendors
and the doughnut shop was closed
as the Proprietor in bankruptcy.

nimal dunuhinga

Down The Memory Lane

You're a learned soul that I admire at all,
In my school days I had a pen-friend a girl from Sarawak, Malaysia
Her name is Punithawathy an Indian origin if I am not mistaken and when I came
to Sarawak once on a ship.
I was forty then, little aggressive
I want to see her but I have lost her address.
So no more, life's a dream day by day soulship reaches to the place called
'Anchorage' close to a certain Port,
And then you dropp your Anchor and lay up!
No voyages hereafter!

* To the poet Rahul Aithal in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Dowry Is Heavier Than Life

Most Asian women; it seems to be compulsory to bring a property or money as a bride to her husband on her marriage.

What a ridiculous custom is this?

It's rather different than when you visit a whore.

Then you have to pay her and it's a must.

How these shameless craven men grumble for money?

A woman goes with a man for better prospects and she gives you precious offspring.

These human God-fearing barbarians treat callously for those fragile creatures.

nimal dunuhinga

Dreaming On The Hospital Bed

["Trees that are slow to grow bear the best fruit."]? Molière

Nurse wakes me up
early in the morning
and she helps me to walk
Doctor comes in the noon
and predicts that I could go home soon.
Wife brings a broccoli soup
late in the evening
and she got angry
when I asked of my nightcap?
How strange still I am healthy
but my inner soul want to be a patient!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Drops Of Blood

I touched her weeping heart,
The Leper's.
It's pretty warm and no scars to be seen.
Then I heard the inner song
Like a psalm.
'I am on my way to Calvary
To touch the drops of blood
Lost by our Lord Jesus.'

[Family in crisis the son's lost in the childhood of Jesus; 'Son, why have you done this to us? Your father and I have been looking for you with great anxiety.']
-Luke 2: 48-

To the little girl (Pen pal) in Ethiopia, she requested a poem something about Jesus Christ since a long time in my fading dreams.

nimal dunuhinga

Drubbed In Swamp

In the marsh overwhelmed with flood.
He thought it's sure-footed and he crossed.
Before he drowns his thoughts dragged
to the bygone days how he swam with his free style
in the country's longest river.
It's almost over and he is old now.
He struggled in the bottom where it's full of mud.
The best swimmer drowned and no more sound.

nimal dunuhinga

Duo

Hey! My mysterious shooter 'one eyed Jack'
Who roams along the dark mountain road.
Please load your rickety gun with that sugar-coated cartridge
And fire me straight before Sundown.
I am your moving target.
But problem is the Gravediggers as they are on strike nowadays for bonuses.

*[Doctor er. Bird, could you please prescribe me that bitter pill for the sickness;
'Life away from Home'.

nimal dunuhinga

Dustman

Don't be frightened in the dusk
As he comes after emptying the dustbins.
This dutiful work horse you can bet each way,
He'll be home soon definitely
After having few gulps of illicit liquor
From a junk shop to wash the dusty gullet.

nimal dunuhinga

Duty Of Water

I am the vine, and you are the branches.

John 15: 5 (CEV)

The bare land which I borrowed is not big enough
And I plant there the innocent seeds of humanity.
If the soil is cultivated,
Then the misguided proud sky,
Why don't you pour me few drops of water to survive?

nimal dunuhinga

Earth & Skyscrapers

Old building: He is very proud of being a skyscraper
boasts to the world.

' I am the tallest and the richest too
my best friends are Sun & Moon'

New building: He is very proud of being a Skyscraper
boasts to the world.

' I am more taller and more richer than the old buiding
my best friends are Stars & Planets'

Earth : I am not proud like you and there is no world without me
my best friends are human; if I shake myself a bit
you all collapse on me.

nimal dunuhinga

Earth Is A Graveyard

A pauper claims his baroness mother was buried
in this aristocratic graveyard.

But he doesn't have any relevant document
to prove that.

This seems to be a restricted place
as they were buried with their wealth.

The guard explains to the poor man
'I am sorry sir, unless if you have an authority
there is no way to trespass.'

nimal dunuhinga

Earth Knows A Thousand Stories Of Human Sorrow

What a pity?
candle is burning very fast
and eyes are sleepy.
night crawls as a Tortoise.
hidden thoughts won't come out.
How can I say the whole world is sleeping?
some eagerly counting notes,
quarrel to divide the earth,
sing melodies and elegies,
grumble for their shares and et cetera.,
What a ridiculous life is this?
we sing and dance
on our own grave.

nimal dunuhinga

Easter

Once my English teacher explained in the literature class,
'A spring festival commemorating Christ's resurrection.'
I dreamed the next door baker bakes Easter buns
And all of a sudden Judas jumped to the oven.

nimal dunuhinga

Eastern Grey Kangaroo

'Macropus Giganteus'

Is this your tribal name?

And we are human beings.

You live in Australian Green

And we like to hide in your secured pouch

To see our daughter and Son-in-law in Dandenong North

Oh! Our friends Alison and Jerry too.

All of them may surprise when we jump out to their premises.

Dear Kangaroo, You are so innocent like us

And we are friends indeed.

We reduce our weight and never give you a burden.

In your warm pouch we dream a cold pasture.

*To Tharindu & Kelum.....Alison & Jerry.....!

[Tharindu, the stamp on your letter with two Kangaroos really amazed me.]

nimal dunuhinga

Eau De Cologne

Here she comes like an athlete.
She missed the train and sat on the bench next to him.
He sniffs a rare delicate smell and she smiled.
The next train came in time and she got in.
She evaporated saying him bye!
Still he feels that babyish smell at the edge of his nostril.
And this aged man flown to his childhood.

nimal dunuhinga

Ebb

Circus man on a pivot like pixie
And he pissed.
Who says he climbs to the pinnacle?
Definitely the journey ends at a burial place.

nimal dunuhinga

Eclairs!

I told my beloved
to make some
for my 62nd birthday!
She cries; 'Your blood sugar level is high these days.'
'Do not worry as I have 1000 mg Metformin and 5 mg Glipizide
to fight with the fleeing life! '
Then she smiled like school days.
If life is sweet like Eclairs?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Eclogue

My flowery dream was a cottage by a riverside
and I struggled through my whole life to fulfill.
When I open the little windows
I could see the shepherd, cattle and sheep.
Oh! the greenery pasture.
My gregarious pregnant housewife,
she is in a hurry like a bee in the morning
and peeps out to collect manure for her flower pot.
She delivers her fifth child
I hope somewhere in the March equinox.
What else I want?
If life goes as a Nursery rhyme.

nimal dunuhinga

Eggheads, Egotism & The Heat Of Election

The innocent folks' tin roof shatter of their sweeten speeches.
They show you the deeds while holding the Aladdin's wonderful lamp
And they request you to supply fuel and light up the mysterious lamp.
But the poor citizen are very familiar with their usual limbo.

nimal dunuhinga

Either Fahrenheit Or Centigrade?

Inside this rickety rib cage
Hanging the precious fragile heart
and the warmth of the furnace
Either Farenheit or Centigrade
That doesn't make any difference
and through the weak human veins
Carries the innocent red blood?
The kind & smart politicians
Speak all the languages of the World fluently
except the needy?
They make unnecessary rage battlefields
for shedding the innocent red blood?

nimal dunuhinga

Eldorado Park

I sit on an isolated bench beside the pond
And I write these few lines in my pocketbook.
Oh! The black swan in the pond dragged me to my boisterous school days.
We called her 'Blackbeauty'; The dark girl with a huge back.
I remember once I passed her a vulgar joke and still I repent.
'Hey! My sweetheart could I borrow your buttocks as my pillow? '
She just smiled only and her pearly teeth that I never forget and who knows
where she goes?
The faraway golf links like a paradise and someone strikes the ball with the club
and it flies to the infinity.
Oh! If you could do the same for me then I could have landed on my native
grounds peacefully.
In the pellucid water of the pond I see my wrinkled ugly face and I realize the
gravity of wreckage in the uncertain life.

* To Alison, Jerry, Sandra, Denis, Max, George and the rest of all.

nimal dunuhinga

Elizabeth

I am not telling anything about the Queen,
Her name also Elizabeth but her Palace
Somewhere else, in front of an old Railway station.
She cannot sleep well because of the express trains
But some nights she dreams the Commonwealth it seems.
One night after a couple of drinks I searched some notes in my wallet
But they were disappeared secretly and I gave her some coins.
She said; 'Thank you orough you know my mother's a seamstress to a bygone
Queen and she gave this beautiful name.'
I didn't correct my name and I said; ' Yes, beth I 'll convey the message when I
go to the Palace for music lessons.'

*I dedicate this to the old senile woman who slept on the road that stuck in my
memory and torments me all the time!

nimal dunuhinga

Elopement

And she comes; utters
I cannot live with him anymore.
This parsimonious animal,
Who never takes me for a Movie?
A selfish character very fond of other women.
Very soon he loses his job.
I want to leave him before he gives me a child.
Myself, I am in a dilemma.
It's impossible to abandon my family.
They all have grabbed me like a pet.
I told her to be patient,
You cannot expect a perfect bliss.
There are ups and downs in this life.
But nobody can escape from a Witch.
Luckily I woke up with perspiration.
Oh! it's a dream.
I explained to my wife about the nightmare.
And she said 'it could be a prediction'
What a pity?
Since that day she is inquisitive of my whereabouts.

nimal dunuhinga

En Passant

I have heard this word
but never played,
the game of Chess.
You may capture the Pawn
in the very first movement
oh! what's an interesting event?
But in reality,
how far I was running behind her
anyway at last I caught
only her beautiful body.
Yet, her inner feelings, secrets
and hidden notions who knows?
Somebody must have purposely programmed
of this scheduled brief-lifetime?
The period isn't enough to understand
this curious delicate- woman.

nimal dunuhinga

End Of The Month!

*Bonnie Elizabeth Parker (October 1,1910 - May 23,1934) and Clyde Chestnut Barrow (March 24,1909 - May 23,1934) were well-known outlaws, robbers, and criminals who traveled the Central United States with their gang during the Great Depression. Their gang was known as the 'Barrow Gang' which included Bonnie and Clyde, and at times Buck Barrow, Blanche Barrow, Raymond Hamilton, W.D. Jones, Joe Palmer, Ralph Fults, and Henry Methvin. Their exploits captured the attention of the American public during the 'public enemy era' between 1931 and 1934. Though known today for his dozen-or-so bank robberies, Barrow in fact preferred to rob small stores or rural gas stations. The gang is believed to have killed at least nine police officers and committed several civilian murders. The couple themselves were eventually ambushed and killed in Louisiana by law officers. Their reputation was cemented in American pop folklore by Arthur Penn's 1967 film Bonnie and Clyde

O the poor man's execution days?

Electricity bill, water, cable

and house rent

Citation ticket for parking at Paradise road?

Check Engine light flickers

Right side of the front flat tyre

and in the spare wheel too no air?

Wife grumbles her severe abdominal pains

and I whispered to her ear; 'Are you pregnant? '

She's angry!

I filled my water pistol thinking of the old movie

*'Bonnie & Clyde' and here the grand son comes

Reminds me of my old saying; 'Be a Lion Grandpa

among the dirty wolves.'

It's another painful wake up?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Endearment

In my thatched house
On the gloomy passage
Towards the altar
I sketch your fairy face
With that dimple
On your chin!
And it's not Moon
Moonlight it reflects from the Sun.
Your mozzarella fingers
Holding an unvarnished flower.
My zigzag road full of pitfalls & thorns,
Please do not get frightened of my upheaval
And I give you my feeble shaky hand
As a suppliant for a pirouette!

*Dedication to my deceased Grandson 'Prabashwara' who bid Goodbye two days ago, I am sure that your lonely resting place full of fireflies and no darkness at all! May you rest in peace my darling son and I give you a little shout on & off! Your poor Grandma gave her kind regards too.

nimal dunuhinga

Enemies Were There In His Dream Too?

All his grey hair
Turned into a Golden spiral
At the barber shop in Heaven
And he watched in the mirror
Myriads of Barbers
Behind him
With sharp razors?

to all my friends!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Enjoy

Our English teacher tells in the class;
'Enjoy your vacation and bring me an essay
When you come back.'
How do we enjoy teacher?
When people are dieing with Sicknesses,
Storms, Earthquakes, Mudslides, Wars and so many other miseries.
Children play on the grounds where the mines were rooted
And the weapon manufacturEnjoy

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'Enjoy your vacation and bring me an essay
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How do we enjoy teacher?
When people are dieing with Sicknesses,
Storms, Earthquakes, Mudslides, Wars and so many other miseries.
Children play on the grounds where the mines were rooted
And the weapon manufacturers are enjoying
When people are dying

Hope you stay till I come back with my sad essay of this hopeless World?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Epoch

The belated moon behind a person's back
and the epitome looks to the infinity
for better or for worse.

He is in between the devil and the deep sea.
The familiar erotic sun eloped with the moon
and in the dark sky where the shoe pinches.

To the poetess Mary Nagy for her kindness.

nimal dunuhinga

Equal Opportunity Employer

Before the election the man who boasts
about poverty, equanimity, religion and politeness.
Sweet saliva flows at the both ends of his mouth with such lies.
This handsome, soft heart and straightforward democrat
where do you find him when everything is over?

nimal dunuhinga

Erosive Life Go With The Flow

In the poor visibility
the old Lighthouse stands.
Sun murmurs his usual prayer
'off for the day my dear'.
When the darkness peeps
a beggar tunes his ramshackle lute
and sings his monotonous song.
'where do they come from
and where do they go?
what do they bring
and what do they take away?
Affable dark skinny young woman
whose husband has abandoned her
sit on the wharf and pray anxiously
for her daily bread.
She heard the far away sailing ship dropped her anchor.
It seems that she is very uneasy with her agony
wait until the anchor heaves up quickly
and the kind sailors visit her cursed hut merrily.

nimal dunuhinga

Erotica

The old man complains to the psychiatrist
'I have a sickness doctor, unable to walk along the road
Whenever I meet a woman I see her nude.
Then I get convulsions.'
'How old are you? '
'Sixty nine'
'Married? '
'No still a bachelor'
'You should marry soon otherwise the sickness get worst.'

(One day the patient dreamed that he was committed suicide in the next door neighbour's bath room.)

nimal dunuhinga

Escapee

Train is full and hardly I embarked
on the way a girl jumped to the train
and somebody in the compartment who pulled the chain
it stopped at once.

We delayed to reach the station called Eternity
Oh! someone has pick pocketed my wallet hastily.
All my hard earned money is there.

Heavy rains and it took sometimes to seized.
I heard a sound of a tolling bell in a distant temple
and I see a gloomy mountain through the mist.
Beloved! still, I am at the beneath of the mountain
and there is no way marker to the peak.

nimal dunuhinga

Espousal

The Esquire is an Englishman,
Bride the Italian comes from*Esquiline
And she carries her puppy an*Eskimo dog
The language she speaks like Esperanto!
And the espionage from Andalusia well paid,
Wedding cake brought by an Armored car
And this Grand Aristocratic party goes for a year!

*Esquiline one of the seven hills of Rome.

*Eskimo dog [A dog of a broad chested, powerful breed native to Greenland and Labrador.]

nimal dunuhinga

Essence Of The Village And New Dawn!

Soot over the chimney
And hoot wakes up the moody.
A Man wears an overall
With a spade he puts charcoal.
Moves slowly the steam engine
Early in the morning!
Train goes passing meadows
Cows eat the grass
Ferry crosses and the church bell rings
Village awakes!
The baker rolls the dough
A man with a plough,
The van brings the newspapers from the town
And the middle aged skinny driver's strange behaviour
With the widowed milkmaid turned into a new folklore
And sooner or later that definitely goes to the paper?

to my faraway poet friend robyn selters in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Eucalyptus

A tree grows in Australia and I heard the leaves that yield strong smelling oil.
My poet friend s lives there like a huge tree.
I have a message for you my dear friend.
My wife was informed me two days ago
Our eldest daughter & the family will migrate to Australia soon
For better prospects and they were given a promise
To drag us to the city of Melbourne once they touched the soil.
I wrote to my wife' Hey! My darling pain killer
If it's not a dream at least we can rest in peace in an aboriginal's graveyard as
'True Lovers' under the Eucalyptus tree.

To my poet friend s

nimal dunuhinga

Even Flowers Sometimes Question Of The Existence!

A tiny flower
sings
her melancholic song
and the tree is quiet as usual;
'Why you make me bloom
to the open space
as I have agoraphobia.
If I wither soon
You shouldn't bring me here,
And I go who knows where? '

nimal dunuhinga

Every Single Moment I Too Spin With My Karma!

Uranus, Jupiter, Saturn, Neptune

Pluto, Mars, Mercury,

Earth, Moon and Venus

Inside the Asteroid belt

Sun you give us the Light!

You rise every morning

And set every night

According to the same shift

I work for my stingy pot bellied Boss

And get a pay check every fortnight.

Earth spins and travel around the Sun

It takes 365 1/4 days,

Every moment,

I too spin with my Karma

And when I get a total Solar Eclipse?

(During a Solar Eclipse, the Moon moves between Earth and the Sun and blocks the Sun light for a short time.)

*My grandson's picture book 'The Sun' (Allison Lassieur's) forced me to scribble this.....

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Eyewitness

Face cloth in one hand
and with the other
eyeliner goes to her
magical eyes.

In front of a mirror
she saw her facet
and the faceless.

It's a confusion
and an eye-opener.
She has witnessed
my soul in the mirror.

nimal dunuhinga

Falcon

You soar high and from the barren sky
Watch the ants like human,
How they struggle and grab the greasy tricky life
That runs through the bony fingers.
Nothing is certain, we come like water
And go as wind.
Birds sing songs without lyrics and they fly, Man cannot fly with these feeble
hands?
Thanks again my friend and your name imprint in my soul list with Omar
Khayyam, Nikos Kazantsakis and his great character Zorba as same as Maxim
Gorky's Makar Chudra, Loiko Zobar and Radda.
Garcia Lorca, Matsuo Basho the radical Tankist Ishikawa, Alexander Pushkin
And the miracle whistle of Zamfir!
Mysterious smile of Mona Lisa to Neil Armstrong?

*To Warren Falcon the poet!

nimal dunuhinga

Fall Alarms Of The Coming Winter

My beloved replaced some missing buttons of my old jacket
And darned my antique woolen socks.
My old shoes grumbles; 'Master few holes in the sole
Definitely snowflake could peeps.'
I feel sorry for her
And she repairs the broken Kerosene heater
While I listen to the Waltz of Johann Strauss's 'Blue Danube'.
Landlord has come home
After his long foreign trip
And I count the arrears of my house rent.
Some expired antibiotic capsules smile on the rack
A strange notion and I too smiled; 'If poverty could be destroyed by these? '
What a ridiculous life is this?
Last night I dreamed some racing horses for the sleigh
And few Reindeers jumped into our room from Arctic regions!

** To an unseen companion of the journey the poet Matt Mooney in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Familiar Voices Echo From Massachusetts!

*Shani the young poetess from Massachusetts;

I dedicate this poem in gratitude to her courageous family who gave us tremendous help as same as hospitality in our hard times in the USA.

They are in-laws of my daughter.....and our friends too.

'Hello Grandma & Grandpa!

We're already here.(Grandson Siluna, Daughter Thilini & Son-in-law Chinthaka)

Our Grandson called us and he wants to know when we go there and see them?

Yes, that's our endless dream and not yet finished.

Our eldest daughter & Son-in-law, Tharindu & Kelum in Australia

When they join us and sing together?

Oh! What a great comfort?

Then one day the old couple could have rest in peace hand-in-hand quietly

With a big permanent smile for a Toothpaste advertisement!

P.S.

Sonny! America is a big ripen Orange and we're small ants.I have already quitted smoking and I want to check your poor old Grandma's piggy till that how much she has saved for the journey? Really I must have an iron wallet otherwise these tricky coloured notes would fly always.

I must mention the name of poetess from West Virginia/my life-school teacher Sandra Fowler(West Virginian Nightingale) for her devotional prayers and our utmost gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Farewell

My far away dumb lass
I hear your unsung sad song
from your talking eyes.
Your shattered lips
will not allowed for a kiss.
With my faded dreams
I sat on an isolated bench
in this ruined station.
I am sure that your express train
won't stop here.
I see the parallel railway lines
which stretched over to the promiseland.
My stringless lute cries with me
and I know this is the last goodbye train
to the eternity.

Dedication to the speechless souls who died in warfare.

nimal dunuhinga

Farmer's Unlettered Wife Laments

She lives in a remote village with her one and only daughter.
Her epileptic husband died a long ago,
Then the child was just completed five years.
'Oh! The University, it seems close to universe.
I have never seen such a place even in my faded dreams.
So my darling daughter you have already packed everything and leaves soon.
I am not worried about me.
While you learn many things of the cruel World, I am sure there won't be a single
blank page in your heavy books for the orphan shepherd boy to make a pastel
drawing.
He too run away like your kind father.
Though I am a simpleton my dear, that I could predict well.'

* To my loving deceased mother, her unaccomplished dream is that one of her
children would be enrolled to an university some day. Mom! I am sorry but I
learned to draw a black face with white paint and vice versa in the life-school.

nimal dunuhinga

Faucet

They praise you
As far as you give them fresh water
But when you become old and rusty
They break your neck
And I saw your blood red tears dripping!

(To Isaac Bashevis Singer for his great novel 'The family Moskat'.)

nimal dunuhinga

Feel The Pinch

From time to time in plain clothes
a man who goes everywhere in a placid mood
for his living.
Still he could not find a pinnacle.
His wallet has a disease called 'perishable'.
Only coins remain and the currency notes evaporate.
The breadwinner; a rolling stone
will never gather moss
and who destined to be a loner
in his lifetime.

nimal dunuhinga

Fenugreek Over The Fence

The blind girl dreams her dumb fiance'
Sings her figurative poem!
And she sniffs the rare fragrance.

nimal dunuhinga

Fernandez; Hispanic Tutor For Mathematics

He's a part-time teacher for Mathematics.
But I go there to learn Spanish.
He resembles the former Chilean Ruler Augusto Pinochet
But very kind.
We started the Spanish abecedario. (alphabet)
'A for Amor,
That means love
Very common isn't it? '
He introduced me Maria Luisa.
'We are living together
And she's from Peru.'
She came towards us wearing a see through gown.
She looks like the lady in one of Paul Gauguin's prominent paintings.
I had two tumbler gulps of Tequila and my head spins.
Master sniffed and said; 'Postponed the classes and we do some other day.'
He wants me to write something special of love in his notebook
And offered me a Mascara pencil.
I wrote few lines.
'When the handsome poverty peeps through your shattered window
Beautiful love flees from the back latch door.'
On the way back a curiosity arises in me
And I think there must be an age gap between them.
I am sorry for the inquisitiveness.

nimal dunuhinga

Fiancee

Pass me the boat of kindness
which is laying at your heart alongside.
I want to sail to the Love country
crossing the ocean of jealousy
throw your eyes to the sky
as I have lost my way.
sing the dumb song sorrowful
which is sinking
my eyes are paining
and I feel that I am going to be blind
as I did not sleep for the last two thousand five hundred years.
I need a permanent sleep.
sing the dumb song sorrowful
which is sinking.

nimal dunuhinga

Field Mice And Screech Owls

Both of you disturb my precious sleep,
scurrying and screeching.

You have no pity for my beloved! ?

She scrubbed the whole day
and washed the dirty linen.

Now she is in a sound sleep.

For me I don't mind, , just a scribbler.

But you must look after her.

She gets up early in the morning.

Not only that, she is the one
who feeds you everyday.

nimal dunuhinga

First Love

Nobody teaches a bird to fly
Nobody teaches a fish to swim
Nobody teaches a fruit to ripe
But I have to explain you
That how to love politely?

*A humble poem for the Royal Wedding!

nimal dunuhinga

Fish Oil

'Darling!
This may reduce
Coronary
Heart
Disease
Risk! '
'But
When you're angry
You said that
I do not have a Heart.'
Like a fish
She slips into the Kitchen.
Oh! Life's an Aquarium.

* Humbly to the matured poetess Sri Devi!

nimal dunuhinga

Fishing In The Troubled Waters

The thin line goes deeper and deeper in the bottomless ocean of life.
Where's the golden fish of hope in the journey of fantasy?

*To my faraway friend Denis who recognizes my holey vocabulary.

nimal dunuhinga

Flightless Man Runs

He awakes all the night
and sleeps in the day.
Loves the darkness
where he see things better.
Yes, eyes can see only up to the infinity.
but for a strong heart there is no any limitations.
When they were asleep all are alike.
You see the difference
only when they are awake.
Nocturne describes the sick world
and her innermost nakedness.
In the midday how they run eagerly?
Oh! my beloved it's not a colourful dream
not a silken road or a prairie.
The meaningless marathon inside the life it seems
very sad and dreary.
The pragmatic handicaps are imposed to the competition.

for my b'day boy .

nimal dunuhinga

Flowers Of Heaven; Quiet But Uneasy

Sharp needle and the silky thread
friends forever
And I am very familiar
to their friendly chat.
'We do an embroidery of posh flowers
for the unborn child's pillow case
That could be a surprise for Baroness.'
Old seamstress dreams.

nimal dunuhinga

Flowers, Bubbles & Dreams

Thanks.....
if life full of flowers?
but not thorns
as it pains.....
if life full of bubbles?
but not burst
then I lose my hopes!
If life full of dreams?
but not awake
then I have to face the reality.

nimal dunuhinga

Foes & Friends

Sky is angry with me as I said once a dark sky.

Ocean is angry with me because I said her language is hoarse.

Stars are angry with me as I found they are infinite?

Only the needy are friendly with me,

As I know how much they saved in the banks?

nimal dunuhinga

Fog!

[Home is where the heart is.]-Pliny the Elder

Another painful wake up
it's really foggy
Heaven & Hell not visible
and sky mourns
My beloved brings the morning bed tea
and she grumbles that having nauseate,
'miracles could happen anytime darling
perhaps the morning sickness? '
I murmured.
she smiled and I pinched her buttocks
showing a couple of sparrows
hugging each other
on the window sill.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Footprint On The Sand

A Footloose walks on the beach
Let his sand castles waterlogged.
He is sure that no valuable things inside.
Insipid it seems and no way to turn.
His long shadow disappeared with the sunset
And in the moonlight his sachet
The identity is safely landing with the calm waves.

Dedication to Nobodies

nimal dunuhinga

For My Inner Sickness?

Hey! My pain killer
You boil Lotus root
and fry Asparagus
check everyday
the blood sugar level
But why did you hide
my Nirva-nic drink?
I just want to spin my head a little
With the spinning Karma-ful World!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

For The Time Being

A handsome God and an ugly devil live in this poor man's worn heart.
When he gets sick the handsome prescribes medicines and the ugly force him to
hard liquor.
When the poor man got drunk; he shouts ' No doubts I see the fundamental road
ahead that leads to heaven & hell, but I am totally drunk
And it's too far to walk through the sober lane, better I relax here for a while at
the signal lights until the green sign flickers.'

nimal dunuhinga

Forbidden Love

Late at midnight very thirsty and through the darkness
I see a pesticide bottle is hanging and shining in my room
Like a twinkling star.
I always keep promises and my wife is fast asleep.
The widow next door,
She is still singing her monotonous song.
My inner soul is very inquisitive.
Is that a lament or an invitation?

*Mind is like a wild beast and always travels to restricted areas?

nimal dunuhinga

Forenoon

It seems that Sun almost tired burning forever in the vast sky.

He lazily rises for another day.

A flock of birds fly as usual for their daily findings.

Moon hides as she scares to scorch in vain.

Struggle of human wake from scratch to fight and notch up their goals.

How many mornings the man has to wake up until he gets his permanent sleep

And to avoid the life's Beep?

nimal dunuhinga

Forester And Firewood

Day's work has done
And he gets ready to go home.
In the messy woodpile
What a sad conversation?
'We burn safely at the hearth
And give warm to their sicken hearts.
Where does the winter breeze carry our cold ashes? '

nimal dunuhinga

Forgiveness

There may be innuendoes from the mealy-mouthed individual.

Her skeptical husband who listens to the scaremongers?

It seems very sad the newly built nest will be scattered to the unexpected storms.

There should be a mutual understanding each other

If not the domesticity is turn up inferno.

The doubt leads the road to catastrophe and the ups and downs are the reality of life.

Let her sleep without stir or bustle.

Brother forgiveness is a rare quality of a human being.

Forget the nightmare and look into the beautiful side of life.

nimal dunuhinga

Fortnight Progress Report

My Elocution Teacher

Complains

That I do not

Pronounce

Love

Much louder!

nimal dunuhinga

Foster Children

Foster parents they lived happily
until the twins became an adolescents.
The boys who came to know their pedigree
from the mealy mouths.
They changed their attitudes
and grumbled with these innocent parents.
No respect for them at all.
Foster parents are in a dilemma
and they promised to each other
not to tell the truth.
How can they tell them
that their father is the pauper who begs at the cathedral gate
and the mother who's a wrongdoer at the old barracks.
Who knows how long they can hide this pathetic story
to this prodigal sons Cane and Abel?

nimal dunuhinga

Fountain Pen & Ink; Poor Writer's Cramp?

'Pour me more ink
If you want to write
your epitaph?
The tears are not durable
And it fades away
from the tomb.'
Writer cries
and a bookworm creeps
on the manuscript?

[Joseph Stalin who feared Leon Trotsky's pen more than he feared the Hitler's
Army and that's why he used a paid agent to assassinate him with an ice dagger?
]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Fragment Of A Fallen Star!

Middle of the night
When a star burns in the sky
A street child not sleep yet
with the infested scabies
And he counts slowly
One, two, three and four etc.,
Gazing at the far away building
He thinks deeply!
When he enrolls that College
To count all the stars quickly
And do they ask my runaway parents immediately?

*To in (1915-2011) Picasso of India who passed away on 9th, Thursday, June in a London was 95 and may his soul be a painting in the sky!

nimal dunuhinga

Fragrant Smoke Of My Vanilla Cigar

That goes up to the sky
And I got an anonymous message.
'Do not inhale much
As you could go to Hell
Instead of Heaven.'
My dilemma is;
'If smoke goes to Heaven
Then why this fragile soul idles in this messy World? '

nimal dunuhinga

Freedom

Life torments me day and night
never leaving me a moments rest
Oh! God if there is any above the sky
I need freedom, please listen to me
can you hear me, Freedom! Freedom!
I saw in the cold night
an aeroplane or a flying saucer
landed to the field where I stood
someone got down from the plane
and came towards me.
I asked him who are you?
He said a messenger from God
and he gave me a box of gold
which I could not hold
before I opened it, saw something written on the lid.
a gift from your forefathers
the wealth inside to all
those who have the faith in God
divide them into equal.
The box is full of money, oh! money is everything
dollars, pounds, marks, roubles, yens and et cetera.
I did not give a share to anybody and all I spent for myself.
I built a castle on the hilltop
and put a sign at the gate
'Beware of Dogs'
I am the almighty of all and ruling this world
the poor soul cried for freedom
even I am not free at all.
When he cried for freedom
I gave him money and he asked more
I gave him a spouse pure
he is nagging that she is barren
then I gave him children.
He never get satisfied ask more and more
finally I gave him the death.

nimal dunuhinga

Friendly Fragrance Of The Night Flowers

Some they bloom in the night
While the other flowers, bees and butterflies were slept.
A way lost desperate hornet comes and verifies;
'Are these tears or dew my dearest,
So warm under the Moonlit night? '
'It's a mixture of dew and tears comrade,
A fine elixir that keeps you young forever if you taste.
And do not bother to wake up in the broad daylight.
Brother you can jump into a sound sleep indeed
until you come again to my Promise land.'
Queen of the night played her role very efficiently.

* Dedication to poor harlots for their eternal struggle.
Also to my new Irish friend Todd Hatchard who's a short story writer accidentally
I met him in Huntington Beach on ck's day.

nimal dunuhinga

Friendship

Here comes the biggest ship
carry so many hardships.
sails on seven seas, passing rough weathers
hurricanes, storms, lightning and et cetera.,
but she arrives one day
towards the love country
and see her loved ones.

nimal dunuhinga

From An Iceberg To A Desert

In your Igloo
My frozen thoughts
Never melts
And we go to a desert
I give you my old Camel
To find your precious dreamy Oasis,
Would your Mom & Dad give permission
For this vagabond Nomad?

* When I was a kid I grumbled with my poor Mom that I want ice cubes,
Then she said; 'We are poor darling and your Papa left for Aladdin's wonderful
lamp.'

nimal dunuhinga

From Cubism To Realism!

The Art Gallery was full of prominent guests from all over the World.
The Cubist introduced himself in a polite manner 'I am ond from Iceland'
Everybody appreciated his magical style especially the painting
'Mermaid and the Shark in the mysterious deep sea.'
The Ambassador from the Hell bought his realistic painting 'The nude Woman' for
Million Hell dollars with the check of Banco Underground.
And he whispered to the Artist;
'You know why I spent so much because it's like my wife's stolen photograph.'
The real painter Sam de Poor still begs on the road with Richmond's given lump
sum for all the paintings?

*For DavidPaulley in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

From Day After Tomorrow

I got a mutual transfer
from port of Rabigh
to Duba, in Saudi Arabia
eight hundred kilometers away from here
very close to the mediterranean sea.
I am bit frustrated as I miss all my friends here
and to get familiar there takes sometime.
Life is a journey.....isn't it?
Whether you like it or not
you have to move.
Oh! some kind of dictatorship
is ruling this fragile life?
When we get free from this bondage?

nimal dunuhinga

From The Diary Of A Dowager

She is still smart in her forties and lives in her manor childless.

The land, poultry, vineyard and the whole wealth,

She holds from her deceased husband.

The old parents and the servants lived together.

Her brother-in-law, husband's elder brother

Who was a retired war veteran a senile lives behind the manor in the old
haystack.

She doesn't like to marry again and refused all the proposals the parents
brought.

'I live my entire life in single' She grumbled.

The classical music gives her courage to pass the time.

Her senile brother-in-law who died in sleep and they buried him near by the
haystack.

Exactly after a fortnight of the funeral the complaint was made by a servant that
she was pregnant by the deceased Master.

The lady was shocked and she is very kind and promised the servant to adopt
the child after the birth.

She adopts the servant's beautiful daughter.

And the servant took hands the old Gardner?

nimal dunuhinga

From The Roof Tops You Cannot Say Who Lives In?

He writes to the Tax Collector;
'Sir!
I earn a little on weekly basis
The lump sum I get at the weekend
Half spend for medicine
of this sick World?
And the rest we all take a scanty meal
Organic you labled
But no strength
at least walk to the graveyard?
Sir!
Your Arithmetic is not fair
and still you believe
That one plus one
Equals to Eleven? '

nimal dunuhinga

Frozen Lake

['If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it's because he hears a different him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away.']-Henry David Thoreau

Reminds me
my maternal
Grandpa's
Stubborn beard
and his deep
cool smile!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Furious Irene Leaves And What You Gained?

We knew that you're coming
But the dilemma is who sent you here
Without a from address on the envelope?
You're happy it seems leaving on Sunday.
Flooding and millions without power.
Rivers and creeks too angry
For twenty one deaths!
Human beings were kept quiet
For their lost and they know
That they cannot proceed to a court?
A rescued bird on a slanted lamp post
Witnessed all the rage.
She's worried about the flight to heaven
Already cancelled!

nimal dunuhinga

Gargoyle

At the roof gutter in the old Museum building
I'll be your Gargoyle.
Actually I am not your waterspout and still alive
Among the ruins here.
When you see tears in my eyes
You'll be happy of this object exhibits a permanent interest
In the temple of the muses.

[I love you because you understand me every single thing I try to do.]

-s-

nimal dunuhinga

Gecko

Today, I found early in the morning
A small gecko was struggling to come out from the porcelain bath tub.
I remember that I had a phobia of geckos in my childhood
As my mother always say when I skip my meals and play with ants.
'You never become a big man if you won't take meals properly'
And she points out a gecko on the wall, 'Beware! It will bite you'.
I made a mistake by pulling out its tail.
Oh! It was broken and gecko was no more.
I am so sorry my dear.
I cannot do anything,
This sorrowful incident would torment my entire life.

nimal dunuhinga

General Fonseka's Entry Into Politics: Is It The End Of Democracy In Sri Lanka?

As a simpleton I do not see any difference in between War and Politics.
In the battlefield you kill the enemies by Arms & Ammunition.
But it's rather change in politics as most of the hypocrites use wet towels for the said purpose instead of shooting they do it by strangling,
I suggest that the General could get a retirement and wear a saffron robe for the end of journey?

nimal dunuhinga

George Plus Murdock Indicates The Manhood

He came at a twilight as he promised with a huge gift the computer;
Really that's worth me a lot than mount Himalaya.
During our brief chat I brush up my little World of knowledge
From this six footers mobile Encyclopedia and I am deeply indebted to you dear.
I thank you very much from the bottom of my poor heart.
His resemblance exactly the era of Georgian photographs
And I sniffed his Irish blood that denotes a kind & strong warrior than Georges,
Kings of England.

nimal dunuhinga

Geronimo

Quotes from Geronimo

'I was warmed by the sun, rocked by the winds and sheltered by the trees as other Indian babes. I was living peaceably when people began to speak bad of me. Now I can eat well, sleep well and be glad. I can go everywhere with a good feeling. The soldiers never explained to the government when an Indian was wronged, but reported the misdeeds of the Indians. We took an oath not to do any wrong to each other or to scheme against each other.

I cannot think that we are useless or God would not have created us. There is one God looking down on us all. We are all the children of one God. The sun, the darkness, the winds are all listening to what we have to say.

When a child, my mother taught me to kneel and pray to Usen for strength, health, wisdom and protection. Sometimes we prayed in silence, sometimes each one prayed aloud; sometimes an aged person prayed for all of us... and to Usen. I was born on the prairies where the wind blew free and there was nothing to break the light of the sun. I was born where there were no enclosures.'

My brother and the best friend Lalith

Told me something about you long ago.

Your name in short Nimo

And I am Nimal.

(DNA) Nucleic Acid would prove that we're far relatives or not?

I search a bit of the proud History

And You're born to the Bedonkohe

Band of the Apache, near Turkey Creek

A Tributary of the Gila river in the modern day

State of New Mexico!

In February 1909, Geronimo was thrown from his Horse

While riding home.

He died of Pneumonia on February 17, 1909 as a Prisoner.

On his deathbed, he confessed to his nephew that he regretted

His decision to surrender.

He's buried at Fort Sill in the Apache Indian Prisoner of War Cemetery!

*To my loving brother Lalith!

[Remember the days we pick the throw away cigarette butts of our poor Grandpa and we pull the smoke into our friendly lungs fifty-fifty thinking of a better place beyond Nirvana!]

nimal dunuhinga

Giggle

She giggles
But nobody knows.
[She's quiet
And laughs quietly.]
Thank God!
She found a partner it seems
Along the journey
But he never sees the God
Since his cradle lonely.
Let them walk freely
As they harmonized hardly.

nimal dunuhinga

Girlhood And Boyhood

'Hey! My pain-killer where is your girlish smile? '
' Honey! where is your young throbbing guts? '
We have already passed our adolescence
And someone does changes with a gimmick.
The glamorous life that never comes along this road of giveaway
But we are still old-fashioned lovers hand-in-hand
Who walk towards the lonely graveyard.

nimal dunuhinga

Gloomy Autumn Laps Friendly

Here I have come again by the order

And I see a lot out of work.

I am so sorry and I would like to help you

As much as I can.

I pluck all withered leaves from the unhappy trees

And provide you much sweeping jobs.

The sleepy factories, they have to double up their productions.(Rakes, Brooms
and required tools.)

Certainly they recruit people.

But please do not blame me

As I am bit warmer than earlier.

* To my deceased poor Mom!

Autumn reminds me her wrinkles and Dark-Circled eyes.

nimal dunuhinga

Going For A Song

By mistake a scatterbrain won a scholarship and he thought it was a season ticket.

In a train he met a skeptic

Who goes to the same college?

They became very friendly and he grabbed all his money without hypnotizing.

nimal dunuhinga

Going Nowhere?

[In a run-down maze of slums with electrical wires and laundry tangled across Cairo's mustard sky, Umm Mohammed,55, put her hands to her face and fell silently to her knees when she heard the news. An Egyptian court sentenced ex-President Hosni Mubarak to life in prison for his complicity in the killing of about 850 protesters during last year's uprising. Once the equivalent of a modern-day pharaoh, the 84-year-old Mubarak is the first Arab ruler to be brought to court by his own people.]-Time

I adjust the sails of my soul-ship
Where that goes?
Push my boat the soft ripples
and I lost my oars?
So far the land not to be seen
And when the darkness gathered
I search the North Star
But all the stars hidden in the dark clouds
Though it's a nightmare
I know the fate of a Dictator should be likewise?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Gold

She writes me, ' buy something for you at least this time
you always bring for the others
like a Santa Claus.I would like to see
that you come with a gold chain and a bracelet
like a movie star.
but I know gold is allergic for you in hard times
and it flies like a jet to a pawn shop'.

nimal dunuhinga

Gold Digger And The Golden Goose

Though the miner digs for gold he never gets gold; only the weekend poor wage
he counts with tears

And the gold runs to the tycoon.

The poor man's golden goose never lays golden eggs.

*[According to the ancient Greek fable, the owner killed the goose to get all the
gold at once.]

nimal dunuhinga

Golgotha

Beyond the range of mountains
I hear the song of betrayal
Judas sings regretfully on a friday.

nimal dunuhinga

Good Friday

Oh! My Lord t the human God and the freedom fighter
You were crucified in Calvary on this particular day for our sins.
Skinny Judas still idles in every corner here.
He carries the old rusty nails hiding in his baggy fancy dress
And he looks for an innocent soul to bring him up to Golgotha for crucifixion.

[* March 21 st,2008 @ 2130 P.M.

It's really amazed me by seeing the fire works in the Disneyland obscure night sky on this mourning day and I deeply regret thinking of the gospel Matthew, Mark, Luke and John.]

nimal dunuhinga

Goods Train

I was so upset of firing from the job by my ruthless boss
And I missed the last bus.

I walked towards the dark Railway Station
And I heard a train hoots from a far away.

'Oh! What are you doing here in the late midnight? '

A woman stands with triplets and I am sure that she's pregnant too.

Because I noticed her belly has expanded a little.

'Where is your partner the father of these children? ' I questioned.

She didn't say anything and I found the answer from her gloomy talking eyes.

Oh! It's a dilemma and is there any place in this cruel World for them to rest
unless my little hut?

But my beloved would grumbles though she loves children.

Definitely she would ask are you going to be the father of this unborn innocent?

My poor wallet not so sound as usual for the two full tickets and three halves.

Never mind and it's a Goods Train so we could hide somewhere like in a Cowboy
movie.

When we go home I'll explain her: 'Hey! Darling do you remember, here is our
far relative Maria Magdalena who lived in Good Shepherd's Era? '

But it's really a Tug of War and a challenge living with two women under the
same roof.

*My Kingdom does not belong to this World.[Biblical]

nimal dunuhinga

Graffiti; Not On Paradise Wall

My wife counts the grain of sand on the shore
And I count the stars as usual in the sky.
Waves come and go and Ocean never says tired
Though we're wearied.
The path ahead complicated
But we walk towards the dawn
And I am sure Sun rises and sets again?

nimal dunuhinga

Granny Smith Apple And The Fluorescent Tube!

Granny Smith Apple and the Fluorescent tube!

The Granny Smith green apple is a tip-bearing apple cultivar, which originated in Australia in 1868. It is named after Maria Ann Smith, who propagated the cultivar from a chance seedling. The tree is thought to be a hybrid of *Malus sylvestris*, the European Wild Apple, with the domestic apple *M. domestica* as the polleniser. The fruit has hard, light green skin and a crisp, juicy flesh. Granny Smiths go from being yellow to turning completely acidity mellows significantly, and it then takes on a balanced flavour.

I eat an apple here
A Granny Smith
bit sour but tasty and
all of a sudden
my thoughts dragged
to a bygone incident in motherland.
A street child did acrobats
and munched a fluorescent tube
for his living on the pavement?
Politicians really don't know
the taste of glass as they drink only Wine
brewed from our blood?

[The Buddha was always accompanied by an attendant whose job it was to run messages for him, prepare his seat and to attend to his personal needs. For the first twenty years of his ministry, he had several attendants, Nagasamala, Upavana, Nagita, Cunda, Radha and others, but none of them proved to be suitable. One day, when he decided to replace his present attendant, he called all the monks together and addressed them: 'I am now getting old and wish to have someone as a permanent attendant who will obey my wishes in every way. Which of you would like to be my attendant?' All the monks enthusiastically offered their services, except Ananda, who modestly sat at the back in silence. Later, when asked why he had not volunteered he replied that the Buddha knew best who to pick. When the Buddha indicated that he would like Ananda to be his personal attendant, Ananda said he would accept the position 'Ananda these poor folks cannot absorb our Dhamma as they did not have a single meal in their stomachs days & days, feed them first!' The Buddha said.]

for my friend Pranab Chakraborty!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Grass Widow

She writes an uproar.
It's very hard to pass the time
You are always skips from me.
Almost a year gone
How long I have to wait?
Only the calendar gives me comfort
While the dates disappear.
Don't try to be a naughty sailor
I have heard that they get a wife in every port.
Is that true?
I receive your letters these days
like weather reports.
Why? you don't have love anymore.
You never get an affectionate wife like me
Don't know when you get realize this?
It's more than enough now.
Please alter your course homewards.
In the thick fog
only the scream of seagulls.
I am a lone wanderer at the old jetty.

To my poet friend George. Murdock

nimal dunuhinga

Grasshopper, Lawnmower And My Sweet Adolescence

Over the quiet lawn
why this Lawnmower make a big noise?
I cannot hear her chirping
and see the hops.
I remember my schooldays.
The hop-step & jump in the sports meet.
A girls school adjoining to our building
and I was in the Rambler's mischievous batch.
Go behind girls always.
It's really funny.
I gave a letter to a girl who was my younger sister's class mate.
One day my poor mom was reading the letter loudly
and all of my family members passed remarks at me.

nimal dunuhinga

Gravestone

The dead soul cries;
'It's too heavy
And whole of my life
I carried much heavier stuff
And could you please
Take that and keep on a politicians grave? '

*It's funny thing about life; if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you
very often get it.

-Somerset Maugham

nimal dunuhinga

Green Fingers

Whatever she plants it grows rapidly.
Her soft magical fingers devote for a green house.
He was mesmerized to her sing-song while she was in the fields.
Though he passes several times on her premises
He is not so lucky to touch her transparent fingers.
Already a young vegetarian has joined her green revolution.
But once in a way he peeps to buy fresh vegetables.
Then he touches her finger tips.
He lived in his illusion half of the journey.

nimal dunuhinga

Green Horn

These days I dream of America and they offered me the green card.
I visited to my far relatives who were living there.
Some are in California and the rest in Massachusetts.
They showed me the hospitality but in doubts.
I feel that they might think I'll be a burden for them.
Never mind I said good bye
And searched for my scattered unseen friends.
I am totally tired and frustrated.
I heard the statue of Liberty is whispering something.
'Why don't you visit our ancestors? '
I left for Red indian Reservoirs
And they guided me to Geronimo's tomb and some Apaches.
We talked each other many things like old familiar friends
And when I woke up I found a red feather on my pillow.
Sing Song my beloved wife brought me the bed tea.

nimal dunuhinga

Grimace Of A Delicacy

When he strums her heart strings,
The changeable expressions you can see on her face.
Once it's very painful and amusing too.
This rare fragile creature was not Rough clay,
It's really a precious soul but not a toy?
You please handle with a care!
You have to be more careful when the breakage occurs.
A piece of a broken heart is sharper than a razor.

To the rare nocturnal flowers

nimal dunuhinga

Grow In Idaho

I write this unsolicited letter to a kind farmer
Who smiles in state of Idaho.

I would like to join you and shed my sweat on your precious soil.

If there is any possibility at least appear in my hope of dreams

And I would like to grow as a stretchy tuber under your rich soil to feed the
hunger.

nimal dunuhinga

Guess My Name Please

From the Kindergarten I never mentioned my spartan name till I expelled from
the school,
But unfortunately I spelled my rusty name to a hypocrite
When I got the franchise to vote.

nimal dunuhinga

Gum Tree

[A friend is the one who comes in the whole world has gone out.]-Unknown

Friend!

Why don't you

paste me to this

moving & vulnerable life?

for Shakespeares Waste Bin!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Gunpowder

Warmonger's fiancée
By mistake
Used as Talcum powder!

*[The scope of Moammar Gadhafi's control was whittled away Wednesday as major Libyan cities and towns closer to the capital fell to the rebellion against his rule]

nimal dunuhinga

Gypsy Tinker's Unmask Face

The old man is travelling along the road and his menders of pots and pans.
Besides money he collects meals as goodwill from the goody-goodies to his
starving family.

There are leakages in his pots and pans but he neglects to mend them.

Whoever comes to his shack?

Wholeheartedly who agrees his plight?

If the Nobel prize they decided to grant for a spontaneous smile?

The priority should go to this unsophisticated soul.

nimal dunuhinga

Habitation

In this mysterious cycle of birth & death

He is a habitual vagabond who crawls for a habitable place where he can breathe leisurely?

But his lethargy they point out as a weakness and the hard boiled plump superiors they query about his applicable papers and let down him easily.

Straight away he answered like a man; 'Honoured Sir/Madam, all my relevant documents are with my half brother & sister Adam & Eve.

And it takes me a long time to bring those rubbish back from the garden of Eden for your kind perusal.'

nimal dunuhinga

Halfpenny

She asked me politely;
'How much brother you have in your big pocket? '
I said; 'Sorry Madam only a halfpenny'
'Never mind but do not expect a full night sleep.'
She's so kind when you compare with that Landlady.'

*Some goals are so worthy, it's glorious even to fail.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Hallowe'En

I tried to rearrange my few books and I kept the unhinged door aside of my cupboard.

Oh! There were full of roaches dancing.

Suddenly I took the insect killer spray can and I changed my notion after realizing the fact.

They too have the right to participate 31 October, eve of All Saints' Day.

Isn't it?

nimal dunuhinga

Hallucinogenic Sound Of The Sea

Beaches have no rest as same as the waves.
Deep sea hides all these mysterious happenings.
Hey! Champion swimmer do not go any further please
It's deep like life,
And you may be a life-saver
But it's not applicable as the current has no live heart.
You are a novice my dear!
And many old ships rest on the sea bed with their rusty anchors
While the bearded Masters still stuck on bridge watches
As they cannot abandon the vessels.

nimal dunuhinga

Handsome Ambulance Driver's Wealthiest Fiancee And The Heart Patient

'I am taking her, the innocent girl
to the emergency unit,
sorry I cannot attend to your
Birthday party, please excuse me! '
He passed the message to her.
And she betrayed him
As she found her new boy friend
in the party, a minister's prodigal son?
And the innocent patient girl
recovered from her surgery,
It's not a dream
She recognized him in the hospital
Some other day!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Handsome Satan Asks?

*[Swans feature strongly in mythology. In Greek mythology, the story of Leda and the Swan recounts that Helen of Troy was conceived in a union of Zeus disguised as a swan and Leda, Queen of Sparta. Other references in classical literature include the belief that upon death the otherwise silent Mute Swan would sing beautifully – hence the phrase swan song; as well as Juvenal's sarcastic reference to a good woman being a 'rare bird, as rare on earth as a black swan', from which we get the Latin phrase *rara avis*, rare bird. The Mute Swan is also one of the sacred birds of Apollo, whose associations stem both from the nature of the bird as a symbol of light as well as the notion of a 'swan song'. The god is often depicted riding a chariot pulled by or composed of swans in his ascension from Delos.]

How do you like my face
with the Sunglasses
or without that?
Definitely you'll say with glasses
as I cannot see the irregularity
of this puritanical World?
Thanks my brothers & Sisters!
*Swans segregate milk and water in a pond?

to the poet KrEEch with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Hangover

I feel that someone's turning my head with a spanner.
Nausea and giddiness play hide and seek in my head,
I curse to myself why I run behind gimcrack liquor?
But it's a give and take,
Isn't it?

Defeated Sri Lankan presidential candidate arrested on coup charges?

nimal dunuhinga

Happy Avenue In Thorn Street

The hunchback old beggar who taps the earth with his knotty walking stick and he smiles.

His toothless innocent smile resembles an infant.

'Papa is you talking to someone? '

'Yes my son, each pebble has its own dialect and query the same question.

Does the learned man overthrow the death? '

nimal dunuhinga

Happy Father's Day

My beloved painkiller gave me a parcel with compliments.

Oh! Raw power fragrance Deodorant body spray,

A speed stick smells great all day

Olay moisturizer with Vitamins E & B3

Gillette shaver gel and an exceptional cologne spray

Named 'King'.

And she reads the leaflet inside;

'Because you work so hard

Because you are strong

Because you are a real Man

You are my King.'

I said; 'Thank you so much Darling!

But you have forgotten one thing purposely.

This old rheumatoid King fond of cheap liquor

Isn't it? '

* I searched my thorny broken crown in the attic but a rat has stolen it seems.

nimal dunuhinga

Harangue

It's not a Halloween dream but on the particular day
A mass speech by a half God and the rest half devil,
Straight away called my name and asked;
'Hey! Scribbler what do you want exactly? '
'My honored Sir, if it's a pain relief cream that would be greatly appreciated.'

nimal dunuhinga

Hardly I Count My Faded Previous Births

Once in Alaska I caught fish and lived in my Igloo

Unfortunately not married till I die.

When Christopher Columbus found America

I was a Turtle in the Pacific Ocean.

I served as a butler to Duke of Edinburgh in the Victorian era.

During the World War (II) I was the Alsatian pet dog to Adolf Hitler.

Now I live in America with my singsong beloved and two old suitcases that full of bygone unlimited hopes.

Sometimes in my colored dreams I see turtles, Igloos, dogs and I play baseball with Hitler, Columbus and Duke of Edinburgh.

*** Many happy returns of the day to Independent America!

nimal dunuhinga

Harmony

A blind field mouse hit on a dumb cat.

'Hey! I hit someone and I feel the warmth of a fur coat.

I sniff a fresh paint of a kitchen and I would like to snatch a turnip.'

The kind cat took him away from his shrewd Master's rat trap in the garden.

* To Mary Jane Stevenson, California state director Organizing for America.

nimal dunuhinga

Harvest Moon

Hyperactive dead soul's hegemony sent their heavenly body aliens
to the earth for a research of current crisis.
At first hand they have been to the henpecked politicians
who play hide-and-seek and found their hideouts.
When they saw the agents they were helter-skelter with their henchmen.
The visitors met warmongers and weapon manufacturers
and they were boasted their sudden progress.
Then the homeless people gathered and grumbled with their problems.
Harsh underworld and their leaders gave them a grand party
and they bribed to each diplomat a handsome gift.
The report says; 'All were happy here and it's very hard to find a beggar.
Full of intellectuals and no unemployment at all.
We have been to a harvest festival and they treated us well.
This is the Utopia indeed.'

nimal dunuhinga

Have Pity On Those Who Love Each Other And Are Separated

Mom you suffered nine months and rest of the life until you died.

I continue and almost fifty eight years now.

On my birthday.....greetings and gifts come along from Australia and Sri Lanka.

My eldest daughter Tharindu and Son-in-law Kelum write,

Wish you a healthy & wealthy life and may your dreams come true!

The youngest daughter Thilini and Son-in-law Chinthaka insists

We could not ask a better friend than you.

Yes of course, my loved ones we are born friends.

It's our fault we broke our own peaceful nest and scattered into different parts.

But the links are much stronger than earlier in the chain.

I drew a World Map in my complicated mind.

I brought Australia to Canada and sent her to Australia

And my tiny precious island Sri Lanka pushed towards Hawaii

And sent Hawaii into the Indian Ocean.

But still it's too far to touch.

Oh! My beloved wife hugs as usual

You are a Sun in my winter Igloo

And a full Moon in the mysterious summer hut.

I kept a piece of cake for my missing son 'Marco'

from my beloved's home made delicious chocolate cake.

My grand son Siluna being a taller day by day

And I dream he becomes a Captain one day

Who steers well in the Ocean of life his seaworthy Vessel.

nimal dunuhinga

Have You Ever Seen A Bird's Trail In The Barren Sky?

The young stubborn birds fly away from their parent's nest
When they feel their wings are strong enough
And the mysterious destination wasn't written in the sky yet
But they insist to fly without their Guardian's consent.

nimal dunuhinga

Have You Ever Tried To Run Faster Than Someone Else?

Why not?

Yes of course Sir/Madam!

In my frequent nightmares

When a shrewd politician chases behind me
to get my humble vote?

And when the bearded Landlord
grumbles of the house rent?

In reality,

When the Beauty Queens undress in semi-darkness
and try to hug me affectionately?

and the poor Pickpockets in their hard career
ready to snatch my holey wallet?

et cetera,.....!

nimal dunuhinga

Have You Seen Me?

Life torments him
Requesting a poem about life.
Then he writes on the shore
Nearby the Dead sea;
'My name is Life from nowhere
And my date of birth not known
I am an Eunuch, no hair and no eyes
Height: 2' 10" (probably at the age of 2)
Weight: 14 lbs (--ditto-----)
Date of missing since the Babylonian Era
In the Euphrates Valley.
Call my Boss or send a Fax please
If any sighting?
Here the number 2225 BC.

nimal dunuhinga

Haves And Have-Nots

The same air they breathe
under the one sky.
They share the light & darkness equally.
The same water they use
but the money-tree
never grows
in their hard bitten soil.

nimal dunuhinga

He Fixed His Rickety Ladder To The Transparent Sky!

Quits the school

Hardly he climbed up

The Nonentity.

'O I see the World in its real shape now.

The desperate younger generation of Arab World

Rushed to him and it's seems to be a mistaken.

O I am not the God but an ordinary crawling Man

Because of the Global warming and the unnecessary

Heat of the War I have come to the summit.

Yet I could advise you as an elderly person,

Before searching the God in the sky

Try to find your own brother in peril next door.

Death and destruction everywhere!

*6-year old brings loaded gun to school; 3 hurt in accident.

How sad this World, buying a gun is very easy but you have to wait in the line long hours to buy a loaf of bread!

nimal dunuhinga

He Plays His Old Mandolin On A Sunday Fair!

As far back as the 4th century BCE, Greeks such as Aristotle and Euclid wrote on naturally-occurring rudimentary pinhole cameras. For example, light may travel through the slits of wicker baskets or the crossing of tree leaves.[1] (The circular dapples on a forest floor, actually pinhole images of the sun, can be seen to have a bite taken out of them during partial solar eclipses opposite to the position of the moon's actual occultation of the sun because of the inverting effect of pinhole lenses.)

The rich man after he dies
Goes to Paradise!
And the poor man
While he lives on & off
Goes to hell!
And after he dies
Nobody knows
Where he goes?
Your shiny coin
And my rusty till
They're forever friends!
The droplet from pauper's Bar
Wet my dry gullet in the night
And I get a sound sleep
Sometimes with Queen of the Night.
Hey! My young Amateur photographer
Take a picture from your pinhole camera please
And I protect that photo for my obituary notice!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

He Preaches While Sitting On A Volcano!

Still I feel the coolness of the mountain peak
When you compare with the World politics?
And Lava is not so bad as they say
When you count the War criminals!
At least you could die comfortably here
Without leaving an Atom that causes for another birth?

*It's sad to grow old but nice to ripen.
-Brigitte Bardot

nimal dunuhinga

He Smells Garlic!

A pain in the soul

Limbs, Heart and all joints of the rickety body,

He swallows a bunch of Ibuprofen tablets.

In his cardboard shack through his cellophane window

He sees the inferno on top of the Northern African Continent!

And he thinks the Medeteranean Sea is not enough to extinguish

The fire of this Artheritic World!

*The Man who wins may have been counted out several times, but he didn't hear the referee.

-n

nimal dunuhinga

He Strums His Old Guitar

The humble river flows quietly in a starry night
And he makes a sad tune sitting on the river bank.
From afar an owl hoots
While the Moon floats on the ripples.
He cries to the Moon; 'Please do not get drowned as I'll make you a song to rest
on my side.'
'I am really fed up of those old songs the Sun too used to sing at all.'
Haughty Moon whispers in a friendly manner.

nimal dunuhinga

He Tries To Drag His Boyhood Scribble~

When I touched my heart
I think of you!
Because you're the only one
Who knows about the sobs,
The pains, sad laughs and the whispers
Hid behind the rib cage when you're gone!
And when I spoke to my soul
It's not clear as earlier.
The mist still frozen in my eyes
And I am not sure whether you're alone
Or somebody else accompanying you?
In that small wooden box you gave me
Half eaten toffee's still there
Let ants finish the rest half
And I close the book of bitter past!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

He Watch The Non-Restricted Marathon Sitting On The Star Class Hotel Roof Top!

Some barefooted
Some with their sport cars
Politicians in their Supersonic Jets
And some with knotty walking sticks!
Judgers watch the run from the sky in their Rockets.
Is this a melodramatic dream or a nightmare?
The poor vagabond got some coupons
For the luxury hotel from a Call girl!
And he reads the menu prined in golden letters.
Menu & prices subjects to change without notice.
We accept visa and master cards, no personal checks.
And sales Tax will be added.
Beer & Wine, dine in and take out?
Hot appetizers, soup, seafood, chicken
Pork & beef, fried rice, chow mein, chop suey
Egg food young and vegetables.
He's surprised the mixed vegetables
Cheaper than the other dishes
Named as 'Buddah's feast'
And he ordered that plate thinking of Nirvana!

* I have heard children whistle. I have heard teenagers whistle, but I do not hear many older people a sad thing, but this doesn't have to be so.
-A song of God!

nimal dunuhinga

He Who Knows Who Will Be The Next?

Gradually,
One by one
moves away
from the Chequer Board?
And he who knows who will be the next.
Master! It's too odd the dress of death
At least give him or her a better costume a human looking
So we could dance on the floor merrily.
Yes, we sing and dance on our own grave?

[We would never learn to be brave and patient if there were only joy in the
World.]-Hellen Keller

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Health Organization, Malaria And The Mosquito

This bloodsucking insect sings in the night its usual melody.

“My dear Health Organization and it’s mandatory I live on human blood
Though I give the disease causing recurring fever what do you called Malaria
which I am not aware.

I have the right to live. Isn’t it?

The whole World is sick with so many diseases and you make pesticides to
destroy our brotherhood then what about the mankind who makes deadly
devices to eradicate the Nature? ”

nimal dunuhinga

Heart

I am a journeyman; a solitary pilgrim.

Worried for nothing,

If your heart is an inn

I'll be your first lodger to stay in.

I am a blind man, helpless creature and lost my way

If your heart can see a remedy to my vision

I'll be your first patient

I am a cripple with crutches lost everything

If your heart is a burial place

I'll be the first luckiest man to rest in peace in your bosom.

nimal dunuhinga

Heat Of Hunger

'Jesus took the Loaves,
Gave thanks,
And distributed them.'

In a bakery the poor baker rolls the dough with water and his sweat.
Bakery owner is a registered miser among the poor folks
Who never throws a bread crumb to a crow.
The stray smoke rises from chimney to the helpless sky in its usual rhythm
And I see a man who sits on the pavement just opposite the bakery.
He must be a homeless and he thinks if he's the baker
Then he could have swallow a cookie easily.
Saliva comes out from his toothless mouth
Like in a leaked urban tap.

nimal dunuhinga

Heaven & Hell

The clock on the turret countryside
pale blue hands will never move.
short one indicates the hell
and long one indicates the heaven.
nobody wants to repair it.
the old haunted building you can guess
will be a holy place.
The pilgrims of disables confess the dumb preacher
stone deaf the bell-ringer.
Beyond the churchyard
there is a poultry farm
and a rattle-snake creeps to the yard
birds made a big noise.
The preacher explains silently to the innocent pilgrims
who are kneeling on the floor,
the noise that comes from the hell.

nimal dunuhinga

Heavenly Bodies And Nobodies

The penury is the only valuable ornament they wear.

Their far relatives who are in the heaven hoax them in their dreams.

They call these innocents as heathen.

Once in a blue moon they come to the earth with their flickered flying saucers
and fly in the face.

This flightless flimsy souls who are penniless and how do they afford the passage
to heaven?

They regretted and left behind in the furnace named hell.

nimal dunuhinga

Hedgehog

I remember the days when I was in port of Salalah,
Sultanate of Oman.

I was working in Port controllers building a mountain top.

It's really interesting, you crawled in the midnight and I offered you a bowl of
rice,

in gratitude you left me a spine.

Still I am holding that curious gift.

You too a Mammal and that may be the reason
why you attached to me so much.

If I build a house one day (my endless dream)
definitely I name it as 'Hedgehog'.

dedication to poet kojo Owusu

nimal dunuhinga

Her Beauty In The Nightfall Firmament

I was blindfold and they labeled me as an unfortunate soul
who wanders for a virgin.

They proposed me a virgin and said ' you cannot remove the cloth
until you find a river; then you can go freely with this virgin.'

I agreed; Oh! for the first time in my life

I touched a woman's hand and it's trembling like a rabbit.

On the way she told ' please we live forever in blindfold;

we are at the bridge and I can hear the river flows.

'I have to remove and it's a must' I said.

Then I found her tears on my hand; like acidity.

Oh! her blindness brought me the utmost sadness.

And at last I decided to swim together in the upstream.

nimal dunuhinga

Her Chuckle Pelts My Soul

It lapses me and I changed my course.

The beginning is very courteous.

We floated in the sky.

Her cooing like a turtle dove and she winks like an angel.

In the dark sky all of a sudden a thunderous storm came

And she changed her attitudes.

With the lightning I have fallen to the earth like a shooting star.

Now I realized my shortcoming as the star always belongs to the sky.

(Once in my adolescence I loved an actress and it's not really a dream)

I dedicate this poem to my poetess friend Sandra. Fowler

nimal dunuhinga

Her Name Is Woman Something

You are more beautiful to my heart than others
under the dim street lights.

I know that I cannot expect love,
anyhow, we can have a friendly chat
to avoid this lonely night.

nobody can blame you ever
you too must buy bread and butter.

I always have a sympathy of yourself
because I know that our ancestral sister
Mary Magdalene, her bygone days
How she was suffered.

nimal dunuhinga

Her Straight Face

I saw she's carrying a stainless steel cage
But none inside.

Oh! This homeless bird seeks a roost
Along this mysterious journey.

She's at the pedestrian crossing
With a white cane

And my white hope smudged instantly.

(As I know she never sees me the entire travel.)

nimal dunuhinga

Her Tempting Perfume For A Platonic Love

The old forbidden citadel area; A persona scares to touch the electrified fence.
And the double chin emigrant who rechecks the meaning of 'Love & endanger' in
his new encyclopaedia.

* To my poet friend Duncan

nimal dunuhinga

Her Venue; The Veranda

She promised him to recite the one line poem since a long time
At last she said; 'I love you.'
But he said; ' Sorry, I have already engaged with your widowed sister.'
The poor poetess swallowed the bitter pill under the roofed terrace.

nimal dunuhinga

Her.....

talking eyes
a poem
prose
essay
or an invitation?
when
filled
with
tears
a deep Ocean
my
soul-ship
carries.
she
grumbles
that
I do not
write for her?
so
I did
this
on
the New Year's Eve!

Postscript

[When bitter-rough winds
tear off the sails of love
then you darn them patiently
with a small needle & a thimble
and when the thread passes
through the eye of the needle
sad to look at the shivering fingers,
Where's our magnetic youth Darling?]

for my beloved!

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

Here Goes The 116th Boston Marathon!

I am really fed up with the rat race
Almost tired & frustrated?
Darling! Please do not force this weakling
And I am so sorry as you spent a lot for me
In vain the multivitamin capsules
Five hour energy drinks & Viagra?
I'll be in the crowd if you like as a spectator!
You can take some close-up photographs
From the digital camera,
Our daughter sent from Australia.
At least we could pacify ourselves
That we have seen a true Marathon
For the first time in our life?

['We want people to know it's hard to go through something like this, but you can keep fighting and can continue to lead a positive life.'-Ed Feather]

*A humble dedication to the courageous 39 year-old Ed Feather Esq. of Framingham, Massachusetts who runs for the Marathon to honor his beloved wife, who died of ovarian cancer. Prayers for the individual Poet-God with a heart to make him the winner Supremo!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Here My Wife's Poem For Your Kind Perusal

When my daughter delivered you into this beautiful world
My eyes filled with tears and I felt like a Crowned Princess.
I embrace you with unlimited love
And I say that you are my precious pearl my darling Son!

Translation of the Sinhala poem was written by my beloved wife
koon.

*kiriamma [mother of milk]

nimal dunuhinga

Hermit And A Sleeping Beauty

He was mesmerized by her leer
and he cannot take his eyes away.
She never let him go to his hermitage
and he feels like strangulation.
' I am very strange to the love' he said meekly.
She showed her mellow heart
and he forgot that he is a hermit.
His meditation is over
and they tangled each other.
He found the heaven.
She still in her dreams
and he woke up in the morning.
How can he go back to the monastery?
and he is worried about his misdeed.
She woke up and grumbled,
'Leave your dogma aside and try to find a job
we need money to live together.
Electricity bills, water bills and so many arrears were due,
do not try to run away and you are belongs to me now.'
He was disgusted and he thinks
Is this the heaven or hell?

nimal dunuhinga

He's Nobody

When you pass him a broken string guitar
And want him to play,
He tells; ' I love music but I cannot play.'
When you want him to sing,
He says; 'I love songs but I cannot sing.'
When you give him a brush and you want him to do a painting,
He mutters; 'I love painting but I cannot paint.'
I am certain on one thing a marvel,
Give him a piece of charcoal and see;
He draws a white Elephant on the blackboard.

* I submit this poem while watching the movie 'August Rush' in the T.V.

nimal dunuhinga

Hey! Handsome Waiter You Resemble My Younger Deceased Brother

Please do not call me Sir!
As the honourable Queen
has not granted me that pseudonym yet?
You're one of my brothers and you want to know
What I am going to order today?
When our skinny Mom feeds us
Do we inquire whether it's skim,
Whole or cream?
She gave us her nourishing breast milk
without a measuring cup?
To fight with these mesmerized souls
who wear saintly robes and hiding their devilish surnames!
Brother! Not to keep any regrets for this small coin
As it's not a tip but a keepsake!
And the Election is Tomorrow
Isn't it?
Mom always mutters; 'Without any hesitation
go straight and vote to someone
who could smile from his heart?
Anyway I'll be here tomorrow
with a different order,
A smiley Bullseye with toasted gingerbread
Creamcheese on the side of the plate
and a mug of black bitter coffee
that really gives the taste of Life!

*dedication to US Senate candidate Elizabeth Warren who arrived at a rally at the Harvest Cafe in Hudson Friday afternoon.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Hey! How Tactful Your Singsong Detective?

Hey! How tactful your singsong Detective?
When you hum a love song at home
Look around and be careful,
If it's a new song,
Your beloved must be so inquisitive?
and she may sniffs any rare fragrance
comes out from your body.
She search your whereabouts
Peeps into your well creased trouser pockets
and your day to day activities.
Any changes in your lifestyle
and in your sound sleep
She tries to explore your sweet dreams.
Not only that she jumps to your rickety rib cage
and counts your fast heart beat too?

to my beloved in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Hey! That Jolly Good Fellow Who Works In A Gas Station Now.

The notorious scribbler who wants to change the sky
And replace a new Sun and Moon,
Stuck in a place where he provides fuel to the mischievous vehicles
That run on the slippery road.
The schedule was in the night where he struggles from ten to six.
He counts the stars as usual and waits till a kind star
That comes down voluntarily.

I dedicate this poem to all my poet friends in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

Hey! You Cannot Bring Out Orange From An Apple Tree

Dear farmer in your raising crops
The soil is fertile and the weather too pleasant.
But sow some orange seeds
If you really want orange
For your pregnant wife.

* Poor human beings are mess up with their daily needs.

nimal dunuhinga

Hiccups

She worries about me!
'After the viral flu darling
I get hiccups frequently
and doctor says 'dehydration'
also diagnosed 'pellagra'
prescribed some multivitamins and a cream.
If you are here everything is o.k.
I am really fed up of medicines and worried about you.
Do you have a rest after work
good sleep, food and happiness
I know that you struggle for us.
How long we have to suffer and survive
of this irresistible punishment?
Take care of your health
and don't take much sweets
I don't believe that you stopped smoking.
Do random check-ups for diabetes.
One way I have a little solace my naughty boy
I know that mermaids live in deep sea
and they never come ashore.'

nimal dunuhinga

Hidden Smoke Is A Friend Indeed

'If they pick I have some words for a country sad song.

Yes, If they sing I hear quietly.'

A rising smoke from a cottage chimney whispers to the barren sky.

'They burn the happiness and it turns into smoke.

Where do I go nobody knows?

But don't be frightened

I never pollute the sky and I promise you to bring rain for your crops to smile

And feed you in a severe drought.'

nimal dunuhinga

Hippopotamus

'Why you struggle so much my friend over there?
Please come to Africa in an auspicious time
And I'll do piggyback along the river Nile,
Then you feel like a King in the Congo jungle.'

*[Though it has a thick skin yet I realized it's soft heart as melting butter.]

It's another touching dream of Africa.....!

nimal dunuhinga

His Poor Eating House

You all can have a scanty meal there
And extremely sorry if the food is not tasty.
Really he is not a cook and the cook is his wife.
She is not well these days and the doctor says
It's seems to be morning sickness.
The poor chap in his sixties and still survives.

* How can a man survive in this complicated life journey?

nimal dunuhinga

His Straw Hat Is Lighter Than A Crown

It's woven by a remote country lass
And he is certain that she still weaves.
She struggles in the fields with hemp
Under the burning Sun.
Whenever he wears it he feels his burden goes off
And in his long dreams
He runs to her strange straw house thousand times.

nimal dunuhinga

His White Uncle's Black Aunt

She
loves
this
Tan boy
who
picked
in
a
trash
bag
and
they
baptized
him
as
Cotton.

nimal dunuhinga

Hit And Run!

A severe damage to my floating soul
You're a haughty the sky flower
Belongs to Paradise,
And how do I proceed for legal obligations
Or contact a Lawyer?
All are in the Heaven
And I am a poor vagabond
An alien to this misery World?
But I would like to have a 'Civil Compromise.'

*People who are resting on their laurels are wearing them on the wrong end.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Hitch-Hike

The dumb lass, she sang a song at least of the journey from her teary eyes
before the vagabond stepped out.

Hitherto he couldn't get a lift as all are going somewhere else and not along the
heaven road.

Accidentally a historian stopped and picked him up for the way back towards
Babylon where she still sings alone.

The following character haunts me these days;

*Francis Phelan in William Kennedy's novel 'Ironweed', Ex-ballplayer, part-time
gravedigger, full-time drunk, has hit bottom.

nimal dunuhinga

Hollywood

A suburb of Los Angeles, California

Very famous for the motion-picture industry it seems.

I hear they are searching a new actor for an ugly role.

Suddenly I sent one of my old photographs with a resume.

And I got a prompt reply; 'Sorry Sir, you are too ugly for the role.

But anyway we decided to hang your photograph in our studio for future references.'

I responded, 'Thank you very much for your kindness Sir.

And I hope you give me a King's role very soon.'

nimal dunuhinga

Homage

Hey! my young lady
I am in lovelorn
And I found your lost thimble in the darkness
of your premises.
Please protect your finger in sewing.
Still I am having the old silver ring
That reserves for you my dear.

To my friend s

nimal dunuhinga

Home & The Butterfly

I built my life with muddy bricks and a tin sheet for the roof,
My history teacher suggests the name; poverty
But it's weather-beaten knows everybody.
Am I heavy to carry on your soft wings?
If you prefer I could have join your pilgrimage
Leaving all my burdens aside
I was carrying since my childhood.
I see the outer world through my little window, nothing; but gloomy.
Only I hear the secret murmur of the souls.
Red ants on the window sill very busy and I heard a butterfly's crying.

nimal dunuhinga

Homecoming

You came as a drizzle
When I was exhausting.
Then you touched my soul
Like a feather.
I thought it's a dream.
When I got up
I saw you were laying aside
as a sleeping beauty.
All of a sudden you are here unexpectedly
as a snowhite.
It's not a day dream.
[We started living together]

nimal dunuhinga

Homeless Tattooed Boxer!

The featherweight
Who punches by using his will power
But the roadside lamp post not moves,
So sad his painful wake up
With a fractured knuckle!

*Never, never, never, never give up.
-Winston Churchill

nimal dunuhinga

Homeless Who Writes On A Ballot!

Homelessness describes the condition of people without a regular dwelling. People who are homeless are unable or unwilling to acquire and maintain regular, safe, and adequate housing, or lack 'fixed, regular, and adequate night-time residence.'The legal definition of 'homeless' varies from country to country, or among different entities or institutions in the same country or region.

The term homeless may also include people whose primary night-time residence is in a homeless shelter, a warming center, a domestic violence shelter or other ad hoc housing situation. Government homeless enumeration studies also include persons who sleep in a public or private place not designed for use as a regular sleeping accommodation for human beings.

If the Citizen are good
Then why should a Police Department?
If the Citizen are good
And a Homeless becomes the President
Then why do they bother for another Election?

*'A Moral collapse, culture of greed and selfish indifference is to blame for the recent riots.'

-British Prime Minister Cameron

nimal dunuhinga

Homing Pigeon

I have already forgotten my untidy homework and the kind beautiful spinster teacher definitely excuse me and waits,

That I am sure like the sunset.

Here I cannot concentrate and do fill in the blanks and the corrections properly.

I trim my sails so that the wind will catch them full and heads for home wards beyond the horizon.

I let loose the torn pages of my precious scrapbook.

And do you believe my dear friend?

Not only the birds, horses and elephants too fly in the nostalgic sky.

My dazzling thoughts are eager to wrap the homespun and sleep well on the broken antique couch in the darkness.

*[Everything on earth has its own time and its own siastes 3: 1(CEV)]

I let go this scribble from my cozy new billet towards the west Virginian sky and to my humble poet/teacher friend

nimal dunuhinga

Homo Sapiens

Please do not make any boundaries in the sky.
let the birds fly.
please do not make any barriers in the sky
as you do to this planet earth.
let people smile
and hug each other.
do not let them cry
making wars in vain.
if you want to fight?
leave this earth
and find some other place as your wish.
please leave let others to live happily, this very short period
until they die as one nation.

Dedication as a birthday gift to the new executive president of Sri Lanka, His
Excellency
Honourable akse.

nimal dunuhinga

Homophobia

A teenager roams in my friend's area
who walks like a girl and my friend's wife hates him.
'Must be a Gay' she emphasized.
The next door lives an old man
A bachelor; the boy goes there to exchange books.
He used to whistle always in a peculiar manner
when he pass my friend's place
and she gave him a nickname 'Marina'.
'I heard that he is a feminist & a Freemason
who fights for your equal rights, isn't it?
so, you must respect him'.
he told his wife
and she replied angrily' hey! my liberal wasp!
why you make such a fuss of him? '.

To my dearest friend

nimal dunuhinga

Hop Step And Jump

My humdrum lassie in no-fly zone
Who has no-frills and the innocent girl lives in a Hamlet.
She knows the nipper-bee cannot wait such a long time.
Whenever her hubris parents hear my hum
It's like a hodge-podge and they rush to the fence with pickaxes.
My hovercraft cannot land anyhow?
However she peeps through a window and show me the hidden way.
I enter to her kingdom like a housefly.

nimal dunuhinga

Hope

Stars scattered all over the sky.
It seems to be a party in the Heaven
Poor souls lit candles in the Hell.
And have their daily bread.

A ship named 'Hope' without the rudder and broken sails
Carry happiness and prosperity to a distant Island.

nimal dunuhinga

Hopscotch

Maya*, do you remember our boisterous childhood?
We were hopping over the marked squares.
At last you hopped over the horizon
leaving me alone in my dormitory.
I stuck in my room with the pile of books.
The gust rattled my tiny windows
and I am scared that my fragile heart will scatter
and blow away like a withered leaf.
I am already frustrated in the rat race
and this raw deal never allow me to jump
over the hurdle.

nimal dunuhinga

Horizon

Beloved! you are far beyond my vicinity.
If a rich country makes the longest bridge
hopefully it should be between you and me.
You are very close to me
in my sugary dreams,
like a needle and a thread.
But in reality?
I would like to die one day before you
as I do not want to see your farewell.

nimal dunuhinga

Hornet And A Rose Bud

Pain, sorrow, insult and the stain
Still remain on my virgin petals.
You ruined my fame
Before I bloom.
Once I worshiped you, my feckless Hornet
You sing the same old song to another innocent flower
Beyond my vicinity and my inner cry never goes to your territory.

'My little Rose bud
I am your old Hornet
You never see this wearied Prince
In your sweet dreams.'

-One of my native favorite songs
sung by s-

nimal dunuhinga

Horse Fell Down And Jockey Runs?

Horse-Slaughter
for human food
And they tell
It's a delicacy.
The man's best friend
next to dog,
Run to dinner tables
from racecourses?
Wise man explored
It's very high in protein
and very low in fat.
This hungry man walks towards the cannibal era
from Civilization?

[Only decent people I found in the Racecourse are Horses.]-James Joyce

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Horseshoe

Maya, the lovelorn lass in the stable who spends the whole life
with a hobble horse as a hobby until she became a hoary woman.
One day the stallion said goodbye to her.
But still she hears its sorrowful neigh.
The cruel life hoaxed up to her death bed.
Now she rest in peace behind the stable in the horse's grave.

The Blacksmith's beautiful daughter who carries a horseshoe at all.
The teacher questioned her in the Sunday school.
'Where do you come from Maya? '
'I am staying behind the horsewoman's graveyard' She replied.

nimal dunuhinga

Houri!

Nevertheless,
This poor Vagabond,
My barefoot only knows the pain of the journey!
I have no luck to sit on a howdah,
If I give you my oblique resume
To get permission for taking you to my shack,
That won't be possible I am sure.
Though I am a free-thinker
Do not worry Fathima,
I hardly leave a small passage in my pigeon-hole for your precious
Five time prayer!

Humbly to my friend Premji! (Compassion)
Khalbaanu Fathima Knanaya Kna Malayalam Kerala Keralam Kcyl Kcs Music
Fathima Kcs Kcyl Kerala Keralam Khalbaanu Kna Knanaya...

* I firmly believe in Two Nations and one Religion;
Man & Woman then Humanity!

nimal dunuhinga

Housebreaker

'Hey! My dear fugitive friend

Why you idle outside?

Please come inside.

I am sorry there are no any valuables here

But I have a cheap bottle of liquor.

Let's join together for a toast.

One thing is certain that you are not a professional burglar

As it's a full moon night.'

nimal dunuhinga

How Can I Get More Information About The Journey To Heaven?

I ride my ramshackle bicycle that has no seat to rest my skinny buttocks well.
This thorny road is not easy to go and I scared that anytime I get a tyre puncture or cut.

Along the road I found cemeteries and these dumb tombs never talk.
You could see only their dates of birth and burial and what else?

To a faraway friend only in dreams I have seen him
And he looks like me a sad face but a strong heart?

nimal dunuhinga

How Do We Collect The Evaporating Dew On Grass?

It's a sad demise
eera
A Travel Specialist
(e-destinations, Inc,.)
Who arranged our Air tickets
in a considerable rate
When we moved from Los Angeles to Boston.
Our friend who bade Goodbye yesterday!
O this sad journey of Life,
Companions! One by one moves away
and the Master above who books our tickets
without a prior notice?
If Nirvana is the last stop
Hope you reached there safely brother!

nimal dunuhinga

How It Works

I am seriously ill on my sickbed in a hospital.

My friend comes with a miniature bottle

And he praises that is the ideal repair kit for the decaying life

And I tasted greedily.

Oh! The miraculous strong alcohol that covers the nagging burden.

This unique, therapeutics formula contains hundred per cent stamina, speeds up

Notions, cracked itchy mind and drag forward to the grounds where the life-war

Continues.

You could fight with the innocent enemy without harming.

nimal dunuhinga

How Sad Trotsky's Last Words?

Lev Davidowich Bronstein.

(He assumed the name Leon Trotsky in 1902)

The exiled Bolshevik leader

Who was settled in Mexico in 1936.

On 20, August 1940 an assassin called Franck Johnson

A French Jew, acting on Stalin's orders

Stabbed Trotsky with an Ice Pick,

Fatally wounded in him

And he died the following day in Coyoacan.

His skull fractured with pickaxe.

How sad Trotsky's last words;

'I think Stalin has finished the job he started.'

*In 1926 they expelled him from the Politiburo; And in 1928 Stalin exiled him to Central Asia and 1929 expelled him from the USSR.

The play depicts the death of Leon Trotsky in varying of the play; Ramon Mercader, the Spanish Assassin who smashed, not buried, the axe into Trotsky's skull.

nimal dunuhinga

How The Wise Master's Mesmerized World?

In Colombo heating
And cost of living flies high
Like a sky rocket
But they play cricket outdoor.
A poor man bowls to a well to do batsman
And he hits the ball that goes over the boundary line.
Skinny umpire raises hardly his rickety both hands to the sky
And marked as six for the batsman!
In Alaska freezing, children play snow ball on mountain peaks
And the diabetic father who runs to the world's edge
And he pees, the longest frozen sugar rod and it goes to the Record book!
In middle East boiling, Centigrade hundred or Fahrenheit two hundred and twelve
it seems.
A brother kills his own brother for Democracy
And the tyrant King hides in a Harem
And play chess with concubines
That goes to the modern civilization!

nimal dunuhinga

How They See Beyond The Iron Curtain?

When a poor man sleeps
by his Worldly possessions
on the road under street lamps,
Don't say that he won't dream the heaven
Yes, he dreams a different one
Where all his colleagues are there
But not much lights & dark it seems?
And they beg for alms from beggar-Angels
Who appear with their see through garments?

nimal dunuhinga

[The Moon sails high above in majesty
Amid the pailing clouds;
But from on high it moves the billowy sea
With its enchanting powers.]-Ivan Turgenev, from 'Home of the Gentry'.

nimal dunuhinga

Hula Hoop

One evening I noticed through my shattered window,
The next door slim spinster of Troy,
She was spinning it around her transparent body very faster in her stamping
ground.

I had an innocent thought, if this unbalanced World spins likewise
Then we could have thrown away to a better planet.

nimal dunuhinga

Human Brain Should Closer To The Heart?

Cain invited his trusting younger brother Abel
to walk with him in the field,
Then Cain assaulted Abel
and murdered him.
History repeats and they fight again
for the rickety fences & borders
bare lands to cultivate vengeance.
And when this brother killings stops?
If human brain is closer to the heart
Then this uppish World would be a better place?

nimal dunuhinga

Human Resources Bank & The Life's Gamble?

The smoldering Man,
He felt its smoothness
When he touched
The new big currency note!
And the sadness
When it's changed into
dirty small notes?
O the annoying!
Harsh bitterness
while swallowing
the rough coins
at hard times?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Human Song From Dawn To Dusk

Sun hasn't come out yet and still in his night gown.
But he awakes, even in the sleep
He hears the planes fly
And see bombs dropp from the sky.
He always dreams nightmares.
Where is tomorrow
His yesterday and today?
Sun goes down as usual
And he too goes home with empty hands.
Yes, home full of worries and sing the sad song without music.
(Once the game is over, the king and the pawn go back into the same box.-
Italian proverb.)

*Faith is the bird that sings when dawn is still dark.
- Rabindranath Tagore

nimal dunuhinga

Hunchback Pilgrim And The Singing Mountain!

Hardly the poor pilgrim climbed the mountain
Before the sunset and he rests on the peak.
Peak murmurs like in a prayer;
'Hermit died a long ago and the hermitage was blown
in the stormy days.
Since that day I tried to come down
But later on I came to know that I cannot move
Like the old sage! '

* To be trusted is a greter compliment than to be loved.

-George Macdonald

[A folklore; Full Moon nights they hear songs and the bell rings in the hermitage!
]

nimal dunuhinga

Hundred Candles Lit In The Wind

On his birthday the poor farmer dreams
After decades of bitter fighting with crops.
He's raised on grass
But now he sees the pasture
A barren land,
And faraway ruined tomb of his poem like wife.
The offspring abandoned the fruitful soil
And ran away to the colorful Town.
He's alone and bedridden
But still bit comfortable on his hay mattress.
Who lit hundred candles on this dark cake; Is it the World's end?
And he firmly believes that his beloved wife celebrates her intimate companion's
centenary.

nimal dunuhinga

Hundredweight!

['When one door of happiness closes another opens; but, often we look so long at the closed door that we do not see the one which has been opened for us.']-
Helen Keller

Doctor asked; 'Are you taking a balanced diet? '
I said; 'No Sir! I eat much starch and drink a gallon of water
to subside the appetite, and I am burning these days
as they terminated my free health insurance? '
(They believe my total earnings go beyond to their standard)
I read in a paper a measure of weight.112 lb(50.802 Kg.) or in America
110 lb (45.359 Kg): a metric unit of weight equal to 50 Kg.
Really I am very poor of calculating by means of numbers and
I think of my beautiful Arithmetic teacher
a mole on her cheek,
Her long hair touched the shapely buttocks?
I am an old man bald headed now
just a blotting paper
absorbs the cheap alcohol
to cleanse my cerulean soul!

to our friendly poet h with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Hurricane

For the first time in my life
I experienced a cyclonic wind.
It's very horrible
and brought the odour of death.
How mighty things blown as feathers
and the Giants shivered.
I was surprised and could not believe
the nature is so powerful.
Anyway, I am frustrated a bit
as you could not take corruption away.
After few hours everything is back to normal.
Yes, I can see the bad guys are still breathing
and do their fair trade?

nimal dunuhinga

Husband's Hurdle

His wife complained to one of his friends.

'Please advise him as he is not strong like young days.

very feeble, doctor said that he is having hyperglycaemia,
hypertension, hyperventilation and et cetera.

fortunately he doesn't catch aids,

but still I have doubts of his negligence and neighbourliness.

I am scared of the 'hydrogen bomb'

who lives in a proximate house

one day there will be an explosion?

to my poet friend e

nimal dunuhinga

Hyperbola & Parabola

A friend of mine wants to take his daughter to a Montessori school in Riverside,
Where the Director is my old mathematician teacher.

(A daughter of a Supreme court Judge)

She acts as she doesn't recognize me

And I heard that she entirely forgotten our mother tongue too

As she won't touch the spicy food now.

Never mind ola but still I remember the Trigonometry lessons you taught us
enthusiastically;

Hyperbola: ' The curve produced by a cut made through a cone at an angle with
the base greater than that of the side of the cone.'

Dear ola,

I am so sorry but I have to mention this to you that I am a Parabola now.

(A curve like that path of an object that's thrown into the air and falls back to
Earth.)

*Dedication to nado

nimal dunuhinga

Hypochondria

I listen in the quiet of the night to a faraway chirping of a bird.
She too awakes like me and I try to understand her austere song.
'Where's my Sweetheart and he's late tonight?
He promised me to bring sweetcorn,
Something happened to him or he flew in a wrong direction to some other roost?
I believe you and pray that you'll be all right,
And don't fly in the awful night.
I am awake till dawn until your safe return.

I dedicate this poem to the poetess Indira. Babbellapati

nimal dunuhinga

I Am A Baby Crab

I am a little Crab
Rests a while at shore
When the next wave comes
I'll go with her!

[If the life asks; Let me know something about you, definitely I forward my
tattered resume here but I know exactly that she's a blunder mute!]

nimal dunuhinga

I Am A Pen

A fountain pen made in an unknown country.
But nowadays they leave us alone
And prefer the ballpoint pens?
My Boss with thick glasses
An old fashioned gentleman
Who writes a love letter it seems
After a long time?
He filled my belly with ink
Oh! I felt very cold.
He's seated on his ebony chair
with tears in his eyes
Looking towards the faraway burial grounds,
Then he writes;
'I see your tomb like an unexpected invitation!
Please let me know the party time
I search a humble present for you
And I want it to wrap
with a smile! '

nimal dunuhinga

I Am An Old Turkey Bird

Month of November yawning
And wait for the thanksgiving
An expression of gratitude!
God knows that I am good for nothing
Even the twitcher ignores this godforsaken.
And I have a small request from partakers,
If you don't cook at least keep me under the table
As a partner then I can tell my friends that I have already participated!

* 'I like a little rebellion now and then. It's like a storm in the atmosphere.'
-Thomas Jefferson

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Fighting With The Viral Flu

Luckily my beloved suffered a little and escaped.
But I am still fighting.
I was surprised how this microscopic bacteria or invisible virus
Turns a giant a weakling?
Oh! My each and every rib aches
Shrinking lungs made a wheeze
It's really an elegy
Eyes dried and runny nose
I am a defeated boxer.
My beloved sits at my sick bed day and night
And she makes nourishing food to bring me back to the ring.
I said; 'Don't worry, I won't die soon as I have to get more marks to qualify.'
She cries and I wipe her tears.
My kind Boss sends a message.
'Hey! Johnny you have to take a rest at least three to four days
And don't expect the salary please,
If you come early then others would be affected.'
May God bless him and long live his Kingdom!

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Just An Orange Seed

Among the fire works in Orange County of California
Where I see the vast designs in the night sky at Disneyland.
I step down to Euclid street towards the Gas Station
That fuels me to run this oblique skeleton in the Zigzag race.
I cry silently and my hot tears flow into the Pacific Ocean
And search the roots in my tiny island called
'The Pearl of Indian Ocean'

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Not A Soldier

'Hey! I take my hands up
And please don't shoot me
This is my grand son's toy gun.'
'Then why did you come to the battlefield? ' Soldier inquired.
'I am jogging as per my diabetes doctor's advise.'
'You should go to a playground.'
'Certainly this is a playground not a battlefield brother,
Both parties are friends and why hold the guns?
While enemies groan in their castles comfortably.'

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Sure That Fading Figure Is You Mom!

Wherever I go I hear your secret footsteps Mom
And I want you to tell something eagerly about my plight,
Like the olden days of your precious lullabies.
But I found myself totally dumb
Anyway I hear your mild footsteps and I follow your way Mom!

*Whenever I think of you Mom I feel like burning and I know you give me
teardrops to survive.

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Your Cigarette Butt In Stalemate!

Master Robust!
You pulled to the end
And threw me away
I am just a standstill filter
On the asphalt road.
Remember the old good days
I have prevented half of the nicotine
That could have pierced your lungs?
But you have forgotten me like the first girlfriend
in your playboy manner!

*You give but little when you give of your possessions.It's when you give of your heart that you truly give.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

I Am Your Maternal Aunt From Ohio!

A letter came without the sender's address.
She's written 'I am your Aunt but I cannot prove it.
Do not think that I am senile,
Still I can trace Judas who made the crown of thorns
For our Good Shepherd!
Do not think that I am mean
The Plumbago mine to whom I give
Before I take oaths in the Heaven.
Purposely I omitted my address on the envelope
Because I know you rascal never step into this lonely Aunt's habitation!
And you scribble the whole life until you go to the Hell!
I am your Aunt Hellen!

For the young couple in the Wedlock Mike & Sue!

*Is this the Canadian Aunt once poor deceased Mom mentioned in my faded dream?

But she must have gone to the heaven already. I have doubts whether she writes her last will the Plumbago mine for me? Now I remember once a palmist in my country predicted, one day I own a sudden wealth in a strange soil. O I can make pencils for poor children free!

nimal dunuhinga

I Bought It For A Dollar

One of the Dollar tree stores stands at the Lincoln avenue in Anaheim
I peeped in and I found an old dollar coin accidentally stuck in a corner of my shy
wallet.

I couldn't believe and it's a dollar

The book 'Ronnie'; of Rolling Stones

Who's autobiographical novel.

He drifted on a river from a family of water gypsies.

A fine musician and a radical painter too.

Going through the few pages of his book

I found his creativity.

He quoted an African proverb from a n's novel

'The Sun does not forget a Village just because it's small.'

I too feel like a gypsy and I watched my soul's compass.

Where I am now far from my motherland?

I request my friends to bury my body here and send the soul to my tiny tear
dropp Island one day.

[I can't say what the future holds for me, But I can tell you I am not finished
yet.] --

nimal dunuhinga

I Brush My Old Horse's Teeth

' Why you look so sad these days? '

I asked her, my obedient friendly horse 'Moon'.

She said very calmly; 'The race is close by Boss.'

' What can I do for you my dear? '

I brush her teeth then at least she can smile whether she lose or not?

She jumps the hurdle that I am sure and I locked the rickety stable.

nimal dunuhinga

I Cannot Stop A Wandering Cloud Or A Rising Kite

Why should I try?

It has its own destiny

And let wind takes the responsibility.

I am just a stargazer in the open sky.

When my kite insists about the freedom of choice

No grumble and I let loose the line to choose her the side.

nimal dunuhinga

I Cannot Whistle Now Like In My Younger Days?

[I 'll pour out my spirit upon all men
your sons and your daughters will prophesy;
your young men see visions,
and your old men will dream dreams.'
This is what I will do in the last days,
God says; Jesus would be handed over to you;
and you killed him, by letting sinful men nail him to the cross.]-The New
Testament

When youth practise football in the ground
I just watch them sitting on this wooden bench.
I feel like an old Referee and they don't hear my
broken whistle even if I blow louder?
O I am a colour blind instead of the green flag
I wave the red but they don't mind
and play their own game.
I walk towards the goal post
Remember those days my strong kicks
Ball that flies through the eyes of the net
But now I entangle in the whole net
and no strength to loosen the knots?
I left home and my beloved wife says
'Don't worry I love you so much.'
'I love you too! ' I replied.

nimal dunuhinga

I Couldn'T Fulfill Her Strong Desire

One dark evening
I met a bare-footed little girl
Who carries a ragged doll
Along a narrow cobbled street.
I found tears in her gloomy eyes
And before I asked she muttered;
'Uncle do you have a picture book for me to see? '
I was shocked and I said;
'I am so sorry my dear Magpie,
I have only my pocket Dictionary.'
'That I read a long time ago
But I couldn't find my parents yet.'
Oh! I recite the saddest poem in her talking eyes
That fades away with warm tears.

nimal dunuhinga

I Don'T Know Their Address Where I Have To Post My Sad Letter

The month of November tells Goodbye very soon
And December comes with a snowy cap through my lonely dreams.
All my friends in the class get ready for the journey towards Christmas
And my class teacher asked my name again and again.
I said; 'Orphan'.
My Mom and Dad write me not very often
And they address me by that strange name.
I don't know their address where I have to post my sad letter.
Once they mentioned in a short letter both of them stay in a boarding house
named 'Prison'.
'Please try to be a good boy and never think of this lousy place ever.'

* The roads are for cars and not for people.....
-Long Beach Rescue Mission for the Homeless-

I humbly dedicate this poem to 'get on the bus' Restorative Justice Works

nimal dunuhinga

I Dreamed John Denver Beside Me

He plays.....' Almost heaven, Country roads take me home to the place I
belong West Virginia

Mountain Momma take me home, ' Then stopped for a while.

I said; 'I have a kind friend there a poetess and do you know about her? '

'Yes,!'

Oh! It's a dream.....Yesterday.....Yesterday?

Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow and what else a Man grabs?

Why, the mysterious life, isn't it?

nimal dunuhinga

I Drowned In The Milky Way

When the darkness falls
with a faint whisper,
The pale moon peeps like a pregnant woman.
Her necklace broken and the stars scattered.
Oh! it's a starry night.
I search for my birth star
and she hides purposely.
I called by her name loudly
and all of a sudden she fell down.
I found nothing over the meadow
but dew drops like her tears.

nimal dunuhinga

I Feel The Secret Palpitation Of Her Soft Heart!

She resembles
The actress,
'Ava Gardner.'
The Lady cashier
in a smoke shop.
And I told her to give me
A Dutch Masters Vanilla cigar
She asked my date of birth.
I said; 'Exactly sixty one today! '
Then she replied with a familiar smile.
'You look younger than your age.
Believe me I am not kidding.'

[Age does not protect you from love, to some extent, protects you from age.-
Moreau]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Fought With The Alphabet

My English teacher said; ' A sentence should start with a capital letter.'
I opposed and she detained me out of the class.
One day I sent her a letter; My dearest Love
'L' with capital.
Since that day she is very kind to me.
But still I am a simple letter.

nimal dunuhinga

I Found A Verse On A Throw Away Bus Ticket

My voice hasn't reached you
I understand as we are too close.
Once we departed that echoes
If you feel alone and friendless.

*[Written in a crowded bus while seated close to an attractive Nun.]

nimal dunuhinga

I Found This Obituary Notice In The Paradise Paper

The Philanthropist Sir Adolf Hitler
Died in a heart attack,
Burial on a full moon night
Corpse keeps for a month
In Queen's Parlor.
Visiting hours from 8A.M. to 9P.M
Except on Sundays.
I was shocked!
And I refered the Encyclopedia.
This is impossible
And a mistake too.
'That could be Pol Pot or Sadam Hussein.'
I told my friend who's reading the paper behind me.
Then he told;
'Not Sadam Hussein, he's in a better place beyond the heaven
A friend of mine in Iraq who received a greeting card recently for Iraq's welfare! '

nimal dunuhinga

I Found Your Old Christmas Card In My Bookshelf

I love that water color painting
printed on your precious card!
In 2009, far away Salem church appears
with snow flakes
and a woodpecker rests
on a cypress branch.
Your boisterous flowing hand tells
' Thinking of you as Christmas
and wishing you only the best
in the New Year! We keep you in our prayers
Take care! '-Sandra & family.
Yes Madam! I am really worried of your long lull
And thank God! Your prayers worked out.
My colonoscopy results were good
The polyps they found in my large intestine were benign tumor
and not Malignant?
I am happy as I could scribble further
If my old friends appear soon?
Neighborhood birds started singing
in the absence of Virginian nightingale?
And I kept a bowl of rice & water on the window sill.
Hope you're well and please give a little shout
from Lie-Ving road, West Columbia!

[Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.]-Christian Bovee

for my life-school teacher Sandra Fowler in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Got A Scholarship To Patrice Lumumba University!

As soon as I received the letter from the Education Authority,
I was informed my poor Mom because that's her innocent dream, And I waited
for days, months and years but no reply at all.

In the morning I realized it's another dream of my dreamy fate!

I was so curious of his name and I refered some incidents here

For your kind perusal.

Mysterious events of History

Patrice Émery Lumumba was a Congolese independence leader and the first legally elected Prime Minister of the Republic of the Congo after he helped win its independence from Belgium in June 1960. Only ten weeks later, Lumumba's government was deposed in a coup during the Congo was subsequently imprisoned and murdered in circumstances suggesting the support and complicity of the governments of ba's youngest son, Guy-Patrice, born six months after his father's death, was an independent presidential candidate in the 2006 elections, but received less than 1% of the vote.

For this independence of the Congo, even as it is celebrated today with Belgium, a friendly country with whom we deal as equal to equal, no Congolese worthy of the name will ever be able to forget that it was by fighting that it has been won, a day-to-day fight, an ardent and idealistic fight, a fight in which we were spared neither privation nor suffering, and for which we gave our strength and our blood. We are proud of this struggle, of tears, of fire, and of blood, to the depths of our being, for it was a noble and just struggle, and indispensable to put an end to the humiliating slavery which was imposed upon us by force.

nimal dunuhinga

I Had A Friendly Chat With Atlas

[Greek Myth; In Homer a divinity in charge of the pillars which upheld the Heavens; The bearer of a great burden who supporting the World.]

Hey! My friend it's more than enough.

Those days the Globe really heavy

And this is a friendly advise from a Lilliput.

Now it's really a hollow and let the Warlords get the burden

To hold it furthermore.

They do nothing just the Bloodshed!

Come down dear and lets play Marble

I'll draw a right Square on the shifting sands.

*[What a ridiculous planet is this? They publicly discuss of Homosexuality, Abortions and Sex Allegations and bla...bla....bla! While in a battlefield corner poor children play with open grenades?]

nimal dunuhinga

I Have A Dream

Play with the children
Never been to a playground,
Swim in the deep sea
With the souls struggle ashore
Watch the life with innocent blinds
And explain them
Life is blind!

nimal dunuhinga

I Have A Regret As I Couldn'T Ask Her Name!

An Angel who squeezes my bony fingers
And I tell you frankly that I do not get any carnal feelings
Perhaps it's in a dream?
How smooth and cold her cheesy fingers
As I touched my entire life
The things that belonged to the rough category!
In the morning I found an asterisk mark
On my palm near by the life-line!
That signifies an Angel touched a Man?

nimal dunuhinga

I Have No Any Restrictions For My Bird Sanctuary!

I keep you a small plate full of different seeds
Battered with peanut butter
and a bowl of crystal clear water
at the rickety fenced of my backyard
for my migrant bird friends!
And I have a humble request
If possible could you please recite me a poem
from your native countries.
I too read you my poems in between.
And I am waiting anxiously
Please do not let down me
This poor old bird lover?

[You can't light a candle to show others the way,
without feeling the warmth of that bright little ray:
and you can't give a rose all fragrant with dew,
without some of its sweetness remaining with you.]-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Haven'T Seen The Spongy Sky A Long Time

Not because that I am lazy as my doctor advised me to look down always due to my neck pain.

This nagging Spondylitis gives me trouble on and off.

And I missed lot of my bird friends they fly in the serene sky.

If the transparent sky understand my dialect, excuse me I want to write my biography.

Yet I am scared your friendly clouds take my words away.

The twinkle stars in the night sky like poor poets they sing their sad songs,

And I am sorry my doctor advised me to look down always and I realized that I never get a chance to touch the mysterious stars.

nimal dunuhinga

I Hear A Rich Beggar Sings Under A Bridge

why
I
collect
pennies
because
I
Want
to
make
a
strong
pillar
that
touches
the
sky
before
she
collapsed
to
the
suffocating
Earth?

*To my brother Lalith!

Remember once he asked; 'What do you prefer 'Malli' (brother)
Either a naked Goddess or an ordinary Woman? '

nimal dunuhinga

I Hear The Purple Sky Laments In A Twilight

Yes, I am proud
As I am big!
And I have a Sun
Moon and stars
Extricate passing clouds
What about the beautiful rain Goddess?
Yet, I am far away
from precious human beings?

*[The man who wins may have been counted out several times, but he didn't hear the referee.]-n

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Hear Their Songs Among The Debris

Abdel Halim Hafez (Arabic: ??? ?????? ????) (June 21,1929 – March 30,1977) , was an immensely popular singer and actor in Egypt and the Arab world from the 1950s to the 1970s. His music is still played on radio daily throughout the Arab world. Abdel Halim is considered one of the four greats of 20th century Egyptian and Arabic music, along with Umm Kalthoum, Mohammed Abdel Wahab and Farid El Atrac

Umm Kulthum (Arabic: ?? ?????? ?Umm Kul?um; Egyptian Arabic pronunciation: [omme kæl'su?m]) , born Fatimah ?Ibrahim as-Sayyid al-Biltagi (????? ??????? ?????? ?????????? ['f?t?m? (?e) b????'hi?m es'sæjjed elbel'tæ?gi]; see Kunya) on an uncertain date (December 30,1898 or May 4,1904? [1]) and who died February 3,1975, was an internationally famous Egyptian singer, songwriter, and film actress of the 1930s to the 1970s. She is known as Kawkab al-Sharq ??? ('Star of the East') in Arabic. More than three decades after her death in 1975, she is still widely regarded as the greatest female Arabic singer in history.

Great Sphinx of Giza

Giant Pyramids

Valley of the Kings

Abu Simbel Temples

Tutankha

Cleopatra

born here

Brothers & Sisters

why you ruined

this country

fertile black soils

of the Nile floods plains.

The World originally

connoted 'Metropolis'

or 'Civilization'

Means country or frontier land!

Brother Abdul Halim Hafez

Sister Umm Kulthum

come again from your hidden places and

sing those lovely songs

to this catastrophe!

for my Egyptian friend Nashaat Edward Hermal Seifin!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

I Hide A Letter Underneath A Migrating Bird's Wings

And she replied promptly.
Nice letter Sir,
And I like that poem too.
'Bitter is sweet'
I love you!
If you don't mind
Please take me to America!
I am an Afghan girl
Nineteen years old
Five feet and three inches tall
Black hair and brown eyes
Scared of Bombs and Religious embargoes too!

to my humble friend Denis Joe!

* the homeless man
takes off his shoes before
his cardboard house.
-Penny Harter

nimal dunuhinga

I Hit On A Lamp Post In The Day Light!

'Hey! Are you drunk? ' he asked me in a friendly manner.

'No chum, haven't seen a dropp long time as I am out of a billet now.' I too replied him politely.

'Why don't you come with a heavy book in the night
And you can read a lot, I'll give you light free of charge.'

'You are so kind like a night flower.'

'Be on alert while reading because anytime the Paradise requests for street
Lamps as the curfew there it seems? ,

We can go together but must sign a contract they too have a policy of hire &
fire.'

* It's really amazing when human beings keep their mouths shut the lamp posts
talk very politely like the stone age?

nimal dunuhinga

I Learn English From The Next Door Irish Widowed Teacher!

My beloved's best friend and they make cakes together.

One day she asked me to write an essay in few lines of the difference between &

.

I wrote; ' is a strong christian

And the President of the U.S.A.

is a strong Muslim and he does a research on the seabed?

Obama likes literature and Osama likes pornography

That's why I think Osama got plenty wives and Obama only one?

The teacher's very happy and hugged me in a different approach

And I was scared, stopped the classes!

When wife asked why then I explained it's a mixture of Irish & English

And very hard to by heart?

nimal dunuhinga

I Let Her Know About My Windfall

Yes, I have promised you my Cleopatra.

If I win a lottery,

I take you a long trip around the World in three hundred and sixty five days.

Firstly to the Mount Everest and from there to Venice as you like gondolas.

Then straight away to Egypt as I like boating in the river Nile.

And you may be surprise when you see a Mummy in a Cairo Pyramid.

An old festered king; That resembles me.

Now you believe me darling once I told you that I was a king.

But you thought I was almost drunk.

Hey! I won that lottery but they refused to give money

As I do not posses my own identity.

* Sadly I dedicate this poem to the innocent victims and survivors of Onna.

[The Quake may finish off the fading town Onna where there's almost been a death in every house.

-News]

nimal dunuhinga

I Like The Black Swans Too!

if
they
sing
in
my
solitary
pond?

nimal dunuhinga

I Like To Be

A black puppy on the road to heaven
but scared of rabies.

A Well-to-do lady will take me
on her way bounds home.

If I am a pebble at a riverside
or a pearl in a deep sea.

Remove my heavy garments
and be naked at a peak of a mountain
before I jump.

A new born child as a God son
in a quiet isolated nunnery.

An unburned candle in a poorest hut.

A pencil sketch drawing of a blind shepherd
and a sorrowful song of a dumb lass.

A soot on a chimney of an exploitation human factory.

I want to go back to my village old thatch school
and learn with my kind teachers again
the meaning of life.

Sleep besides my poor mom
and I promise her this time
to be a man and help each other.

A safety pin of a hand grenade
and explode in the pockets of war mongers.

(If all the war victimized widows requested only.)

nimal dunuhinga

I Like To Fly With Them To The Infinity

I see the pigeons sit on a lamp post on this rainy day
And their whisper is very mysterious through the gloomy atmosphere.
' Hey! Chum you are counting the tricky money on the cash register madly and
are you going to continue those habits in rest of your life?
Why can't you jump here and have a flight with us? '

nimal dunuhinga

I Met A Poor King At A Decayed Railway Station

'Hello! A very familiar face and I am certain that we have met somewhere else before.' He started the conversation.

'I have no any idea but may be in our previous births.'

'Exactly, now I remember, I was a King in a drama and you were the court jester.' King replied.

' Oh! What a fine memory you hold?

And if possible could you please lend me few coins for the journey.'

'Hey! Still you carry the practice of joking? '

And he disappeared when the train came.

nimal dunuhinga

I Met An Honest Man In This Precarious World

Yes, on the street
While I was idling
He sleeps on the road happily
And he said very politely;
'Brother I tell you frankly
I don't know how to write my name properly.'
I shouted 'Ureka! And I met an honest person
His name is Man.'

*' I can't help living in a society that pays the Rolling Stones more than its Prime Minister.'

-Paul Simon

nimal dunuhinga

I Met Them In A Second Hand Bookshop

King Pilath
Judas Iscariot
Barabbas
Hitler
Benito Mussolini
Stalin, Polpot, Angulimala
And some others
Really I couldn't recognise them.
They're idling nearby
Mystery & True Crime Bookstalls.
They looked at me sarcastically
That I was from another Planet?
I was reading Oscar Wilde's
The picture of Dorian Grey
And I noticed a Fox Terrier puppy
Sniffed the World History!
And it barked tenderly
That sounds like
'Betrayals & Killers and what else? '
Then I whispered; 'Bigamy.'
The Puppy wagged its tail.
In the Parking lot by mistake
I tried to open the door of a wrong car
And it's like a limousine the Hearse!

nimal dunuhinga

I Practised In London For Olympic Heats?

[A beggar like old man once read my palm in a city Railway station and he predicted; 'You'll be a Pilot or a constant runner in your whole life.]

Yes, It's getting closer the date,27th of July.
And I practised outside the Olympic stadium
on a lonely street for the 800 meters Relay?
Suddenly I was caught by a police officer
and he questioned me of my valid papers.
Then I said; 'Don't worry Sir!
I am one of your colonial cousins
and I never forget the hospitality.
I have participated the Royal Wedding
and the Queen's Diamond Jubilee
with my old Gabardine suit.
Don't you remember once you arrested me
under suspicion of stealing the Big Ben? '
They handcuffed me and I was awake
to the jerk & batton beating in the police car.
I asked my wife where my running shoes?
'O sorry darling! I left them in the police car.'
She's worried and brought the Sugar-meter
'Don't know whether you're getting the coma again? '
She looked embarassed!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Prefer To Die In My Sleep

Darling Edeath!
You're so beautiful
To that transparent dress.
Touch me slowly
As I am scared of your fingernails.
I am not in a mood and let me sleep peacefully
Do not wake me up early.
Bring your kite to the garden of night
Let it go so high and let loose the knot
As you do to the others
And wind takes me away
Wherever she goes!

* A Mother's arms are made of tenderness and children sleep soundly in them.
-Victor Hugo

nimal dunuhinga

I Read My Lonely Palm Everyday!

Life line is dark & steady as always
That means you have to suffer much longer!
And on the wealth line some scattered islands
Here & there?
Remarks of the constant poverty.
Complicated lines indicate sickness on & off
And my beloved gossips;
'Honey any changes in the near future? '
'Yes the mount of Venus beside the thumb
You watch that fleshy area no more
And it's like an abandon playground.'
'What's the meaning of that? '
'It gives your personal sexual life.'
'Hey! You're already a Grandpa now.'
'But the problem's, this asterisk like mark
Underneath the index finger says
Uneasy peevish mind search a young Grandma? '

nimal dunuhinga

I Render My Resume For The Hollywood Theater

Beloved grumbled; 'It's too late and you have to wake up early tomorrow.'

'Yes darling I am doing some amendments to my application.'

' For the Senate? '

'Much better than that, Tarzan requires a talking monkey for the new adventurous movie darling! '

nimal dunuhinga

I Rigged The Darned Sails And Waiting For The Boisterous Wind!

A 'shoal' boat is one which has a shallow keel, sometimes the keel is winged. This boat is easier to turn and has less inertia. It also can sail in shallower water. However, in heavy weather it may not be as stable as a deep water boat and may capsize more easily.

A Mermaid would be much preferable
For my single cabin?
As she knows the sea well
But do not know how she tangles
With a warm heart of a Man
That's hotter than an Oven?
Sometimes I think the lonesome is better than anything
As you could cry louder than the Ocean
And nobody bothers?

to my fellow sefarer/poet oskar in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

I Saw A God With A Beard!

That railway station abandon
No more trains stop,
He sits the beggar on a wooden bench
And he shares his scanty cold meal
with a stray dog!
Moon witnessed the strange dinner
with me.

nimal dunuhinga

I Saw Them

I saw r was carrying an enormous swastika of bronze
on his shoulder.

I saw eon too, was riding on a huge horse of copper
with his blunt sword.

both were heading to a pasture to cut some grass.

They passed themselves speechless

as two enemies of a movie.

The pasture was belonged to a pauper once.

He too a war-hero

and his name was unknown.

nimal dunuhinga

I Saw What You Did?

Oh! My harmless
Black Ants!
Granules,
One by one
You have taken
From my opened
Tiny brown sugar bottle
Within the whole night
And it's empty now.
I peeped into your little World
And it's a big sugar mountain
But I cannot climb
As I am a diabetic!

*It's approximately forty years ago, myself and brother Lalith we watched together a detective movie 'I saw what you did' a matinee show, Oh! That beautiful childhood never comes? Remember a filter cigarette 'Four Aces' we pulled together the smoke up to the Heaven!

nimal dunuhinga

I Scribble On A Dusty Windscreen Of An Abandon Vehicle!

I believe the time has come
Lions & Tigers should mate
And give us precious Kittens
To minimize the cruelty of this ridiculous World!

nimal dunuhinga

I See Through My Little Window The Foggy Morning

I looked at the Virgin mountain range,
Lonely skyscrapers visible yesterday
But I couldn't see none of them today
As all covered by the thick fog.
Oh! This painful wake up in the morning,
Last night I dreamed Alexander the great, his father, Ptolemy and Hephaestion
We were discussing how we conquer the World again?
Dear fog, I shall be much grateful to you,
If you could cover my complicated past and the dreamy future likewise
As I want today only.

nimal dunuhinga

I Seek My Little Hometown

*['Sleep, little darlings, I watch while you sun! Divine sun! Ripening the pumpkins everyone.]-'P'ere Goriot', Honor'e de Balzac

I peeped into the vast World map
and found my pearl like tiny island Sri Lanka
in the Indian Ocean!
And I marked my Hometown
'Katubedda', actually we had a house of our own there
Poor Mom built that from our loving Father's
Working compensation, who died
under an Aircraft hanger at the age of 32.
There's a famous University in Katubedda
and luckily I got an opportunity to jump there
for a brief course 'Radar Observation & Plotting'
It's a part of my seafarer career.
Now I observe my poor companions there
and plot their whereabouts in my inquisitive mind?
Their day to day greetings, smiles and cries
I see and hear on my heart screen
Black & White!

to the blind Violinist Mr. Gilbert who fiddles at the fish market on sundays!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Sketched A Woman With A Pencil Stub

I call *Mantradevi for her readable eyes
Like the Indian actress Sharmila Tagore's.
(In her role in Rai's 'Apur Samsar')
And when she smiles really the Tamil dancer/actress
Vyjayanthimala with her dimple!
Her slim body like my wife
(Not now, younger days)
As same as the actress Tabu.
And when this sketchy naked woman's completed
My beloved grumbles hysterically;
'I hate your drawings the same face and the arousing body sequence
That old fiancee dame your cousin actress with a blackhead
on her bursting breast? And I hate! Really hate! '
This is her usual nonchalant song when she's angry
And I am very familiar to that poetry.
Sometimes we sing together
After a nightcap and when she's calmly mutter
Serpent like Life crawls with a shiver
And still we hardly breathe faster!

*Mantra= A phrase repeated to aid concentration during meditation, a statement
or slogan frequently repeated.

Devi = Goddess

Humbly I dedicate this to Sridevi & Gita in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

I Slept With A Virgin Beggar-Maid

It's a Starry night and I was bit drunk.
I saw the run away Rabbit from the Moon
And it's drowning in the milky way.
The poor queen; her ramshackle castle on the pavement,
She quietly sleeps and I count her ribs.
The broken-plastered Crown shines in the darkness.
Her flimsy nightdress transparent and it's very comfortable,
I rest on the soft pillow of her warm bosom.
Her skinny breast full of compassion and the prominent dark nipples
Like sharp blades tickle my haunted soul.
I touched her soft spoken heart with my wounded index finger
But she was fast asleep after her strenuous beggary.
I heard the ruling King's gossips who was disguised as a lunatic
And trespassed in our premises.
I woke up to a siren of a city Ambulance and realized it's a dream.
My beloved wife groans aside of me and I tried to imagine her smiley face,
But in reality, I would never get an opportunity to see her saintly face again.

To my friends Sandra, Dave, Max, Jerry & Alison, George and rest of all!

nimal dunuhinga

I Snatched This Poem From A Filthy Fireman's Blue Shirt Pocket

When all were burning into ashes in the Firestorm,
I got a sudden message that my beloved wife just delivered twin sons;
Oh! What a solace?
I am sure that one day they extinguish the fire of indignation!

nimal dunuhinga

I Stopped Reading Books And Started Obituaries!

It's really sad and interesting too
Reading the obituaries.
Though I am a stranger to this soil
I feel they are like my relatives.
So & So born and dead on this particular day
And she had a deep love for animals
And for fine arts.
She has given some names of her best friends.
After a thorough check I found my name was not there
And I had a sad feeling still I am an alien
To the old aged people.
May you rest in peace Madam!
And I read you again in the next year Memorial
If time permits?

nimal dunuhinga

I Swing My Limbs!

But never lift an inch
From the magnetized Earth
And I realized though I sing
Not a bird,
And limbs are not wings!

a humble dedication to my brother poet Shridhar B S in gratitude!

* I hear a mutter though the Sun & Moon are not in good terms they never show the grudge, just rise and set in the familiar sky?

nimal dunuhinga

I Take The Mountain Road

It's so risky and hard
As you said,
That I knew my friend!
But I cannot postpone the matter
For the next year,
Probably they select my name
To the Graveyard list
As a new comer!
Yes, I tell them it should be your bithplace
Amherst!
A quiet village in the Connecticut valley of Massachusetts!

*I was intoxicated by your poems & letters.
For Emily Dickinson in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

I Throw Pebbles At The Sky

I look at the virgin sky,
It's a sunny day
And pretty warm.
Nothing strange is happening.
It's another day as before.
I measure again, still there's a vast distance
Between us and she ignores my intonation.
My rickety ladder looks so tired of my failure attempts.

nimal dunuhinga

I Travel Fifty Years Back When I Hear Your Melancholy Song

'Though he's black very handsome and a strong character,
Really a loving father.'

Mom always says when she's alive.

Oh! Dear Father, you left us almost fifty years ago,
Under an Aircraft Hangar you met a tragic accident.

Yes! Mom is right and you struggled to die for three days
And how sad when you closed eyes forever?

You wanted to make your three sons famous Soccer players,
But the youngest already left and lives in your proximity,
The eldest idles on Motherland and I am here like a football.

They kick me here & there but not into the goal

And I wait till the referee whistles saying that the game is over.

*Who keeps a dollar under my sheet?

I dedicate this poem to oss for his magical song* 'To dance with my father again'.

nimal dunuhinga

I Try To Understand What This Handsome Crow's Crowing On The Maple Tree Top?

You're tan in your complexion
and I am chunky black!
Nobody likes my hoarse voice
though I sing from my deep heart?
Master!
Please do not neglect your
slight chest pain,
I'll try to bring you a Health Insurance Card
from a graveyard or if you have an old prescription
definitely I snatch you some medicine
from a nearby Pharmacy.
'Oh! This not really a bird
perhaps the old Robin Hood'
I muttered and showed my
Strawberry Banana Yoplait
cup of Yoghurt.
Crow doesn't like it seemed
And may be prefer
my nightcap
who knows?

nimal dunuhinga

I Walk Slowly To My Old Thatched School

Birch trees have taken off their winter clothes
And exposed to the smiling Sun.
I see no raindrops and birds flew in the sky
Some robins chat with the worms on the playground
Where my grandson merry with the other children in the school.
And the bell rang all lined up like a fancy train to go to their classes.
I was so sad where's my school and the golden class.
The parapet wall divided the Girl school next door
Remember we peeped through the broken spaces
When the flowery girls come out to the grounds!
I was like a punished student at the belfry hall
In the bygone schooldays?
If there's a school for elderly/handicapped
I'll get a photocopy of my tattered certificate of birth
And I really dream to enroll as soon as possible?

[A new broom sweeps clean, but the old brush knows the corners.]

-Irish Proverb

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Want To Be A Pilot

Yesterday my grandson called me and said;
'I want to be a Pilot Grandpa.'
'That sounds good sonny
As I missed that opportunity
And hope you pick me up at a stopover
On your way over the seven seas to a better place
Without hitting the skyscrapers.' I said happily.

nimal dunuhinga

I Was Born Free

They gave me a name with a capital letter
and made my Horoscope?
Registered the Certificate of birth
with their Religion?
In the cradle when I cry
They gave me a Peek-a-Boo Soother
dipped in Glycerine.
I jumped so many times
over the cradle fence.
Remember they enrolled me to a College adjoining a girl's school?
And there I learned about Apollonius
Pythagoras, Euclid's parallel lines
Archimedes, Sir Issac Newton and others too.
When flowery girls play in the grounds
I watch them with my toy telescope a birthday present.
I learned well but failed the Examination?
Recently I realized from a pauper's toothless smile
Nothing we bring here and anything we take away?

To the Greek author Nikos Kazantzakis for his great novel 'Zorba the Greek'.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Was Really Amazed By Aparna Sen's Elegiac Love Poem

An emotional Movie.

'The Japanese wife',

From the Directors of Arthouse Masterpiece.

Mr. & Mrs. Iyers, the Bengali Elegy.

Rahul Bose as 'Snhemoy'

Raima Sen an enchanting widow and her son 'Poltu'

Chigusa Takaku, (Miyage) Snhemoy's Japanese pen-friend.

The mixture of their palpable bonds,

Four of them showed their best performance

Besides, Snhemoy's Aunt Moushami Chatergi

Holds the entire gravity of the film.

Altogether sixhundred and thirty five soft letters exchanged

Three long-distance phone calls

Fifteen years of pen-friendship

And their rare marriage but they have not met.

'How far you go for love? '

Till my hard last breath

I Re-read this enormous poem

And hope you all get a chance to see this Tragedy!

nimal dunuhinga

I Watch The Egyptian Drama Sitting On A Pyramid!

And I hear a whisper of a Mummy!

' He would serve out the last months of his term

And die on Egyptian soil.

Nobody likes it seems to leave the profitable political arena? '

* It's easier to build boys than to mend men.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

I Watch The Snowy Mountains In Corona

Somehow you're lucky
Hugging the Snowflakes!
And I am drowning in the life's-soup boiler.
Darling Corona, We have to move again to Anaheim
That's an order from the invisible Hands
And the poor Gypsy and his beloved pack the things into cardboard boxes
Where this tiresome journey stops?

* Humbly to the poetess Fay Slimm!

nimal dunuhinga

I Watched A Sad Hunting On The Ceiling

A dragonfly rescued
from the gossamer
and flew away.....
Then a small insect entangled
and struggled?
All of a sudden
Spider grabbed
and I was helpless?

['While stubbornness shelters one from reality, open-mindedness reveals all of
life's truths.']-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

I Write To My Beloved Firefly

Welcome to my tiny World
With a dim candle light,
Don't be frightened
I am not fire
Just few ashes only dear!

nimal dunuhinga

I Write To You Because Once I Worked In Your Shipping Trade

The earliest publication date for the 'Baa, baa black sheep' rhyme or poem is dated 1744. Music was first published for 'Baa, baa black sheep' was in the early nineteenth century making it into a song for children.

The handsome Dictator who cries in debris and he wants a solace it seems?

Under the British management.

Yes Boss! The Buddha said; ' There is no place to hide from our past sins

Not even in the Sky or on Earth,

Somewhere else.'

For the solace I quote this nursery rhyme in gratitude;

'Baa baa black sheep, have you any wool?

Yes sir, yes sir, three bags full!

One for the master, one for the dame,

And one for the little boy who lives down the lane.'

*I dedicate this poem to the British Master son, We worked together on a Libyan Tanker ship 'Um El Faroud' Twenty years ago.I remember the vessel carried crude oil from Benghazi, Tobruk and Tripoli to Italian ! The heavy bags of wine we finished together, port of Siracusa & Augusta in Sicily.It's a fading dream and we're just old mile posts now.

nimal dunuhinga

Idiosyncrasy And Inferiority Complex

* Vanishing table manners of a deprived loner

I see you have 1212 poems (currently) on PH. I also see you comment regularly on other members' work (though I don't think you have commented on my own) . I wonder why you have sent this to me without any idea of what you want me to do about it. If you could explain what you want (just my thoughts on this piece of writing?) I might be able to help. Most people wanting a comment on a poem post it on the site and invite others to read it.

Paul Hansford

I belong to the small Island Sri Lanka

Once a British colony, I gathered few words from your mother tongue
And my vocabulary is too small, Sorry Sir and I try to improve myself.

A painter either famous or not his brush strikes on the canvas

And the bristles never refuse to absorb the different colors.

He himself has the freedom of choice.

But a poet? Why all these restrictions of adjectives and grammar?

If he tells of his mother tongue very few understand

But his slang English some try to realize?

Let him scribble as the trash bins never refuse him.

nimal dunuhinga

If Each Raindropp Turns Into Pennies

I send a message to the weeping sky,
When you pour your tear drops
Just request from the Rain-Goddess
And make them copper to the burning souls.
In gratitude, I promise to send you a miniature perfume bottle
That smells human fragrance and it's ideal for the festive seasons.

nimal dunuhinga

If Giraffe Loves Zebra?

In the Zoo

I relaxed a while

Leaving all the burdens.

'Hey! Master please write something for me.'

Giraffe begged.

'If I have a long neck like you

I could have easily peep into my next door spinster's room.'

'It's about you Sir and nothing for me.'

Then I wrote again.

'If Giraffe mates with Zebra

How nice will be the offspring? '

'Thank you very much Sir!

From tomorrow onwards

I try to catch the Zebra in the adjoining cage.

He must be happy, believe me Sir

Still I am a Virgin.'

'It's not a miracle being in the Zoo

But really it's hard to survive

If you're in the jungle.'

Like a girl she smiled shyly.

nimal dunuhinga

If I Had A Son?

When he comes from school
Definitely he complains;
'Dear Papa! I had a problem
in my geography class,
Teacher indicates this is North
That's South and this side is East
And that side is West.
Then I said that I won't agree.'
Yes my little unborn Son
I too had the same problem in my night school.
They made the Compass, directions
For their own benefits
But nobody could show us where's the Happiness?
Then one night after a nightcap in my dream I heard;
'Why don't you try my place the old man? '
The faraway old isolated burial grounds muttered!

A humble dedication to the poetess Susan Jarvis!

*[Is nothing in life ever straight and clear, the way children see it?]
-Rosie Thomas

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

If I Have A Long Neck Like Giraffe's?

I would have plucked you
all the sweet fruits from tree tops.
But I am tired now and I want to be a full stop
in this long sentence.
Beloved grumbles in the middle of the night;
'You're awake and scribble
They'll kill you for your political nonsense.'
Do not worry and they cannot stab me
As I take Iron tablets twice daily!
Her spontaneous smile disappears
in this horrible Winter Season,
Yesterday she cooked a rice in a local style
Fried potatoes, Dried fish, Dhal & chilli
wrapped in a tempered Banana leaf!
I said; 'Delicious'
And she smiled like Mother Teresa.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

If I Were Andrew

How lucky the Robot in the movie?

He enjoyed his entire life; the wealth, love and all his dreams came true.

In this miraculous country a Robot became a human being.

I too dream to be independent like an American Robin.

nimal dunuhinga

If Life Goes From Bad To Worst?

*Günter Wilhelm Grass (born 16 October 1927) is a Nobel Prize-winning German author, poet, playwright, sculptor and artist.

He was born in the Free City of Danzig (now Gdańsk, Poland) . In 1945, he came as a refugee to West Germany, but in his fiction he frequently returns to the Danzig of his childhood.

He is best known for his first novel, *The Tin Drum*, a key text in European magic realism and the first part of his Danzig Trilogy. His works frequently have a left wing political dimension and Grass has been an active supporter of the Social Democratic Party of Germany.

If life goes from bad to worst?
Picked him by an Ambulance
And taken to the Hospital
The old Blacksmith
Who collapsed on the modern concrete road.
Hard to recognize
Either Hispanic, Asian or African
From another planet?
Anyway a Man with a coma!
Heart beat and the pulse abnormal
And much perspiration?
In his hidden pocket
Found a chit
And this was written;
'In case of emergency please contact
My next of Kin pet dog 'Zoro'
Perhaps in the Heaven who knows?
Remember once I found tears in its eye
And then I asked; 'Zoro are you not well? '
'No Master I am O.K.
Happy tears of your progress.'
Wagging his tail Zoro replied.

*for Günter Wilhelm Grass!

nimal dunuhinga

If Life's A Film Festival?

Last night's thick snow flakes
washed by the morning heavy rains!
I wiped the window pane and looked outside
O this strange mind dragged me to the bygone film festivals
through the gloomy sky.
My brother Lalith truly a film lover!
Who introduced me the classical Cinema.
Roman Polanski's 'Knife in the water'
Witold Leszcynski's 'Days of Mathew'
Based on Tarjei Vesaas' novel 'The Birds'.
Another great Polish film director Andrzej Wajda's
'The Birchwood'.
Czech film director Jirri Weiss's 'Romeo, Juliet and the darkness'.
O the gratitude to my brother Lalith who gave me the real taste of film life,
specially the classical Polish & Czech film Art!
Mist on the window pane and I wiped again
Then I realized my poor cinema and where I am now?

to the poetess rarebird who flew over our tiny nest!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

If My Grandson Sings This Lyric-Poem?

Grandpa old age is sad
though you smile.
Yes, yet it is sad
sad like a desperate bird
without wings?
I watched again
whenever you try to whistle
that old denture comes out
and you press it in with your shivering fingers.
It's like an exercise?
Borrowing my pastel sticks
you draw those dark figures.
Really I am scared but you mutter with them
like a singsong.
You always look at the sky
and I see something like tears
in your eyes.
It's very strange that plane with a string
you hold like a kite in your drawing?
Yes my little son otherwise she flies beyond the skies
breaking the Rainbows?

nimal dunuhinga

If My Sportive Horse Get Wings

He is not well these days
Having a tooth ache it seems.
But smile as usual like a child.
And always ready for the race.
I understand what he wants to say,
But he never says;
'Master after winning this big trophy
I want to give up racing.'
I thought if he get wings
Then I could have send him to a better place.

nimal dunuhinga

If Somebody Knows Who Takes His Last Breath?

He will get panic
and no more time to think of loved ones.
Breath fast to gather more air
and he sees the ferryman is waiting afar
to cross the river.
His song echoes; 'my dear you cannot postpone
this journey, get ready soon
and I have to come back for the others'.

nimal dunuhinga

If Someone Asks What's The Beauteous Thing You Have Seen In Your Life?

Definitely I tell him or her

The Honorable Death!

Open your eyes and see that poor man

Who lies in a cheaper casket like a Cardboard box

And the loved ones around him crying?

Tax collectors, Money lenders, sympathizers

And the Landlord of his rented house

All like statues and never grumble him again.

Precious heart stopped and blood river never flows

Lungs malfunctioned and no Oxygen intake

Strange odor and ooze from the nostrils

And the color of his skin turns into pale blue

Everybody wants the burial soon

And nobody likes to stay longer with him?

A humble dedication to my poet friend Pranab Chakraborty!

nimal dunuhinga

If The Boss Says; 'I Could Have Grant You Three Things.'

Conical shape all the way
The tapered cone
Full of pop corns,
Do not run against the wind
Sweet birds would fly away!
Though it's named as 'Flower Road'
You walk in an off-season?
But the harmless bees in alert
Near the Garden of Hope!
And the forbidden tree still not matured
The tiny ripen fruits would take a little while to shine,
By the way if you hear a whisper from the Sky
That mutters of a promise!
Just humbly request my dear Sister & Brother,
A soft mattress, dreamy pillow and a sound sleep
That's more than enough in the peril!

* Thinking of the innocent victims of the Catastrophe in Japan.
If this is a solace?

nimal dunuhinga

If The Man Gets Pregnant?

Firstly he takes the maternity leave for the whole nine months
And he sends his wife to work.

He takes his hidden drinking mug out and sips with full of ideas.

He scribbles on a piece of paper and mimics how he delivers the baby.

He calls his family doctor secretly and explains him about the phobia of the
labour pains.

When his wife comes home after work he tells her politely; ' Darling I'll deliver
the child safely but you have to accept the pains.'

She cries loudly; ' Oh! My poor saviour still you are in delirium tremens and how
long it takes you to reach Shan'gri-La'? '

nimal dunuhinga

If There's A Bourgeoisie Country Without A Boasting Government?

Lovely,

As we all are friends!

And no politicians and henchmen?

Elephants, Lions, Tigers and Snakes

Chimpanzees, Insects and Human beings etc.,

All live in the safe jungle as one family?

And vegetarians all eat only grass!

No restrictions, Embargoes, currencies and taboos

Religion is strictly prohibited

So no more cruel Wars?

No barriers, barbed-wire fences and law enforcement?

No unnecessary taxes and prostitution

As all are in nude?

In this strange country

People never dies?

for shakespeare's waste bin & Karl Marx in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

If There's A Country Without A Boasting Government?

Lovely,
As we all are friends!
And no politicians and henchmen?
Elephants, Lions, Tigers and Snakes
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All live in the safe jungle as one family?
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As all are in nude?
In this strange country
People never dies?

for shakespeare's waste bin in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

If Trash Bin Could Speak?

Why not?

Yes, Trash bin talks
very politely.

When I do the garbage in the gas station
I heard; 'Hey! Chum gas price goes down
Isn't it?

It seems that you're not happy
and must be tired counting money
and collecting the garbage?

If you prefer we could have exchanged our status
But I am not familiar with those colored notes!
They never peep here? '

Then I replied him; 'Dear friend!

Your position is better than me,
when the truck comes
totally you're empty,

But I always count this mystic dirty notes
That belong to the others
And really it burns?

[The happiest moments of my life have been the few which I have passed at
home in the bosom of my family.]-Thomas Jefferson

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

In A Citadel

Don't share your bed with a stranger
who may look like an actor?
The movie ends with a tear
and the villain will be friendlier
until the transaction of AIDS is over.

Dedication to the AIDS victims

nimal dunuhinga

In Ever Loving Memory Of So & So?

'What's life? It's the flash of a firefly in the night. It's the breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It's the little shadow which runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset.' - Unknown, Coffee News Metrowest.

These days I quit reading
all the long articles in the papers
Except obituaries and horoscopes?
I told my beloved
When she inquired;
'Darling! We must take some
close-up sepia colour photos,
perhaps one day they publish
in this column,
At least that we have survived here
as a spicy-Cookery teacher
and an old mad-scribbler? '
'Then you said once
Bards never die? '
And she cried.
'No darling! We never die
Only passing away
from this cruel World.'
I pacified her.

to that mystic woman Laila or Edeath who roams around in my faded dreams and
undress in front of my beloved? I am scared not the death but women in nude?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

In Good Days And Bad Days!

While resting in the prison of life
You strum your sensitive heart strings
That play the tune of innocence!
And you light a half burnt candle
on the altar, place a tiny fragrant flower
Kneel and pray, request benefits
A solace for the wound
That never heals?
In good times and bad times
You sing that short song
For a long life?

[Choose a job you love, and you'll never have to work a day in your life.]
-Confucius

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

In His Shack

Seasonal sea breeze peeps
through the broken windows.
The old sailor rests on a hammock
and the torn World map on the wall
some countries washed out.
The seafarer rides a hobby horse
which belongs to his grand son.
A distant ship brings him a tear
with a ripple and he knows the rickety soul
cannot stand for the coming new year.
His sorrow is heavier than the mysterious life
and he thinks which he sees the last sunset.

nimal dunuhinga

In Memoriam Of Their Serenity

I like to sleep again in a cradle.
Where is my perambulator?
I lost my feeding bottle
and the booties are not fit now.
My beautiful mom who was the protectress
of this fawn.
When I crawl you gave me your big hand
my handsome dad.
Where did you go with my poor mom?
It's unbelievable,
When I take my children to school in the morning
I see both of you through the mist at the handrail
with my old books.

nimal dunuhinga

In The Burning House

["Where is my oasis? Too far from
here for me to crawl with these
dead legs, refusing to co-operate
Hands and fingers clawing uselessly
through the grains of sand..."]? Kiera Woodhull, Chaos of the Mind

Not a single drop of water
to extinguish the fire
Except a can of Kerosene
in the Kitchenette?
Collected few belongings
and jumped from the
naked window
with the bundle of passion
on his back.
Starlit night the desert is cool
and he walks towards.....
but from time to time
he stops and looks back
as he scared of his own long shadow
and the footprint.
He mutters a prayer like song
'Where I have come from
and where do I go? '

nimal dunuhinga

In The Dim Light At The Threshold Of A Parisian Bar!

Cezanne and Renoir
At a corner table
Younger Artists
Matisse and Picasso nearby
Finishing a bottle of Rum!
I want to ask them
About 'The Girl with green eyes'
Henry Matisse's best work for me
And 'Guernica' Pablo Picasso made me a mad!
My beloved switched on the ceiling lamp
And said; 'Hey! Honey it's Mother's day'
Then I thought of my two Mothers!
My poor Mom & Beloved!
And I collect my scattered pastel sticks,
Then wife says; 'You finish it next year that I am sure.'
'Certainly I want to send a painting for an International Art competition
And If I win darling I'll piggyback you up to the Eiffel Tower
As I heard in my dream poor deceased Mom works there in a Cafeteria!

(To all the Mothers of the World who contributed their tears in vain for the
Oceans. Brother killing of each other not yet finished?)

nimal dunuhinga

In The Dreamland Prime Minister Goes To Parliament By His Wheelbarrow!

Idi Amin Dada, who became known as the 'Butcher of Uganda' for his brutal, despotic rule whilst president of Uganda in the 1970s, is possibly the most notorious of all Africa's post-independence dictators. Amin seized power in a military coup in 1971 and ruled over Uganda for 8 years. Estimates for the number of his opponents who were either killed, tortured, or imprisoned vary from 100,000 to half a million. He was ousted in 1979 by Ugandan nationalists, after which he fled into exile.

Date of birth: 1925, near Koboko, West Nile province, Uganda

Date of death: 16 August 2003, Jeddah, Saudi Arabia

His name is Capitalist who wears a Socialist Top Hat!
And the Liberal Gaberdine suit underneath the Communist Red waiscoat.
The underwear is one hundred per cent cotton and never get nettle rash
Woven by a poor handloom human machine!
He speaks broken Suwahili and he climbs the steps to the Parliament in difficulty
as nobody knows this sad thing,
One of his enlarged filarial testicle that comes out through the human netting
underwear!
He loves the poor people and he never touches his big salary!

* A humble dedication to Idi Amin Dada!

nimal dunuhinga

In The Old Days

I run fast
Faster than a tortoise.
I dive in the sea
Close to the shore.
I climb mountains
Like an ant.
Now I am old
Older than a Museum.
But I run fast
Faster than a run away horse.
I dive in the sea
Somewhere in the bottomless.
I climb the mountains
Like a Mountaineer.
Oh! This old age like a Ghost
And I know the fruitless journey is short
Yes, shorter than a dwarf.

* To my poor dearest Mom! Please send me your domicile.

nimal dunuhinga

In The Rib Cage?

In the rib cage
flower like heart
how long that
could remain
when the breath stops?

to my deceased poet friend john o'connell!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

In The Stag-Night I Predict A New Dawn Chum!

One hour already retarded to bring him for the Christmas winter chimes and the sky get ready to send snow flakes to the burning Earth.

He smiles as a new born child with an honest heart.

Well-being for the land of opportunity!

And please do not forget this rare black tulip gives you the fragrance

As same as a white Lilac.

A faraway cottage chimney carries off smoke to the chirpy sky

That resembles me his marvelous face.

nimal dunuhinga

Inn Keeper; A Beautiful Woman Who Wears A Gossamer Dress

'Come live with me, and be my love,
And we will some new pleasures prove
Of golden sands, and crystal brooks,
With silken lines, and silver hooks.' — John Donne

In the night
stranger
you search the day light
isn't it?
It takes a long time
you may stay in my inn
and I provide you a soft pillow
a swing bed, you could sleep here
quietly and I'll be awake whole night
and sing you a song!
When you wake up
I'll go to sleep in the day time.
If you like stay here forever
or you can leave sooner
I do not hide the key
of the old door
but wake me up before you leave
as I could prepare you something
for the rest of the journey?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Insomnia

The old retired psychiatrist
Professor 'Euphoria' who awakes in the middle of the night.
Nowadays he was copying Idioms.
He complains of an acute pain in his body.
But he is not aware of the exact place.
He visits a young dentist -Called
and forced him to extract his cavity tooth?
He did a thorough check and found it was a denture.
Then he said 'Nothing wrong with your teeth
anyhow I'll refer you to the prominent psychiatrist Professor Euphoria?
I have heard about him and his talents
from my patients'.

To poet r

nimal dunuhinga

Is Firefly Or The Cruel World Is Blind?

"Fireflies in the Garden

By Robert Frost 1874–1963

Here come real stars to fill the upper skies,
And here on earth come emulating flies,
That though they never equal stars in size,
(And they were never really stars at heart)
Achieve at times a very star-like start.
Only, of course, they can't sustain the part."
? Robert Frost, The Poetry of Robert Frost

A polite dialect of the heart
You can hear peacefully
If you strum the sensitive strings carefully?
And if you want to sing loudly
She may accompany you merrily
But please do not abandon her forgetfully
As she cannot see the World melancholy?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Is It A Dream?

Bramble bush in the Forest road
Near by the Bricklayer's house
A rumour goes around
Once a Farmer's Bride eloped with a Buffalo Boy
On their Wedding day!
Here's the place I saw a Golden snake
With Diamond teeth and Mercuric Venom.
Really I want to rush into the poor Gypsy toothless snake charmer's shack
And inform this strange incident.
But I have a little doubt
Whether it's a dream or Real?
This old age is very pathetic
And perhaps it could be an omen of beautiful Death?

* To the poetess Sylvia Plath for the poem 'Edge'. [Her bare feet seem to be sayig; We have come so far and it's over.]

nimal dunuhinga

Is The Death An Exit?

'The people who beat me still walk here freely.'
- A villager from Zimbabwe-

Not only there brother
Wherever you go patiently
You hear that same grumble.
Man beats Man
And it's a pattern of New Civilization!
Only in the grave a man gets a sound sleep.
But some they dig graves for wealth.

nimal dunuhinga

Is There Any Specific Name The Tree That Drops Something Like Tears?

Hey! Young twitter bird smells like cinnamon
You're very talkative like your beautiful Mom!
Still remember the bygone days how she danced?
You ask where are the fruits
A good question exactly.
There were times really I was laden with juicy fruits
O the migrant birds trespsed from different countries.
I had golden leaves like paper notes
All gone with the short-sighted wind!
I am just a hollow, skeleton tree like a retired politician!
You only hear my wordless singsong
And see the termites dance happily on the bark.
Not necessary an Axe!
Just give a mild push
And I give you a bagful of firewood!

nimal dunuhinga

* 'Thank you for reading my poems;
May you find a stream within yourself,
where a child sits weaving melodies,
to sing to your soul.....
-Paddy Martin

nimal dunuhinga

Is This An Omen Of A Senile Wind?

My beloved became an infant
And crying in the cot.
I was the cruel day care teacher
Who changes her diaper.
And the next door widow strums her monotonous harp
Marco's yelp woke me up.

*She grumbles in the morning why I called the widow's name several times.

nimal dunuhinga

Is This The Dark Side Of The Story?

A wounded soldier walks with his gun towards the enemy area.
And he found an enemy wounded soldier with his gun
But no ammunition.
He cried in difficulty; 'Please do not shoot me adjutant as I am helpless.'
Then the other soldier said; 'We are friends now and no doubt about that
But tell me Sergeant where do we go without any hindrance? '

* Really there are no enemies among human beings, all are brother & sister
soldiers against the cold war of life.

nimal dunuhinga

Is This The Law-Abiding Amerika?

Last night at 11 o'clock my venomous relative
Pot bellied insipid ' Prince AlKapone' leaving his bandit Queen in the limousine
and did a gatecrash to my halcyon cottage
with his graduate Aerospace son and the intending lady doctor his swollen
headed daughter,
They quarreled in a harsh language with us
And the thuggery Napoleon Bonapart slapped my innocent wife on her left cheek.
(Lord Jesus advised to offer the other side.)
He threatened me in a firm voice ' I won't let you live here a long time.'
Then I said 'Are you Christopher Columbus? '
What is the use of these feeble hands of a scribbler
Who is not able to strangle an enemy in right time?
And the final episode his naughty son grabbed my collar and snatched my 22
carat gold chain.
(This is the only wealth belongs to me.)

* They knew that my political asylum case is processing now and they did this
purposely to draw us for a quarrel to highlight.

nimal dunuhinga

It Happened One Day

To Comrade ky!

Today is the May Day isn't it?

I dreamed last night the mass rallying in my poor heedless island for solidarity.

This may be a soliloquy my dear comrade.

Oh! What a catastrophe?

A headless inhuman jackal was forced to split your precious brain into halves by the cruel hearts.

* To Comrade poetess r in gratitude.

(Many thanks for your valuable prayers and our political asylum petition referred to an immigration judge for further inquiries in Los Angeles on the 10 th of June,2008)

nimal dunuhinga

It Seems Very, Very Far Away

'Darling get some more multivitamins
And if you can deliver hundred babies safely
You will be on top of the World record book
Also we get lot of benefits from all over the World.'
A tattered jobless husband requests from his gossamer pregnant wife.

nimal dunuhinga

It's All Up With Someone

The unsophisticated unsung song travels in the upper class street.
The crash helmet Motorcyclist very pleasingly gave her a lift.
Fuel is more than enough it seems for the unending journey via dreamy state
Stealthily they embrace each other and the bike goes as a unicorn towards
The Forlorn hope where in the stature of symposium.

nimal dunuhinga

It's A Harvest Moon

Harvest Moon

[GENEVA (15 August 2013) – The United Nations High Commissioner for Human Rights, Navi Pillay, will make an official visit to Sri Lanka from 25 to 31 August 2013, at the invitation of the Sri Lankan Government.

Pillay is scheduled to call on President Mahinda Rajapaksa, and meet government ministers and officials. She will hold talks with senior judicial figures, members of the National Human Rights Commission and the committee monitoring the National Plan of Action on the recommendations of the Lessons Learnt Reconciliation Commission. She will also meet representatives of civil society and undertake field visits to the north and east of the country.

At the end of her visit, on Saturday 31 August, the High Commissioner is due to hold a news conference in Colombo.]

Hyperactive dead soul's hegemony sent their heavenly body aliens
to the earth for a research of current crisis.
At first hand they have been to the henpecked politicians
who play hide-and-seek and found their hideouts.
When they saw the agents they were helter-skelter with their henchmen.
The visitors met warmongers and weapon manufacturers
and they were boasted their sudden progress.
Then the homeless people gathered and grumbled with their problems.
Harsh underworld and their leaders gave them a grand party
and they bribed to each diplomat a handsome gift.
The report says; 'All were happy here and it's very hard to find a beggar.
Full of intellectuals and no unemployment at all.
We have been to a harvest festival and they treated us well.
This is the Utopia indeed.'

nimal p. dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

It's A Midsummer Dreamscape

Buzz of the merry bees
And the song of bamboo trees.
In the ceramic pond carps swim.
Native grasses whisper something
about the mysterious Earth.
Chum! I compose my song on a paper serviette.
This is not my home and I sleep in the kitchen.
I wake up early in the morning to the Master's snoring
When the kettle whistles I make the magical tea for my bachelor architect
playboy boss who praises my strange cup of tea otherwise I could have thrown
away a long ago to the faraway ditch.

* I dreamed yesterday Van Gogh who gave me a canvas and forced to draw him
nude.

nimal dunuhinga

It's A Pleasure In The Pain

After a long hugging
A Hedgehog inquires the Rabbit;
'Darling did I hurt you? '
She said timidly bowing her head;
'It's a pleasure in the pain dear.'

nimal dunuhinga

It's A Strange Message Of Vanishing Moralities

A friend of mine told me about a strange telegram was sent by his late Aunt.
'Sonny! Be careful my dear wanderlust
As I had a bad dream on my sick bed
That you were caught by some police officers
Stealing 'Big Ben', The great bell attached to the 'Westminster Clock'
In the Parliament clock tower, London.'

*To the poetess Tai Chi Italy

nimal dunuhinga

It's An Unsolvable Request

Touch my wounded heart with your medicinal finger tips pal.
And I understand that you are belong to another tender soul.
But let her realize that we are not rivals and ruin her nest
Just simply contemporary friends of the Love arena.

*[But I remember my poor Mom's precious advise; ' Don't play with fire or taste any illicit liquor ever Sonny! You will burn your clear conscience.'

nimal dunuhinga

It's Another Day With A Smile

I saw a homeless on the road in front of a skyscraper
And he was throwing peanuts from his holey pocket to stray pigeons with a
toothless smile.

Oh! What a lovely morning?

Seeing a strange person who's penniless but he feeds others without any
hesitation.

And he knows the bird-language well it seems.

* A humble dedication to my sick friend Jerry who's very quiet nowadays and
may he recovers very soon and back to the site as usual.

nimal dunuhinga

It's Like A Poem

I met her in a gloomy evening.
The sky was cloudy and it seemed to be rain very soon.
Just smiled and only a hello!
It's a fiery in my heart when she was disappearing
And I remember the dimples on her cheeks when she smiled.
Autumn ended and winter peeped.
Still that fiery complicates my attitudes
And I thought that I will never see her again.
But unexpectedly I found her in the public library.
This time no smile or hello and no dimples too.
She has already changed and left without a glance.
It's almost five years were gone, still a bachelor
I was sitting on a park bench and reading a poem.
I was surprised by seeing them there were two girls and they are twins.
One of them turned and said hello and I saw her dimples again.
They were disappeared as earlier.

nimal dunuhinga

It's Not A Pantomime

Hey! My little cute rat friends
Please return my poor denture
You have stolen last night.
Darling! Could I borrow
One of your old knickerbockers
As my stuff stuck in the laundry room
And still wet it seems,
Don't forget today is my interview for 'dog washers'?

*To my homeless senile friend who salutes me sometimes.

nimal dunuhinga

It's One Of His Radical Paintings

They refused to take his painting for the Exhibition.

The reason they explained; ' It's a blank canvas.'

Then the painter argued; ' It's titled as Blank life.'

'At least there should be a brush mark then we can accept.' the director of the Art Gallery said.

With his ball point pen he kept a dot in the middle of the canvas

And added to the title as 'Full stop to the blank life.'

The director was really appreciated and taken the painting back.

* To my friend who threw a torch into my little dark World and I saw this strange sign shines in the darkness.

'If the door is locked, someone is inside? '

nimal dunuhinga

It's Only A Dream Chum

My whole wealth has been confiscated
And I woke up in the middle of the night with a huge cry.
Thank God! now I realized why you didn't allow me to deposit money in the
bank?

*Once I had a nightmare that my ugly face was printed on a big currency note.

nimal dunuhinga

It's Probably Impossible To Erase

He ran behind a goddess.

'Yes, you can become immune to my scent.'

She whispered.

He is not sure two or three years later in the campus,

He crammed and a goddess came behind him.

Her name is Phenomenon.

And he said; ' Yes, you can become immune to human fragrance
that never evaporates.'

*Longing to long lived Sri Lankan cricket team.(King Ravana's offspring)

nimal dunuhinga

It's Really A Grand Wedding!

I couldn't believe the unexpected invitation
And I was sitting at the gallery,
Because my old Gaberdine suit is not suitable for such a Wedding.
on Churchill sat beside me and smiled like an old friend!
We talked about the recent wars and global warming.
He gave me his old pipe and the tobacco pouch
Before he leaves.
I thought when I come back home tell my beloved wife to get a photograph
From the digital camera our daughter sent us.
Darling that photo with his pipe I want to send to Oprah's magazine
And definitely our precious relatives criticize the scribbler
Now smoke with expensive pipes!

*After watching the Royal Wedding I had a Daydream on the broken couch!

nimal dunuhinga

It's Really Hard For Me To Perform The Three Consecutive Roles In My New Drama?

The eccentric playwright describes his melodrama;

'You're the King, Pauper
and the beautiful Queen.

One thing you have to be very certain & careful
Do not mix up the dialogues.

The last act I was that beautiful Queen
in my Rehearsal and all of a sudden
The handsome pauper disappeared.

By mistake I begged and the dialects I pronounced not in the script?
'Please don't betray me as I love you so much! '

for my New York friend Romeo Della Valle!

*'Make-up needn't be seen as a corrective or something to hide behind. I see it as another form of expression and acceptance, even pleasure, of being in one's skin.'-Kay Montano

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

It's Sad The Lover's Validity Of Stay Together When Expires?

On the beach
They walk hand in hand
When Sun goes down
They were separated!
She left for North
And he went to South.
The following day
Sun rises in the East
And I am sure sets in the West.
Another couple on the beach
And where do they go
Secretly I watch?

(Amy Winehouse: July 23: Found dead in London at the age 27.)

nimal dunuhinga

It's Unstoppable

Mind the mysterious object fueled by passion
Travels very faster, within a second goes to my native soil
And bring various pictures of the loved ones,
And the fat politicians, it's really amazing
How they developed their physique without any exercise?
I realized it's unstoppable like the mind.

nimal dunuhinga

It's Written By A Patient In A Doctor's Notebook

When sweet and sour grape crushes with the bitter medicine of life,
The wine you hardly distilled could be cured the nagging pain?
The mysterious sickness and the biopsy done; but no any diagnose
Where it hides in my skeleton body?
It seems that there is no any response until you get the last breathe of this
polluted air.
Hey doctor! It's not very easy to die until you die?

* To the poetess friend in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

Ivory Tower

A Goddess rests with her harp.
The distance music and I hear her strumming.
Yet I am for a long way and stagnant.
I feel the time is walking and somebody is waving.
Days, Months and Years passed.
Hero is old, broken heart and hard of hearing.
But still she is strumming and never gets old.

nimal dunuhinga

Jack Of All Trades

This handy man climbs rooftops
Whenever a politician calls for repairs
But he never learns politics
As he wants to refrain from doing any harm.
He goes from poor to rich when anybody needs
And his charges are very fair as he sniffs the others wallets.
Though he knows all the trades still remain as a bachelor.

' Tears are to my do you want the truth? The true qualities of men come out
only in times of trouble, from the depths of an anguished heart, honest tears flow
like flood is why I like tears.'

-Swami Sri Sathya Sai Baba

nimal dunuhinga

Jailbird

I stole a bunch of keys from a locksmith's store
And I want to free my comrade from his life imprisonment.
I tried several times; but failed to open the padlock.
Then I realized this lock cannot be opened from outside.
He himself has to open it from inside.
At last I threw the keys into the Jail.

nimal dunuhinga

Jekyll And Hyde

His face like a jigsaw-puzzle
and it's very hard to recognize.
He is very famous as a Marxist
but his surname is Capitalist.
He wears different costumes.
Like cosmic rays; the go-between
who appears in social services.
He is very fond of womenfolk
and a man of quality among them.
Guess who comes to the dinner
with his creaky shoes?

nimal dunuhinga

Journeywork

What do you expect of this aging physique?
He closes his gloomy eyes but not blind
And he is like a quiet cup of tea but not dumb.
He never listens but not deaf.
He is a Man once pushed a big Mountain
But the *Pickwickian already senile
And only the mountain cries.

* The simple, Goodhearted hero of Charles Dicken's Pickwick Papers.

nimal dunuhinga

Joyriding

She goes with her new lover.
An unpopular actor
in a red colored racing car.
On the way the police halted them
as it's a stolen car.
The girl still feels it's a movie
until they are taken for custody.

nimal dunuhinga

Jukebox & Juggernaut

Hardly I got into the vehicle that goes via paradise road
And I hear the song in the cafe of hell
It seems to be my lyrics sent earlier
Sing by an unknown Nymph?

nimal dunuhinga

July Comes With Her New Fancy Dress

Dear,
You just born today
And remain only thirty one days
Am I correct?
Of course it's Canada day
And on the fourth
You bring us Independence
Is it true?
Thank you very much July
But it's very sad to hear
As you give us the Independence
And leave so soon.
Never mind, we keep a slight hope
Because you come again in the next year
With a different dress.
How good!
If the life too beautiful
Like a Calendar?

* To my poet friend and political activist ay

nimal dunuhinga

Jumble Sale

Oh! There is a sale in Heaven & Hell joined together
to raise funds for charity.

You can see criminals, smugglers, drug-pushers,
handsome politicians, warmongers and et cetera.

Now they are already second hand articles
in a cheaper price and you can buy paying an installment too.

nimal dunuhinga

Jump Over The Cottonwood Fence If The Gate's Locked

A poor Mom writes to her daughter
Who eloped with the next-door neighbour.
Dad looks into the infinity the wholeday
And sometimes forgets my name too.
It's really sad and come home together
Before I too get the forgetfulness!
Jump over the Cottonwood fence
If the gate's locked and it's not a hard task for you
Because you're very familiar with the height of the fence!

*We live in the present, we dream of the future, but we learn eternal truths from the past.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Junk Yard

I searched everywhere;
Peace
Happiness
Justice
Good
Bad
Worst
Friends
Enimies
Toys
Pain
Beauty & Ugly
Truth, false.....everything
A lot there
And I do not have a paper to write down
But worthless take them back home
As all were rusty?
And on the way
When Helen of Troy called me Ureka;
'Hey! Archimedes where were you? '
Then only I found that I was nude?

* A friend of mine requested a script for a modern melodrama and this is not yet a completed scribbling?

nimal dunuhinga

Just Written While Idling At A Recycling Yard

- A chill in the air,
a cat on the lap,
a mug of chocolate
and a good book
Ah, Paradise! -

I have seen this phrase
somewhere in a dream or in reality,
I am not sure.
Dear, I am searching such a wonderful place
whole of my life,
And I would like to share with you
If it's not a strife?

nimal dunuhinga

Kaleidoscope

One of my uncles who gave this handy toy
when I cried for moon.

I rotated the tube then contained colored fragments
reflected and produced the changing patterns of life!

The bygone day's life is so colorful.

But nowadays it's a tragedy and a catastrophe.

The young generation who addicted for narcotic drugs
and they see the multicolored mysterious world.

They live for a while and disappear.

The responsible authorities in continuous drumming
but unable to stop the peril.

nimal dunuhinga

Keep Me Posted

My platonic love,
Your post-date letter
Better address to Poste Restante
I am your skinny poor Postman
Never stay in one place
And I lied you,
I am not a Postmaster.

nimal dunuhinga

Keep Sake

I would like to keep company
But you always
Keep me at a distance.
Yet I keep your red handkerchief,
It's very curious for me.
Purposely you dropped it
On our gravel road
While you were running behind an athlete
Who showed you the Paradise?

nimal dunuhinga

Keth Caterers From Dandenong

In my simple kitchen
Food is still warm
And I have a secret Recipe
That's the cleanliness.
Cuisine really Asian and bit spicy
But please don't worry.
When the water's boiling
I pour you a fine Sri Lankan blend Tea
Of Broken Orange pekoe
Into your tiny porcelain cups.
And I am sure you go home happily
But the weekends your crazy wallets cry
Let's go there once again.
I am sorry these days little lull
As I was pregnant and temporary shut the windows
When my little Rascal comes to the town
Your kettle boils again!

*To my daughter Tharindu and Son-in-law Kelum for their determination, where they reside in Australia.

nimal dunuhinga

Kind Glance At A Sorrowful Ash Tray

The cigarette butts gather day by day
If it counts more than of his age
Like a mountain on the tray top.
I see in the darkness like a firefly
Cigarette moves here & there.
Where those circles of smoke
Gone to the sky?
My brother!
Don't burn yourself
And let the life burns.

nimal dunuhinga

King Has Sent Me His Limousine And The Old Chauffeur!

Alas! Early morning I saw it was parked
At the backyard of my small apartment
And my beloved still sleeps,
The old man asked me to get ready to see the King
And I left without informing her.
'Hey! Scribbler I found your ugly photograph
In my Queen's handbag? '
'O I am so lucky my Honored Queen found it
In the museum last Sunday and I too found her beautiful photo there,
Sir! I take this opportunity to give it back.'
O that strong lashes woke me up!
Thank God! I saw that beautiful Palace once
And first time in my life had a trip in a Limousine!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Kingdom Of The Dead Souls

I couldn't be a Crown Prince in my whole life
And here in the isolated graveyard
I am the King of the benighted Kingdom
As I am the only tomb-grave stands among the paupers.
The poor grave-digger used to drink beside my tomb, I too intoxicate
And sometimes we talk about lot of things.
The poor rest graves very quiet as hermits even after their deaths.
(And I hear the melody, miraculous pan flute of Georghe Zamfir's in a distant.)

nimal dunuhinga

Kingston!

Kingston upon Hull (i /kɪŋstən; n p; h; l/ king-stən; n; -pon hul) , usually referred to as Hull, is a city and unitary authority area in the ceremonial county of the East Riding of Yorkshire, England.[2] It stands on the River Hull at its junction with the Humber estuary, 25 miles (40 km) inland from the North Sea.[2] Hull has a resident population of 258,700 (2008 est.) . The Larger Urban Zone (LUZ) population stands at 573,300.

Renamed Kings town upon Hull by King Edward I in 1299, the town and city of Hull has served as market town, [3] military supply port, [4] trading hub, [5] fishing and whaling centre, [4] and industrial metropolis.[4]

Hull was an early theatre of battle in the English Civil Wars.[5] Its 18th-century Member of Parliament, William Wilberforce, played a key role in the abolition of the slave trade in Britain.[]

I met him in a Supermarket
My own Nationality!
But his English is Esperanto to me
And he's totally Americanized!
I tried to say hello with my mother tongue
But he purposely avoided?
He coughs a lot and it seems like smoker's?
Then I said; 'Katuwel batu is ideal for this type of cough.
(A thorny herbal for chronic coughs.)
He said 'you mean cuttle fish.
I am a chain smoker and consume three packets a day!
Thank God! I reduced to two.'
I thought he sees his God very soon?
Before he leaves he introduced himself as Kingston
And then I said'I am Nimal Dunuhinga.'
It's sounds like a Southerner Low cast? '
'Yes, Northerner low cast from Jaffna Peninsula
But I hold the same sexual male ornaments what you had in your pouch.'
He disappeared like a jet with his oblique shadow.'

*I have been to Kings town upon hull during my bygone seafarer days and the people I met there very friendly & polite?

nimal dunuhinga

Kite

My dear, you fly so high
take care of yourself
do not touch the Sun
you will burn,
if Moon no harm
she is very calm.

There are no any boundaries or barriers in the sky
Who knows they make them tomorrow?
skin to wrap; hair for wings
eyes to see ahead and
I promise you to give everything,
please, if you could
take me to the Heaven.

nimal dunuhinga

Knock Over

I feel embarrassed.
I have sailed almost fifteen years
but I never had a nostalgia as today.
If I can borrow a pair of old wings
from a friendly bird,
I promise you to give whatever you want.
I just want to fly home and come back
definitely I'll return your wings.

nimal dunuhinga

Krishna Rajan; My Friend's Daughter In Kerala, India

Somarajan!

We worked together in port of Salalah

Sultanate of Oman.

Still he works there

And I am here.

Krishna; His daughter's going to marry in August.

O the small girl who contributed the cover illustration for my poetry anthology.(Translation of Isikawa's Sad Toys)

Happy to hear your wedding, daughter I wish you all the best!

Your Dad is a good friend of mine that you know

And I hope his dreams come true soon.

He's my computer 'Guru' and unless his guidance

I could have never come to a poetry site?

Not only that he introduced me an Indian Rum

'Old Monk'. O still I feel that smooth hangover.

There is a vast distance in between Pacific and Indian Ocean.

On that auspicious day perhaps a guest in your proximity

Who visits there without an invitation on behalf of me.

I am sure you all give him a friendly smile.

Enjoy the life though it's not a silk road!

(A humble dedication to Somarajan in gratitude.)

nimal dunuhinga

Lamp Post

The street children under the Pole Star
read the English alphabet.

I heard one said ' twenty six letters too much
if it's half of that
we can learn very fast.'

Very sad to hear a lame boy reads a fairy tale
'Once upon a time there lived a king'.

All of a sudden a police car came
and took them away for suspicion of a looting.

nimal dunuhinga

Lara

Doctor Zhivago (Russian) is a 1965 epic drama-romance-war film directed by David Lean and loosely based on the famous novel of the same name by Boris Pasternak. It has remained popular for decades, and as of 2010 is the eighth highest grossing film of all time in the United States, adjusted for inflation.

The film takes place mostly during 1912-1923, against a backdrop of World War I, the Russian Revolution and Russian Civil War, as the regime of Tsar Nicholas II is overthrown and the Soviet Union established. A narrative framing device, set in the late 1940s to early 1950s, involves KGB Lieutenant General Yevgraf Andreyevich Zhivago (Alec Guinness) searching for the illegitimate child of his half brother, doctor Yuri Andreyevich Zhivago (Omar Sharif) , and his mistress Larissa ('Lara') Antipova (Julie Christie) . Yevgraf believes a young woman working on a dam project, Tonya Komarovskaya (Rita Tushingham) may be his niece, and tells her the story of her father's life.

As the Mother Volga river runs to the Caspian Sea
My soul haunts Lara in the film Doctor Zhivago!
The biggest part of Russia, Siberia
The surface always frozen like Lara's heart?
I hear the fine theme song of Lara
And I search the missing book in my trunk
Boris Pasternak's longest prose.
Russian Alphabet is called Cyrillic
A man named Cyril is said to have invented it?
Anyway I think of Lenin, Trotsky, Dostoevsky
Tolstoy, Turgenev, Gogol and Pushkin.
And when I woke up in the morning
I found my grandson's picture book 'Russia' beside me
And I spoke to my Son-in-law
How about a Vodka tonight?
Spasiba!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Last Laugh Of The Revolutionary Road

A Limousine hit a beggar and ran away.
He made a big laugh before he dies
And murmured in the moonlit night;
'Moon never appears as a witness in the courts
That I am sure, but I love her as I realized at last
She cannot come down.'

nimal dunuhinga

Laundress

Dhobis usually operate from door to door collecting dirty linen from households. After a day or two, they return the linen washed, sometimes starched and ironed. Dhobis were the forerunners on the Indian subcontinent to modern professional dry cleaners. Since the dhobi charges are much lower than those of dry cleaners, they are popular with most dhobi marks a unique symbol or character on garments belonging to a particular household. This is marked in black indelible ink to prevent it from being washed off. Dhobis may wash the clothes themselves or outsource it to dhobis who only wash clothes. In Andhra Pradesh this caste is known as Rajaka (Chakali) and they make up 6% of the Andhra Pradesh group is known as Madvala or Rajaka in the state of Goa. In Mumbai, dhobis are an integral feature of the the dhobis wash their linen in the Mahalaxmi area known as Dhobi Ghat. This area is strangely popular with foreign tourists looking for a piece of quintessential Indianness. Another region in South Mumbai, Dhobitalao, used to be a lake where British soldiers used to have their uniforms washed about 120 years are also streets called Dhobi (or Dhoby) Ghaut in Singapore and Penang (Malaysia) , where Indian dhobis used to carry out their ancestral remains British Armed Forces slang for washing (i.e. 'doing your dhobi') . In addition, washing powder is known as 'dhobi dust'. Sometimes, a colloquial verb 'to dhobi' is used. The sentence 'My clothes were stinking, so I took them off and dhobied them native fashion by bashing them on a wet rock' from *The Gold of Malabar* by Berkely Mather, an author who had spent many years in I word 'dhobi' has been absorbed into the Malay language as 'dobi' to mean 'laundry'. So 'kedai dobi' means 'laundry shop'. A laundry shop in Malaysia may be owned by any race, not only I itch is an alternative name for jock itch. In Sri Lanka too the rheumatoid culture is same and they treat them as low caste and offer a small chair to sit! What a ridiculous World is this?

What are you doing my little Angel at this Twilight by the River bank?

I thought you're a Goddess and I am a Buffalo boy

To my stingy Master's herd!

Please do not run like a reindeer

I am your faithful brother.

If you wait for a while I play the flute

And if you are interested the tune

I spend my whole life to teach you,

Why you wash others dirt and their sins?

If I have a tiny World of my own

Definitely I give you a Buffalo ride

But I am only a Buffalo boy

And not a seasonal Jockey!

nimal dunuhinga

Leaves Of The History Book Scattered In The Storm!

I saw the Elephants, Lions, Tigers
Donkeys, Monkeys and venomous reptiles
Flying in the sky,
And the innocent birds landed to the scorching Earth
Loosen their fragile wings!
The shrewd Gram grocer collects some pages
At his grocery's door step.

nimal dunuhinga

Leech And The Crew Cut Hypocrite

His pet is a leech well-being,
Lives in his hidden pocket
And it goes to Parliament with him.
It listens to the country's laws.
This parasitic living is a great help to the Minister
As the parasite purifies his blood
And he dreams of a welfare state.

nimal dunuhinga

Legitimate Drama

My singsong beloved grumbles; ' It's ridiculous and I feel giddy and nauseous in the morning.'

I said; 'Congratulations! Give me a strong boy.'

She was angry and fired me.

'Are you mad? How could I be conceived at this old age?

Don't you remember that we are not productive due to past surgeries? '

Then I said; 'Darling! Miracles could be happened on this mysterious Earth

And if a boy one day we could have send him for Presidential Election on this land of opportunity.'

* When I informed my daughters about Mom's sickness they are very happy and confirmed this could be their dream brother.

nimal dunuhinga

Lengthy Signature Of A Gossamer Soul

I stand in the stormy wind
And I am scared,
She takes me to an unknown place
Where the Angels play with the stars!
I wish that I could have remain here
As the two thirds of my journey finished
With the burning coal.
The rough sole without sandals
Familiar with all the pains
And I am a strange bull to the new pasturage!

nimal dunuhinga

Let All The Religions Be Cooled In Hot Seasons!

The Gaza Strip has been home to a significant branch of the contemporary Palestinian art movement since the mid 20th century. Notable artists include painters Fayez Sersawi, Abdul Rahman al Muzayan and Ismail Shammout, and media artists Taysir Batniji (who lives in France) and Laila al Shawa (who lives in London) . An EMERGING GENERATION of artists is also active in nonprofit art organizations such as Windows From Gaza and Eltiqa Group, which regularly host exhibitions and events open to the public.

Not a beggar
but a beggar like man!
Who's at the abandoned station
of Humanity?
Takes out his broken lute
from his satchel and he sings;
'Jesus said not to pour Wine
to the old skin?
yes the politicians are far away from PUBLIC
after the big elections and the poor vote
to the same Hitler!
Who comes to the stage without the typical mustache.
brother kills a brother for barriers & boundaries
Poor dreams beautiful houses and tasty food
Silken dress they wear for all the seasons?
And when they SICK search the holy places to worship?
O The frustrated Preacher keeps his big BOOK aside
and scratches a lottery, life's a GAMBLE
And What else?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Let Bygones Be Bygones

My pillow of dreams whispered in the middle of the night.
Do not sleep and write your love story.
The companion must have sniffed something of my whereabouts.
Why I come late to the bed nowadays?
Yes, I cannot hide anything to my contemporary.
This was just a beginning with a lass.
She must be in her teens.
I have totally forgotten of my age
until the very first day when she called me uncle.
I was disgusted.
Truly I felt a contrast and a contravention the theory of love.
Our random visits to lonely parks
and we exchanged books and chats
nothing beyond that.
She gave me a birthday gift
Ken Kessey's new edition ' One flew over the cuckoo's nest'
and I gave her a second hand book of Kafka's 'The Castle'.
I was very cautious with my new name uncle
and the life goes on like a fairy tale without any obstacles.

*Dedication to an unknown lass whom I met only once in my lifetime.

nimal dunuhinga

Let Me Draw A Man

Innocent by birth.
And you could give a name
with his father's surname.
He has a Religion as salvage.
If he fails or pass the Examination
He could find a job for survival?
Search a partner and get married.
Then offspring, they disappear with their partners
When they grow up.
The old couple's soliloquy is very sad to hear.

nimal dunuhinga

Let Me Hide In Your Small Magic Box

Conjurer! Please tell the audience that a man comes from the box.
When you give the command I'll jump out.
Then they shout 'Oh! it's an animal.'
I'll hide in the box again and tell them
Now you bring an animal.
They shout when they see me.
'How ridiculous?
It's a man.'

nimal dunuhinga

Let Me Write My Epitaph

Without my concern
he who dragged me
into this World,
from where I do not know?
he who gave me everything
and taken back.

nimal dunuhinga

Let My Breath Flow To Your Sick-Bed

I am ready to give my breath to my sick friend who was in the hospital.
New ferry is far away,
And already I missed my ferry.
If I can disguise as a beautiful nurse
And enter your ward at midnight.
When I give you a big kiss
Definitely you will wake up and shout 'Tina'.
Then I will say 'sorry Denis it's me'.
A male nurse wants to see your health.

nimal dunuhinga

Let The Life Flows

Your sleepy eyes tell me something
And it could be the secret of love & sex?
Song of the river at dusk
Speak the mystery of life & death?
Roar of the ocean hides her fathomless depth?
My soul-ship drifts not knowing the destiny?
A distant star will help me to show a certain locality?
Anyhow, I must move and cannot be stagnant on the stream.
What I take away at last as my ancestors
Who carried full of emptiness?

nimal dunuhinga

Let Us Give You Back Your Precious Assest Time

One day my brother said after a couple of drinks;
'Hey! My little rascal do you know the time is the most precious thing in this shameful world? ' and he poured another drink.
I agreed as I know the time heals the old wounds
And also time runs so fast and who is going to stop it?
Time gives you everything but when it calls you to a certain hidden place,
You cannot say 'no' and you must prepare to go
And time never repents of our cruel departures.

nimal dunuhinga

Let's Sing Together One Fragrant Song!

When a Man cries in pain
Please do not ignore him
And if you laugh louder
Just watch outside
As someone may laments
in a corner?
We're Kings and Queens
Mothers and Fathers
Brothers and Sisters
Friends and not Enemies.
World is a one Yard!
And please do not make barbed wire fences.
Heart is the Religion of Human beings
And when it's pierced so painful!
Let sing together hand-in-hand
And we must marry each other for good
Ridiculous embargoes and taboos the old kites
Must send to the transparent tattered sky.
There're only two nations in the precarious World
A Man and a Woman?
Humanity is the Religion!
In the human sensitive veins
Vermilion blood river flows?
We purposely make this paradise Earth a living Hell!
Instead of rage bullets
Fix the harmonious strings into your precious metallic guns
And sing together in high pitch.
We're Mothers and Fathers
Brothers and Sisters
Kings and Queens
Friends but not enemies
Fences and quarrels no need
And World is a one Yard!

*A humble dedication to 9/11 victims and their families! Almost ten years passed
but still we carry the pain in our bleeding hearts?

nimal dunuhinga

Librarian

A licentious university English professor
Who goes to a library not to read exactly?
This nutty professor instead of reading
Who stays in a fantasy with the beautiful lass?
He spent his entire lonely life as a bachelor.
She got married to one of his students.

nimal dunuhinga

Library, A Teenager And The Sentry!

With the pile of books
She thinks
Next year
I won't be a teenager anymore
And after few years
My offspring would come here to read
That I am sure.
O the old sentry
Looks so wearied
And how long
He could stand
And watch the precious Library?

(For Marieta Maglas in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

Life

Always grumbles,
Am I beautiful
Handsome or ugly?
I said politely;
'You know better than me.'
'The same answer the Master's given? '

*We are always the same age inside.
-Stein

nimal dunuhinga

Life Inquires?

'How is your life? '

'You know better than me.'

I replied.

For the first time

I saw life cries;

And heavy rains from the sky?

A little lull

For the first time

I saw Earth smiles

After a severe drought?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Life's Combination With Fresh Toppings!

A mug of Black Beer
Gives you the taste of bitter life!
And a fistful of salted Pistachios
Feels the flavour of Paradise!
If your beloved goes to bed earlier
Then you could think of a lyrical poem
For her nagging Harp on the breakfast table
With an Omelette or Bacon ends!

nimal dunuhinga

Like A Child Growing Into An Adult?

This old tattered soul eagerly seeks
the boisterous childhood,
Playmates and unpopular grounds?
(And our powerful strokes not included
in the World record book and we're not recognized.)
Remember that soft ball when somebody throws
I hit with my cheaper bat not willow wood.
The ball goes into the forest like a jet
and it's really interested searching the ball
whole day there with mosquito bites
and we bring home the nettles?
If someone knows the real value of childhood
Who never dreams of adulthood
That full of cruelty and hardships?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Litter Goes Here

Oh! What a strange place at last I found?
Really it's stinking because the human trash.
But it's little better than some other places.
I brush up my brief resume and thought
If I get a position here somehow
At least I could have survived for sometimes.
They might have read my complicated mind;
'Sorry, this is a place for Machinery only
And Manpower is not necessary.'
'I believe that I too a machine some kind dear,
They use me when they need and chase me when disliked.'

* To my Persian Boss who firmly believes that one plus one is eleven?

nimal dunuhinga

Little Birds & Men?

[The rich man has his ice in the summer and the poor man gets his in the winter.]-Unknown

Chum!
where do you fly
in this cold winter,
O the poor people
sleep under the stainless steel bridges
with throwaway Newspapers as blankets
Your silent warm songs as sappy soliloquies
would melt those frozen rivers?

for my homeless friend in California who had a rusty pliers to extract his decayed
tooth?

nimal p. dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Little Singing Dancer On A Narrow Street

*Noor Jahan or NoorJahan(Punjabi, Urdu: نورا جہان) was the adopted stage name for Allah Wasai (September 21,1926 – December 23,2000) who was a legendary singer and actress in British India and Pakistan. Her career spanned seven decades. She was renowned as one of the greatest and most influential singers of her time in South Asia and was given the honorific title of Malika-e-Tarannum (Urdu: ملکہ تارنم, English: the queen of melody) .

Born in a Punjabi family of musicians, Wasai was pushed by her parents to follow in their musical footsteps and become a singer but she was more interested in acting in films and graced the earliest Pakistani films with her performances. She holds a remarkable record of more than 10,000 songs to her singing credits in various languages of India and Pakistan including Urdu, Hindi, Punjabi and Sindhi with Ahmed Rushdi, she holds the highest record of film songs in the history of Pakistani cinema. She is also considered to be the first female Pakistani film director.

I imagine a needy family here.....?

While coughing
consumptive poor father
plays the tiny drum
and lean mother sings
her own lyrics
'My little daughter
would be a good dancer one day
that I am certain.
Earth loves dancers
not bombers?
Let the jet flies
scraping the dumb sky
do not change your innocent style
do the same old dance with a singsong
my little *Noor Jahan
until the proud Kings
cry louder? '

nimal dunuhinga

Loan Shark's Secretary

She writes on a piece of paper; My Boss is a multi-millionaire
Though he's never been to a school.

Boss questioned her 'What do you write honey'

'I am writing about you sir' Secretary replied.

'Then read it louder' Boss said.

'My Boss knows the secret of success than a learned person.'

When she gets her pay slip the following month she found it has been increased
more than a double.

nimal dunuhinga

Locomotive Named; 'secret Angel'

[As a well-spent day brings happy sleep, so a life well used brings happy death.]-Leonardo da Vinci

Railroad but no trains so far
Old Stationmaster yawns
Someone whistles
Frank Sinatra's 'Stranger's in the night'
(Ever since that night we've been together
Lovers at first sight, in love forever
It turned out so right for strangers in the night) .
while walking on the track happily
Who knows he hit a big lottery?
A hoot from afar
He listened and mutters;
'I'll go away as I am still young
and I call her in a leisure time.
I am so sorry for the cancellation
of my one way ticket.'
And he sits on the wooden bench
for a while at the Station of Goodbye
where an express train stops very seldom!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Lodestar And A Wayfarer

In the Ocean of life,
This mysterious ship
Heads without a rudder;
Please guide me in the rough seas
As some pages of the book
'Rules of the road'
Washed by the cruel waves
And the precious compass disappeared.
You are so high,
And I believe you see the obstacles
Which I cannot see through my fungi-lens telescope.

nimal dunuhinga

Longevity

What's the use of longing?

Not necessary to measure

In longhand,

Humbly I write

It's very short

Shorter than a hug.

I met [ousted Aussie's PM] yesterday in my dreams

And no more.

*I dedicate this poem to the Aussie's PM Mrs. rd the lady in waiting for an Aug.21 general election.

nimal dunuhinga

Longing

Dark clouds gather for a feast
strong winds from west to east
Yachts and Barges drag their anchors.
big ships are steady as they are
and segulls fly here and there.
I lost my way, feathers and the nest too
on searching a shelter.
They call me a Man of Intellectuals
but I know that I am only a Jailbird in this Life-Prison.

nimal dunuhinga

Lost And Found

It's being a long time that my inquisitive soul disappeared without informing me,
And recently I found it's drowned in a muddy ditch.
But there isn't a single stain to be seen.
I feel the moisture and it's soaked with full of innocent expectations.

nimal dunuhinga

Lost Dog; Reward!

Missing Dog belongs to dalmatian pedigree
Red ribbon round the neck with a bell
And the new leather belt of goat skin,
Old Owner cries the whole day without a meal.
Please contact; Nagging Soul
3456, West Sumac Lane, Apt 008
Anaheim, CA 92804
I told my wife 'It's near to our place.'
And when I try to fix my photograph on that notice
She scolded me in our mother tongue.

nimal dunuhinga

Lost Passbook

Hey! My amiable somersault unseen soul
Don't worry about the Passbook
Life isn't a smooth silky road
And it's full of ups & downs
Make sure that we are not butterflies
But the ape's rough skin has granted for all somber weather(s) of this passable
sojourn.

nimal dunuhinga

Lotuses, Artichokes, Bees And Human Beings

The Bumblebee noticed
Her young son in a gloomy mood
On a Summer
And she questioned;
' Why you look so sad? '
'Mom! I promised that beautiful Artichoke
One day I marry her also I have an affair with a lotus!
'Oh! We have already arranged your cousin sister
And she's very fond of you
You'll be an Outcast being adamant
And your Papa would be angry,
Lotuses and Artichokes belong to selfish human beings
And definitely they burn our peaceful Beehive! '

* Humbly to a friend who calls me a Fool!

nimal dunuhinga

Lover's Leap

He has already reached and stopped at his mental age.
She is passing at his cottage in her menopause.
But they are still fresh lovers.
He likes a huge leafless tree who desperately looking for rain.
And she likes a tiny baby who is craving for her doll?
How sad these eternal lovers they met at the World's end?

nimal dunuhinga

Lucy's Cleaning

Reference to the advertisement

The spinster, You're looking for a Robust

Who could perform household duties.

If I am not the right person

I could look after your Pekinese

And do the garden work.

Though I am fiftynine

Still capable of hardworking.

I include here my my last night's dream

That would be influenced to your selection.

The whole night I was cleaning the drops of blood

Lost by our Lord Jesus Christ on his way to Calvary.

When I woke up I saw your advertisement

And I thought that's a good omen!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Maa Durga

In Hinduism, Durga (Sanskrit: दुर्गा; दुर्गा; दुर्गा; दुर्गा; दुर्गा; दुर्गा; , Durgā; , meaning 'the inaccessible'[1] or 'the invincible'; Bengali: দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; , durga) or Maa Durga (Bengali: দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; দুর্গা; , ma durga, meaning 'Mother Durga') 'one who can redeem in situations of utmost distress' is a form of Devi, the supremely radiant goddess, depicted as having ten arms, riding a lion or a tiger, carrying weapons and a lotus flower, maintaining a meditative smile, and practicing mudras, or symbolic hand embodiment of creative feminine force (Shakti) , Durga exists in a state of svādhyāya (independence from the universe and anything/anybody else, i.e., self-sufficiency) and fierce compassion. Kali is considered by Hindus to be an aspect of Durga. Durga is also the mother of Ganesha and is thus considered the fiercer, demon-fighting form of Shiva's wife, goddess Parvati. Durga manifests fearlessness and patience, and never loses her sense of humor, even during spiritual battles of epic proportion

'Durga' love that name,

I remember the character in one of Sathyajit Ray's film Trilogy! 'Pather Panchali'

Apu and Durga share an affectionate brother-sister relationship. Durga, as the elder sister, cares for Apu with motherly affection, although she does not spare any opportunity to tease him. They share the simple joys of sitting quietly under a tree, running after the candy man who passes by ringing bells, viewing pictures in a bioscope shown by a travelling vendor, and watching a play by a travelling troupe of actors. In the evenings, they can hear the whistles of trains far away. One day they run away from home to catch a glimpse of the train. The scene depicting Apu and Durga running through Kaash fields to see the train is one of the memorable sequences in the film. One day in the bushes, they discover their Aunt Indir lying dead. Unable to earn adequately in the village, she decides to travel to nearby cities to search for a better job. He promises Sarbajaya that he will return with enough money to repair their derelict house. During his absence, the family sinks even deeper into poverty. Sarbajaya grows increasingly lonely and embittered. The monsoon season approaches and storm clouds gather. One day, Durga dances playfully in the downpour for a long time. Soon she catches cold, and develops a fever. With scarce medical care available, her fever continues and eventually on a night of incessant rain and gusty winds, she dies. Harihar finally returns home and starts to show Sarbajaya what he has brought from the city. But Sarbajaya, who remains silent at first, breaks down at the feet of her husband, and Harihar screams as he discovers that he has lost his only

daughter. The family decides to leave the village and their ancestral home. As they start packing, Apu finds the necklace that Durga had earlier denied having stolen. He throws it into a pond. The film ends with Apu and his parents riding a slow ox-cart to their new destination.

*Quoted; 'Wikipedia'

nimal dunuhinga

Macadam

The road overseer caught me; 'Hey! You are not a stone and why you hide here and you'll be melt soon with asphalt? '

'That's great Sir, if nobody wants me at least I could help in road making unless you request my valid papers.'

nimal dunuhinga

Macrame' Teacher's Daughter Plays The Pianoforte!

It's middle of the night
Her voice like a piccolo note!
with that sentimental song
in low pitch?
I hear her hidden sobs too.
'Why these handsome men
with their painted mustaches
get a cruel heart on religious background?
They hold pickaxes
to cut their own brothers' throats
and why they breathe the same air
then pollute the whole area arrogantly
Where the innocents we struggle to breathe hard? '

nimal dunuhinga

Made In Sri Lanka!

I promise that one day donate you everything;
Barefoot, fingers, limbs, eyes, ears, mouth, tongue
Pitutary gland, Thyroid, Prostate
Lungs, spleen, intestines and rest of all!
I give you my melting heart
And you can record that unsung song
Doctor please do not interfere with my holey pocket
And give me a solace for this severe back pain
Sorry I do not have a proper health insurance
But I have my old tattered certificate of birth
Made in Sri Lanka!

nimal dunuhinga

Magician

["Mother: the most beautiful word on the lips of mankind."]-Kahlil Gibran

When your girlfriend ask whom you like
the best in your life certainly you tell her name.
And when she became your spouse
she may ask you; 'I kept this broom in the right hand corner
and now it's in the left hand corner
the passage too well swept
any magician came here in my absence? '
'Yes, my poor Mom and she gave some Mangoes for you.'
Definitely you'll tell her.

to my poor deceased Mom who knows my brand and she brings me a packet of
cigarettes when I was broke.

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Maiden Name

Her name is Girl before she becomes a woman
And she already became a maidservant with her precious children.
The partner goes out, fulfill their desires
And nobody calls again by her previous name.
Her life seems to be a *maiden over with all the hardships.

*[An over in cricket with no runs scored]

nimal dunuhinga

Malady Of A Vanishing Soul

Once in a way
The lost memory stabs the uprooted saga of his family.
He tries to collect the bygone faces,
Heroes and villains of the Melodrama
But the distorted picture
Never focus on the screen.
He is the only spectator in the haunted theater
And it's a silent movie.

nimal dunuhinga

Man In Hysterics

Poor Mom bought for him,
he has sold all to a second hand book-shop.
Algebra, Physics, Chemistry, Biology, Zoology,
McMilan's World Atlas and et cetera.,
He hurried to a Pub for a tranquilizer.
On his way he memorized the gypsy palm reader
who was at the book-maker's stall.
One day read his palm and told
'definitely you will be a professor in a college'.
After a few gulps, while he was returning home
passing the university,
all of a sudden shouted in the public
'where is the professor?
Oh! my poor mom's professor'.

to my friend Max Reif.

nimal dunuhinga

Man Inside The Man

A thought doesn't has wings; But it flies all over
And the man cannot control it seems.
It goes to the Mount Everest
While the body stuck in a desert
And there is no any regard for the superiors, boundaries and barriers.
What kind of an untamed animal the mind is?
It never gets satisfied ask more and more
And this sleepless creature flies forever in the cycle of birth and death.

nimal dunuhinga

Man-Eater Shark And The Franchised Anchovy

'This Ocean belongs to us and it's a God's gift
Though you're small do not get frightened.
We are true brothers
And we could swim well further.
Beware of human fish my dear
They are very lovable and boast of their deep research of the sea bed.
But remember one thing chum!
These hypocrites catch two birds throwing a stone.' Kind shark advised.
Poor Anchovy just consoled of his intimacy.

*Oh! How beautiful the word 'Exploitation' consisting a dozen of innocent letters?

To my poet friend Anushmadhu.

nimal dunuhinga

Mannequin And A Pauper

This nonchalant beggar who loves a model queen
in a showcase.

When his till is full of coins

he just heads for an isolated pub

drinks a little and have a scanty meal of junk food.

In the night he backs to his ramshackle bed on the pavement
and makes a sound sleep.

They never talk each other and only in dreams

they wander hand-in-hand in no-go area; the 'paradise.'

nimal dunuhinga

Mantelpiece

Even in the Winter
Your heart is so warm
And a poor mantis
Knows it's hard to come closer?
Though I love it's only a mean for you
And I realize the word equalize is not for small mates?

nimal dunuhinga

Map Of The World

I dragged the vertical and horizontal lines
Longitude & Latitude,
And where they crossed I found my critical position.
Oh! This peevish aimless boat
Still toss in the dumb Ocean.
Where is my destiny of this illusive voyage?

nimal dunuhinga

Marcello Mastroianni

My poor childhood memories
Going to the Cinema somewhere in seventies,
And how I watched in the gallery (not the balcony)
In Cinema hall the lowest ticket.
With my loving brother/companion 'Lalith'.
Oh! My hero a charismatic personality
Marcello Mastroianni a prominent Italian actor of Jewish descent.
Who once said; 'I believe in nature, love, affection, my work and my friends,
I love people and life,
Perhaps that's why life loved me in return.'
He died of cancer at the age of 72.
And I never forget the movie Vittorio De Sica's 'Sunflower'
Marcello and Sophia Loren for their fantastic performance.
The sad theme (The parting in Milan) from Sunflower by Henry Mancini
Still haunts me of my complicated solitary journey.

*To Alison & Jerry in gratitude for their goodwill I offer this sad memory.

nimal dunuhinga

Mardi Gras

An old wagging king goes on shopping in a Rickshaw
And a beggar drives a limousine in a country
Where no thieves and politicians
But lot of magicians.

nimal dunuhinga

Mariposa

On her slim back of the neck a tattoo is about to flee
And that's my favorite blue butterfly.
A strange woman never seen her before,
She crossed the road and walked towards the park.
That was few years ago and I never met her again.
But in my lonely heart the strange blue butterfly flies in an off season.
I crossed the road and walked towards the park.

* When the feet are planted in the dirt mind is ready to bloom.

nimal dunuhinga

Martyr's Silent Prayer?

Dedication to 9/11 victimized immortal souls and their innocent families!

September 11,2001

Ten years before

When the terrorists

Destroyed The World Trade Center

The Twin Towers in New York,

Osama Bin Laden was happy

With his henchmen?

Ten years after

The mass killer was silent

At the Sea Bed.

And what he gained?

The prayers started in the Holy month

He must have his regrets now

When the pilgrims are ready to celebrate

The peaceful Ramadan!

nimal dunuhinga

Maskers

Everybody on this stage
do a different role.
It's prohibited to remove one's mask
and see the real face.
The given role you have to perform
whether you like it or not.
The director too masked
and you cannot protest the dictator
either good or bad.
Be quiet until the curtain close.

nimal dunuhinga

Master Key

The poor locksmith who makes
master keys very skilfully
on a street corner
under a shady tree.

Different characters visit him
for urgent matters
offer him a small note
praise his work
and run away.

The poor man's shack is unlocked
nothing remained except a rickety bench
and few rusty padlocks.

His beloved wife left him a long time ago
and rest in peace a nearby graveyard.

His well-to-do children forgotten the domicile.
I am sure that one day he makes a master key
to open the door to heaven.

nimal dunuhinga

Master Of The Mysterious House!

Wind realizes that she must avoid the way
As the poor fellow builds a House!
Rain promised not to be there
Until he finishes the roof.
Sun gets up early to make his foundation strong.
And the Moon protects his innocent bricks
From the thieves in the night.
This Homeless built myriad of Houses
Along the unending cycle of Births & Deaths?
All were Museums now and the skeletons of Scarecrows
Remained there!

nimal dunuhinga

Master! I Am Sorry That I Asked A Blunt Sword

Not to behead innocent souls
Just to paste
Butter & Jam
On my daily bread crumb?

to my poet friend Don!

* A homeless sings beside a prominent Hamburger Restaurant.

nimal dunuhinga

Master! I Would Like To Borrow Your Magical Paint Brush

When green leaves turn into yellow
and white clouds become gloomy
I am really uneasy?
Through the shattered window
I see children go to school
and I watch my face in the mirror.
Sharp black eye brows
gradually display the silver threads.
Oh! Where's my lost boisterous youth?
Remember the days I jumped into
running trains and pulled the chain
Whenever I saw film stars?
(in my dreams)
My life's train almost ramshackle
and crawls to the shunting yard?

[Scribbled in South Station, Boston today while going to Immigration Courts.I
saw a big banner advertising a pumpkin-spiced Whiskey, if that could change the
bitterness of life?]

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Master, I Would Like To See That Mountain Again

Remember the old happy days
But nowadays really a catastrophe
As I haven't seen a bird, butterfly or a flower at all.
Someone has snatched my precious spring.
Living with a life's almost a threat
And I know the life is so short,
But there is little more time to live.
So, please blow me few air to my lonely bedroom
Hardly I could breathe through my shattered windows
That goes into my defeated lungs.
Master, I want to see that mountain again
But this time I am not able to climb with this wearied soul.
At least I could kneel down beneath the mountain
And recite this Psalm for the pilgrims' welfare.
'May the road rise to meet you,
May the winds be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face
And the rains fall soft upon your fields.'

-Today in our Gospel reminds us of that beautiful story of the healing of the blind man. I have heard this story about his healing in the past, but what touched me today was how loud he was in asking Jesus to heal him.-

From the desk of Padre Jose'.

October 25, 2009

Saint Anthony Catholic Community.

Long Beach.

nimal dunuhinga

Masters

I learned the art of drawing from the sky
learned music from the oceans.
Sun who taught me to fight
and the Moon who taught me to weep.
Arithmetic and Algebra I don't like,
but the twinkling stars helped me a lot to count figures.
Geography and History those are my best.
After the examination I waited for my results
and saw it's written in the sky.
My parents won't believe this
I got a zero for each subject.
I was upset and came running
searching everywhere the Life-Tavern
to have a cup of pain killer,
Then I saw a ragged beggar
Who's never been to a school
Taught me to smile.

nimal dunuhinga

Matchstick

I was in a remote jungle and this shrewd Lumberjack
Who brought me to this matchwood factory?
These heartless machines break us into splinters.
I was happy when they put a black paste on my head and I thought it's a crown.
We brothers assorted in boxes and sent to the market.
Unfortunately this box of matches bought a drunkard.
And every five minutes he strikes us and lit a cigarette.
We all burned within a day and our ashes cursed the Lumberjack.

nimal dunuhinga

Max Reif, I Would Like To Hear Again After A Long Lull.

Just give a shout from your hiding place dear friend
and do you remember this comment you made for my poem
'ck's day' a long time ago,
We met once and I would like to hear that song again
'Stars in your eyes'
Please Bring your tiny mouth organ
and the precious guitar.
In this cycle of births and deaths
We meet in different names brother!

Max Reif (4/3/2007 3: 10: 00 PM)

How did they get your phone #, Nimal? Is this a saga I should have been following? How did you ever get to America? Are there poems of yours I should read, that will tell me? Did David bring you? Have you been posting on The Forum (which I seldom read, these days) about your travels?

I'll try to catch up. Please let me know which poems or whatever will help me. Hopefully, these are just idiotic, empty threats. And hopefully, you are seeing a different world-as I did when I went to India.

Much love, many blessings, prayers for your safety and well-being (and continuing 'poet's education' in Love and Beauty and the Oneness of all beings!)
And passing on what you receive!

nimal dunuhinga

Meadow

We are not harmful to any creature
then why they hurt us?
instead of rain
they pour us bombs
from the helpless sky.
Do not forget my friends
under the grass,
Alexander the Great,
Adolf Hitler, Napoleon Bonapart
and so many heroes are quiet
and they are in a deep sleep.

nimal dunuhinga

Melody Of A Shattered Soul!

If you give him one of these instruments?

Guitar, Bass, Violin

Mandolin,

Viola, Cello, Banjo

Lute, Bouzouki

Ukulele and more!

His fingers could touch every string

And he sings the deep sorrow

Deeper than an Ocean.

There's no stage for him in this cruel World

And he strums his broken Ukulele

in a dark street corner under a starry night.

You can hear the melody of a shattered soul!

nimal dunuhinga

Memorial Day

Our dear dead soldiers and sailors!
War still continues;
On this memorial day
I write few lines here,
You're not dead, Comrades
Still live in our sad hearts
But the useless war still continues.
Please rest in peace and do not look at this rage battlefields.
Really it's a holiday for you and not for us
As the ruthless Wars still exist all over the World.

nimal dunuhinga

Men With A Heart

Who wrote lyrics for the songbird?
And who made music and the tune?
Have you got any idea of the meaning?
Do the war flames kindle again?
Dear men, you all are deaf.
Did you see the beauty of a flowing river?
And you feel the coolness of a pond.
Have you ever thought the nature is your friend?
Do the war flames kindle again?
Dear men, you all are blind.
Do you understand the dialects of trees and beasts?
And the secret murmur of the wind.
Have you ever tried to learn their language?
Do the war flames kindle again?
Dear men, you all are dumb.

nimal dunuhinga

Mermaid And The Shark In The Deep Mysterious Sea!

I love her so much
But she tells in her singsong manner
Shark loves her in a different way
And also I cannot live in the sea
Better you live as much as you can ashore
And after you die send the ashes to the sea!

nimal dunuhinga

Mice And Rice

Oh! Those field mice emptied my bin of rice
But they kept few grains for me to swallow,
Not like some of my wonderful relatives here
They carry fire underneath the water.

nimal dunuhinga

Mildew On Milestone!

The old Sailor makes knots with his shoestring
And he hears the last year's rattling sound of fallen leaves
in the Autumnal breeze!
He collects the scattered pastels on the floor
that belongs to his grandson
And he sketches a drawing while he sees the wet nappies
of the next door new born baby's cloth line.
Hot Sun still looks young in the midday
And he smiles looking at the calendar and whispers;
'O the month of May how soon it's going to be finished?
And the June comes his beloved wife's birthday
with a big numeral and he counts the copper sulphate pennies
in his antique wallet!

nimal dunuhinga

Milkmaid And The Miner

Shabby lass in a gloomy state.
But she is curly and very cute.
The faint eyes tell me the story of your decaying life
and curriculum vitae are not necessary.
Your transparent fingers are very suitable for milking.
But my innocent buddy
I won't keep you there a long time under the stingy milksop.
You know that I gamble with the turning rough soil.
One day I'll swallow a diamond closing one's eyes.
My humble dream is to fly together
and gambol in the Milky Way.

nimal dunuhinga

Milwaukee Native Aunt's Oatmeal Porridge!

I remember my brother said once
While he's drunk;
'Hey! Brother hope you taste one day in America
Milwaukee beer that would be quenched
the thirst of life? '
I wrote to him that I had a dream
One of our native aunts who
lives in Milwaukee forced me to come there
and taste her oatmeal porridge
with her unmarried daughter!
It's very strange on my visit
They found my water-pistol in the haversack?
And they shouted.
It's harmless but still they're scared of weapons?
Though it's a dream
I saw their true innocence and the courtesy!
That could be changed a warrior to a lover?

[The Problem without a name: Just what was this problem that has no name?
What were the words women used when they tried to express it? Sometimes a
woman would say 'I feel empty somehow....incomplete.'Or she would say 'I feel
as if I don't exist.'

-Betty Friedan, *The Feminine Mystique*.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Mimics In A Kitchenette

A spoon in the rack
Beside sugar and salt jars.
Spoon mutters;
'I love both of you and you're like twins
But it complicates me without tasting you
How do I jump to the old Master's
Cup of Tea?
Kettle whistles and the Master still asleep.'
Parrot in the cage whispers;
'On holidays Master won't wake up early.'
Then who poured water into the kettle? '
'Don't you know Master brought a sweet *bride last night.'

[*A job agency has supplied a house-maid from a rural village.]
It is sad to grow old but nice to ripen.
-Brigitte Bardot

nimal dunuhinga

Miracle

The teacher in the Montessori
Miss or Mrs. who knows? she is Rosemary.
lean and timid a girl of quality
smiley face; kind heart and looks very beauty

A pupil his name is Charlie
fat and tall very dandy
boisterous and talkative

One day the teacher asked him to draw an elephant
he went to the black-board and drew an ant
when the teacher asked to draw an ant
he drew an elephant.

nimal dunuhinga

Miracle Foot Repair Cream And A Large Tin Till

My beloved bought me a special cream
Out of her fortnight wage!
'Honey you look so frustrated these days
And how far you walked
Looking for a job? '
I read how it works;
'Instantly relieves dry, cracked, itchy, tired achy feet and odors
Safe for use by Diabetics.'
'Darling have you got a soothing cream for my burning heart? '
Then she cried.
I gave her a large tin till from a dollar shop.
'Oh! It's too big and how long it takes to fill? '
'I promise you to stop smoking from the New Year
And definitely fill it soon.
I have a dream since a long time to buy a Passenger Ship
And collect all the Homeless, do a round trip around the World
Not in eighty days, the whole calendar Year!

* 'Some people give time, some money, some their skills and connections, some
literally give their everyone has something to give.'- Barbara Bush

nimal dunuhinga

Mishap

Twinkling stars belong to the mysterious sky
and a grasshopper cannot fly so high.

Star cries for the misfit
and the grasshopper collects the dew drops
along the lawn in the mist.

nimal dunuhinga

Misrule

You might help instead of watching.
Hero in miles away
and the heroine in militants hands.
Howsoever you have to fight against them
and get her free.
The hue and cry is in vain.
They take your inability as an advantage.
Please don't mollycoddle them
If they are ruthless?

nimal dunuhinga

Miss Sandy!

Troubled nature's waves
named as Sandy!

And they do all the precautions to survive?

But the poor man's hurricane longlasts since the beginning
as simple poverty and the rich binoculars
never see them as their own brothers & sisters?

to my poet colleague Pranab!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Missing Cravat

When flurries in the gloomy sky
I am still awake and inquisitive?
Your pinkish-mauve silky scarf
Blown in the wind and safely landed
At my backyard.
But how do I know your whereabouts
To hand over if it's not a keepsake
Are you faraway or close by?
I have no proper sleep these days
Till I get your prompt response
And please do not cremate my innocent hopes
in your vast burial grounds *before the music ends?

*for Sandra Fowler!

[I listen your precious poems in the CD where Ihab Badrun reads in his deep voice; 'A hymn to Frost' (for my grandfather who started work in the coal mines of West Virginia when he's twelve years old,) I feel a teardropp in my eye?]

[I had the story, bit by bit, from various people, and, as generally happens in such cases each time it was a different story.]

Quoted from Edith Wharton's lovely novel 'Ethan Frome'

Ethan Frome a heartfelt humanity that can still resonate across the years to the reader of today.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Mocking Freedom In Cagey Avenues?

[Time is a dressmaker specializing in alterations.]-Faith Baldwin

Fallen leaves of Autumn
Covered the old nursery road
and I pick them one by one
into my pushcart!
Nursery was closed for vacation
A squirrel rested on a bench
and the swings were chained?
It's really hard for me to climb
The Post-office hill
with this nagging sciatica pain?
But I have to send this letter
to my faraway unseen friend.
Rusty coins not sufficient
for the postage it seemed
and do they accept my letter
without a stamp?
Anyway I remember the few lines
of my new poem in the letter
and I murmured to myself
on my way back;
'I saw my bald head
in the shattered mirror
and I threw the toothless comb
into the nearby muddy river.'

To my deceased loving Mother!
(Still through your far seeing eyes I see the puzzling life Mom.)

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Moderate Two Thousand And Ten

At the market place the old cobbled street
Turned into a main street,
New vendors, Singers, Beggars
Call girls(with high-heels)
Magicians, handsome politicians(with sport shirts) and etc.,
I watched a retired electrician replaces a new bulb
On an old lamp post,
And I sniffed the rings of smoke from chubby Mayor's aromatic cigar
That goes to the new blue sky full of birds or war planes?

nimal dunuhinga

Mom! If I Were Born In That Era?

[You can put up with everything in this world except not with a long stretch of beautiful days.]-Johann Wolfgang Von Goethe

History says
there were days
people exchanged smiles
instead of the contagious currency notes
No fights, boundaries, borders, backbiting
barbed wire fences and they lived happily.
When people were sick
Sun, Moon and stars they came down
and say 'Hello' to all as a lullaby
but nowadays they're angry it seems
and sky's faraway?
*[The tree that has no a flower
So I press my lips on the thorns
beloved that's my only kiss?]

nimal dunuhinga

Mom! You'Re Not Aware Of This Mother's Day?

Remember you had tired & sad eyes
like in a Vincent Van Gogh's painting
and the secret smile in your weathered face
resembles Mona Lisa!
The big heart,
specialized doctor's diagnosed
Angina!
that easily soluble pill
'Glyceryl trinitrate'
You keep under your tongue
when you're uneasy?
That always recites; 'Blessed are those
who can give without remembering
and take without forgetting.'
You really loved the love
and remember when I put sugar on the floor
then collect the black ants,
'Don't harm anybody' You advised me.
Everyday is a Mother's day, Mom!
Nowadays, life full of Neck/Back pains
Headaches, Numbness
Tingling & shooting pains
Sprains and strains
and this ugly World
still rotates in my
unending dreams?
to my beloved wife-children's Mother!

nimal dunuhinga

Mom's Endless Dream, My Success

Mom! I am sorry that I couldn't get the said scholarship to your dreamland.
It seemed that few marks less to the required margin.
And I was thrown into the lower depths.
Here too they use the same alphabet and few qualified teachers presence.
But it's very hard to study without any funds.
And one day if I come with the right tools of achievement,
Mom! Could you please wait for me at the tuck shop as usual.

*[Still I remember in our hard times we shared the same broken cup of tea and a tiny sugar bun while you were examining my fortnight report. Mom you are very fond of cricket that I know well, who is behind Tuesday's ruthless attack against the Sri Lankan cricket team in the eastern Pakistan city of Lahore?]

nimal dunuhinga

Mon Mar 31.....2014

Mon Mar 31.....2014

[From you have I been absent in the spring, When proud-pied April, dressed in all his trim, Hath put a spirit of youth in everything, That heavy Saturn laughed and leapt with him; Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell Of different flowers in odor and in hue, Could make me any summer's story tell, Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew: Nor did I wonder at the lily's white, Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose; They were but sweet, but figures of delight, Drawn after you, you pattern of all those. Yet seemed it winter still, and you away, As with your shadow I with these did play.]-William Shakespeare

A slight drizzle with scattered icicles
Gloomy morning mist sings
the farewell song of March.
A bird whistles on a tree top
to the April fools!
'The World has changed into
a long lasting peace treaty
and the dangerous arms
in a grand auction to whom?
I pulled a puff of the damp air
into my patchy lungs
and how cool it is?
I scribbled with my little finger
on the misty window.
'Oh! This radical boy
will be 63 in April somehow! '
My beloved sits behind me and she
passed a remark;
'How could a Grandpa becomes a boy? '
Then I said; 'If you're ready
I could have supplied a dozen of strong boys
for the World cup Soccer in Brazil'
She smiled like an April flower!

Scribbled this today at the Bank of America in Wellesley Hills, Massachusetts

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Money

A rustle,
' You cannot live without me.'
Then the rustic man cried;
'I have never seen you.'
'Then you must be a house arrest.'

*In Sri Lanka,
Ex-General in Military r Army chief ka stood before a Court Martial on March
16.2010.
War with Tamil Tigers ended and when this Vendetta ends?

nimal dunuhinga

Monkeys, Strawberries & Grapes

' I give them utmost sweet but they are not satisfied
And they go behind bitter fruits, it's very difficult to find their taste.'
A sour grape cried.
'Let them run faster and they get tired very soon.' A wild strawberry laughed.
'We were in the same bunch once, but they removed their tails
And left the jungle for civilization.' A monkey joined them.

* To Sandra, Alison & Jerry, George, Max, Denis, Duncan, Dave and rest of all.

nimal dunuhinga

Monologue Of A Crony

' I must apologize for my previous mistakes and also I must grateful to you all my dear citizens re-electing me to this great opportunity.
This time I promise to fulfill your dreams without any failure,
Believe me I am your old friend with a different costume.'

(I dedicate this poem to the next president of the United States.)

nimal dunuhinga

Moo

I hear a sad cry of a cow from a slaughterhouse.
That echoes and accompanies in my sojourn.
Wherever I go I hear that sad melody.
In Seagull's shriek and the ferocious waves of the sea,
A child's cry in the cradle for milk when mother delays the feeding.
A man's cry when in hungry and a bullet pierce in the battlefield.
The whole life is a shout expressing emotion,
That resembles the poor cow's moo in the slaughterhouse.

I dedicate this poem to my silent hidden friend Denis. Joe

nimal dunuhinga

Moon In The Lake Dances With Ripples?

'May the poor find wealth; those weak with sorrow find the forlorn find new hope, constant happiness and the frightened cease to be afraid, and those bound be the weak find power, and may their hearts join in friendship.'-The Dalai Llama

Young ferryman's straw-house
by the lake
unbolted bamboo door
rattles to the Eastern wind.
He peeped through the broken window
and saw moon dances with ripples in the lake?
His memories dragged to his sad past.
Poor drunkard Tinsmith's beautiful wife and daughter
drowned in this lake on a full moon.
And if that tear dropp hidden in his eye speaks?
Certainly it's deep the tale
Like the haunted lake?

*The barley field's mealy mouthed midwife rumoured around the villagers the deceased were pregnant?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Moon Like Lass

The whole night how could she hides in the clouds?
Whenever she appears I'll tell her politely;
'Please come down my pretty moody
And touch the earth with your frozen heels
It's my burning heart Miss! '

nimal dunuhinga

Moon Writes To Sun!

Because of you
I get the light
in the night,
So please do not betray me
And I'll die!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Mothball

[It is astonishing how little one feels poverty when one loves.]-John Bulwer

Moth cries;
'You try to chase me away
from your wardrobe.
Promise, I fly in the night
and never bother you! '

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Mother

Autumn has come into my life.
Withered leaves of memories falling one by one
I am only a barren tree now.
Mother you taught me to sing this sad song a long time ago.
I heard a lullaby from far away of your peculiar voice.
A beggar-maid sings the same song, broken cradle lies aside.
Mom you promised me that you will be back soon.
I lost my vision already and sniff the fragrance of death.
Are you beside me?

nimal dunuhinga

Mother Earth's Lullaby

My son will be a polite king in the near future,
A farthest poor country.
I am sure that you donate all the horses
To a zoo and travel in a public bus.
You leave the palace for home for the elders
And reside in a rented house.
You pawn your crown
And spend the wealth for the needy men.
Soon when other kings propose their daughters
Definitely you say ' I am sorry '
And you choose an innocent farm lassie as your partner.
She gives you precious children and whatever you want.
And you never think of a harem.
You live the entire life in harmony.
One day you become old like others.
You catch illness as mild influenza
And it may leads to fatal.
Not to worry my son!
I keep you a place in my bosom
And sing this lullaby until you rest in peace.

* Dedication to my deceased loving mother Esme. My heart still laments for my dearest poor mom! . You taught me to recite thousands of lullabies in your melancholy voice. ' A poet lives in every individual but some they do not aware'. I remember that you have written this phrase somewhere a long time only fault I see in your heart is the unlimited gave me the hope to walk on this gravel road.....thank you very much Mom! I cry secretly thinking of you. Please show me the way and advise me, Where I have to start & finish this journey? I feel always that you are beside me. Mom! I am sorry, as I am helpless now.

nimal dunuhinga

Mother Nature Cries In Winter

Frozen tears fell from the shattered sky
And they started the furious fighting again.
Oh! The sound of scissors; Surgery was done in the theatre of fortune
And the new year baby already delivered auspiciously.
If the necomer could bring out the true peace of the bias world for the sake of
mankind
And send back the rotten warmongers to the sensitive womb for purification?

nimal dunuhinga

Mount Etna

[Mount Etna is an active stratovolcano on the east coast of Sicily, Italy, close to Messina and Catania. It lies above the convergent plate margin between the African Plate and the Eurasian Plate. It is the tallest active volcano on the European continent, currently standing 3,329 m (10,922 ft) high, though this varies with summit eruptions. It is the highest mountain in Italy south of the Alps. Etna covers an area of 1,190 km² (459 sq mi) with a basal circumference of 140 km. This makes it by far the largest of the three active volcanoes in Italy, being about two and a half times the height of the next largest, Mount Vesuvius. Only Mount Teide in Tenerife surpasses it in the whole of the European–North-African region. In Greek Mythology, the deadly monster Typhon was trapped under this mountain by Zeus, the god of the sky and thunder and god of gods and creator of mankind, and the forges of Hephaestus were said to also be located underneath it.]

How strange

We're hang-gliding

over the volcano

Mount Etna.

Strange dream took me to port of Augusta in Sicily.

Libyan oil Tanker 'Um El Faroud' (08.02.84-10.01.85)

with English Officers

We take crude oil from Bengazhi

and bring here to refine.

When our work's over

O my old friend

Lionel Olupeliyawa!

You bring a big decanter of Wine

on your brave shoulder in the midnight

before the tavern closed.

Where're you now?

Still that taste of Wine remains

at the edge of my tongue

But my friend a very long lull

Where're you now?

Give a big shout my friend

from wherever you stand

like those days on the ship's deck,

still I am breathing like a horse!

nimal dunuhinga

Mount Kilimanjaro

Very often I dream Africa,
Where I belonged to the land in my previous births.
Once I talked friendly with mount Kilimanjaro.
'I want to draw you on a canvas for an Exhibition.'
'First you have to climb my dear painter.'
But I missed several occasions and never tried again.
Now when I see her in my dreams as a sculptor
She acts like a stranger
And never talk about our bygone incidents.
I feel like a dwarf beneath the mountain.

nimal dunuhinga

Mountain's Melodious Murmur

A dwarf

Am I

Beneath the transparent sky?

nimal dunuhinga

Mousetrap

Once upon a time
in the beautiful surroundings
people lived happily.
No fences, trees
laden with fruits,
birds and butterflies
sing together,
river flows to that tune.
Sun also very calm
Moon in her turbulence.
Lions and Tigers
visited to human problems.
What a lovely harmonious stone age?
Barbarous modern man changed.
He has forgotten the Ape and started barbecue.

to my daughter Thilini Eranga's B'day (Jan.15)

nimal dunuhinga

Move The Goalposts

I have already passed a very difficult fortnight.

Once a fraud through the Cyber, the Euro Million Board announced that I was a lottery winner for Euros Nine Hundred and fifty thousand.

Then later on came an alarm to my life saying it's in a danger nowadays as the stars Mars, Jupiter and Saturn their triangular direct fatal rays rest on my destiny.

And still I am struggling for my vacation.

Finally I realized one thing that the life almost a chain reaction.

The man sleepwalker would never become a Champion in this saucy life's rat race.

nimal dunuhinga

er

She resembles the actress Gina Lollobrigida
and she wants to ask something
while giving me the twenty Dollar bill
for the pump number eight
Her shiny Mercedes stands there!
'I am not inquisitive
you're the owner here? '
'Sorry Madam, I count the owner's money
in the register carefully and some they call me
er! '
'Thank you er and have a nice evening! '
I saw an Italian Restaurant's lights blinking far away
My thoughts dragged to Solomon and Sheba
and The Hunchback of Notre Damme!
O my lost school days
skipping the boring classes
and jumped into movie theaters
that opportunities never come again?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

nson

I thought he should go to the Zoo.
The gentleman who's sitting on a bench
in the amusement park.
In the summer evening he's in his bare body
And half of the animals in the jungle tattooed there,
And he seemed to be a tough guy.
When I just tried to avoid him and go to the other bench
He smiled like a child and started the conversation.
'I am Parkinson and you? '
'Nimal'
'Indian'
'No, Sri Lankan'
'That doesn't make any difference and I guessed that you're looking for a job? '
I said; 'Yes'
'You never get a job even if you get that won't be long last.'
'Why'
'Because you have a smiley face, try to be a hard hitter
Like Don Bradman,
Show a tough face like Tyson at all,
Not to women they're very kind
And if they need sweet, offer them candy
Never give bitter pills.
Kick the ball into the goal like Pele!
Never mind if you go to Church, Temple, Shrine or anywhere else
Just pretend as Worshipping and why so hurry?
You may go to Heaven, Nirvana or Hell
Enjoy the life first!
Remember when she needs a candy
Never ignore her!
On the way home in the Twilight I hummed!
'And here's to you son
Jesus love you more than you will know.....'

*To the Sri Lankan celebrated poet Mahagama Sekara for his Masterpiece
'Prabuddha' the poetry anthology.

nimal dunuhinga

Here's My Fading Certificate Of Birth!

Born April 19,1951

At a General Hospital, Colombo, Sri Lanka

Male gender, colour of skin Tan!

Under the Star of Capricorn

Named as Nimal,

Father Buddhist and Mother's baptized

But I am a free thinker

Mixed with Human Gods.

Still I believe the Buddha is the greatest poet!

According to his teachings

A Man has myriad of birth certificates

Along this endless journey,

As he's born in every country of this tiny World!

My dilemma is this why do they ignore of the Human group of blood

In this piece of ridiculous paper?

nimal dunuhinga

The Judge

The articulatory features that distinguish different vowel sounds are said to determine the vowel's quality. Daniel Jones developed the cardinal vowel system to describe vowels in terms of the common features height (vertical dimension) , Backness (horizontal dimension) and Roundedness (lip position) . These three parameters are indicated in the schematic IPA vowel diagram on the right. There are however still more possible features of vowel quality, such as the velum position (nasality) , type of vocal fold vibration, and tongue root position

Sent him to life imprisonment
for violating the talking manner,
And the innocent found at last
That he's dumb and deaf?

* In matters of style, swim with the current; in matters of principle, stand like a rock.

-Thomas Jeffersn

nimal dunuhinga

Mudguard

It's a rainy season here
But in some places no rain for years.
r, why did you choose this muddy road?
I am just only a mudguard to a politician's Limousine
And you are his paid servant.
There is no such a big difference between us
And we sustain on common grounds.
So, Mr. Chauffeur be flexible and avoid this nauseous road.

nimal dunuhinga

My Beautiful Red Hen!

Not like those days
You're bit stubborn now?
Please do not try to fly
over the farmstead fence.
I give you grain
grasses and worms
My wounded heart is a wilderness
and if you fly, the naughty young bird lovers
see your hidden golden feathers.
I promise you that I never pluck them
though I am poor; Please taste this pieces of lettuce
and you never betray the old Master?

To the unknown Penny Moore, Owner of the Laundry Loft Laundry Mat in the Roche Bros. Plaza in Natick, New England, Massachusetts, most of my recent poems I sketched here.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

My Beloved Spider!

She weaves a strong Cobweb;
And I asked why darling
I am getting Sixty very soon?
Sixties are the naughtiest
And she cries in Beatitude!

*You're the same today that you'll be five years from now except two things; the people you meet and the books you read.

-Mac McMillan

nimal dunuhinga

My Beloved Spouse Describes Her Strange Dream

We were in the Kodak Theater in the days before the show.

By the time night arrived.

And it's a rehearsal.

They called the best picture; ' The old naked starving man with a red beard from another planet.'

Moments after you were named for the best actor in the same movie.

After receiving the Oscar you came to me and kissed my forehead.

I whispered that I am conceived and this time must be a boy.

Then you collapsed with the award.

I woke up and found the best actor lying on the floor beside our rickety bed after the nightcap.

* To all the poor actors and actresses those who perform great roles in the life-drama for nothing?

nimal dunuhinga

My Blind Friend Describes An Illusive Dream

An angel-like woman in her forties,
She is a crossing-guard in a street of heaven.
Wears a negligee form a cloud
And I see her bare nakedness.
Her small breasts like two sugary fruits
And the slim body belongs to the grape hyacinth family.
She holds a pigeon-heart.
Oh! The fleshy buttocks, if I could rest my burdensome head
on such a comfortable pillow,
I would never wake up to this cruel World.
I am not a Saint but I didn't get any carnal feelings
As she's really a living Goddess.
We crossed together and she said; 'Study well dear,
The Education that nobody robs.'
I said ' I cannot go to school anymore and I stay with her.'
Then she said; 'How do I help on your studies as I have never been to a school? '
Oh! The sudden painful wake up and I realized that I am born blind.

* I humbly dedicate this poem to the Southern California's Senior Newspaper
'Not Born Yesterday! '

nimal dunuhinga

My Careworn Heart Is A Captive Bird?

This gloomy heart really a captive bird
in the rickety rib- cage?
My little songbird I listen and
I love that chirp gives me a solace!
Yet do not try to be a prisoner here.
Better fly in that unlimited serene sky
before the tyrants make their barriers
and barbed-wire fences?

To the mourning parents of the untimely withered black flower Trayvon Martin!

[His sweetest dreams were still of that dear voice that soothed his infancy.]-

Robert Southey

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

My Child Is Sick

In the middle of the night
She entered the shop
Where I work and she tells;
'My child is sick and cold outside
Could you please spare me a cardboard box.'
'Certainly I'll give you Madam!
If I am not inquisitive a small question,
Where's the child's father? '
'Since the first World war he never returned
And I heard he stays with Kaiser Wilhelm of Germany, British King George V and
Emperor Franz Josef of Austria-Hungary.'
I noticed she carefully wrapped her ragged-doll with an old paper
And kept in the box a plastic bottle as a pillow!

-

nimal dunuhinga

My Dark Palace Illuminate By Street Lamps

The stone pillow by the roadside shares my burden
And I have nothing to lose as I do not have any personal belongings,
So, I am not worried about thieves.
Though I sleep under the starry night stars belong to the sky
And I have only one friend an old rat who comes for a turnip.
He's so grateful as he only eats half and the rest keeps for me.
We used to sing together in lonely nights
Moon listens but very quiet.

* I dedicate this scribbling to the poet Charles Bukowski for his great poem 'A Man'.

nimal dunuhinga

My Daughter Writes From Australia

Dad! I was really amazed
By seeing your name on an Aborigine graveyard tomb!
I replied her; 'Do not get frightened please,
Dear daughter in this cycle of births & deaths
This aboriginal Man lives and dies in every inch of this mysterious journey!
If you have time just keep a fragrant flower over there
As every father likes the fragrance! '

nimal dunuhinga

My Dear Uncle

To my dear uncle Prabahkaran,
I lost my parents, brothers and sisters.
Only I was survived
And I am eight years old female child.
My father is a Buddhist and mother Christian
And I am an innocent.
All my books and uniforms burnt
And I cannot go to school now.
I am not angry with you
If possible please adopt me,
Treat me as your child
And send me to a school.
I promise you one day I learn Tamil well
And solve your problem; "misunderstanding"
Not with guns uncle,
With my little knowledge I gained from your school.
Please don't believe these Norwegian peace-broker uncles
They dream of our future Oil –Rigs?

nimal dunuhinga

My Dilapidated Heart And The Stubborn Girl

Her ding-dong bells like voice invites me to play hopscotch.
And I just want to explain her,
Dear daughter, I am like your grandfather and I have already hopped over the
marked squares in the tattered life and my fragile heart hangs on a string,
If I hop again that would collapse and scatter like dew.

To all my friends in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

My Dream Car Without A Number Plate

My brakes won't applicable to these mockery roads
As it's too old they say.
I keep my both hands on the steering wheel
But it goes to its own consent.
I am scared if it stops on a hill side
As my poor torn wallet doesn't contains
Those tricky notes to refuel.

nimal dunuhinga

My Dream-Boat Drifts On River Danube!

Bulgaria (Listeni /ˌ bʌ lˈ gerijə /; Bulgarian: Б ъ л г а р и я ; officially the Republic of Bulgaria Р е п у б л и к а Б ъ л г а р и я , translit. Republika Bulgaria, [6] [rɛ ˈ publikɐ bɤ ̞ ɫ ˈ ɡ arijɐ]) , is a country in Southeast Europe. Bulgaria borders five other countries: Romania to the north (mostly along the Danube) , Serbia and the Republic of Macedonia to the west, and Greece and Turkey to the south. The Black Sea defines the extent of the country to the east.

O The ripples sing something
And I analyzed the song
That 's very familiar to my lonely soul
Like Black sea,
A rare bird's nocturne guides me the voyage
And I feel comfortable till I find the invisible shore!

* A humble dedication to the poetess Vessy!
Respond to your great poem ' The Mirror of Joy and Sadness'

None of us can avoid the illness and slow weakening of the body that accompany aging, and still fewer of us can escape death?
[Unlocking the mysteries of birth & death]
-Daisaku Ikeda

nimal dunuhinga

My Friendly Aquarium

I write on the water with my little finger.
Don't be scared,
These are fish food
And not baits.
I do not jump into the tank
As I cannot swim.
Play as much as you can
Until you get tired
And I watch your aquarobics
On this May DAY!

nimal dunuhinga

My Friends In Samsara

This dreary unending tunnel,
one day
I searched them.
Nobody was there.
I was so sad.
Another day
I pursued them again.
All were there
except me.

nimal dunuhinga

My Friend's Very Sick

The doctor diagnosed
'An emotional stress! '
Mealy-mouths gossip
That the actress having a different love
with the director and she fiddles
the theme song,
My friend is the comedian in the entire film
with an inner cry!

nimal dunuhinga

My Grand Son's Pastel Drawing

Siluna! Who sent me a drawing.

'Grandpa here's you! .'

A little house

By a Coconut tree

An old man with a beard

And he holds a string

A Red kite in the sky.

I replied him;

'Thank you very much for your lovely drawing my Sonny!

And I was searching in the pale sky

Your departed brother who left us

Without saying a Good bye!

And I added one more kite in Orange color

Flies in the mysterious sky without a string!

*To our deceased loving Grandson Prabashwara, one day we too come to that reserved place and definitely we bring this poem for you!

nimal dunuhinga

My Individual Handsome God

I like to smile as you
But it's a cry
And I try to cry like you
Oh! It's a smile
And your curly gray beard
I love to grow on my pointed chin
But not that particular color.
At last I realized
You are a God!
And I am a Man.

nimal dunuhinga

My Jockey Boss Rides On An Ass

Once in a get together after couple of drinks
I asked from my previous Persian Boss;
' Do you know the meaning of Exploitation
And Marx & Engels? '
My boss too bit drunk and murmured;
' Yes, why not? Exploitation means Equal opportunity employer,
Marx and Engels are two leading English jockeys in Derby.'

To Alison & Jerry

nimal dunuhinga

My Lifelike Friend With Me A Lifelong Journey

She comes with me since last few days

Her strange name is Deathly,

A spinster, big bursting bust with a slim figure and round buttocks

And she expects a platonic love.

She grumbles; ' I do not take you now and you have enough time to finish your book and I have a humble request that I want to be nude in the front cover of your Anthology.' She hugged me.

It's really cold like a Corpse or a Snake?

* And she promised to blow wind for my torn sails!

nimal dunuhinga

My Lifelong Friend

[Sri Lanka raids office of pro-opposition news websites

Posted by Karthiyayini on June 30,2012 in Exclusive, Headlines, News, Sri Lanka · 0 Comments

Colombo, June 30 (TruthDive) : Media freedom has always been a huge concern in Sri Lanka. The country shows its ugly face yet again by showcasing it as one of the world's most dangerous countries for journalists.

An independently running and pro-opposition office of two news websites have been raided by Sri Lankan Police. The Police have arrested nine workers including the editor of one of the websites, searched the premises for about three hours on Friday and seized computers and documents.

A statement from government stated that the police officers had acted on a court order, searched and sealed off the office on Friday. The websites were said to be publishing flawed information and had put a 'blot on Sri Lanka's image.'

The Opposition United National Party member Mangala Samaraweera said that the office had operated two websites - and that belong to the party. He added that the nine arrested employees were released on bail after an appearance before a magistrate.

Samaraweera said that Friday's raid had been initiated as his party's website had uncovered corruption and other unlawful activity by the government.

Gnanasiri Kottigoda, who heads Sri Lanka Working Journalists Association, stated that the police action showed that the government has not ceased to harass and intimidate independent media institutions and journalists in Sri Lanka. He also opined that it is a step towards silencing the independent media groups in Sri Lanka.

The Committee to Protect Journalists said, in the year 2010, Sri Lanka was ranked as the fourth most dangerous country for journalists. Since the beginning of year 2006, at least 14 Sri Lankan media employees were said to have been killed, according to Amnesty International.

and four other websites were blocked by authorities last year over so-called character assassination, and the action is still in effect for four others.

went on to file a case in the Supreme Court after which the Telecommunication Regulatory Authority agreed to unblock the website on condition that it would not provide links to blocked or unregistered sites. Several media rights groups and other countries, including the United States had severely criticized the blocking of the websites by the Sri Lankan government.

To top it all, attacks on media men and media institutions either fail to get properly investigated or blocked, according to Reporters without Borders.]

I was born with you and since in the cradle

We crawled together.
It's not a bed of roses,
My bare-feet very familiar with the thorny painful streets.
Sometimes you hide in my eyes as tears
And often remain as a hug in my weeping heart.
You too starved in my difficult times
And you never betray me that's certain as death.
I realized that you never smile but I embrace you
From the bottom of my heart
And you are my lifelong friend, Sorrow!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

My Little Mermaid

When I lost my sails in the troubled waters
and through the entire voyage
you guided me,
as a morning star
once as an evening star.

I hear your breezy whispers soaked with love
and see your twinkling eyes in the pitch darkness.
At the edge of the World you stand like a light house.

nimal dunuhinga

My Lonely Lighthouse-Keeper

Her yacht 'Mermaid' pitches
with the tidal waves
And she hears the Moon's lilt.
'Your beacon is so bright
And thank you for the guidance.'
She sees the distant rock
And keeps a little doubt
Why his cabin is dark?
'Are you sleeping?
But I am awake.' she hiss.

nimal dunuhinga

My Lonely Palm Tree

A leaf of the palm, borne as a symbol of victory
But you are isolated like me,
Though we are tall like a Watchtower yet cannot touch the pallid sky.
You have a simple stem and terminal crown of large leaves.
But I am uprooted in the saga and my broken crown pawned for a song.

Dedication to the deceased Marxist Sri Lankan celebrated singer *e

nimal dunuhinga

My Maternal Grandpa

His name is Richard, though it's an English name
He's not an Englishman.
But a good sportsman, my kinsman.
He does upholstery and when he sew brass eyelets to the canvas
Oh! What a Master craftsman?
And from his blue transparent eyes I saw the patchy World.
After my father's tragic death he took the whole responsibility of our family.
He is an asthmatic patient but never grumbled.
Thank you so much, I tasted the cigarettes, your throwing butts
and sipped your cheap liquor stealthily.
He wants me to teach how to darn the patchy life until he died
Sorry, I learned a very little and still I repent.
But I salute you my great Grandpa!
As you are the far sighted Captain of my fragile soul-ship.

nimal dunuhinga

My Maternal Uncle!

He died a long ago
And his name is Whinny!
But I met him last night
At my graveyard shift
in the convenient shop.
He said his name is Johnny!
But I don't see any difference between them
Unless his silvery denture.
Uncle Whinny knows the pedigree of English Horses & Jockeys as well as silent
movies,
Though he's never been to England
And Mr. Johnny is fond of money
Because he waited for his balance penny!
When I gave him an old coin
He said he prefers a shiny one!
He gulped a large quantity from his miniature bottle of cough syrup
But I sniffed that could be an illicit liquor?
O Whinny, Johnny and penny
Gave me an idea to write these nonchalant characters of the jaundice life!

for the dead souls in my family I meet them on & off?

nimal dunuhinga

My Moon

Once you talked
from your sleepy eyes
Then smiled from your
cold heart?
And suddenly waved
like in semaphore.
If you have decided to say
Good bye so soon
Then why did you
invite this nameless
little star to your
dreamy sky
My Moon?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

My Nomadic Dream

How beautiful was she?
with cheap ornaments.
Wandering from place to place
and no fixed residence.
My nomadic lass
in this cycle of birth and death
I was running behind you
but you never make a glance at me.
I was mesmerized by your melancholy song.
My Gypsy gem at least tell me your name
or may I call you 'Haughty'?
Anyway, your face already tattooed in my heart.

Dedication for unknown Scarborough Gypsy &
Maxim Gorky for his short story 'Makar Chudra'

nimal dunuhinga

My Old Drunkard Companion

Once a war veteran, who goes
with an old haversack which carry the belongings
hanging on his shoulder.

On his way towards the pedestrian crossing
stands at a bus stop a long time
and waiting for the train called 'Desire'.

Which is scheduled via the Cancer Reservation.

He lit a cheap cigarette, pulled a big puff to bottom of his lungs
and talking to himself.

'It seems to be an exile.'

Sounds of the locomotive echoes as ' passengers get ready please,
those who want to disembark at the station of farewell to the existence'.

nimal dunuhinga

My Old Satchel

Still I carry your heavy fragrance in the old satchel over my slanted shoulder.
Life flies away from me day by day.
And our golden school stands still with new students.
In that narrow flowery path they walk to our nostalgic school
And we are too old to stand at the gate.
I imagine the music teacher's sensitive finger tips touch the reeds
And gives the melancholy song of life again.

Dedication to one of the prominent poetesses in the site Sandra Fowler

nimal dunuhinga

My Painted Horse

I completed the drawing
with few pastels.

I hear she neighs

and tries to run

then I added

two wings

O she likes to fly

it seems?

I drew a stable quickly

and locked her inside

with a big padlock?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

My Paparazzi Friend With His Nikon Camera

He brings me a Photograph
Half cut Papaya fruit with its seeds
And he wants me to write something underneath
For his Photographic Exhibition.
I scribbled;
'Oh! This undernourished poor Mom!
How she bore such myriad infants
in her tiny Womb and who knows
Whether they become fair Citizen or strange Politicians?

*Humbly to a matured poetess Sri Devi in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

My Parrot Sings In The Middle Of The Night

Boss! Why did you open the cage door?
I never betray you and I promise to stay further
Until you get your wings.

I dedicate this scribbling to my poet friend s

nimal dunuhinga

My Payroll, Pulse And The Puncture

Oh! it's a sad tune as usual
When I touch these colored notes
The burning sensation what a pity?
My poor lungs try to fill happy air,
But always a puncture along this tiresome journey from a cruel thorn?
I am not a stripling to bear this stretch
And this tattered piece would break if you pull fast.

* The annoyed alarm clock wakes me up to fight with the life.

nimal dunuhinga

My Pet 'Marco' I Am Writing This From The Paradise Like Disneyland

Once upon a time in the upperkindergarten
On a See-Saw,
I rode up and down and saw the Rolled Gold World.
Now I am near by the door step of the darkest tunnel,
Again I go up so high in this fantasy World.
This's really an Utopian dream.
On the pontoon along the Grizzly river dragged me to my bygone voyages.
Some portraits of Pirate's Lair on Tom Sawyer island resembled my deadly
poisonous relatives here,
Ride on the train from the station called 'Main street U.S.A to Tomorrow' the best
journey I ever had in my lifetime.
On the way I saw Mickey's Toontown, Fantasyland, Adventureland and when I
got down from the station Tomorrow I found a tear dropp in my eye as I know
that I have to face reality onwards.
When the miraculous fireworks began in the night sky I saw the Angels with a
smile and I secretly checked my loose-leaf Passport,
Oh! The validity already expired I have noticed.
At last the Electrical parade pageant impressed me 'Life is a beautiful journey
and be happy! '

*Marco; My deceased pet dog and one and only son.[In the Mickey's Toontown I
thought of you my dearest son!]

nimal dunuhinga

My Philharmonic Orchestra And The Soliloquy

I play the miraculous Cello and the Tambourine too.
And my beloved plays rest of the instruments on & off!
And also she does Soprano.
In our hard times when hunger invades the band
She sings in her high pitch
And my fiddle gives the saddest tune of the Life
In its base rhythm of the Violin family!
Though it's bitter and melancholy
We play ourselves and listen together
As the Audience left the Theater earlier.

*To Peter Ilych Tchaikovsky for his Waltz from Eugene Onegin!

nimal dunuhinga

My Poor King In His Shanties Who Applies For A Coffin Maker?

No need a scaffolding, a studio
for my new painting and a paint brush
paint or a big canvas?
I use my thumb for shading,
on a throw away news paper
with few pastels that belongs to my grandson
I draw my new king with a big moustache
and a dead fly on his chin as a birth mark?
A cigarette butt fitted to his mouth
titled as 'My poor King in his shanties
who applies for a coffin maker? '
He reads of Picasso, George Braque
Modiglianni & Van Gogh?
I was not influenced by Cubism or Surrealism
Capitalism or Socialism
But only Humanism with a mug of cheap Milwaukee bitter Beer?

nimal dunuhinga

My Poor Kite Hits A Proud Bird In The Serene Sky?

[When you have shot one bird flying you have shot all birds flying. They are all different and they fly in different ways but the sensation is the same and the last one is as good as the first.]-Ernest Hemingway

'I do not mind if
your cage is either Socialist
Communist or Capitalist
I just want to flutter my wings freely
in this unlimited sky.'
Understood dear,
but I cannot keep my innocent cage to be vacant
when a nondescript bird begs for a shelter in an off season?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

My Rare Pet Dog

His name is 'Marco' a crossed german shepherd.
I have only two daughters and I loved this rare creature
as my obedient son.
Marco understands everything except talking.
When my daughters go to school
he goes with them to the bus stop
and wait there until a bus comes.
Then come back home and wags his tail
saying they are gone safely.
Oh! what a kind hearted son!
Before I leave the country
I found something like tears in his eyes
and skips his meals.
My wife writes me
when she put my old clothes into the kennel
then he sleeps quietly.
Oh! my dearest son
one day you left us
without saying good bye!
I am sure somebody must have poisoned you.
Who granted this inhuman a soul
instead of giving it to a dog?

(My dear Marco, my heart still laments for you)

nimal dunuhinga

My Red Rose! What Can I Do For You?

Untimely death of flower buds
And some are bloom
Cannot see butterflies
Some they cannot hear
And communicate their innocent feelings too?
This poor bachelor gardener
Destined for watering with a holey bucket,
And you see the rickety shaking hands.
I see above through my teary eyes
Some passing clouds without any duties.
In the twilight sky flock of birds
Return to their roosts?
I go to my shack and jump to my dreamy spring bed
After a cheapest nightcap!

nimal dunuhinga

My Sainly Friend Who Describes His First Visit To A Strange Whore!

'I am new to the trade
Very first day like a rehearsal.
And I promise you
Being a Virgin!
These scars on thighs
My cruel drunkard Stepfather
Burnt with his cigarette butts.
I am a runaway girl
And not yet twenty believe me! '
I was awake the whole night
Chatting with her.
She was surprised in the morning
When I paid her.
'Why did you give me money for nothing?
I am so sorry as I won't be a Virgin anymore
On your next visit my dearly Saint! '
It's like a dream my friend
And I was really floating.
Obviously a restless night
A soul dancing in candle-light.

*['When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed'
'And the soul turning to thee
O Vast and well-veiled death
And the body gratefully nestling close to thee
Over the tree tops I float thee a song
Over the rising and sinking waves
Over the myriad fields and the prairies wide.']
-Walt Whitman

nimal dunuhinga

My Sand Castle

I opened the creaky door and little windows.
Let wind comes to sooth me.
Nobody wants to stay for a while
And my burning altar cries.
I am scared to remain that opened.
The culprits may invade as saints in the middle of the night.
But in this empty house what they have to take away?
I have pawned everything that would never redeem.
The boisterous waves rolled up to the shore
And I slipped.
The string was broken and the kite flew towards the heaven.

nimal dunuhinga

My Sand Castle In The City Of Dreams

I let open the old rusty gates and bees are the guards but harmless.
Flowers in the garden give fragrance to the visitors
And the old gardener welcome them with his smile toothless.
They come inside the homeless and we provide them a scanty meal
Which my beloved cooks with special ingredients.
I dress their wounds and give light medicines.
I have no idea why the police officers raided?
'Hey! Doctor you are under arrest for practicing without a license.' They insisted.
'I am sorry but I do voluntarily.' I said.
'Sorry is the cheapest word for an excuse.' A remark they passed.
In the court hearing the kind judge dismissed the case as she too doesn't have
the oaths it seems.
I was perspired and it's broad daylight.
Anyhow I became a reputed doctor in my daydream.

nimal dunuhinga

My School Is Far And The River Is Deep?

Loose leaf book and the pencil
Old thatch school
Not friendly with the boy
When his father's lying on his sick bed?
He grips the rickety oars
and join the ferry
to earn for the family.
In the deep river when he sees the crocodiles
He murmurs; ' Yo all are my friends
and tomorrow I'll bring you something to eat.'
But he knows the rice bin was empty at all
and the crocodile would be angry
Remember once the Headmaster's cane
for telling a small lie in school?

for Nightmute in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

My Sick Bed

All my loved ones around me pacifying.
'Papa! you will be all right now,
Mamma spoke to the doctor
and he said nothing wrong with you
reports show everything normal'.
Adjoining bed in whispers,
the person who warded in the morning
ready to say good bye to all.
I feel that I am taking his last exhaled breath.
Doctors never diagnose my sickness.
The stethoscope reads only my heart beat
and never count my inner feelings.
'I am sick since my childhood'
I said to the doctor.
'No you are very healthy'
Then I said ' That's my sickness what I feel doctor'.

nimal dunuhinga

My Silent Prayer In Saudi Arabia

Already started the winter here and the cold breeze bring me Nostalgia.
Green leaves are turning pale and the sky is quiet and empty
It's like my lonely heart.
When the dusk is flowing I hear a prayer of a distant mosque
And they all recite the holy Koran.
Desert storm blows from the northern end.
And I guess the ship from afar heading towards for the commercial port of
Jeddah.
Then I imagined where I am?
My nest is far away from here where they call pearl of the Indian Ocean.
I checked the New Year calendar and marked the day with a pen
When I due for my vacation.

nimal dunuhinga

My Snake-Kite Rushes To Fly In Summer Breeze?

I chopped a Bamboo tree
by the river side
and made you beautiful
to flee?
Pasted the multicolored
Chinese fabric on your
light framework
and I have a magical
spun cotton thread
that could be stretched
up to heaven!
Go as much as you can
But do not hit the Sun?
Wag your simple rattling tail
and speak to the Venomous World
Your innocence & the chastity!
That you're harmless
As a lass!

[Consider the postage stamp; its usefulness consists in the ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.]-Josh Billings

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

My Son!

I found you
inside a garbage bin
and you're a cold stillborn.
I took you to my lonely womb
Gave warmth nine months
and delivered again to this
precarious World?
Your certificate of birth
not yet issued
as they said
the requirements are not sufficient.
Your name as 'trash'
father's missing in action
and mother's name 'Widow'
they do not believe
your place of birth
where in a garbage bin?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

My Son, Please Do Not Touch The Sun

Read all your books well in day light
And when night falls
Get ready to the bed of Roses.
You may have pleasant dreams
And it's not like your mad Grandpa's.
I am sure you find new stars in the sky
And when you play hide & seek with your friends
Of course! You stay behind the Sun
As nobody approaches you.
But never try to touch the prodigal Sun in reality
As you burn your soft fingers
As same as your innocent hopes.

* [Whenever Sun rises and sets, your poor Grandma & Grandpa think of you
deeply while sitting at the edge of the World.]

I humbly dedicate this poem to g

nimal dunuhinga

My Strange Dream; A Mudlark Sings On An Eucalyptus Tree In Victoria!

The Magpie like bird sang something
But still I remember this 'Ivan Rebroff' and the rest faded, .
And I referred Wikipedia, the free Encyclopedia!
Ivan Rebroff a German singer
Allegedly of Russian Ancestry
He was born in Berlin,31, July,1931
As Hans-Rolf Rippert.
He became a citizen of Greece
And lived on the Greek Island of Skopelos in the Soprades.
He died as a Bachelor on February 27,2008 in Frankfurt, Germany.

* I received a call from my daughter in Australia and after finishing few pages of Chekhov's short-story straight away jumped to bed, and still I am wondering of this dream!

nimal dunuhinga

My Tiny Alert Alarm Clock

I spent few pennies to buy her from the nearest garage sale.

Anyway she wake me up in time and send me to struggle to get few oxygen for my patchy lungs.

I am so sorry my dear that I have promised you to buy a can of rust remover (WD-40) for your birth day from my next salary, That I'll do definitely.

The auspicious day will come one day and you cannot wake me up again anymore,

Then you can have the utmost rest forever!

To my loving brother and best friend 'Lalith' who taught me to read and write and lot of things about the fading life.....et cetera.,

nimal dunuhinga

My Tiny Songbird

You have no seasons
Rests on a twig
Of a leafless tree!
And no hurry to search your food,
Like me.
Ripen fruits on other trees
But purposely you idle here
That I have noticed.
We're like outsiders?
I have some lyrics
That nobody knows
And Winter comes
I too have no roost,
Will sing together hiding somewhere
In the Christmas night!
The stagnant Mountains would listen
And it echoes in the haunted Valley.
The Churchgoers may stop at the Churchyard
And I am sure that they join us for the chorus!

*It's a great thing to do little things well! -Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Myself And The Inner Mystic Music

From my shaky cradle this rare music develops,

Yet no lyrics has written for a sad song.

I get frequent calls and I guess those are from the hell.

They want me to govern there it seems,

But I won't be a President ever as I never been to a war or practiced in a justice court.

I write my own epitaph here; 'This simpleton who sleeps in this abandoned graveyard scribbled half of his life and the manuscript has eaten by parasites.

nimal dunuhinga

Myself, Ego, Rooftop Restaurants And The Persian Carpet

My Gabardine Coat, Necktie, Van Heusen shirt, Quadroy trouser
And the Dolce & Gabbana classic polished shoes
Like a mirror and I see my wrinkled face.
I take my meals in the Rooftop Restaurants
Most of the time,
I eat shark fin soup and Nasi Goreng
For the dessert a Marshmallow pudding
And I come down with the escalator
See my Alloy wheel Italian sports car Alfa Romeo in the parking lot.
My old Chauffeur takes a catnap there.
We go to Golf links and I strike the ball to infinity with the iron club
And by the time I think of old Chauffeur's teenage fashionable wife.
I gulp two or three Gordon's Gin pegs
And back home late at midnight.
My religious wife sniffs not Alcohol but the rare frgrance of perfumes.
I saw black diamonds in small pieces scattered on my bare body
And I found myself early in the morning sleeping on the Persian carpet
The ticks of my pet Chihuahua's running all over my body,
She still groans on her luxurious bed!

* To the contemporary poet friend Raj Arumugam in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Mysterious Lodging Where The Strangers Meet

Wherever he comes from and goes elsewhere, no matter.
Though you call him aloud he never turns back.
A Grasshopper belongs to grass but the man belongs to nowhere?
Without a trace he vanishes,
And the old Caretaker after a big yawn
Who marks in his lodge-book with a red pen
He is disappeared and turns a new page for a Novice.

*[You divide the land and make boundaries to protect the crops but nobody
knows who steals the reap?]

nimal dunuhinga

Mystery Play Of A Pensioner

A retired person who collects his pension
At the end of the month.
Buy few flowers and candles
Go to the cemetery.
Keep the flowers on the tomb of his wife
And light few candles in the wind.
He prays with tears and opens his wallet.
Take out a photograph and kiss.
Then put it inside before he leaves.
I noticed he comes here in every month
And the month of April is already vanished.
But there is no more trace of him.
I am sure that he too goes and
Adjoin the mysterious myriad.

nimal dunuhinga

Nanny

[Love does not claim possession, but gives freedom.]- Rabindranath Tagore

Child stopped her crying
thanks
she knows the prayer of soothing
only the infant hears,
We adults deaf
and inquisitive much
Yes, I saw the red birth mark
on her nape while she's folding the nappies.
Oh! the nap on the broken sofa
disturbed my soul
and I hear the Woodstock lyrics of Joni Mitchell
in my dream.....(And I dreamed I saw the bombers
Riding shotgun in the sky,
And they were turning into butterflies
Above our nation.)

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Narrow Streets But Join The Roads

I was really frustrated about the last night's incident,
Dear brother, your helpless car stopped here to fuel the tank.
I understand you have to drive further.
But your wallet wasn't sound as same as my poor pocket.
The two dollar shinning bill which I gave to you is not enough
And the journey is far and rough.
Let the day comes the Automobiles could run with water.
But the water too expensive nowadays.
We are narrow streets chum!
But some day join the roads.
I wish you good luck Comrade
And let the free polluted air turns into fuel on your pleasant way.

nimal dunuhinga

Nature

The unseen singer
sings all the times
elegies and melodies
in tune, sun rises
moon rises, river flows, ocean roars
and beach weeps.
You touch my heart
like a woodpecker
who taps a tree trunk.
The wound that never heals.

nimal dunuhinga

Necessities

My life is almost a poem
and she grumbles' you quit your bounden duties'
Then I say ' I am a river please do not try to stop my constant flow'
She cries 'you praised other women at least a single line of me'
'I am sorry I feel your pain and I know that you are burning in the kitchen
in lifetime.
I am sure that I can sell this poem and bring you a chinese meal, do not cook
tonight, will buy something for our children too.
Believe me I love you so much and never betray you.'

nimal dunuhinga

Needlewoman

I see the fading light of my neighboring Seamstress's room.
The poor widow does embroidery of the mysterious life pattern.
I too have some darn work of my patchy clothes
And I want to borrow a needle and a thread from you.
Is it too late if I knock at your door in the midnight?
And I am sure the evildoers definitely chatter a gossip
When a bachelor meets a widow.

* I dedicate this poem to all the widows of this oblique world.

nimal dunuhinga

Neglige And The Crescent Moon

She comes to the balcony in her villa
She is wearing her flimsy dressing gown.
The lonely night is still young
And the crescent moon in her vivify.
The poor flautist plays his flute a sad tune at the river's edge.
And the scattered stars in the sky twinkle to its rhythm.
Though the Baroness likes his music
Where there is a vast gap between them
That never meets?
The unsung elegy seeks the haven
And the measure of freedom in this haunted night.

nimal dunuhinga

Neil Armstrong

I was walking on the beach in a silent night
saw the Moon was crying
a tear dropp fell on my hand
like a ball of lead.

I became a sparrow bird
and flew in the sky and reached the Moon.

I said how I loved her so much and she is my only hope.
Then she laughed and told

' You are a small creature and my love is to someone
who gives light equally to all and I run after him forever
Yet, I cannot meet, I am surprised how you came to me
like an arrow

My son, if it's possible in the same way you fly to the Sun
and tell still I love him'

nimal dunuhinga

Newly-Wed

He is punctual after work being home and she is very happy.
She cooks delicious meals for him.
He too happy and bring so many presents for her.
After sometimes you can hear the little baby cries and the mother's lullabies.
Life goes smoothly and still they are lovers.
And do not forget to wish them a happy Christmas.
An eavesdropper's pungent smell peeps into this roost?
Please do not try to change their course of happiness.
Hey! My handsome naughty Lad,
Don't pelt other's nest.

nimal dunuhinga

Next Door Cat!

I would like to write something
about my next door talking-eyes widow's Siamese cat
But the mouse of my computer cries;
'O no Sir! I won't be here anymore
and probably your beloved too? '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Next Door Is Not Just A Cafe

Lovers they gather here and sit for a long time.

While sipping a beverage they plan of the future sky scrapers.

Like a shadow an unknown man stands outside

And he does a hat collection for a coffee.

Once he was a combat veteran and his jungle uniform gives an impression of his juvenile.

Though he was a brave soldier, yet he cannot send away even the fly that sits and tastes on his coffee cup.

His limbs are out of order anyway I salute you my dear brother soldier

And the war is over.

* A dedication to the Memorial Day!

nimal dunuhinga

Nexus

I have seen the longest swing bridge
And the deepest flowing stream underneath,
Anyhow I have to cross that I know.
But how can I let go my loved ones?
The attachment is a suffering that I know,
But they all grabbed me and I have no strength
And the know-how to let loose the massive knot.
Though it's an inferno yet I feel the coolness of souls.

nimal dunuhinga

Night Lingers But Taciturn?

When the sky's getting darker
Birds hurry to fly for their roosts
And Sun prepares to sleep
leaving Moon,
To do the graveyard shift
with Stars.
I see the faraway traffic lights
fading along the road.
Night is dull like the gloomy life!
But some nocturnal willy-nilly flowers
bloom for the parade?

*[Happiness held is the seed;
Happiness shared is the flower.]
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Night School In Lower Depths

The drug addict teacher comes with pornography
And sits on a desk half drunk.

'Hey! You idiot clean the black board.

The idiot stumbles with the matured students his equals

Quarters, Dimes, Nickels and pennies

And he cleans it seems..

Then the teacher asked him to write a sad but a correct sentence.

'No chalk.'

'Then bring it soon.'

He went to the next door pub and had a gulp of cheap liquor returned with a
piece of chalk.

He writes; I skipped my golden school days and went for movies, ran behind the
stars to get their signatures.

Now I learn from my mistakes

How to sign myself.

nimal dunuhinga

Nightmare

He came by a golden Chariot
if I am not mistaken
there were five or six horses
and the bodyguards too.

He threatened me.

' You are a cursed poet,
why you talked about
poverty, politics, heaven & hell
and lot of restricted things?
write something else,
if you want to continue your career as a poet
write things what I want
not your nonsense.'

He showed me his whip
it's a venomous live snake.

Then he warned me.

' this is the last chance I am offering you
either you take it or leave it'.
before he leaves he said 'don't call me here again'
and he gave me a list
what I have to write.

nimal dunuhinga

Night's Still Awake With Flexible Souls

At the daybreak a drunkard whispers to a beggar's ear
Who's fast asleep on the concrete bed!
'Sorry for the inconvenience brother!
Short of few coins and I want to go back home
As I lost my way last night and slept in a strange place.'
The kind beggar gave him a brand new dollar note
with a big yawn and he's surprised.
He jumped to the first bus and gone.
Now the beggar remembers the friend
Once offered him a drink and he's worried
That he should have given him more.

* A Diamond is a chunk of coal that made good under pressure.
-Anonymous

nimal dunuhinga

Nightschool; Whiteboard With A Piece Of Black Chalk!

A wise student from lower depths and he writes;
Make sure all get their equal rights
And if not to whom you're going to complain?
'No sir, bitter fruits are much more than sweet medicines
And the doctor too in grave illness and he prefers some other prescriptions?
Remember one thing along this sticky road
None other option unless grab the useless life
Until he suspends the last lump of Oxygen!

*There is no experience better for the heart than reaching down and lifting people up.

-John Andrew Holmer

nimal dunuhinga

Nitty-Gritty

The man who sells herbal oil and some other kinds,
Near by a hospital and he praise about his medicine
Which collects from Himalaya, gives nourishment for the falling hair?
But he is a bald head and nobody inquires.
A Sorcerer play tricks in public but people believes him.
The King and the Queen exploit the whole state but the citizen still in worship.
The notorious womanizer wanders here and there and at last he expects a virgin
as his spouse.

nimal dunuhinga

No Lullabies Since You All Left The Roost?

Scattered leaves
drift on the pond
and play with ripples
Mother tree stands!
Alone she whispers;
'Never mind they get real freedom now
The whole year they stuck with me.
And I hear the faraway thunderstorm
with her usual singsong.
That won't take a long time to bring me down
O this poor weak & skeleton!

[It's time we had uncommon schools, that we did not leave off our education
where we begin to be men and women.It's time that villages were Universities.]-
Henry David Thoreau, Walden.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

No Regrets Sailor; And Yet To Go?

He pushes the boat into the sea.
He jumps and holds the rickety oars,
Sits comfortably
And he rows.
Waves welcome him in a friendly manner
And he sings his soliloquy!
'The trip won't be rough and calm like a lass.'
Then the vast sky responds; 'There won't be rough at all
But you know where you go?
Wherever you go do not come to a conclusion
That the voyage is over and yet to go? '

[Take care my seafarer son! And please convey my loving regards to old friends
perhaps with their wreckage, if you meet them on your way! Let them know that
your grandpa still breathes hardly!]

* To Oskar! one of my poet friends.

nimal dunuhinga

No Soliciting And Loitering Here

Oh! How can I explain my plight?

Violators will be prosecuted the rusty board says.

I pasted my poor scribbling on that oblique board and left alone.

Is there any other place in the world someone who could accept me cordially?

* May the happy Christmas would release all the barriers against humanity!

nimal dunuhinga

Nobody Realizes This Severe Back Pain In The Land Of Opportunity?

Pain killer Vicodin not responds to this sick man
Even my companion miniature cheap Liquor bottle too turned around?
My salutation to the sculpture depicting Comrade Martin Luther King Jr. stands in
Washington.
'I have a dream'

It's really unbearable
'Sciatica' they diagnosed
In the emergency theater
Their sarcastic smiles
I understand you're not dying anyhow
And you do not have insurance somehow
For investigation the matter furthermore?
I murmured then why don't you give me an injection to die
And bury me at the wounded knee?

*A humble dedication to the Honourable President of the USA k Obama for a
solace!

nimal dunuhinga

Nobody's Going To Teach You

Chum!

Which foot step in first to the desert

When it's burning,

How to soothe the pain?

When a star falls from the barren sky

How to catch before it's broken and scattered?

While life's fleeing from you without a notice

How to make a knot and keep in the dark kennel?

Nobody's going to teach you,

When the beautiful death roams around your premises

How to open your latched door

And treat her as your fiancée?

* To whom it may concern!

nimal dunuhinga

Nocturnal Nod!

Truthfulness!

She wears her transparent nightgown
without an underpant
under the starry night
and I see the World's end?

On the way back
along the same road
Falsehood sleeps on the roadside
groaning!

and I feel sorry for her.
The drunkard old politician
scratching his ringworm
sings under a lamp-post
'We need both of them'
and a retired Lawyer
of his faded uniform
claps to the tune!

nimal dumnuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Nocturne

To whom?

I am a bloom.

The heartless cold Moon
and the proud Stars mocking me.

The boisterous sea sings
theme song of destiny,
to the weeping beach.

A ship sails to an unknown country
carry full of slaves as cattle.

in the dawn

I may be thrown
with the Moon?

nimal dunuhinga

No-Fly Zone!

My tattoo bird returned from the Libyan sky
And rest on my back again.
In the middle of the night
I hear her whisper.
'Oh! My wings were soaked with fumes
And I am really dizzy.
An inferno and fury
And the whole country
Like a furnace!
Then I said; 'Open the windows
And blow off the lantern soon
Otherwise we too get exploded.
I have given you much freedom
And the time has come to cage you now? '

* Each man has a choice in life: he may approach it as a creator or critic, a lover
or a hater, a giver or a taker.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

No-Lime Tan-Ge-Re

'Do not touch' Jesus words regarding
lene's stonewashed face.
It means a warning against
touching or interference.
But nowadays they take them as cattle
for interrogation; not known the cause sometimes.
Store them in a dungeon a long period.
These poor victims don't know the directions
where the sun rise & set
and even their loved ones whether they are living or dead.?
A scanty meal provides everyday
and wild animals fed much better in a zoo.
No sanitary measures; a small toilet (unisex)
and they use sanitary napkins for the face towels.
What a ridiculous world is this?
They boast of democracy, liberalism and modern technology.
Is this the modern civilization? puff!
These people too worship the God
and wear ornaments and garments
belongs to certain religions.
What type of God fearing animals are they?
and how they treat their own brothers and sisters?
The tortured victims; their screech
has no wings to fly in the barren sky.

(To King Pilath, Judas and some others who were the assassins of the Lord Jesus
of savior the human God of blood, flesh and bones who was crucified on a
gloomy Friday.)

nimal dunuhinga

Nonagenarian

He is not yet senile but a fading memory,
in his nonchalant way sitting on a bench
with his walking stick aside.

He is another member to the home for the elders
who sustains by charity.

Nobody comes to see him
loved ones either forgotten
or lives abroad who knows? .

Like a sundowner looking to the infinity
and he smiles alone with teary eyes.

His wrinkled face reflects the hardships undergone.

Everybody's Dad!

not necessary to wrestle with life again
the days are very few to regain.

nimal dunuhinga

Nonentity's Nostrum

He advised
if the life is not worthy
anymore,
not a great notion
but,
the noose
will tightens
when it pulls?
and be normal.

nimal dunuhinga

Nosebag

A bag of fodder for a horse hung from the horse's head,
Allow it to eat at will.
Something like this is better if a man get nowadays?
Like the horse he too runs in the life-marathon for his daily bread.
In this ridiculous Drama,
Rich goes to the sky without rockets,
And the poor become poorest.
The bourgeoisie crawls on the expandable 'Globalization'.
And he dies on the road of starvation like a stray dog.

nimal dunuhinga

Nostalgia

Surrounding mountains are like virgins.
Sun is far away.
The birds are flying to their nests
when the Sun goes down.
All the ships cast off to their own destinations
and the Harbour is quiet as a widow.
A seagull rests on an isolated crane
and waiting for a fishing boat to come.
Evening star peeps
Moon is far away
I finished my work and returned to my billet
thinking of my loved ones.
Where are they now?
They too very far away.

nimal dunuhinga

Nostalgic Thoughts At A Sunset

When Sun goes down
I see a faraway building top
Someone brings the National flag lower.
Like the flag post
Alone, I think of my Motherland.
And it's really morning there now.
Somebody must hoist our National flag
in the President's house while he sleeps?
People rush to struggle with life
As the cost of living goes so high.
And I think of my friendly brother Lalith
Who taught me to read and write
And lot of things of the mysterious life?
My two sisters and their families
Few sincere relatives too haunt.
When we see each other again?
I take my handkerchief out
from my tiny pocket and wipe my wet eyes,
Wave and I mutter to that sailing ship bounds East?
'Please convey my loving regards to them.'
I feel that my feet sleepy and crawl on this sandy beach
Towards my halcyon cottage a rented heavenly apartment!

[Attachment is a suffering what Buddha said!]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Nostalgic Wind Takes Me Homebound

Facing strong wind and heavy rain today.
All the vessels in the harbor secured safely.
And the Tugs are in their weather-watch
in case of emergency.
Like a tigress the horrible wind comes
how soft when she is normal
chime like wind bells.
I heard a ship was calling from afar
she is heading to another port
humbly request a shelter in anchorage
until the bad weather get settled.
Though I am alert in the port
I feel like a ship in her pitching & rolling
in the deep sea.
And the the strong wind take me home.
Oh! my loved ones at shore
and I can see them waving happily.

nimal dunuhinga

Not A Big Issue Whether It's My Resume Or Curriculum Vitae?

To whom it may concern!

I was born in 19, April, 1951
under the dramatic planet Capricorn
at Kalubovila General Hospital
Colombo, Sri Lanka!

Full Name: Dunuhinga Nimal Priyasiri Silva

Father's Name: Dunuhinga Sirisena Silva

Mother's Name: Balasuriyage Esme Perera

And I have two brothers

one already said: 'Goodbye! '

and two sisters.

Married and having two daughters.

Studied at Girl's High School & Prince of Wales College
up to G.C.E (Ordinary Level) in Science
but not passed?

Soon I finished my Chemistry Test paper
in half an hour's time,

jumped to a Cinema Theater for matinee show
watched that Hindi entertaining movie
'Jab Pyar Kisise Hota Hai'

casting Dev Anand & Asha Parekh!

My first job a power loom weaver
made checked designs like life.

Then a skilled sheet metal fabricator
turned out light fittings to see the ugly World?

Sailed overseas for fifteen years.

A Port Control Officer to Salalah port in the Sultanate of Oman
and port of Jeddah in the Kingdom of Saudi Arabia.

Plotted the anchor positions to giant ships
but still I am drifting?

Here I work to a Gas station as a Sales Associate
and a part time weekend job in a Doughnut shop
designated as a Coffee-Maker and I add sweet & low
to enrich the life's bitterness?

Honoured Sir/Madam,

I lost my Health Insurance benefits

as they believe that I earn higher than to their standard?

And I am totally tired and sick of this life.
If you offer me a small table and a chair
with a lump sum monthly salary
then I could have written my entire life, poems
or a chauffeur job to bring your precious children home safely
from school as I got my Massachusetts driving Licence!

I humbly dedicate this poem to Philip H. Mantis, Esq. attorney at law
with gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Not A Complaint Or A Request But A Pulsation!

You took Paddy
And then his beloved wife
Who knows go there tomorrow?
But the handsome Warmongers
Do acrobats in the serene sky
And dropp their toy cluster bombs
To the innocent Human crops!

*It's a funny thing about life; if you refuse to accept anything but the best, you very often get it.

-Somerset Maugham

nimal dunuhinga

Not A Foe

'Haru O Aisuru Hitho wa
Kokoro Kiyoki Hitho
Sumire no Hana no Yona
Boku no *Tomodachi'

I write this song to an unknown friend
The Red Indian.
These few lines are from a Japanese song
I learned while I was in a Japanese Language school, Funabashi, Japan.
You may ask the meaning of that I am sure.
I am sorry it's almost forgotten.
Human kind forgets everything
Not purposely,
It's the nature of their caliber.
I don't know your name brother.
But I have seen you many times in the black & white Cow Boy movies.
I touched your old land accidentally
And I feel the palpitation of your brave heart!
Sorry, I can remember now the meaning of the last line in that song.
It says; 'You are my* friend.'

nimal dunuhinga

Not A Formal Limerick

Accidentally on the run with a desperate queen
We visited a ruined shrine
Where a Goddess of forbidden love
Who lives there in a knee deep pond?
After the knelt; it's like a death knell
We heard and she whispered a rhapsody.
'The heroine must stay outside tonight
It's an order by the caretaker.
The hero should stay inside and it's a must.
Sorry my dear prince
Those are not roses a comfortable bed of venomous snakes'.

nimal dunuhinga

Not A Grand Auction

[That we may be no longer little children tossed by waves and carried about every wind of teaching in the sleight of men, in craftiness with a view to a system of error.] The New Testament

Along this painful journey

I carry thousands of my scribblings

In the rusty pushchair.(My poor Mom brought from a junk yard in one of my frozen dreams.)

I decided to sell at least half as I want to survive.

Each a dollar friend!

Not less or more.

Dear Customer,

Please do not hesitate to ask;

Just imagine chum!

How it's cheaper than a bubble gum?

*I dedicate this poem to my dearest father who passed away when I was at eight said; 'He's a very rare human being who wakes up in the middle of the night and checks the mosquito net to confirm that children are safe.'

nimal dunuhinga

Notes From A Frustrated Soul's Diary

'Jivaeri' (Jiva-eri) .Precious jewel or treasure.

'It's a beautiful, traditional Greek Island folk song of unknown authorship.I grew up listening to this song and it always had a special place in my I recorded this version with the hope of exposing it to a wider audience around the song is about a Mother lamenting the loss of her child due to emigration.(In Greece many families send their children to foreign lands with the hope of a better life.) In retrospect, the mother regrets having sent her child away and the pain she feels has caused her to now humbly and quietly walk on this Earth.'

-Yanni

I love her short & sweet attitude

The month of February!

As she has only twenty eight days

Unless a leap year.

If other months are like that

What a great comfort?

How sad this perishable garment of body with rickety ribs,

An innocent feather weight wrestler

Who walks three hundred and sixty five days continuously?

* To Yanni for his CD 'Ethnicity'

nimal dunuhinga

'Nothing Is More Important Than Your Health'

To relieve my Arthritis joint pain
I started a rental boating in a river.
And the beautiful fish
around the boat,
They talk, sing & dance
As they're certain that I no carry baits?
They forced me to stay in the river
And confirmed that they could cure my nagging pain!
At last they said; 'Nothing is more important than your health.'

*[Still I remember the Yellow-tail Snapper's meaningful song;
'There are two types of pains,
One is physical and the other is mental?
Swimming is the best for the first
and meditation is ideal for the rest.']

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Nothing To Write Today

I struggled to scribble something

But ideas run away,

Anyway I would like to write few lines

That I found in my old notebook.

' I was born on the nineteenth of April,1951

Somewhere in a rural hospital in Sri Lanka

And my parents were given me a name to identify.

Where were they now?

I hear their voices in a distant calling my name

And they are searching me in my native island.

But I am far away and here I am anonymous.

nimal dunuhinga

Notification

I have been to a Social Services Agency today in California.

I was interviewed by a very kind and a polite Lady.

The building and the environment too very attractive.

She explained and gave me the writ.

'Your household's application for food stamps has been denied.

Here's why: You or a member of your household does not meet the requirements of United States Citizenship or eligible Non-Citizen status as established by food stamp regulations.

Your application for Medical dated today has been denied because you are not eligible for any of the following programs:

Medically needy program for a family with a child whose parent(s) is/are absent from home, deceased, incapacitated, unemployed, or working with limited earnings or Medically needy program for the aged, blind or disabled or Medically indigent program for pregnant women or Medically indigent for persons under 21.

Here's why:

You are not blind or disabled and you are not aged.

You are not pregnant.

You are age 21 or older, but under 65.

On the way back home I thanked God!

For not blind or disabled me and still not aged.

But I have some regrets as my beloved had a surgery before in the Uterus

And I too had a surgery in my Scrotum,

So we never get pregnant.

nimal dunuhinga

Nursery School

I was caught by the principal,
'Hey! What are you doing here?
Don't you know this is a center for children
Usually under five years of age
And you are a matured person? '
I replied humbly ' I am sorry Madam, still I am a little tea pot short & stout and
pour me little wisdom to become a sprout.'

*Dedication to my fellow poet friends Sandra, Jerry & Alison
Also best wishes to the California Writing strikers!

nimal dunuhinga

Nymph And The Servant

Madam!

Am I getting mad?

Just doing nothing

At your Palace.

Polishing the floor

Do watering in the garden.

What else?

Take your dogs out for a walk.

You tell me fairy tales in the night.

About the beautiful angels in the heaven.

You said "one day the angel will come down to see you

And I will loose my obedient servant".

Madam! I cannot read and write

And tell stories like you.

She refuse me for my ignorance.

Then I'll tell her honestly,

I can polish the floor nicely

Do watering in the garden

And what else?

I can take her out for a walk in the heaven.

nimal dunuhinga

O Carpenter! Carpenter! Please Make The House Solid

[There's a beautiful framed photograph of a red rose bud
Lying on grass, with dew drops across a fence at dusk!
Was it meant for a beloved beyond man made borders.....?
Who dropped it and why, and who was it meant for?
My mind goes in spin about life and separation;
And I sob and moan even more out of sheer desperation.] - Quoted from the
poem 'Life and art', the book of Mamta Agarwal's poetry anthology, 'An Untold
Story of a Pebble'

I cannot grumble you what kind of lumber
you have to use on my house.
But make sure that would be solid
for another generation?
Main door should face the North
As I want to watch the North Star
in awful nights,
One window to East
I love to see the Sunrise
as same as one to West
for Sunset.....!
Do not make the doorbell
because my eternal friend
gives false alarm always?
And please fix a secret door
at the back for an emergency exit
to run away when E'death taps
the front door with her cheesy fingers?

to the poetess Mamta Agarwal with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

O My Dear Unseen Lord!

You gave me a Camel
And stretched a long desert
A poor ration with a decander of water.
But I am not blaming you,
Is it possible to live with an old female Camel
In his entire life with fundamental needs?

*The soul would have no rainbow if the eye had no tear.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

O She Laughs!

When I read this passage louder
from a book to my beloved;
O she laughs!
'Each kind of firefly has its own special
flashing pattern.
Sometimes females pretend
to be a different kind of firefly
by using another pattern.
If a male is tricked by the pattern
and flies over to her
She will eat him.'
Then she replies;
'That's what I want to say you
for your own safety precautions
never fly to an unknown firefly? '

nimal dunuhinga

O That Sad Song Echoes And The River Volga Quietly Flows!

'River is deep Sonny!
My poor Mom she always yells
And never allowed us to swim
But she crossed the river long ago
By leaving us ashore!

The Bulgaria!
Old age cruise ship
Carrying 208 people
Overcrowded it seems?
And listed within few minutes
She sank all of a sudden!
Fifty children were there
Seventy nine people were rescued
And fifty eight bodies including five children
Were recovered.
I read in the morning paper.
O sister Volga you too helpless
But try to help them to find other bodies
At least a solace for their loved ones.

nimal dunuhinga

O That Sweet Scented Smell Of Youth!

How sad it turns automatically
Into the foul odor of mysterious death!
Beloved! Don't loose the intimacy,
Still we're young in our hearts!
And let's walk together
Though it's a gravel road
Just imagine a smooth grassy land!

nimal dunuhinga

O The Darkness I Really Appreciate You Being With Me!

O the darkness I really appreciate you being with me!
Light shows us all the miseries
And what else?
Debts, Bills, Funerals, Wars, Rapings
Exploitation and much more!
Yes, Judas, Barabbas and some racketeers
Still carry fire underneath the clear crystal waters!
And poor living Buddhas and Jesuses
Beg on the road under the burning Sun?
But night the darkness
You give me pleasant dreams.
I loved the richest Woman in the World
But before I wake up eloped with her Washerwoman!
In the dawn I saw a *blue butterfly rests on a Chrysanthemum
And I heard the little whisper.
'Master! Light & Darkness two different souls.'
'Yes my dear and how could I touch your soft wings
With these hellish fingers and you're belong to a World of puritans! '

(for the poetess Lynda Robson in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

Oasis

[Occasionally in life there are those moments of unutterable fulfillment which cannot be completely explained by those symbols called words. Their meanings can only be articulated by the inaudible language of the heart.]-Martin Luther King, Jr.

Camel
in the desert
you and I the poor Nomad
wander.
I am sure
you too
like to see
the Ocean.
Be patient my dear
as we're in a fertile
peaceful spot
but Ocean is deep?
You sing that old song
and I strum the lute;
'Kiss the shifting sand
though it's hot
as the life is cold
like a nightmare.'

for the poetess Harriet James!

nimal dunuhinga

Occidental Wind Chill

The occult wind that obstructs your path,
If they say Gold to Silver,
Yes, some are willing to oblige or otherwise
If you argue then you create a foe.
You could be an exiled or an anonymous character in the melodrama.
The best thing is that you have to grab whatever it looks like
And dance to their exhaustible tune merrily until the iron curtain comes down.
This is the only way that you can prevent easily from joining the exodus.

nimal dunuhinga

Offshoot

The Rose in the bush
Never bothers of me
As she knows that
I am not in her family.

*[A Scavenger sees her walking on the balcony at the Manor and he thinks scarcely.]

nimal dunuhinga

Off-Stage

'The Humoresque'

drama rehearsal started auspiciously.

Leaving behind the Chariot

king appears with his blunt golden sword

and the queen is fanning proudly.

Pantomimist display his performance well.

Special invitees are clapping merrily

and a lean poor black fellow is sobbing

who is behind the stage life time.

nimal dunuhinga

Oh! My Poet God I Am In A Crisis!

Early in the morning

I have been to the Metrowest Medical Center today
in Framingham, Massachusetts.

Explained her one of the Secretaries
very kind like Florence Nightingale!

Regarding the prescribed medication
and the refills.....stated that I am a chronic diabetic
and an angina patient....lost my health insurance benefits.

She replied in a singsong manner; 'To see the doctor
only \$ 65.00 and the rest approximately \$150-200.'

I was shocked and I told her
that I earn weekly a lump sum \$280.00
for the apartment I pay \$1080.00
and for my cheapest nightcap pay little
to minimize the pain of life?

I explained her again the total cost of medication
not going beyond \$12.00

and how do I face that much to visit the doctor?

Oh! My poet God I would like to mention you
that I am a heart donor to the kind land of opportunity!

Please see to this matter on humanitarian grounds
and I am ready to give my all organs

for medical research one day

Once I close my painful eyes?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Old Boy And The School Bus!

Passionate mind travels along the memory lane

Lady Driver!

You don't remember me

as you're just enrolled

to the Upper Kindergarten

While I was in grade nine?

The parapet wall divided our flowery schools

Mostly I was out of the class

As a punishment peeping over the wall

and look at the girl's school playground.

Yes, your new yellow coloured bus

won't stop here, the old man with a pile of books

goes to the Library.....this old bush-shirt

and the Khaki trouser denotes the pupil's uniform

in the Life-School?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Old Bridge Knows The Silent River Is Deep

Listening to the whispers at a late night
I try to compose a song with my lonely guitar.
Standing on an old bridge
I gaze at the calm river flows down.
And see Moon floats on the gentle waves.
I write my first few lines;
There the Moon has come down
And the old bridge knows the silent river is deep
But I cannot miss this chance and I strum with a humble plea
Do you hear my clumsy glee?

nimal dunuhinga

Old Gold Veterans

Build a new ship in the shipyard of Mankind
That never sinks in the Seven Seas
And sail the ship with all the Veterans in an auspicious time
That heads to the land of Hermits
Where there are no any wars at all.

* Almost Heaven!
Life is older there
Older than the trees
Younger than the Mountains
Growing like a breeze.
-r-

nimal dunuhinga

Old Horticulturist And The Disturbed Flowers

I know that you all have special likings and regards to the young gardener
Because he pours water day & night.

Behind the scene I am the Master

Who designed the garden,

But not shown any gratitude these proud flowers for my generosity.

nimal dunuhinga

Old Sailor's Loosing Sad Knots

Many times that I have passed
The Straits of Gibraltar
and still it remains
The scent of Olives
Rosewater, Cypressess,
Salty Breeze and etc.,
at my nostrils.
The rough waves cruel
and how my vessel
Pitched and rolled?
Still on my rickety bed
I feel like rolling on ship's deck
after a strong gulp.
The mystic Mediterranean Sea
Italy, Greece, Sicily, Crete
and far away the range of mountain Pyrenees.
Northern Africa.....Port of Casablanca in Morocco
O that beautiful Sexy Gypsy Woman
resembled in a D.H.L's novel
Who read my palm in a lonely night
and predicted that my burial would be
a far away land from my Motherland?
Though I am stagnant here
I would feel more like a traveler.
It's hard to pull the ropes
and steer at the wheel again
as I am old now.
And I feel gradually
The ripples of life
Gently push my innermost soul
towards the Harbor of Goodbye!

a humble dedication to all my friends with gratitude!

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

Olympic Games Started With A Bang!

I too watched the grand spectacle
in my old T.V.,
Really it's beautiful
and a superb pageant!
But I have a regret
and a sad poem gathers in my heart of the colonial
poor friends who left behind?
They could run faster than Jaguar when in hunger
But unfortunately their loose-leaf passports were not endorsed
for flying overseas because they're still rural village birds
bare-footed?

[It's good to have an end to journey towards;
but it's the journey that matters, in the end.]-Le Guin

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Omnibus And The Excursion

They are singing and dancing
in this luxurious vehicle
going on a picnic to a historical place
where the ruins are still remained.
They count the pillars of the decayed castle
while the heroes slept quietly.
King's old pond almost dry and no water
only they hear the frogs chatter.
Queen's shattered mirror reflects
the kaleidoscopic picture of life.
Horses skeletons and all the remnants are standstill.
All are quiet on their way back journey,
snoring, some awake but drowsy
the bending mountain road is very risky.
The chauffeur too sleepy
and the bus descending steeply?

To my dearest father who met an accident and left all of us when I was only
eight years old.

nimal dunuhinga

On The Breadline

In the baked dough of flour, water and yeast
they were chatting merrily while baking.
The robust baker listens; ' flour said' I was in a big field
and then after the crop they took me to a mill and they grind.
Water laughed and said' I don't know where I have come from? '
Yeast said 'I was a fungus dear; not only in the bakery
in the brewery too a good demand for us.
I heard that they make bread, cake and so many varieties out of us.
Our price goes high everyday and a poor cannot afford.'
History says; nette said to the poor
'if you cannot eat bread then why don't you try cake? '
And the following day they invaded the fortress Bastile.

nimal dunuhinga

On The Christmas Eve

Two shot glasses
Sent me to bed early.
I met him
A grey bearded tall guy
Smiled and introduced himself
As Allseasons.
And he tells that he has dived
Into deep rivers
Crocodiles are still afraid of human beings as they are fond of its flesh.
In the morning I thought of this strange Santa.
Nimal Priyasiri Dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

On The Memorial Day Framingham To Cape Cod And From There Sailed To The Tiny Island Nantucket!

[Nantucket probably takes its name from a Wampanoag word, transliterated variously as natocke, nantaticu, nantican, nautica or natockete, which is part of Wampanoag lore about the creation of Martha's Vineyard and meaning of the term is uncertain, although it may have meant 'in the midst of waters, ' or 'far away island.' Wampanoag is an Eastern Algonquian language of southern New England.

Nantucket's nickname, 'The Little Grey Lady of the Sea', refers to the island as it appears from the ocean when it is fog-bound.

Myself & beloved, daughter Thilini,
Son-in-law Chinthaka & the little rascal
My loving grandson Siluna, 'Bogamuwa family'
Chandra, Mapa, Suba & her daughter Shani.
We set foot on board the Hy-Line Cruises
The ferry 'Brant Point'.

[After my last voyage a Container Carrier
M/V 'Kris Merubi' plied from Singapore to Malaysia
06.02.99-06.05.99]

We entered the Harbor Nantucket
Greeted at the Straight Wharf
O the giant Lighthouses
Great Point, Brant Point and Sankaty Light.

Stepping out from the gangway
straight into the mini bus
'Nantucket Island Tours'

Enjoyed the round trip approximately
1 1/2 hours a fully narrated historic view.

For Nantucketers today, It may come as a surprise to learn that in the 1800s,
neither Abram Quarry nor Dorcas Honorable made the lists of Island's last I
distinction used to belong to individuals who died in 1820s.]

The kind tour guide described us,
O the Million Dollar homes here really a dream?
Still I feel the salty taste of Sea breeze on my lips.

Life is a journey!

Before it flees through the bony fingers
If the time permits and my holey wallet sounds again

to peep there and Martha's Vineyard too
Where I missed the Nantucket own gypsy band
one of the Island's most popular groups
plays every Friday night in Pazzo
130, Pleasant street?

to our poet-friend leafsailor!

nimal dunuhinga

On The Mountain Top At A Seaside?

I saw the ship near the rocks
Her anchor drops
And on the mast
A seagull rests!
It's getting darker the sky
And the lights flickering
On board the Vessel.
A Watch-keeper walks on the deck
And a Seaman sits on a bollard
With a fishing rod.
I shouted; 'Have you got a spare cabin
For an old bard and I could have work voluntarily Captain
If it's possible? '
I threw my tattered Seaman's Book
Which was not endorsed since a long time.
O the painful early morning my dream-ship already sailed
To her destined port and I grabbed my old book with a lament!

*[My deceased poor Mom always says; 'The joy of being an old is nothing but sadness.']

nimal dunuhinga

On The Whitewashed Wall

A train of black Ants like a pilgrimage,
While they are going never miss to talk each other.
Where are they going?
It's a puzzle for me.
Soon they vanished and I touched the wall,
I felt the vibration of their footsteps.
I am sure they found another World beyond the wall.
I sit and scribble in between the walls
But I cannot see the outside unless I break the wall.

*Oh! Who made this barrier? I thought it's ordinary bricks but much stronger
than mud!

nimal dunuhinga

Once Again To The Poetess Sandra Fowler!

[Hi Nimal, Sandra is well and doing much better, although she's now a permanent resident of a Health care facility, will keep you posted, God bless.]-
Nancy King-Badran

You're my life-school Teacher
and the West Virginian Nightingale!
But no chirps these days?
I send you this Talisman,
a tiny compass
That indicates where I am breathing now hardly.
I pray to my individual poet-God every seconds
for your immediate recovery and also I have a plan
to see you soon when my innocent wallet sounds good?
I have heard about the West Virginian Forest Buddhist Monastery
and there If I could finish my journey?
Anyway, I hope that you have already voted
to the same soul who could achieve his precious goals
for our welfare.
Best of Luck!

A humble dedication to Nancy King-Badran!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Once At A Busy Pub?

*To that poor girl not yet a teenager who begs on a street corner and I was so sad she always pulls her dirty knickers that comes down to her scabies infested knees?

It's really dark and you cannot recognize
So & so dancing on the floor
Soprano's voice echoes in the bar premises
And an old man seems to be a Veteran
Who peeped into the bar nobody noticed.
He begged the microphone from the singer.
The manager winked at her as a grant.
He explained to the band of his old song
And started singing;
I sang in the battlefield leaving my gun aside
Enemies came towards me and they cried.
Believe me brothers & sisters,
I said; I am a poor man and joined the Army one day.
All of a sudden they said go to to the War Chum?
I left my beloved wife and children at home.
I get frequent letters from my sweetheart
She insists me don't shoot them honey
And sing your song they might be friends forever.
Yes darling! We became friends and the bloody War's over
Afterwards I sing in the bars for pleasure!
I'll be home soon with the gifts they gave me if it's not a dream?

nimal dunuhinga

Once I Sailed From Port Of Kandla To Venice The Whole Year

Her name is Melrose
A Liqueified Gas Tanker Ship
Very dangerous,
But I sleep happily in the cabin
Because I know that I cannot die
Until I die,
I see Gondolas in Venice
And Shylocks too.
As soon as the ship comes alongside the berth in Kandla
I jump to an Auto-Rickshaw and run to the statue in Gandhidam
Where the greatest human being stands straight.
I respect him the Comrade Gandhi as my Father!

To JVL Narasimharao in gratitude!

[I remember on my way back from Gandhidam to the port Kandla, I buy few CD's of Urdu & Hindustan Ghazals and instrumental pieces of Ravi Shankar, Chaurasia, Ali Ustad Khan, Shiv Kumar Sharma and rest of all whole year in 90's my Vessel ply between India & Italy's the Golden Era of my Sea life with soft spoken music.]

nimal dunuhinga

One Day The Human Heart Speaks

The planet earth is only a graveyard without any fences.
Though we segregated into different races.
Human heart speaks a common dialect from Eskimo to Cannibal.
So be faithful to the end without harming each other
Until we embrace the mysterious earth.

nimal dunuhinga

One More Dram From Satan's Bar

Dizzy my head and I see beyond colors in the discotheque.
Skeletons dance in nude and it's very hard to recognize them
Either female or a male.
Rusty guitar strings make a noise and a Soprano sings;
'Beware of Puritans civilized World
They call you to a bogus Paradise
Please leave them aside and have one more dram,
Sleep in the hell tonight.
Remember that you are eligible for a free breakfast
With a mug of hot cocoa that really gives you the flavor of life.

* [13 th of April @ 7.40 a.m; Scribbled on a Metrolink train while we on a tour
to Los Angeles from North Main Corona.]

nimal dunuhinga

One Stop Shopping; A Nightmare

A man simply waiting outside for the right moment till the electronic door opens.
But it's a public holiday and he knows nothing about holidays
As he's nearly senile.
He holds a chit prescribed by a famous doctor who practices in a lunatic asylum.
He waited there until tomorrow
And when the door opens he rushed inside.
He gave the prescription to the counter.
'I am sorry the capsules named 'Happiness' is out of date Grandpa!
But I can provide you a substitute named 'Sadness' a sugar coated pill.' A young
salesgirl said.

* ' The time for bickering is over' The President insists.

nimal dunuhinga

One Way Ticket

And this was printed on the freedom train ticket
Which goes to hell.

- Counterfeiters will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law-
Poor man smiled.

nimal dunuhinga

Optimists, Pessimists And The Lovers

Fatima and Leopold still they are lovers
From different planets,
And peruse the Hebrew Alphabet
Under the thorny love tree in a lonely desert
Where the Crescent Moon gossips with stars.

*To the traumatic souls keep vengeance in their hearts.

nimal dunuhinga

Orange Picking

I showed my loose-leaf Passport,
But the sentry wants to detain me at the park gate
For further questioning?
And he says; ' The photograph is entirely different
from your present face.'
'Yes Sir, I agreed.
That was taken before the War.' I said timidly.
'That means you're a Veteran.'
'Not exactly, now only I am fighting to pick some oranges
for my next-door neighbour who's a Veteran and lives on a Wheelchair! '

* Happiness held is the seed;
Happiness shared is the flower.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Orang-Utan

A large ape disappeared from a Zoo
And he has been to one of his friends a former retired politician.
He complains his friend that he wants to extract a tooth.
They went to a dentist and extracted the tooth.
Then the ape said 'I want to see an ophthalmologist.'
On the way the politician said' Don't spend so much money and I have my old
spectacles which I used for my whole political career.'
'Better buy a new one that is much corrupted.' Ape replied angrily.

I dedicate this poem to aj a popular Sri Lankan/Tamil politician and his
bodyguard who were Assassinated in the broad daylight today by unidentified
gunmen. The Government has already called the Scotland Yard Police for the
Investigation.

nimal dunuhinga

Organic Soul At Naughty Sixty!

I eat lettuces like a goat
Carrot & Beet
As same as Wine and Cheese
Wife hides the brown sugar bottle
And I sleep on the floor as per the doctor's advise for sciatica.
With all these restrictions
I have to participate the World Diabetic Marathon!
Darling it's harder to bring the cup this time home
At least a certificate for finishing the race too doubtful
Because the former champions
Alzheimer and HIV run in the race?

(for my poet friend robyn selters in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

Our 36th Wedding Anniversary

Oh! We have come across thirty six dark thorny streets hand-in-hand
And ultimately stranded here in the land of opportunity.
I shook the tall money tree in the back yard.
But only the decayed leaves fell leaving the ripen fruits on the tree top.
My beloved wife wants to make a love cake on this particular day.
And she search the money in her till.
She grumbled that I have stolen half of the collection for my aromatic cigars in
vain.
There the mail came and were some greeting cards from Australia, Sri-Lanka &
et cetera.
Our precious daughters and son-in-laws have sent some of their hard earned
money.
We must be very grateful to our loved ones!
I whispered to my cock-a-hoop wife's ear; ' Darling leave the bourgeois love cake
aside,
Buy a cheap bottle of wine and finish it to the bottom.
Then we could have a sound sleep on the couch
Dreaming of a better world to-morrow.

* The trouble is, old age is not interesting until one gets there.It's a foreign
country with an unknown language to the young and even to the middle aged.

-May Sarton

As we are now

nimal dunuhinga

Our 38th Wedding Anniversary!

Oh! My dearest Darling!
Here December 8th has come again,
Really it's a long journey for you
With a notorious Vagabond!
Isn't it and what we gained?
Nevertheless, I looked around patiently.
The old two suit cases on the cupboard
Very uneasy like a bankrupt Tycoon.
Do you remember that they were in good looking
On our wedding ceremony?
But now they are sadly wearied
Like us with great difficulties.
Few copper-bronze pennies
Still survive in my magical wallet by shining
And I hear their secret deep murmur
'We must fight each other and convert into golden nuggets
And give a full support to our beltless kind karate Master
Who fights with life forever.'
I was shocked and peeped to the shattered mirror
And saw my wrinkle face that reminds me a severe drought.
Beside she cried like an Antelope; 'I am always with you and never betray honey!
,

Oh! My beloved in a sad Menopause mood
And I said; ' Don't worry my darling!
Still we can do miracles a lot and I'll give you a healthy Son
Certainly a rare gift.
Who knows whether he becomes a timid President
Or a prominent Gangster one day
And he makes this uppish World upside down? '

* To all my friends in gratitude with a smile!
I scribbled this on a throw away Cigarette packet found along the road of
blunder!

nimal dunuhinga

Our Big Brother

They call our country as 'the pearl of Indian ocean',
and turn a hair; as a 'cyanide capsule of the Indian Ocean'.
Who accepts the blame?
We were having a crucial civil war since a long time.
How many killed, wounded and disabled?
innocent widows dream of a Promised land.
They say that they fight for a homeland?
and it seems the paid soldiers fight to protect the Sovereignty.
These unbearable painstaking
a soft heart human can afford?
Here comes our Big brother
a new dawn from South
will he be able to face this Dilemma?
A better place to live in harmony
and only one singsong together
'Humanity and Brotherhood' spread all over.

nimal dunuhinga

Our Daughter Tharindu Has Sent Us Some Photographs From Australia

Visited Balarat
And who knows
This is crying or smiling?
Kelum looks handsome
And this is near by the Yara river
Relaxing at the City
Try to smile again!
Oh! That's so sad Dear,
We know darling daughter & precious Son-in-law
The bygone catastrophe is very hard to forget
But time heals all the wounds
Let the life flows like Yara river!
Please sit on the rierbank
And watch the beauty of ugly life!

* Sad dedication to our deceased grandson Prabashwara!

nimal dunuhinga

Our Film & The International Film Festivals!

*Matthew's Days (Polish: Zywt Mateusza) is a 1968 Polish drama film directed by Witold Leszczynski. It was listed to compete at the 1968 Cannes Film Festival, but the festival was cancelled due to the events of May 1968 in France. The film was also selected as the Polish entry for the Best Foreign Language Film at the 41st Academy Awards, but was not accepted as a nominee. The film is based on Tarjei Vesaas' novel The Birds.

Remember my brother Lalith
and the friends,
Lalith Rohan,
Harshadeva Berugoda,
Chrishantha Medis & the rest.....
We're a particular group
fond of film festivals?
Either Indian, Iranian, Afghan
Chech, Polish, German or French
O we never miss.
One of the films
that was really attracted to me
and my brother too.
The Polish film *'Days of Matthew'.
Now my brother develops films
in a studio-dark room
and still a bachelor?
Lalith Rohan resides in Netherlands
with his beloved Dutch wife.
Berugoda, I heard that really sad
who converted into a model-drunkard?
and Chrishantha a family man
who's a professional photographer.
I am here stuck in a Gas station
and a Doughnut shop.
O 'Chocolate-sprinkle doughnut' like our sugar coated film
still goes on and the sad music not yet finished?
>>>>>>.....[Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger

A brotherhood of man

Imagine all the people sharing all the world.]-John Lennon

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Our Handsome Terrorist Brother Who's In Peril And He Wants To Let Others Too

[Do not come to be among heavy drinkers of Wine, among those who are gluttonous eaters of flesh.]-Proverbs 23: 20

Dear Brother,

Do you like to make your complicated house a virtuous home
You have brothers and sisters too.

Mother & Father

Good as same as bad relatives in proximity.

What do you prefer?

If music, you could listen to waves of the boisterous sea

If not; Listen to the naked & hungry child in a shack.

Do you love paintings

Then why don't you watch at the twilight sky?

If you like poems

go to an old library and sitting the entire life on a wooden bench
and read Khayyam, Gibran, Sufi and rest of the honest poets
from East to West.

Anyway, if you want to change the World a better place

Yes, you have the right to do so with proper deeds

but not with bombs?

In your eccentric fundamental schools

they never show you the real Sun & Moon?

To Martin Richards!

My deepest condolence for 8 year old boy among those victims killed in Boston
Marathon Bombing!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Our Mountainous Journey?

I am really scared to climb this mountain
But with you my beloved!
It seems not too hard?
One day we reach the peak
and I wave my torn shirt
as a flag to the inquisitive World
that we have accomplished the task.
Yet, before that I would like to stop
at the broken Equator for a while
and look back to my old thatched school.
Dimple-cheeked literature teacher
might teach us again the mysterious love's parameter?

To that genius Oscar Wilde! [and I am searching this book, CONSTANCE: THE TRAGIC AND SCANDALOUS LIFE OF MRS OSCAR WILDE BY FRANNY MOYLE]

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Our Seasonal Crops!

If all these wicked rusty Guns
turn out into tiny tractors
a soft soul could operate?
This *Earth would be a peaceful Farm Yard
instead of bloodshed?
You could provide our seasonal crops proudly
to the Heaven, Hell or Mars?

to my fellow poet friend robyn selters!

*The Buddha describes Earth as follows; Hard, Rough, Heavy, Soft, Melt and Smooth!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Out Of One's Depth

The mealy-mouths and evil-eyes,
they stranded in the vast void.
Mr. Romeos & ttes
don't let go your secret whispers.
They do blackmail for your separation.
Be alert! on your swinging bridge.
The relative depth you see in the river
is not true my brother
and it's a bottomless dear!

nimal dunuhinga

Over And Over!

Beside the window of my sandcastle
Sparrows dance merrily and they sing
Very familiar the lyrics in the Spring
Lonesome heart cries and linger.....?
Thinking of Sandra F & Paddy M this morning!

['Let us be grateful to people who make us happy, they are the charming gardeners who make our souls blossom.']-Marcel Proust

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Oxidation

Through my nostrils
I inhale Oxygen
And give back Carbondioxide.
Oh! Along this sensitive process
I survive to write
And I realized
The life is not worth
When stop breathing.

* Yes Mr. President in these final days we can do it again,
best of luck!

nimal dunuhinga

Paddy Sounds Great!

I have your precious two books;
'The ancient poet and Poems that bloom in my garden.'
The Keepsake and my travelling companion!
I reread your boisterous handwriting,
' To nimal, my brother, my friend
Thank you for being you are.'
And the mischievous signature below
Like your innocent smile!

*P.S.

It's a great forward for the book by Patti Masterman of Oklahoma City,
Oklahoma, U.S.A

nimal dunuhinga

Painful Whispers; 'I Try To Smile Again'

*One daughter in Boston and the other in Victoria, the old tree grows in California and face all the seasons and we all scattered in the life-drama? When's the Playwright bring us to one stage and finish this tiresome Rehearsal?

We hear a whisper with the wind
That blows from Australian pasture;
'My poor Mom & Dad
Please do not cry
As I try to smile again.'
Yes, we muttered to ourselves
'It's a hard task in the burning life
But we are certain our darling daughter
That you have the capability and faith in leapfrogging!

* To Alison & Jerry in gratitude, I am worried of your little lull!

nimal dunuhinga

Paint The Hell Colourful To Compete The Paradise

["Only in complete silence, will you hear the desert."]? Anonymous Bedouin

Blow a gentle wind
for this tiresome journey
recite that long poem
to get a sound sleep
in your bosom.
Your finger tips
turn into a mild eraser
to delete few sins if any?
And give me the courage
to walk straight along this bending road
and the desert be full of Oasis
for this Bedouin and the life long partner Camel.
I take out my precious lute
and we sing together that Nomadic lyric;
'so come on now
nomadic you, nomadic me. I am walking on my knees
nomadic you, nomadic me. a lot of things to see
I got a ticket for a nowhere ride,
everyday I have been a bit outside
nomadic you.....'
Then the faraway Aldebaran star in the night sky
definitely show us the Paradise!

nimal dunuhinga

Pall-Bearer

He has seen the nakedness of the palpable death.

How many times he has walked to the cemetery behind the innocent coffins from a child to the elder.

His tearful eyes lament but tears almost dried.

He always thinks the auspicious day will come and who goes with him?

He lives in his entire life with the cenotaphs of different souls.

Though he is an adolescent nobody loves him.

He never catches a girl's true smile as he may be smell of death?

nimal dunuhinga

Paper Boat

Hunger has risen up to the sky.

Is your boat seaworthy?

I am scared my son will it be capsized on the way?

Your loving father's boat is a massive one.

I cannot listen to these scaremongers gossiping.

They are very superstitious of your father

And state that he lives in a remote island with a family.

Is it possible my son to bring your nuisance father back safely in your paper boat?

nimal dunuhinga

Paper Money

Even the Virgin mountains shake
when bachelors cry.
from dawn to dusk this unnecessary rush
for nothing.
Life is more beautiful than anything
without paper money,
coins at least give melancholy tune.
The culprits dig paupers graveyard for wealth
found nothing only the sorrow palpitation they heard.
Yes my friend, life is more worth than anything
without paper money.

nimal dunuhinga

Parabola

My younger days I dream of Paragliding.
And I had a strong desire to be a Pilot.
But this paralysis decaying body in my old age,
I have to quit my old dreams.
I repent now as the youth is a gift
That passed through my bony fingers secretly.

* I dedicate this poem to my friend Sandra. Fowler, I am being grateful to your wise comments really pushed me to the six hundredth poem.

nimal dunuhinga

Paradise Apothecary

Dear Patients,

You have the right to know about the proper use of medication and its effects. If you need more information please ask.

-The Pharmacist

'Yes Sir, I have a question

Do you have the right to ask

The health Insurance

When poor people were in suffocation? '

nimal dunuhinga

*Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

Charles Dickens

nimal dunuhinga

Paradox

A philanthropist who has nothing
as he gave everything.
Only his spouse and two daughters remaining.
One day a beggar came and asked for alms.
He searched everywhere in the house
but nothing found.
At last he gave him the children.
Wife mourned the whole day.
The following night
a thief found nothing in the house
and stolen his wife.

[This is an adoption of a Buddhist literature]

nimal dunuhinga

Parakeet And A Bird Hunter

I smell like a Tangerine
my friends were passing remarks at me.
I found the word 'Puberty' in Webster's.
I can see my parents are very keen
on my day to day activities.
They tell me ' Dear you must look after yourself
no more joggles, walk properly as the road is skidding
and you are a little mother now'.
I am sure my parents are perfectly correct
and I see the difference in the mirror.
My palpitation entirely different and my skirts & blouses are tighten.
When the next door handsome negro boy who strums his guitar
and murmur elegies like a magpie in the dawn.
Oh! I feel something is burning within me.
I never hide my innermost feelings to my poor Mom! .
She is in her usual nonchalant mood and sings 'kay sera! sera! .'

To the poet dino

nimal dunuhinga

Parole

Par excellence!

The worst criminal in the world was pardoned
and he comes again into this uppish new world?

Half of his life he has spent
in the Government's boarding house.

Still in his forties but almost forgotten
how to approach a girl properly.

The hypocritical handsome politicians all over the world
search his whereabouts and offer him lot of new profitable contracts.

This illegitimate & ill-mannered person idles again at toll gates
with his new identity.

Dedication to the Norwegian peace brokers in Sri Lanka

nimal dunuhinga

Parrying?

A baby snake stopped
at the pedestrian crossing
The limousine to pass ahead?
Then the old chauffeur questioned; 'Why? '
Reptile replied in the childish voice;
'If I crushed there's no way to attend school
and learn moral,
I heard that you have venom
in your luxurious saloon car? '

[It's the little things we do and say
That mean so much as we go our way.
A kindly deed can lift a load
From weary shoulders on the road.]
-Willa Hoey

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Pastoral Chant

Her whisper in the thorny bush when she blooms
and her fragrance spread all over the pasture.
A shepherd boy with the cattle
and the muddy river flows monotonously.
This beauty will change in near future
as they bring the bulldozer and caterpillar
the earth moving equipment.
A big project to establish a power plant by the riverside.
The contrary is give the light to the country
before the general election.
But wild flowers in agony
as they are scared to expose to the light.

nimal dunuhinga

Payroll And The Obedient Servant's Redress

His name was not in the paymaster's list and the whole wage has deducted for his food & lodging.

Where he goes to compensate?

He sleeps under the huge thorny money tree

But the bitter fruits are not ripen yet.

Though he waits for the coming season

Yet he has to re-validate his torn season-ticket.

nimal dunuhinga

Peace Baloon Floats Over The War-Zone!

Please do not shoot me
A peace baloon from Mars!
Where there's no War
No poverty, criminals, thieves & politicians
But pocketful of practical jokers!
Population is very low here
And I brought for all, the preliminary forms
To get the permanent residence there.
Please let me land safely first,
And leave your ridiculous guns aside.
We fight in our moral society with words and deeds
Guns they use only for cowboy movies without ammunition!

nimal dunuhinga

Pearler

The ocean of absurdity
a man dives in abyss
search for pearls.
He sells them and drinks.
When his pocket empties
again he goes.
One day the pearls were no more
and he never come back ashore.
Ocean didn't bother
and the waves not stopped.

nimal dunuhinga

Peasant And The Dowager!

He works to her farmyard
Dead husband's property.
The middle aged bachelor
after his day's strenuous work
Where does he go?
She let him sleep at the patio.
Stormy days and when the lightening
in the sky,
She's so kind to take him indoors!
Full Moon knows their innocent story
that she never tells to the aggressive Sun?

to my Historian/poet friend Raj Nandy with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Pegasus

If I am a Pegasus, the winged horse in Greek mythology.
Definitely I would have changed my stable, jockey and reins
As I want to be free myself.
I am sure that my Master would have released me
And I find a short cut for my loved ones.
I promise him to be returned with my lost identity.
Then I could have request from my Master to be a Stallion as usual
And give back the wings according to my phenomenon.
Master, please do not count my teeth as I am a workhorse without the working
papers.

(To my poet friend)

nimal dunuhinga

Peninsula

Who provides me the ticket to go there?
And I take all my unread books
Leaving all the burdens at my rented house
And when the Landlord comes to collect the monthly rent
He could have taken the stuff as a keepsake,
O my beloved you too can join leaving the stressful cooking
And we could talk with the sea of our bygone stories
One day the secret waves take us to the infinity,
And nobody knows our whereabouts?
(In the vast sea we're just two oysters only!)

*If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous, he will not bite is the principal difference between a dog and a man.

-Mark Twain

nimal dunuhinga

Pen-Pusher's Penitent

With the ink of blood
he scribbles on a scratch paper in the midnight
to move the mountains.
A penniless, wealthier in heart
lives near by the pauper's graveyard.
Day time a gravedigger
and a handsome lover to the girl
who comes to collect
withered flowers of the wreaths.

To the poet y

nimal dunuhinga

Percussion In A Commoner's Bar!

Please do not search perfectionists
but my drinking companions are good singers after couple of drinks,
Classics, blues, opera songs and filthy ones
jazz, sentimentals and etc.,
they sing well, some cry and some smile
they tell you emotional stories with all the ingredients.
no degrees next to their beautiful names
but they know the length & depth of the life's Ocean.
I tasted their non filter cigarette butts
that smell of humanity,
When going home some they call me to their card board houses
and I feel very sorry for their hospitality!

[When you look at the World in a narrow way, how narrow it seems! When you look at it in a mean way, how mean it is! When you look at it selfishly, how selfish it is! But when you look at it in a broad, generous, friendly spirit, what wonderful people you find in it.]-Horace Rutledge

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Perplexed Flower And A Rainbow Winged Butterfly

My Grandma always advised me; ' Hey! My sweet Lady do not believe promiscuous Hornets, Bees, Wasps and mischievous honey suckers. They ruin your innocent life somehow.'

Yes, They tried several times to approach me and I found in their love letters lot of promises.

But I refused then and there.

A rare butterfly flies very often to my vicinity

And I have a real faith on him.

Please promise that you never betray me

And I sacrifice my whole life

If you do not fly on other flowers?

nimal dunuhinga

Phantom, Flowers And The Sentinel

'In the pitchy darkness what are you searching sir? '.

The watch keeper asked from the puritan.

'I am searching some rare herbal flowers brother'.

'These days it's very hard to find an unblemished flower sir

because of this unending war, flowers won't come out.

There were some flowers at the back yard of the grave side,
but I am not quite sure; an uncalled man has been here last week
and plucked all the flowers.'

'It's me can't you recognize?

those flowers for the altar

and not for medication'.

nimal dunuhinga

Phenomenal Candlestick In A Rural Cathedral

I stand on the altar
Being an honest pillar.
Candles burn meekly,
In the horrible night
I am alone like a ghost?
The remaining wax they scrape
Early in the morning
I am waiting, in vain!
And I realized the candles
Which burnt to give light?
Though I hold them
I am only a cat's-paw
And the Ownership
Goes to that superimpose?

To Frank James Ryan Jr. in gratitude!

*We two form a multitude.

-Ovid

nimal dunuhinga

Photo Finish

His weary obedient horse skipped its meals
And had no proper sleep for few days.
He checked the stable and found some horseflies cause to the sickness.
He cleaned the premises well
And everything back to normal.
But it neighs again; 'Master, still I couldn't win a race and you spent me a lot in
vain.'
He said; 'Do not worry my dear Tattoo and I am sure that you will be the winner
of incoming grand race.'
Though it showed its talent,
They say that the winner has to be decided from a photograph.

[I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the there is
in store for me the crown of righteousness.....]

2 Timothy 4: 7-8 Niv

* A strong wind blows from Illinois hullabaloo to this rickety stable.

nimal dunuhinga

Piccaninny And Her Ramshackle Pianoforte

Her consumptive father is a shoeshine in the particular railway station
And her infidel mother goes out late in the evening,
Dilly-dally in the dim-light streets.
The child prodigy who plays her shaky piano, Mom has picked from a junk yard
on a full moon day.
You could hear faintly in the twilight when sun hides,
The sad theme in low pitch of the bursting ghetto.
The darkness, hunger, poverty, penny-pinching, malnutrition, malpractices,
hooliganism and et cetera.
Her transparent soul plays well as a maestro.
It's not a miracle if a kind-hearted drunkard politician peeps to the scenario who
loves the classical music.

*Dedication to the Brazilian authoress Caroline Maria de Jesus who wrote 'The
child of darkness'.

nimal dunuhinga

Piggyback

When everybody against with you and no smile at all,
Not a single word you hear and only the frustration you fear.
This unending road you are stepping my aimless traveler,
Perhaps you may see a little street child cries.
Take her and ride on your back and you can feel how soft is she?

nimal dunuhinga

Pilgrimage

Am I a pilgrim or a wayfarer
in this sanctum or a sanatorium?
Dear mom I was a prisoner for nine months
in your safe waterlogged womb.
But still I cannot swim in the deep seas.
The thorny crown and the cross too heavy for me.
I am only a puppet in the marionette
and somebody draws me here and there.
I am almost tired,
please let it be a freehand
and a freestyle race
without any restrictions.

nimal dunuhinga

Pilgrims; Where Do They Go?

A pilgrimage is a journey or search of great moral or spiritual significance. Typically, it is a journey to a shrine or other location of importance to a person's beliefs and faith. Many religions attach spiritual importance to particular places: the place of birth or death of founders or saints, or to the place of their 'calling' or spiritual awakening, or of their connection (visual or verbal) with the divine, or to locations where miracles were performed or witnessed, or locations where a deity is said to live or be 'housed, ' or any site that is seen to have special spiritual powers. Such sites may be commemorated with shrines or temples that devotees are encouraged to visit for their own spiritual benefit: to be healed or have questions answered or to achieve some other spiritual benefit. A person who makes such a journey is called a pilgrim. In America, the term pilgrim is typically associated with an early colonial Protestant sect known for their strict rules of discipline.

As Mountaineers anxiously
Waiting for the season to go up,
We all travel of this endless gravel road
Without a hope?
What they carry in their old bags?
It seems to be very heavy
And how do they climb the mountain?
Anyhow they may reach the peak one day
And settle there with their heavy load?
But they are not going to stay a longer,
Then afterwards where do they go?
When they come down
Some others climb up?

[I put fistful of sugar on the floor and little later saw black ants in a line.
And I watched their return with a granule of never fail to tell each other the
secret to the newcomers?]

nimal dunuhinga

Pitchfork

From here I could see the country lassie's tossing hay faintly
And I tried to send her a message through the wind;
'It's too heavy the long handle and you may get back pain,
Certainly I can look after the Farmstead
When your father retires.
If it's feasible before the feast,
Then this featherweight soul could dance on your fertile soil.

nimal dunuhinga

Pizzeria

I was serving Pizza to the tables

A Restaurant in Venice, Italy.

An old man came in a Gondola with a pipe in his mouth.

I greeted him and he ordered a dish.

I said; 'You resembled Signor Alberto Moravia.

'If I am not mistaken the movie 'A Ghost at noon or Contempt', filmed by Jean-Luc Godard, is that your novel? '

After the meal he just smiled and gave his name card and left the Restaurant leaving all his change on the table.

As soon as I woke up early in the morning

I grumbled with my wife about the name card.

Then she jumped at me and cried; 'You Rasputin must be having a date with a tart? '

I just kept quiet and thought of my strange dream.

* I remember in my school days our film society arranged an Italian film festival, slightly come to my mind some film cut-outs of Jean-Luc Godard & Vittorio De Sica.

nimal dunuhinga

Plaster Of Paris

My beloved bought a plaster of Paris mold
A couple of tortoises saying 'Welcome',
From a Dollar shop
And we hanged that at the entrance of our Halcyon cottage.
At midnight my wife was fast asleep with a smile and I am sure that she dreams
the Heaven,
But I am still awake with the nightcap.
I heard the tortoise's whisper
And the dialect is very familiar to me from my early births it seems.
'The old couple is very quiet like us and their offspring must have living abroad.
They too very slow and steady,
But the Man seems to be an alcoholic.
I sniffed while he was hanging us on the wall.
We must pray day & night for their welfare otherwise they could have bring a
watchdog by throwing us to the nearby pond.

nimal dunuhinga

Playfellow

He is not belongs to any of the cards composing a pack of four suits.
(Hearts, Diamonds, Clubs and Spades.)

Just a plaything and his name is Joker.

When used, it has special rights;

Thus, in Euchre it's the best trump.

* A joker lives in every politician.

nimal dunuhinga

Playwright

Every heroine
stops at the rehearsal
and the drama
never comes to the stage
as he expects a platonic love?

nimal dunuhinga

Please Cry Once El Nino

I was waiting, days, months and years
But there is no any trace in the sky.
I dreamed the rivers run fast and floods
And my small catamaran capsized.
I swam to the other river bank.
All my sins have been washed away
And I am a new man.
Thank you El Nino, now I can contest for a seat.
Yes, I promise you to make the largest Reservoir.

nimal dunuhinga

Please Do Not Break My Little Christmas Tree

I hung my loved ones photographs over there.
Oh! They are very far away, on the top
My beloved and myself of teary eyes tangled with jingle bells.
Oh! My Landlord gatecrashed, the Greek,
I nicknamed him as 'Socrates'
He called me on my pseudonym 'Don'.
'Merry Christmas' We both greeted simultaneously.
Secretly I winked to my wife tune the radio little louder
There the music of 'Zorba's dance' goes on.
And I offered him a Greek drink 'Ouzo'.
He had two gulps faster and we danced together to the tune of Zorba.
He left with a friendly smile and thank God he didn't grumble of the rent this
time.
I murmured to myself 'Long live my Greek God'.

* To the President, I dreamed him last night he disguised as a Santa Claus and
distributed some leaflets door to door regarding the health care reform it seems.

nimal dunuhinga

Please Do Not Cut The Green Grass!

I am the grass; I cover all.

-Carl Sandburg

'They cut the grass their children to run
And where do I play with my little ones? '
The old Grasshopper Father cries.

'Please do not cut the grass
As your children have enough parks to run,
It's a sin that Lawnmower cuts not only the grass?
Thin necks of our whole nation too! '
The old Grasshopper Mother shouts.

*To brother Premji Premji in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Please Do Not Search The Pedigree Of A 'Humane' Stray Dog!

Stray dog or stray dogs may refer to:

Dogs:

Any sort of feral dog such as free-ranging urban dogs or canines without owners running loose in rural areas or around villages or small communities

Pariah dog, a specific type of feral dog

Any unfettered dog without ownership or a permanent home

If you want to say a Dalmatian

Paint the dark spots with a felt pen!

If you want a bushy tail

You can paste it

As the previous joint is there if you touch?

But leave as it is!

Do not worry about a soft pillow or a brass kennel

It used to be on the concrete floor

And if you give it an Oxtail soup

Once in a blue moon

A Vitamin B12 injection,

It'll be tougher than the Devil?

But the ideal thing is give it the right partner in time,

And it will be the one Master dog forever!

(If you touch its mild heart definitely you hear 'please do not chain me as I too like freedom!')

* To Ivan ney's 'MUMU'.....in gratitude!

[In one of the outlying streets of Moscow, in a gray house with white columns and a balcony, warped all askew, there was once living a lady, a widow, surrounded by a numerous household of serfs. Her sons were in the government service at Petersburg; her daughters were married; she went out very little, and in solitude lived through the last years of her miserly and dreary old age. Her day, a joyless and gloomy day, had long been over; but the evening of her life was blacker than night.....]

nimal dunuhinga

Please Don'T Push My Rootless Tree Magdalina!

Let them call you by various names
But you're my Lonestar
Among the myriad stars
In the firmament!
Touch me slowly
As this old tree would be collapsed!
Sleep underneath my shady tree
And I send you the sweet dreams.
Sorry, I cannot bear fruits
But I have the faith
And look after you well
Until they take me for Firewood!

nimal dunuhinga

Please Put Me On Your Shortlist

If my soul could hide in your roomy heart
Then I can whisper my rosary and occupy as an altarpiece.
I will remain forever as a hymn besides you,
Whenever you wander in the churchyard.

To my missing friend Denis, I am worried about you without knowing your whereabouts, if you see this dedication please shout a little at least for consolation.

nimal dunuhinga

Please Stir That Celery Flavoured Carrot Soup To Fight With The Life!

I just want to remind you that I was born under a travel star!

Time has come and orders were given from above it seems?

Then I have to go.

Beloved makes carrot soup every other day

And our bony horse is suffering from flu!

I gave him some of my expired antibiotics

And a sip secretly from my nightcap.

I polish the old brass lamp which I brought from a salvage ship.

And I sweep my gypsy caravan that full of rubbish papers.

I read my darling's complicated palm; 'This may be our last journey and your nutty vagabond is really tired.

Please do not worry and we won't give a burden to our daughters,

I'll prepare a letter right now to the Medical faculty in Massachusetts and let

them know that we're ready to hand over our bodies one day for research to the responsible parties? '

By the end of November we reach there and our grandson would be very happy!

Beloved prepares the price tags of the goods for the moving sale, O my precious desktop you leave me very soon and how I scribble hereafter?

Daughter in Australia provides the Air tickets

And daughter in Massachusetts gives us the lodging!

We haven't seen her for five years

And worried about the eldest too.

'Life is a journey'; I explained to my beloved and she cried.

I watched her red eyes; 'We finish the journey together' that murmurs?

nimal dunuhinga

Plectrum!

[There is no better exercise for strengthening the heart than reaching down and lifting up another.]-Unknown

Pluck the strings
of his plume-heart
that's longing
to sing a love song
a pledge!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Plumage!

My innocent soul
could rest on your swing
but not this heavy body?
Bonhomie!
please do not forget
the bohemian.

[The butterfly count not months,
but moments, and yet has time enough.]-Unknown

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Poem In A Drunkard's Wallet With A Postscript

My head spins like the troubled World
And the tumbler's liquid evaporates soon.
Before it runs deep I must swallow
As I have already paid for the stuff.
I like to take one more drink
But no more coins in the wallet
And I am looking for an emergency door to run away
Before I order an another drink.
I gulped it faster but the rear door was locked
And I ordered and ordered like a fluke
Till I got drunk.

P.S.

To be purchased,
-Rulers, of pastels,-books,s of brown paper, pencils with a cutter,ils(English
Alphabet) ,rs and few beginner books with pictures, children to read and do not
forget to buy my family planning tablets.

nimal dunuhinga

Poor Adam's Apple!

Summer won't long last along this sojourn and the birds flew away in the drought'y sky! Where they come from and where do they go?

O the stain of her burgundy lips

On this half eaten fruit,

He waited and he waited!

Ultimately he realized it's the last apple has fallen

And also an off season!

nimal dunuhinga

Poor Human Puppetry And Warfare Strategy

Bombers in the handsome sky with acrobats
And they dropp modern sophisticated devices.
Starving bonhomie children run to the playgrounds
As they believe some bonanza gifts from the superiors above.
Calcium, Iron and fish Oil capsules
B12 Injections, Mutivitamins and pain killers
Cough syrups, Viagra and Condoms
Precautions for sexual transmitted diseases
And for their chastity it seems,
For the boisterous & bombastic young recruits?
To fight with their poor own brothers & sisters!
Common Graveyards sincerely cry with deeds
As there are no any spaces for burial our offspring?

*Go dress yourself all in your best
And come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars
In High Germany. - Some lyrics of a song.

nimal dunuhinga

Poor Mom's Prolific University

Mom came with a pile of books
Kept on the table and removed her shoes.
And said; ' Hello! Sonny still time to learn,
Jump into an University dear.'
'Mom! I am not a boy and already fifty eight.
How do they enroll me when the graveyard too refuses?
Also they have locked the gate for holidays.' I said angrily.
' I have the Master key if you get ready at anytime.' She said smilingly.
It's a dream I know but my poor Mom still holds that innocent hope
And I felt very sorry for her when I see other Moms on my way to work.

nimal dunuhinga

Poor Street Child

Poor street child

[The trouble with children is that they are not returnable.]-Fyodor Dostoyevski
quotes

You count the big cars
and keep the figures
in your innocent memory?
Do you know about the painting
Vincent Van Gogh's 'The potato eaters'
Have you ever heard Beethoven's
All 9 symphonies.
You never been to Tchaikovsky's
'Swan Lake'.
I know you dream skyscrapers
while sleeping on the pavement
and taste the left overs
in the garbage bin?
I am so sad seeing your games
with a Sudoku puzzle
that found in the trash
and you make the word collecting letters
'Smile'
Yes! Your smile is a sad song my son
and very few listen?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Poverty@

And he writes;
'I buy a bottle of red wine
from the lottery scratch
but it's not much?
Just a ten dollar bill.
And I try to eradicate
my bad cholesterol.
I take only a teaspoon
before the supper
but I noticed the level
that goes down faster
to the bottom,
Then only I realized
It's a tablespoon
I have used?

*to that homeless who said; 'If this not a non-filter cigarette we could have shared it brother, believe me I do not have any sexual transmitted diseases and try a puff if you like? '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Prairie Dog

You live in burrows.

My dear rodent,

I know your front teeth are very strong

A toddler like I search a place (dwelling) to hide

As I am scared of cannibals

Those who speak a sweet language.

nimal dunuhinga

Preface

A Sunset, lovers sketch drawings on the beach
waves come and wash.

It's the common love story of the world.

Waves never get a rest

even the Sun on his careless journey
and Moon cries with agony.

She runs with someone new
for a better future.

The old lover sings alone in his dreamland.

Still nobody realize that they are two
and not one.

nimal dunuhinga

Pre-Giveaway To Our Precious Grandson

A very happy Birth day to you son and be a good-smart boy like 'Sanath' [not the actor; The world famous cricketer].

Hope you become a real man soon and change the World for better prospects.

No son! Please stay aside and remain as a child forever because the cruel society is precarious.

Your mad grandpa lost his job and still scribbles with a hullabaloo

And your courageous grandma gets up early in the morning and fights with the rolled gold life.

She stuck under the table in a daycare center to bring bread & butter home and she never forgets to buy my Cuban vanilla cigar too.

In our dream-trains we travel a thousand times home bounds

But we station here for a purpose.

I am sorry my son in your playgroup you really missed your fine playmate and she is here with me in a turmoil.

[Hey! our little apprentice Master Siluna you are close upon three years and do not forget that your mischievous grandpa got married at 21.]

* A humble dedication to the young poetess

uwa of Massachusetts.

Also to loving Kelum & Tharindu, Chinthaka & Thilini our loved ones and etc.

nimal dunuhinga

Premiere!

The next door neighbour
Moved to another state for good.
And I hear my beloved whispers
'O the new comer She too a Widow it seems? '

nimal dunuhinga

Priest's Widowed Beautiful Daughter!

Her talking eyes
That speak of love!
But in religious manner?
And she put my precious letter
Without reading it
Into the confessional box!

for chaos1214 in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Prima Facie

My black rose,
I like to caress
your soft petals.
savoury pollen
stolen my soul.
like to jump
over the fence.
Oh! the gardener with the spade
is crueller than the prickly shrubs.
I like to hide in the garden secretly
my little haughty
naughty bee request a nod.

nimal dunuhinga

Princess, Orphan And The Cobbler's Daughter

On the dancing floor
He sees his skinny figure
Under the dim lights
In front of a mirror
And he scared of the fast beat
Because of his broken shoes!
In the semi darkness
He tries to slip away from the hall
But the princess never release her hand?
And he thinks how a princess loves an orphan
Unless in a dream?
But he's happy at least a dance with a princess
Though it's a dream?
In the morning when he enters the cobbler's slum
To mend his shoes, he sees his beautiful daughter
O that face resembles the last night's princess!

nimal dunuhinga

Promises In High Standard!

My Motto is your Goodwill!

I would like to see each citizen
with good health, wealth and prosperity.

If I come to the power by chance

At least I give a small jet to each & every citizen
who could see Mars and If you like to work there you could bring foreign
currency to our land?

Those who have not seen the stars in day light

This may be a Golden opportunity for them

And please make a cross in front of my precious photograph
on your ballot paper chum!

*['I have had dreams and I have had nightmares, but I have conquered
my nightmares because of my dreams.']- Jonas Salk

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Proposal

A dainty crow writes a long letter
to a white duck.
My dear, I am really fed up with my lifestyle.
Everyday I have to fly here & there for my daily bread.
Nowadays it's very hard to find a crumb.
Everywhere scattered corpses
and I am a vegetarian.
Since the day I saw you,
I have a liking of your innocence.
Do you have enough space
in your muddy pond?
I too can float there
if we come to a compromise
with your parents blessings.
I am sure that we can have
black & white ducklings.
Please do not misunderstand me
I'll give you a guarantee
to look after the family.

Dedication for those who try to eradicate racism!

nimal dunuhinga

Prosperity

The optimist and pessimist
they are close friends
and did a cultivation.
They sown the paddy
and expected wheat
but found corn.
Then they threw them
to the ground
and it turned to barley.

To the poetess aechi

nimal dunuhinga

Prostrated Elephant In The Jungle

Nobody bothers of the accident.
A kind Ant visited there and asked;
'What can I do for you Sir!
And if you want to get up
I can give you my hand? '

*It's not how far you fall, but how high you bounce.
-Anonymous

nimal dunuhinga

Pseudonymous Gangsters In The World

All over the ridiculous world
They pinned you against the wall.
Where do they come from
And who feeds them?
I realized it's a dilemma
And I heard in a dream
'What do you prefer
Uncle pen-pusher?
A natural death or a trip to nowhere? '
A well dressed man is holding something.
I thought a violin
Sorry it's a beautiful gun.

nimal dunuhinga

Puppies; Their Mom & Dad In A Starlit Night

Puppies play on a safer ground and no mines.
The skinny Mom calls them for milk
But they ignore and play on, seems not hungry.
Poor Dad goes out in the silent night
And barks to the Moon.
He thinks if she comes down
Enough milk for the kids and his beloved lifetime.
But Moon never makes an impression of a friendly smile
And he cries so sadly; ' Once upon a time my fellow dog
has been to the Moon.
But now she behaves as an unknown.'

nimal dunuhinga

Pure Woman

Sometimes when I pass the dressing shop
in between the barber's and butcher's junk
a bride in a show case lean and beautiful
smiles at all and never cries
never speaks and sleeps.
A bouquet in her hand
the flowers that never withers
and a clear white lace she wears
that will never fade.

nimal dunuhinga

Purgatory

They are in queer,
A thief, doctor, murderer, king & queen, liar,
politician and etc.,
A soldier is questioning them about their past sins
before they enter the two pathways.
One is to heaven and the other to hell.
'I theft a bible' thief replied.
'then you can go to the right path'
'I did hundred abortions' doctor said.
'turn to left'
'we did adultery' king and queen replied.
'left please'
'I killed a politician' murderer said.
'right ahead and the liar can go back.'
'before you go to the left path visit the pathologist for an aid test'
soldier shouted to the politician.

nimal dunuhinga

Purpose

I have a fear of my unseen boss whose whisper like a hiss

I hear whenever I pass the rivers edge.

Really I do not understand the dialect but I believe it's like my deceased loving mother's advice; 'Please take care of yourself my mischievous son and remember well there is a purpose on this paralytic journey.'

I response with a shivering to my faraway masterful creator;

'I am innocent like a litmus paper; turns red by acids and blue by alkalis.

Please let me scribble on this mystery Earth until they finish the reading.'

nimal dunuhinga

Purr!

If I am a cat
Rich people here
definitely
give me a bodysuit?
but being a hard worker
now they try to cut my health care benefits
as the standard of income is higher than to their expectation
says the well maintained books?
And my cry is not a mew.
This enlarged-heart patient
How far can run in the rat-race?

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Quarantine

A health organization has imposed isolation
to this strange man, a suspect
who has been exposed
to an infectious disease.

They have taken everything
done a biopsy and found nothing.
According to his heartbeat
they doubt him as a 'Rebellion'
and taken to custody.

nimal dunuhinga

Queen Of Spades

Death of Diana, Princess of Wales

From Wikipedia, the free encyclopedia

The entrance to the Pont de l'Alma tunnel, the site where Diana was fatally August 31,1997, Diana, Princess of Wales, died as a result of injuries sustained in a car collision in the Pont de l'Alma road tunnel in Paris, France. Her companion, Dodi Fayed, and the driver of the Mercedes-Benz W140, Henri Paul, were pronounced dead at the scene of the accident. Fayed's bodyguard, Trevor Rees-Jones, was the only survivor. Although early on the media pinned the blame on the paparazzi, the crash was ultimately found to be caused by the reckless actions of the chauffeur, who was the head of security at the Ritz and had earlier goaded the paparazzi waiting outside the hotel. An eighteen-month French judicial investigation concluded in 1999 that the crash was caused by Henri Paul, who lost control of the car at high speed while under the influence of alcohol, which may have been made worse by the simultaneous presence of an antidepressant and traces of a tranquilizer in his body Since February 1998, Dodi's father, Mohamed Al-Fayed (the owner of the Hôtel Ritz, for which Paul worked) has claimed that the crash was a result of a conspiracy, and later contended that the crash was orchestrated by MI6 on the instructions of Prince Philip, Duke of claims that the crash was a result of a conspiracy were dismissed by a French judicial investigation and by Operation Paget, a Metropolitan police inquiry that concluded in inquest headed by LJ Scott Baker into the deaths of Diana and Dodi began at the Royal Courts of Justice, London, on October 2 2007 and was a continuation of the original inquest that began in 7 April 2008, the jury released an official statement that Diana and Dodi were unlawfully killed by the grossly negligent driving of chauffeur Henri Paul and the h the official verdict implicated the pursuing vehicles, the jury also named the intoxication of the driver and the victims' decisions to not wear seat-belts as contributing factors to their deaths. Additionally, the Mercedes had been traveling at over twice the legal speed limit of that particular section of road and had long since left the paparazzi vehicles far behind by the time the accident occurred.

Old *Cambrians play cards

On a Mahogany table,

And the trump Queen of Spades's missing

A sober one of the players

Found the Queen's hiding under the table

And she mutters; ' I didn't kill Princess Diana! '

* Cambrians; Those who studied at Prince of Wale's College, Moratuwa, Sri

Lanka.

nimal dunuhinga

Queer

A friend of mine sent me a letter from a hospital
Who was undergone a cardiac surgery.
I'll be all right and tell all the friends.
What a ridiculous dream it was last night?
A queen dragged me to her palace.
Then I said that I had a heart surgery last week.
She said I don't want your heart and I need something else.
Luckily I was awake as the nurse came to check my pulses.

nimal dunuhinga

Quietude

His music teacher complains with a cello in hand
'I cannot hear your song though you move your lips.'
Nobody understands my song
And it's a song without words.
Like a somber sky.' He whispers.

To my dear friend Jerry Hughes for his 79th birthday falls today.
Night is still young my friend and we sing together the old song that we are
friends.

nimal dunuhinga

Raccoon

Yesterday I found this mammal in the trash bin,
Chiefly gray has a bushy ringed tail
Smiled with me like an old politician.
Today when I went to throw the garbage
Oh! It's almost dead but that rare smile is there.
How funny is this horrible life?
He gives and takes like a gambling.

nimal dunuhinga

Radar And The Invisible Hunger!

An officer asked at the frontier;
'Have you seen anything? '
'Yes Sir, scattered objects in the enemy territory.'
The Radar Observer replied with a salute!
Then the officer ordered to the infantry
'Rapid fire! '

*Worldwide, nearly one billion people are faced with hunger and malnutrition
five seconds a child dies of hunger and related courses.

-An honest news

nimal dunuhinga

Rapprochement To Her Readable Eyes

Though she old
He reads the past sad story of her readable eyes.
Once they were very closed
But the destiny has seperated them forever
And she lives with her off spring.
He walks alone as a bachelor towards a quagmire.

nimal dunuhinga

Rapture

Softness of a passing cloud,
the charm of the Moon,
rays from the Sun
and haunt in a thick jungle
all of a sudden they peeped into my heart.
Simultaneously some rare feeling born.
In the starry night,
my heart is very warm
and I care always not to get melt.
My beloved Eavesdropper!
are you searching that charisma?

nimal dunuhinga

Raven's Hoarse Cry On An Abandon Lighthouse!

The impatient fisherman!
Have you heard the sky's speaking to you
Let her know that how many stars in the sky?
And the deep sea groans in the awful night
Gives you a big puzzle!
Take a rough inventory of the fish in the sea?
My old boy I know that your mild head spins
And no proper answers.
Don't sail further for Mermaid hunt
And you're belong to the burning land
Come back and help her to mend the fishnet
As she too struggles with feelings?

*'And a fair wind changes-
Yoi! Sora! -
Even the largest ship returns to port.
(The sound of waves-Yukio Mishima)

nimal dunuhinga

Realization

A pleasing fragrance from an altar
the mountain top temple.
The old priest incense is burned in worship.
His chant of Sutra floating in the wind
like an old mother's lullaby.
The saffron robe waves over the thatched house
and the bell tolls with the moon set.
I thought the time has come
and I take his place when he leaves.

nimal dunuhinga

Re-Birth

You could see him from a distance
at the bus halt he stood motionless.
staring to the infinity.
he waited for the bus for hours and hours
days and months.
he wanted to see his mother
who is going to die very soon.
He saw a lorry came to the halt
full of laborers with instruments
and the overseer explained him that
they are going to put up a Railway line.
He waited for the train
for hours, days and months
at last the train arrived and his sick mother got down.

nimal dunuhinga

Recluse

Do you think it's enough
a single dropp of rain to clean
the dirty clothes and his soul?
The ragamuffin was in a rainforest
all his youth.
He opens his mouth
and waits for the rainy season
rest of his life.
The man already vamoose in a drought
and what's the purpose of searching his tomb
under the rainbow?
It's in vain.

nimal dunuhinga

Recruiting Agency

I met her the directress Elsie early in the morning.
'Amigo! Long time no see and where were you? '
'Went to the Moon' I said angrily.
'That sounds good and there are some vacancies in the hell
And they require some moon experiences.'
'Please send me there as here they never give me a job.' I begged
'Get ready it takes less than a week to process the Visa.'
'I have a problem about the language.'
'Not to worry and where are you from? '
'Sri Lanka.'
'Then it's O.K. there are lot of your old politicians work there voluntarily
And you are familiar with the dialect, one thing you have to get the vaccination
anti-rabies before mingling.'
I took the yellow card and walked towards the Health Department.
And I found myself in the toilet after the strange dream.

nimal dunuhinga

Red

Federico del Sagrado Corazón de Jesús García Lorca (Spanish pronunciation: [feˈe̞ˈi̞ko ˈaɾˈi̞.a ˈloɾka]; 5 June 1898 - 19 August 1936) was a Spanish poet, dramatist and theatre director. García Lorca achieved international recognition as an emblematic member of the Generation of '27. He was murdered by Nationalist forces during the Spanish Civil War. In 2008, a Spanish judge opened an investigation into Lorca's death. The García Lorca family eventually dropped objections to the excavation of a potential gravesite near Alfacar. However, no human remains were found.

Is the colour of blood?
Rubies and Strawberries
Commonly associated with danger
Her thin lips and the scarf
She wears at all,
Please do not wave
as a good bye.....I am
on the green path?

to that great poet Garcia Lorca for his play 'Yerma'.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Red Hill And The Black Ants

I climb the Volcano
And the bag rests on my oblique shoulder
Full of grain sugar for the bitter journey.
Who knows about the hole?
And when I turned at the peak
Saw the black ants like a pilgrimage.
I said; ' Hope lava give us lavishly a drink
To pacify our thirst? '

nimal dunuhinga

Red Native Bird On A Maple Tree.....Sing A Song!

[Trees weave intricate patterns upon dusk.
My fingers trace the elegance of form.
The music of the landscape plays old verse.
It lights my little corner of the world.] -A lowering day by Sandra Fowler

It's Winter and without warm clothes
You rest on a Maple tree
and sing a song.....in the morning
Is it Daniel Lanois's lyrics?
'When I throw my net in the river
I will take only what I need
Just enough for me and my lover
I will take what I need? '
I feel sorry and I try to understand your sad song
Because I too a songbird but I sing only in my
Nightmares?
Yet I won't take what I need
Whenever I woke up in the morning?

for the poetess Weeping Willow!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Red-Light District

Don't be upset if you jumped here by accidentally.
You won't see the amber or green lights to move ahead.
Put a Reef-knot to the morality,
They too some kind of species of the struggling process
And listen to their songs and stories carefully.
If you get a chance please send flashes of light
By your fair Morse Code to the Puritanical World of Saints.

nimal dunuhinga

Relative Wind

I came as a breath
take you to my tiny world
but you were trapped in a cobweb.
How do I rescue you?
I rolled as a wave
take you to shore
but you were hidden in the sea bed.
How can I rescue you?
I flew to the infinity like a bird
and take you out from the risk
but you were twinkling in your illusory sky.
Then only I realized that we are far away.

nimal dunuhinga

Relief Road

At a life's congested passage
His metallic painted hearse-like dilapidated car stopped.
Fuel tank has a tiny hole like his crocodile-skin wallet.
He sees an arrow with a sign-board,
'Here's the relief road.'
And someone mutters;
'Leave your limousine aside
And walk downwards to the trance.'

nimal dunuhinga

Repartee Of A Renegade?

Skinny Mom walked towards the gravel road
Where the Pawnshop stands,
Pawned the talisman and her few 22 carat gold jewelry!
She bought for me the valuable second hand books
from the senile professor's house.
Chemistry, Biology, Physics and Trigonometry.
Zoology, Psychology but not Sexology?
O my poor Mom gone with the wind?
The oil lamp's short wick half asleep
Not enough paraffin it seemed?
Moonless nights in the rainy days
Lightening helped me to read well the old books.
But my sad letters soaked with tears for the test papers
Heartless Examiner purposely rejected and I was failed.
Studies were stopped in the drought!
But still I learn in the life-school
The circles, triangles, full stops, commas
Semicolons, question marks & proper nouns.
How beautiful if the World's a Square[In geometry, a square is a regular
quadrilateral. This means that it has four equal sides and four equal angles (90-
degree angles, or right angles) .]
Then I could have hide in a dark corner and cry!
But it's global & rotates with educated politicians
Throws me here & there like in a Gymnasium?

[My dear poor Mom! ,
I requested from a Medical faculty in a University here that we're (beloved &
myself) voluntarily willing to give our useless bodies one day when the breathing
stopped that would give much benefits for others when they do a research of our
mysterious souls! Not yet responded from that end?
Mom! Casket is very beautiful but expensive than the life here?
Everybody comes to the parlor and give their respects at last, that's all!]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Repentance

She pawned her jewelry
and gave me the education.
Where is she now?
The lamp blow out
and from the lightning I studied.
But I failed the Exams.
Still sitting in the life-school.
If the world is a square
then I could have hide in a corner
but the world is a globular?

nimal dunuhinga

Residue

The wayfarer you must be tired now.
Here the inn to get a rest for a while.
Don't be scared, on your wearisome journey
there is no any weighbridge to weigh
your sins or merits?
Please do not look at me in a sarcastic way.
Yes I am a wrongdoer and I sleep with every soul
till the candle burns
as I cannot abandon my dreary inn
and who gives me the warmth in this solitary life?
Am I a waxwork?
I too feel thirst and hunger.
On the way if you have any doubt of leftovers
please do not hesitate to visit me again.
You are always welcome my dear.

nimal dunuhinga

Restrictions For Migratory Birds

I hear they make barbed wire fences and invisible meshes
Over the tourist Liberty islands sky.
Because they spend millions for cleaning bird droppings.
Not only that,
They are scared of bird songs too
As their politicians cannot sing as same as birds.

nimal dunuhinga

Reunion

I dreamed that I reached home after a long voyage
And I searched for my kids.
Then my wife said; ' They have gone on a holiday.'
I grumbled her to bring my children back.
But I realized they are already belong to their lovers
Yes, they were married and living far away.
The same moon we see on different poles in this awful night.
Wife and myself we are at the edge of the world.
Our hearts cry for the reunion and we are scared
As the days are running and we left behind.

nimal dunuhinga

Rhubarb Mixture

When I sip my bitter & cheaper Beer mug
The nostalgic feeling of taste
Dragged me to my childhood memories.
If I am not mistaken approximately fifty years ago
I had a severe stomach ache and my poor Mom
Took me to a Government's free dispensary
Filling the address of a close by relative.
(Some restrictions for outer area patients.)
The Tamil Lady Doctor urunathan
Who resembled the actress
Simultaneously she gave me two tablespoonful of Rhubarb Mixture
For purgative and stomachic bitter,
And the acute pain disappeared at once.
What a pity?
Oh! This Goddess was missing during the ethnic violence in our country.
I dreamed the kind Lady Doctor and my poor deceased Mom
Practise together in a free dispensary of a better World!
I come there soon for my parasitic worms in my knotty bowels
And I hope that soothing elixir still remain in your heavenly premises.

* A friend is the one who comes in when the whole World has gone out.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Rhythm Method!

My beloved woke me up
in the middle of the night.

'Why darling! Somebody knocked at the door and I had some bad dreams? '

'No you're continuously shouting, rhythm method honey and crying,

And I thought some convulsions again! '

I got up and checked the Webster dictionary.

And I read for her;

' Contraception by avoiding sexual intercourse
near the time of ovulation.'

She's angry and grumbled you drank a lot last night that cheap liquor!

nimal dunuhinga

Ring, Rang, Rung And Ringing!

Alas! Former Sri Lankan President Mrs. atunge
Known as 'Madam' has been appointed as an adviser for South Asian Affairs for
UNESCO.

What a pity?

There are really deep rooted intellectuals on our precious motherland
Who are still teaching under thatched remote schools?

Madam's well-to-do parents sent her to France for higher studies

And blunt the commoner's knowledge purposely.

The ridiculous thing is she has ungratefully deleted the motherland in the
progress list before taking her responsible post.

nimal dunuhinga

Ripen But A Bitter Fruit

Fallen to the earth with a branch from a decayed old tree.
It must be the 'Specific Gravity' according to In's law,
If the earth refused to plant my seeds
And I am sure a bird never takes me away.
Oh! Then I would be no more this miserable fruit in the solitary garden of Eden
where they made illicit love.

nimal dunuhinga

Robot Is Perfect

As soon as I recovered from my sickness
Doctors labelled me as a fit soul
and threw me out from the lunatic asylum.
I came running to a junction where a Robot stands
in the middle of a roundabout.
I asked him to show me the way
where the real people are living.
He turned around and raised his hands
and pointed me the way
where I have come from.

nimal dunuhinga

Rubber Handcuffs And The Life-Prison Called Freedom

Among the Felons

A pen-pusher for his bitter literature

Punished in a plastic cell.

A kind sentry probably a Homosexual

Purposely left the brass key in door front.

And the writer opens the cage door

Sees the bluish river up after a long time,

Stretches his feeble tattered wings

And tries to fly in the Melodramatic sky

It's Impossible!

Then only he realizes the next door cell inmate

A Pawnbroker notorious criminal

Who's plucked his all golden feathers!

* A humble dedication to my poet friend robyn selters!

nimal dunuhinga

Rubble Of The Berlin Wall

The Berlin Wall (German: Berliner Mauer) was a barrier constructed by the German Democratic Republic (GDR, East Germany) starting on 13 August 1961, that completely cut off (by land) West Berlin from surrounding East Germany and from East Berlin. The barrier included guard towers placed along large concrete walls, which circumscribed a wide area (later known as the 'death strip') that contained anti-vehicle trenches, 'fakir beds' and other defenses. The Eastern Bloc claimed that the wall was erected to protect its population from fascist elements conspiring to prevent the 'will of the people' in building a socialist state in East Germany. In practice, the Wall served to prevent the massive emigration and defection that marked Germany and the communist Eastern Bloc during the post-World War II period.

The Berlin Wall was officially referred to as the 'Anti-Fascist Protection Rampart' (German: Antifaschistischer Schutzwall) by GDR authorities, implying that neighbouring West Germany had not been fully West Berlin city government sometimes referred to it as the 'Wall of Shame'—a term coined by mayor Willy Brandt—while condemning the Wall's restriction on freedom of movement. Along with the separate and much longer Inner German border (IGB) that demarcated the border between East and West Germany, both borders came to symbolize the 'Iron Curtain' that separated Western Europe and the Eastern Bloc during the Cold War.

Before the Wall's erection, 3.5 million East Germans circumvented Eastern Bloc emigration restrictions and defected from the GDR, many by crossing over the border from East Berlin into West Berlin, from where they could then travel to West Germany and other Western European countries. Between 1961 and 1989, the wall prevented almost all such as this period, around 5,000 people attempted to escape over the wall, with an estimated death toll of over 600.

In 1989, a series of radical political changes occurred in the Eastern Bloc, associated with the liberalization of the Eastern Bloc's authoritarian systems and the erosion of political power in the pro-Soviet governments in nearby Poland and Hungary. After several weeks of civil unrest, the East German government announced on 9 November 1989 that all GDR citizens could visit West Germany and West Berlin. Crowds of East Germans crossed and climbed onto the wall, joined by West Germans on the other side in a celebratory atmosphere. Over the next few weeks, a euphoric public and souvenir hunters chipped away parts of the wall; the governments later used industrial equipment to remove most of the rest. The physical Wall itself was primarily destroyed in 1990. The fall of the

Berlin Wall paved the way for German reunification, which was formally concluded on 3 October 1990.

Poor Mason
a war victim
collects the rubble
of the Berlin Wall
to build that strongest barrier
dividing the World
into two
One for the Warmongers
and the other for peace-makers!

nimal dunuhinga

Ruined Souls

Decayed tombstones, broken-winged angels
still breathing in this courtyard.
The old kings, heroes and warriors having a long term rest
after a brutal murder.
cemetery flowers; some withered
but some in bloom.
there is no room for the spectators and trespassers
who search their ancestors.
chains, swords, crowns, rings bracelets and bangles
all had been turned to dust.
nothing remained.
even their names and addresses
everything washed and vanished
by the heavy rains.

nimal dunuhinga

Rules Of The Road

Ahead of me a hill to pass and the road is slippery & full of bends.
I am a driver not a jockey and this my old crock but not a Stallion.
Oh! I have passed my history teacher who was standing at the bus stop
Since a long time and not aware of the General Bus strike.
I am sorry my brakes are not so good
And the road is slippery, ahead of me a hill to pass.
All of a sudden I saw a racing car has overtaken me
And the history teacher in the car.
I am very happy that she got a ride at last
And would be home earlier than me.

* It was written in the History of the bygone roads, but the modernized peculiar
World, on their highways we are just puppets?

nimal dunuhinga

Sabbatical

The leave granted to a spinster university teacher
for her studies and travel.
She chose one of the students for accompanying
who was born blind and he carried his Braille.
They went to a safari park and she explained him
about the exotic wild animals, their color and nature.
When she held the saintly student's hand
she felt the charisma and saw his charming face.
The second day they traveled on a train to a remote village
where a smallholding runs by her far relative.
The old couple gave them lodging that particular night
and they slept together on a straw mattress.
This is the story of an unusual love begins
and who knows where it ends?

dedication to my poetess friend

nimal dunuhinga

Sad

This three letter adjective describes a long history,
Not in one book and may be more.
Yet, you cannot finish it before you reach the goal.

nimal dunuhinga

Sad Cooing Into The Deep!

[Who being loved, is poor?]-Oscar Wilde

Passing midnight
sleep boycotts,
I heard a coo
from a faraway
turtle dove's dark nest!
'On an auspicious day
You took my saintly husband away
Who's never been to a fight?
Still no letter sees
from the killing fields
and how long it takes?
When this brutal war's going to be finished? '
O I believe it's stronger than a bugle's blow
Deeper than the Ocean
And I was awake
till the dawn?
My sleepy thoughts dragged to the bygone days
We're watching the last tram in Lisbon
from the balcony of our rented lodge
And a beggar-maid who sang a lullaby
Under the Railway station's bridge.
Where's my deceased brother Rohan now?
Who's very aggressive with couple of drinks
And he wants to be a soldier, (now I realized brother not to fight with the fellow
human beings but the fanatic Warlords?)
Still I remember his deep cry.....!

To my loving brother Rohan! I am so grateful to you for that nourishing soup
made from throw away cherry tomatoes in Portugal.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Sad Song Of A Remote Village Factory Girl

Her soft fingers are ideal for a piano reeds to make a classic musical note
But she struggles with hard steel and turn them into tools.
Sharpen tools go to the market and she comes home with a blunt heart.
She re-counts her small daily wage for her wedding dress
But her partner still fights to earn something.
In her fading dreams she hears the wedding bells
While the boy who writes his beautiful curriculum vitae to another World.

nimal dunuhinga

Samson And Delilah

The English Literature teacher called him to the Black-board
Who's a regular absentee for every fortnight test.

'Samson write three sentences using the word 'go'.'

He took a piece of chalk and wrote.

1.I go

go

go

'That's incomplete and where do they go? ' Teacher questioned.

'That's my dilemma too.' He replied.

nimal dunuhinga

Sanction!

My tiny twitter bird
beside my heart
Sang little while ago?
This poor bird lover's cage is open
and never it closes.
I could accept you wholehearted
with a solid promise,
not flying to another cage
with a singsong?

for Stella the poetess!

[To err is human, to forgive divine.]-Alexander Pope

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Sand Bag

The bigamous chauvinist politician son tells his poor father
While his concubine on the treadmill to reduce her bad cholesterol,
'Hey! Old man please do not enter barefooted and all the way you bring dirty
sand into our bungalow.'

Poor father returned to his shack and on his way back he picked a fistful of sand
from the premises and kept in his holey satchel as a keepsake.

*Damned politics;

The one and only career that doesn't require qualifications but hypocrisy?

nimal dunuhinga

Sandal

What a marvelous pair of sandals beloved you wear?
And you resemble me Cleopatra.
Be careful my sweetheart as the road is slippery
And your poor Julius. Caesar is barefooted.
Look into the sky Rome is burning and Nero plays his violin with the crooked
bow.

nimal dunuhinga

Sandra Fowler Is No More!

Dear Nimal,

Sandra passed away in the early hours of this morning. She flew away to be with Jesus, her King.

God Bless,

Nancy

I have no words

when the West Virginian Nightingale
was quiet forever?

I write to Comrade Jesus

please look after her well

and this deepest sympathy to my poor poet God

to inform me when she comes to us

as a poetess again!

Your painted sky is gloomy today

And I know why?

I have a teardropp in my heart!

And I hear your song till I close my eyes forever

'Before the music ends? '*

*fondly to my life-school teacher who taught me when I argued sometimes about certain things, she muttered that life is a song and you have to sing before the music ends?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Scare-Crow And A Twitter Bird

You stuck in the mud full time
and no progress but alert all the time.
There is no praise from your master.
This field is too big for you
and I would like to be your partner.
Living in a remote place together
we can cultivate in a small area
just for our living.
I will sing for you day and night till I die.

nimal dunuhinga

Scattered Dew & Wild Grass

'We must convey our sincere regards
as you pour us silvery pearls every night
for a long sleep' Wild grass blessed!
'I am worried how long this could be served
As I heard from the faraway campsite
Giant Lawnmower's annoying scream,
For the coming competitive election
In rivalry they're madly making silky paths
to poor innocent voters? ' Dew responded.

[Be kind, for everyone you meet is fighting a hard you for reminding me that
others walk uphill just as I often I forget and think that I walk the path of
hardship alone.]-Amen

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Scattered Dew Drops On The Sleepy Grass!

Hey! You hear the secret cries of the pale blue sky
In the morning she pretends nothing has happened
in the previous night.

The tear drops certainly disappear in the Sunrise
And my little orphan girl don't get tired with your cane basket,
Leave the dew aside and collect few flowers for the altar!
She cannot speak but her depressed eyes talk?
'Flowers too wither Grandpa! '
Her gloomy eyes murmured like a sinsong
And the gravedigger hugs her thinking of his far away grand daughter!

nimal dunuhinga

Seasons Change Their Innocent Lifestyle

I am bit inquisitive of bees collect pollen
from the flowers swollen.
And they prepare for the coming Autumn.
A decayed old tree little embarrassed
And I inquire the reason.
'I am quite old dear and do you know the bitter joy of being an old?
Every year the cruel Autumn comes and snatch my poor innocent leaves
And I am certain this time I won't be able to face another spring again.'

nimal dunuhinga

Seclusion!

I tried to hide
from everything
and peep into a snail's
empty shell?
But not enough room there
for this pointless huge body.
Probably the soul could enter?

[The Buddha once described; 'Whoever was heedless before but later changed his ways and become heedful; Such a person illumines this World like the Moon freed from the indeed a great conqueror, he who has conquered himself.]-'One Night's Shelter/From home to homelessness', The American Buddhist monk Bikkhu Yogavacara Rahula

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Seeing The Rapid Changes In An Ex-Army General's Coffin

It's a funeral next door
Once a war veteran
Who lies here as a rabbit.
I stand in front of him
And the landlord too besides me,
He won't grumbles about the General's arrears.
I see the changes simultaneously in the coffin.
It's me who sleeps there and the General points out his rusty pistol towards my forehead;
I cried that I am an innocent;
'Please do not try to kill me again Sir
You must have forgotten that I was killed in the battlefield.'

*Dust you are and to dust you will return.' -Genesis 3: 19

nimal dunuhinga

Send With A Sigh To Elsewhere Embattled Friend

I wish him a long-life
Who idles with long johns.
He sees a long-range
The long-sighted and long-winded
Short looker-on
Search a loophole of this loose-leaf book of life.

nimal dunuhinga

Serenade

Luscious Lass in lurk under the dusky evening sky.
Her lustre in the night fall,
Has the hapless Sun ever seen?
He never got the opportunity in his lifetime.
He is only a sad lover and burning in day light.
But the nocturnal song with her magical lute only the night hawks can hear.
If the Sun intrudes into the night,
He will be surprised by seeing the nexus of nightly legacy.
And you see how the Lucifer's hanky-panky?

nimal dunuhinga

Shackle

A pure gold ornament weigh in carats.
But I am scared to wear as the phobia
which rings always specially in nights
whether they kill me or rob
and hide me somewhere.
Though it's gold not very imperative
and a heavy garment for the journey.

nimal dunuhinga

Shake Well Before Using!

In a nightmare Satan shouted;
'This bottle of cheap Alcohol
is suitable for depression, psychiatric
or emotional conditions or
Parkinson's disease.'
I found that prescribed cheapest Brandy
in a Wine store at a Downtown corner.
I take this as a nightcap with wife's
restricted two teaspoons.
Thank God!
Now I see beautiful Angels
with their transparent nightdresses
instead of Demons?
And I guess in case of overdose
I could have forgotten all the debts?

to Alison & Jerry with belated New Year Wishes!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Shamisen

She plays the three flavor strings
With the Bachi.(Plectrum)
I asked her name politely.
'Yukiko Suzuki' She said shyly.
She smiled like in a painting of ro.
I told her that I have been to Japan
And she begged me to sing a Japanese song.
I started and she clapped!
'Haru O aisuru hito wa, kokoro kiyoki hito
Sumire no hana no yo na, Boku no Tomodachi.
Natsu O aisuru hito wa, kokoro tsuyoki hito,
Iwa O kudaku nami no yona, Boku no Chichioya.
Aki O aisuru hito wa, kokoro fukaki hito,
Ai O kataru haine no yona, Boku no Koibito.
Fuyu O aisuru hito wa, Kokoro hiroki hito,
Neyuki O tokasu Daichi no yona, Boku no hanaoya.
[A person who loves Spring, Is a person of pure heart,
Like the flower of a pansy, that person is my friend
A person who loves Summer, Is a person of strong mind,
Like waves break the rocks, that person is my father
A person who loves Fall, Is a person of deep thoughts,
Like love in the heart, that person is my lover
A person who loves Winter, Is a man of wide heart,
Like the Earth melts the ice, that person is my mother.'
When I finished the song my beloved woke me up and said;
'Domo Arigato Gozaimashita' [Thank you very much.]

*A humble dedication to my lifelong friend i
I walk along the bygone memory lane and I found a tear dropp in my eye!

nimal dunuhinga

Shani The Young Poetess From Massachusetts

She knows much but talks very less
And she attached to us before we leave for California.
I learned a lot of things in this fragile life from her innocent smile
And it's a hidden poem really that never published.

* I dedicate this poem in gratitude to her courageous family who gave us
tremendous help as same as hospitality in our hard times in the USA.

nimal dunuhinga

Sharp Eyeliner, Cheap Lipstick & Rich Arrogant Smile!

*Nothing is good or bad, but thinking makes it so.
-Shakespeare

She too struggles in the ring
With soft boxing gloves.
Be aware of Cops who come as Puritans.
A ruined Castle and a single lamp post watches
Without a bulb in the premises.
Haughty Moon never peeps.
The old gets young and the young gets old
Those who make Taboos
They too peep sometimes when in thirsty of this burning Life!

To the poet Shakespeare Waste Bin in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

She Acts Behind The Stage

She couldn't get at least a dumb role yet,
And the rehearsal goes on, the rest do their parts
Go back for refreshment.
The dumb girl makes tasty coffee & tea for them
And sips her broken handle coffee mug in a corner.
Nobody's attention for her
And I read the janitor's soft heart;
'She deserves the best supporting actress award in her life -drama.'

For

*Jean-Paul Charles Aymard was a French existentialist philosopher, playwright, novelist, screenwriter, political activist, biographer, and literary.....et cetera.,

nimal dunuhinga

She Calls Him By His Nickname!

Hey! My blind lover
My nickeldeon,
Your song of love is stale now
Like nicotinic acid.
Your oratory is an annoy!
I love my Cardiologist
Who treats me for my 'Angina Pectoris'.
This is a special invitation for our union,
Please do not sing that old song on my Wedding!
Bye! It's me your old photogenic.

nimal dunuhinga

She Cries Like A Dove On The Modern Stainless Steel Bridge!

Pigeons and doves constitute the bird family Columbidae within the order Columbiformes, which include some 300 species of near passerines. In general terms 'dove' and 'pigeon' are used somewhat interchangeably. In ornithological practice, there is a tendency for 'dove' to be used for smaller species and 'pigeon' for larger ones, but this is in no way consistently applied, and historically the common names for these birds involve a great deal of variation between the terms 'dove' and 'pigeon.' This family occurs worldwide, but the greatest variety is in the Indomalaya and Australasia ecozones. Young doves and pigeons are called 'squabs.'

Have you seen my boyfriend?
Painful the kiss of his wisdom tooth
Stingy and uses my perfume,
Curly hair
Green eyes
Dimples on both cheeks
When he smiles
And he holds a guitar all the time.
If not the drawn mascara pencil mustache
He looks like a girl.
Swing walk and everybody likes him.
When I saw him last night at the theater
He wore a black T Shirt
And a Red Trouser.
O somebody must have eloped with him?
Swing walk and everybody likes
And I missed him
My boyfriend!

* for the boisterous Irene to reduce her speed!

nimal dunuhinga

She Cuts The Ribbon

A Brand new Hospital
And the Logo says;
'We serve the needy too,
Installment basis till they die.
You get World class facilities here.'
Yes, I can see the top floor rotates like a Merry-Go-Round
And from there you can see the sick World around!

* Later on rumour goes around most of the patients hospitalized there were
Doctors and a poor clerk has pawned his life to settle the bills!

nimal dunuhinga

She Eavesdrops At The Easygoing Old Bachelor's Billet

Oh! What a lovely song he sings? ;
'My unsinkable Yacht sails very soon
To an Utopia,
And my lonely cabin seeks a right partner
Who's capable for seasickness.'

* You must be flexible as there are ups & downs along the journey.

nimal dunuhinga

She Forced Me To Write A Haiku

If someone asks
What's the mysterious thing
You ever saw in your life,
I say your smile.

To an unknown lass who smiled in a departing train.

nimal dunuhinga

She Is Very Fragile And Handle Very Carefully

Life provokes all the time and the man in netting
That stings when touched like nettle.
He gets a partner for his solitary pilgrimage
And she seems to be tangible or capable to rough weather.
Otherwise the whole mysterious life would be a sore.
She likes a sister to him and sometimes a lover.
She advice as a mother and please strum her soft heart string carefully
Then you hear the melody that tiptoes with you in this tiresome journey.

nimal dunuhinga

She Looks Fatten To Her Fancy Dress

Why did you give her an expensive dress?

This born slim girl floats in the Baroness's grand anniversary party.

Perhaps she may a Nanny in the Manor.

The infant cries pathetically instead of the Nanny's inner cry.

She smiles to the strangers showing her fancy dress.

Nobody knows her birthday that falls today.

nimal dunuhinga

She Makes A Pineapple Upside Down Pudding To A Retired General

She grumbles early in the morning
There are three dozens of rings in the can
But now Six rings missing.
'How do I finish the pudding
And they come to pick before Noon?
'Don't worry darling do an Icing scroll on the top
With the number '0' nozzle;
Sorry Sir, Six rings were missing in action! ' I said seriously.
She just smiled and said nothing.

*(Reuters) - Sri Lanka's president on Tuesday upheld a military court ruling sentencing former army chief Sarath Fonseka to prison, meaning his wartime ally turned political arch-rival will lose his parliamentary seat.

A Graffiti;
Monkey praises his own tail;
'How beautiful my tail and I could jump to an any tree as I am the King in the jungle, all the Elephants, Lions and Tigers were killed already'.

nimal dunuhinga

She Moves With Her Children

I have no voice to say 'Don't go'.
And ask where are you going?
But I like if you stay here.
Oh! The War-victimized widow with three children
Teacher of a school Presbyterian.
You and I are just next-door neighbours only,
And really we do not know each other.
But I feel my old haversack would be helpful to you.
Though you left already without a notice.
I murmured to myself;
'Never mind I believe, this is a train journey
And some they get down at their destined stations
Without saying a Goodbye!

*[My dear teacher, blessed your journey that leads to an Academic progress to all the children of the World. And I hum the song of Andy Williams 'Where do I begin? (Love Story)]

To the poetess Tanya.....!

nimal dunuhinga

She Prefers Hazelnut Coffee And Wallstreet Journal

She brought a large vessel from home (perhaps homeless)

And I was surprised that how long it takes to refill?

While leaving she asked; ' Wallstreet Journal? '

'Sorry Madam, we sell Register, LA Times and La Opinion only.'

'What's going on around the World honey? '

'As usual Big fish eats the small.'

She left with a sarcastic smile and it says; 'World is not going to be finished in
Million of years but the poor Man dies! '

*To the actress Betty Davies for her classical movie 'Hush Hush sweet Charlotte.'

nimal dunuhinga

She Sings From Her Soft Heart

My speechless Dove, I hear your song frequently
That has no words but it's very enormous.

We came together and I have heard this in my previous births too.

This song of the road gives me the courage to step forward and make sure that
we have to walk hand in hand further on.

I appreciate your melancholy song as it never changed its tune & rhythm
Though you faced many obstacles.

One day we have to cross the river and leave the song at shore to recite the
others who needs the ferry to row peacefully.

* To my beloved wife who supplies me the ingredients to enrich the life's bitter-
cake.

nimal dunuhinga

She Sings From Her Soft Heart!

My speechless Dove, I hear your song frequently
That has no words but it's very heavy.
We came together and I have heard this
since my previous births too.
This song of the road gives me the courage to step forward
And make sure that we have to walk hand-in-hand further?
I adore your melancholy song as it never changed
Its tune & rhythm?
Though we faced many obstacles
One day we definitely cross the river
And leave the song at the bank,
Let recite the others who need the ferry to row peacefully!

To my beloved wife who supplies me the ingredients to enrich the life's bitter
cake.

[*What's a family? Is it a genetic chain, parents & offspring, people like me? Or
it's a social construct, an economic unit, optimal for child rearing and divisions of
Labor? Or it's something else entirely: A store of shared memories, say? An
ambit of love? A reach across the void?]- 'Dreams from my father'.....Barack
Obama

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

She Smiled With Me At A Stranger's Funeral Parlor

I lost my job few days ago
And no way to go?
Just entered to an unknown funeral parlor
And she smiled with me.
I noticed that she holds a white cane.

nimal dunuhinga

She Stands Under A Maple Tree Near A Manor

They met accidentally
And she kept quiet.
He too acts as a dumb.
She thinks he could be the landlord
And he thinks the opposite.
After a while they seperated to different paths
Along the country road as strangers
And not to be seen again in the vicinity.

nimal dunuhinga

She Still Studies In The Life-School And Never Quits!

Whenever the market price goes down of goods
She records in her memory book for the family welfare
And she cooks tasty food even without ingredients in the kitchenette
So you do not want to go for Restaurants searching varieties.
She's familiar with her partner's perspiration & tears
And the strange perfume she recognizes?
She knows the rules of the road
Though she never holds a valid license
And your bullock-cart by mistake goes off-road
Suddenly she pulls the reins and stops before it jumps into peril!
'Be careful as the road is slippery' she always reminds you!
She's a Woman and her name is Friend!

* Dedication to the Womenfolk the rare panacea!

nimal dunuhinga

She Strums My Old Strings Of The Heart Smoothly

Quietly she rests her head in my bosom
And hums her favorite song sleepily
While I struggle with the ridiculous life.
'Let my tiny cuckoo flies so high
And I watch your acrobats from our cheerful nest.
Today I cooked in a different style
And the dinner is ready on the table with a bottle of Red wine.
Please do not forget the way back my darling
And why so late
Have you been to a strange nest accidentally.'

*[How sad a Woman lives her entire life in doubts? In her vocabulary she has
two fundamental so late and why too early? ']

nimal dunuhinga

She Waits At A Stopover Of My Unfinished Journey

It's very hard to understand her dialects of the talking eyes
And the hidden dumb heart.
That really brings me confusion.
What she requests either love, sex and life or something else?
Oh! I was chained and I cannot move even an inch from this barricade.

nimal dunuhinga

She Wants To Make Me A Giant

Wife and myself went on shopping today,
She suggested 'Darling it's a Sunday'.
I was bit scared as my wallet is not so sound.
'Not to worry I got new notes with old crooks
And you have gone down these days,
You must have the strength to fight with life.'
Oh! She would have buy the whole super market
Who created this rare creature the woman?

nimal dunuhinga

Shifting Stars

When the dark clouds gather in the eastern sky
Severe drought pass away
Leaving the famine to cry.
Diarrhea forms in the poor infants' empty bowels
Malaria spreads & vanish crops
And the politician heads with leaflets.
It's really a gimmick for the candidate to grab the seat after the election.
Broken promises are shining in the night sky
And please do not misguided as those are not stars.

* His gate always locked and the prominent gold plated letters even a blind can
see from afar;
'Beware of dogs'

To my poet friend it

nimal dunuhinga

Shock Absorbers, Piston, Crank Shaft, Universal Joint And Thunderbolt!

I love the adolescent Mechanic
Like a stunt actor in a movie
Who's never been to a school
But the little wrinch-spanner in his denim pocket
With a grand smile,
He does miracles of this oblique World.
He knows my sickness
But never give me a stress.
And I read his secret tiny eyes.
'Go slowly Grandpa!
Don't run like younger days
Because no spare parts for this old crock! '

*for George Murdock in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Shoestring As A Necktie And I Hurried For The Interview

Jumped into the doubledecker
And go to the Lunatic Asylum
For the Security Officer interview,
An old Man seated beside me, smiled
And he's very familiar.
'Hey! Young boy you must be working to a space project
I can trace from your face if I am not mistaken?
Where were all these night stars
Hide in daytime? '
Both of us got down at the same bus stop!
He proceeded to the outpatient ward
And I stood in front of the office.

nimal dunuhinga

Shooter And The Clay Pigeon

The young marksman who is in the services deprives her as a slave.
His love seems to her like military orders.
But how can she salute him in despair?
He is not the right partner though he is well polished.
Let him choose a quarrelsome lass and search for a polite soldier who really
fights with life.

*I dedicate this poem to my brother soldiers who are in the meaningless
battlefield on this precious Christmas day.
The Lord Jesus preached about brotherhood against the battlefield?

nimal dunuhinga

Shoplifter

Police ran behind the thief
and caught him.
It looks very sad,
a deserter is holding a canned meat
and his name is tian.
(nickname for the dark spots on his face) .
Who served half of his hard life
in the armed forces
and at last what he gained?
only the isolation!

nimal dunuhinga

Shower Curtain

My beloved threw away
the old fungi one and bought
a new plastic curtain that I love so much.
Birds, butterflies, bees and hornets
Moths, grasshoppers, plants and flowers
Stainless steel cages everywhere they printed.
Thank you so much darling
you realized my likings!
Now I am very cautious
whenever I take my hot bath
As I am scared they all fly away
leaving me in those cages
and I whistle sometimes Lennon's song
to keep them alive.
'And when the broken hearted people living in the world agree
There will be an answer, let it be
For though they may be parted, there is still a chance that they will see
There will be an answer, let it be
Let it be, let it be, let it be! '
And my beloved grumbles; 'To whom you whistle so lovely'
'To you and my loved ones here dear'
She smiled sarcastically?

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Sibyl And A Demon

She tells fortune for the others.

But her partner won't come to her sight at all.

It belongs to his hypocrisy and double standards to the people.

Who knows his whereabouts?

This part time magical lover engages in politics.

But she is unable to tell his future

Either he wins or loose in the nearest election?

nimal dunuhinga

Silence

After reading Max Reif's poem 'The day after Thanksgiving'
this notion came all of a sudden.
His poem's last line (the boat after passing a bridge, only the voice-
remained, then silence) .
This line penetrated me.
Silence haunts me always
even under the hot sun I see the darkness
cannot bear up at all.
It rings my eardrums
like an arrow, wound my heart
and I feel it's palpitation stopped.
What a mighty thing is silence?
at last who takes all of us to his domicile
the Graveyard?

Dedicated to the poet Max. Reif.

nimal dunuhinga

Silent Songsmith's Disappearance

He writes to an unknown songstress
who is in her anthesis.

The longest lyric ever written.

She likes to see him and sing together.

But he was absent on the proposed day
and never heard of him again.

It seems that his inferiority complex
which leads the innocent speechless
to be frustrated and vanished.

nimal dunuhinga

Silkworm, Bachelor And A Spinster

A bachelor idles in his lonely garden
And mutters to the silkworm crawls on a maple tree.
' Hey! My tiny friend do you hear that sad song of my neighbor?
If I borrow your spinneret,
Then I could have make a long silky thread unbreakable
And weave a fine bedspread for her a New year gift.'

To all my friends a Happy New Year!

nimal dunuhinga

Siluna! A Bookmark For The Life's-Book

Life's a sugar-coated bitter pill
Some swallow with a glass of water
But it melts in our toothless mouth
with the help of saliva.
Son do not play alone
Your loving Grandma and I are
your play mates and come to our
closest proximity.
Old age is not a grave sickness.
Your foot-ruler is too short
to measure the lengthy life
and it's a long journey.
Make your sole rough
Then you feel the sharp thorns
as tender grass.
Come closer, your smile and the gentle touch
to our hearts keep us live longer!
We watch your acrobats
sitting on the threshold
with a bite of grind pea nuts
Don't run fast as you miss the slums
among the skyscrapers?
Education is a blunt sword
that never harms yet give you the sharpen
to be a Man but not a Superman!
'Man sounds good' once Maxim Gorky said.
You may be a Doctor or Solicitor one day
Try to find a panacea for the poverty!
You're not small at all
Remind the strange love chases behind you!
Your mad Grandpa picked this flower
in our teens but it's too early for you
and be patient!
If we could see your offspring
that's our only wish
before we reach Hell or Nirvana?

For our grandson Siluna!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Similarities

Early in the morning today my grandson inquires a strange thing over the telephone,

'Good morning grandpa, could you please tell me four similar words that related to the meaning of decaying and this is my teacher's question.'

'Good morning Sonny! Take a pencil stub and write down dear, Rats, Termites, Parasites and Relatives.

Take care and be a good boy! '

nimal dunuhinga

Sing A Song To The Poor People About The Fading Heaven

Strum your old rusty strings
And open your hidden voice
Black & White of the truth
Where it stands,
Let them know how far to go?

nimal dunuhinga

Single Parent's Elegy!

[May have warm words
on a cold evening,
A full Moon on a dark night, And the road downhill
All the way to your door.] -An Irish blessing for the journey

Children smile in the dreams
and I am awake stitching their uniforms.
There are movie tickets next door bachelor gave us
still underneath my pillow and my heart cries
Whether we go there or not?
Altar's oil lamp-wick moves to the wind
And I saw the faintly smile of 's face.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Sir!

You passed me remarks on & off
that I am an ignorant!

Yes Sir!

I know only that Sun rises in the East
and sets in the West,

One plus one is two not eleven like our boss says
and the precious letter

in the English alphabet starts with 'A'
and finishes at 'Z'.

But you are not familiar with this statement Sir!

Most of the huts in this ridiculous World

Their stoves unlit for days, months and years?

All the religions I searched but couldn't find the right word
and ultimately it's in the encyclopedia in simple letters
'poverty'.

to my friend Pranab!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Sitting On The Riverside Watch The Beauty Of Ugly Life!

['Forests, lakes, and rivers, clouds and winds, stars and flowers, stupendous glaciers and crystal snowflakes-every form of animate or inanimate existence, leaves its impress upon the soul of man.']-Orison Swett Marden

A man drowns in the deep river
and he waves,
O I feel embarrassed and sad
As I cannot jump into the river
and rescue him because
inability of masterly swimming?
I shrieked and raised my feeble hands into the sky
O what a pity I saw only the passing clouds?

nimal dunuhinga

Skylark's Downcast At The Downtrodden

Starry-eyed Hunter!
what are you searching in the sky?
We are watching the segregation of the stars.
So far nothing has fallen down from the sky.
And who fulfil our tasteless stomachs?
When there was a drought
you poured us rain
and thank you for your kindness.
But the floods befriend with us
and accompanied towards the graveyard.
Anyway the dying is better than the starvation
and thank you again for your kindness.

nimal dunuhinga

Slanted Lamp Posts, Asphalt Roads And The Lost Pair Of Synthetic Gem-Studded Sandals

Slanted old wooden lamp posts
Hold the high tension cables
And the asphalt stretched
Silent roads,
Give their broken shoulders
To pass your proud vehicles
You go in situ and no more?
And the rest do their
usual schedule.
He who sings this unchanged melody
from a safe distance
And they cry in the life-theater
The poor audience?

*[My wife called me yesterday from the Temple that somebody has taken her pair of sandals at the threshold and she came home hardly barefoot? I didn't believe this as I thought it's another April Fool's I said; ' Not to worry, probably a poor worshiper like us must be fled to Nirvana suddenly, who knows? ']

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Sleepwalkers

Who suture her heart?

It was torn apart.

When I met her

She was smell of liquor.

I waited until she gets sober

And she started talking in anger.

'I loved him and gave everything

But now he is having an affair

With my sister and they are going to marry soon.'

'I am very sorry my dear and I too a loner bird

But the problem is that I don't have a proper roost.

I sleep in a doghouse and how I take you to my sinking ship? '

nimal dunuhinga

Sleight Of Hand

I put my handkerchief into your holey pocket
And take out a Pigeon,
Again I put the Pigeon into your pocket
And take out my handkerchief.
A middle aged woman with a singsong
Winked at me among the crowd at the roundabout
And it says willing to come with me.
What a real gimmick?
She took my fragile heart
Through the broken ribs
Without my knowledge.

nimal dunuhinga

Smile Together Till The Last Breath Crawls

Alas!

The gravedigger

Who's never been to a school

Scribble on a tomb

By his thumb

Using a dead-soul's ashes.

nimal dunuhinga

Smile Turns The Blank Pages Of Life's Book

At the bar she smiles with everybody
But for him that is sure it's something special
And he feels it's an invitation for her lonesome journey.

nimal dunuhinga

Smokers

Though it's a risk to life
People smoke everyday.
Among the cigarette butts
I hear a nicotine stained song
'Cigarette contains carbon monoxide'
And the eternal cry of filters say
'Life is a struggle? '

nimal dunuhinga

Snakes And Ladders

It's really amazing that some relatives
They offer you the hand to bring up when you are in trouble.
But when you climb the steps gradually
They pull the ladder secretly.

* Be watchful my dear son on your walks
As there are some snakes under the grass.
[Still I remember my deceased loving mother who whispers this phrase when
she put us on the bed.]

nimal dunuhinga

Snow Flowers Bloom Along The Angry Roads?

In the spring
I was like a string
Loosen the knot
from an old Bollard
in a Yacht Harbor?
As I walk along the angry roads
Still snow flowers bloom
in the Spring season?
I am so sorry
As no proper secured place in my heart-room for You!
Burning all over like an oven before the Autumn
Being an adult diagnosed with Depression!

[In 1950's my barefoot never cried? But now with all the comfortable shoes it's really painful the sole?]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Snowman

[A snowman is an anthropomorphic snow sculpture. They are customarily built as part of a family project in celebration of winter. In some cases, participants in winter festivals will build large numbers of snowmen.]-wikipedia

Wander pack

'An Afghan refugee girl stands amid a herd of goats in a field on the outskirts of the Pakistani Capital, Islamabad, nearly 2 million Afghans remain refugees in Pakistan.'-Time magazine's photograph by Muhammed Muheisen

O My little friends

Children!

I'll be your Snowman

Not your Shepherd

or the God!

Just a frozen human being

I open my mouth and eyes

tell you some stories of the bygone cruel wars

pour me some food & water

if you have,

but how could I ask that

from a refugee?

Don't worry and I'll tell you some stories

not the Red Riding Hood or Cinderella

Sorry.....out of service the fairy tale machine

But I'll tell you about Anne Frank, Etty Hilliesum, Edith

Stein, Helga Deen, Simone Weil, Rutka Laskier, Peter Ginz, Hana Brady & etc.,

those who were disappeared in the Holocaust, lot.....!

till my frozen death?

'Go out into the World today and love the people you your presence light new light in the hearts of people.'-Mother Teresa

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

So-And-So Likes Lemonade

She resembles a soft fruit and very sociable.
But when she gets angry she is very fizzy like soda water.
He likes black beer as it gives the taste of bitter life
He says to the softie.
She seldom sleeps with him but lemonade is prohibited
As he complains that she makes a sound sleep.
She belongs to her kind husband and he belongs to his timid wife.
There is nothing to be seemed wrong if this a soap opera?

nimal dunuhinga

Soiree

He brings his Ukulele
And she holds a fiddle
Birds fly to their roosts
After the day's struggle
Twilight a gathering
For a musical fiesta
And the dumb sky sings
While the poor disabled boy
Claps with his one hand!

* To Brown for his true voice 'Let's get California working again! '

nimal dunuhinga

Solace

I checked,
And no spelling mistakes
The signature of Arthur Guinness
in red letters!
Without a valid visa
I gate crashed into Dublin.
Really it's traditionally brewed.
I experienced the robust, mellow and satisfying flavor for myself.
As they say, O what a fine drink Guinness Extra Stout
And I forgot this month's house rent!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Solidarity

The last train stopped at midnight
With the passengers!
A mechanical fault it seems.
And an old bus towed her
To the last destination!
All the passengers and the disabled train
Gave lot of thanks to the bus.
That's all!

nimal dunuhinga

Some Prefer Fire

Her smile feels comfortable
Like a child's pastel drawing.
Another day he writes;
When I peeped into her heart
Oh! Really it's burning like a volcano.
But it's a wintry night and I cannot leave the premises.
So I decided to stay longer voluntarily.

nimal dunuhinga

Some Privileged But Majority Impalpable?

If you learn well
the Geography
You grab the mysterious Earth,
Then magical History
you prefer to live in a forest
And if you learn the mesmerized game cricket
British Empire taught us every single movement
You could have bought the Heaven at least half?
Alas!
You don't want to learn anything
to be an honest Politician who smiles with his pearly teeth,
A rare gift for hypocrisy!

nimal dunuhinga

Some Strange Relatives Here With Crowns

They address us that we are their poor relatives
And we have to bow them day & night,
Chant the psalms for their Goodwill.
Yes Sir, certainly we do without any hesitation;
'See above your shoulders if you have eyes
To whom you pray all day,
And check the candle whether it flickers or not
Touch your sacred heart not at the back
And be honest to yourself that you are you and nobody else?

nimal dunuhinga

Some They Avoided A Poor Ant's Funeral

No drums, no marching and no bugles,
Not much crowd as expected
Only few relatives behind the anthill.
The President of ants has sent a deepest sympathy
That's saying; 'Sorry, I am not able to attend your funeral
As I have to be present in an Elephant's wedding.'

nimal dunuhinga

Some Women Like Hitler's Typical Mustache!

In front of the mirror
I notch my mustache
And my beloved comes behind
She grumbles; 'I don't like that V-shape cut.'
'No darling I want to make it as Hitler's
And some women like that.'
The whole week she didn't speak with me
And slept on the floor!

nimal dunuhinga

Someone

Someone's heart-door shuts
And the song of life never comes out.
Someone mutters
But it's voiceless
And in the feverish air
That never travels to her
Unless a great force.
Oh! It's a gloomy Sunday
The unusual bench in the park
Waits for a stranger to chat.
But the park gate was closed
As the gate-keeper lost his bunch of keys
After a nightcap.
A handsome beggar found the keys in an early morning
At the tavern door step
And he thinks he could enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

* All the time I feel that someone knocks at my door,
And I peep out but nobody's there.
I have heard that the death has a habit of knocking at doors?

nimal dunuhinga

Someone Calling Me Home

“Every child is an artist. The problem is how to remain an artist once he grows up.”
? Pablo Picasso

A little ragged girl at the Railway Station
with her scattered pastels
who makes fine drawings
and bargain the passers-by?
I watched this child's prodigy
Some of her works
Resembles Marc Chagall.
Her titles are brilliant
As same as her superb drawings!
It's really amazing
'Someone calling me home'
A cow milks its baby
on an isolated pasture?
And When I choose that painting
I saw the tear drops about to fall
from her far-seeing eyes?

for the deceased poetess Sandra Fowler her poem paintings are everlasting!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Someone Has Given A Delusive Message To All The Websites

A Lunatic has snatched my Yahoo's password
And informed to the World
Nimal is stranded in Barcelona, Spain
Lost his wallet and he begged on the road
For some Euros to go back home.
I am sure that he's a Rabid!

* My Yahoo mail was blocked due to this incident!

nimal dunuhinga

Someone Smiles Painstakingly

Awake often my little red eyes
While in the graveyard shift.
Sometimes my precious eyes need a long sleep
But I tell 'please wake till morn
As the night isn't so friendly with us.'
Then my eyes grumble; 'You sleep in the morning Master!
Though we close our eyes,
Yet, we see the World of gambling with human nature.'

* To the unknown little blind girl who roamed in my daydream and said; ' It's really awful Grandpa! when I see your eyes are like two hot iron balls.'

nimal dunuhinga

Sonata

Our brother soldier who stands at the sentry?
No sleep at all while the whole world dive in their sugary dreams.
He tastes his bitter coffee from time to time.
My dear brother you taste the life venture.
And some day you realize a better world in your daydreams.
The gun turn up a magical guitar with thousand strings and you strum.
This is the song of Unity.
"We are the brothers and sisters in one family.
And it seems that we are kings and queens without crowns.
We become decent fathers and mothers who cultivate the prosperity?
Then we distribute crops to our precious children happily.
The day seems not so far that our children would grumble and queries
What is the meaning of war Papa?
Then you have to answer clearly "It's the cowardice of some superior lunatics."

nimal dunuhinga

Song Of The Narrow Road

His melancholy song began exceeding its limits.
In those days he used to sing the same old song:
'Why these ears, hey! If they do not hear? '
Old man is crying for help.
It's useless if they are annoying?
Only this shadowless precarious man who accompanies him
Until his last breath.
Oh! This melancholy song exceeds its limits.

I dedicate this poem to Sandra & Dave in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

Sonny! One Day You Too Push Me When I Struggle On My Wheelchair

When I pushed my Grandson's Pram
I do remember now what I told;
Sorry, I have no any regrets my son
I am proud that you're being a Pilot!
And I know that you have a limited time of Freedom
When that Exists suddenly you run to your nest
I understand the Ladybird waits for you.
Your poor Grandma also old now
And she struggles to pass a silky thread
Through eye of the needle!
And I too already threequarter senile
But still I remember your name my son.
If you find a better place in your flying career
Which is not in the given map,
Your poor Grandma and the jigsaw Grandpa
Could have wait for a while at a stopover
Until your pretty Alloy-bird safely lands!

* To the poetess Unwritten Soul [PH] in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Son'Ny! This Cradlesong Is Not So Sweet

We are always looking for something else
And really we believe if we get it
Then we could be happy forever.
Who realizes that 'Happiness forever' was an impossibility?
This relative changes in the mind which undertakes and keeps the man on
running towards the Eternity.
Please try to sleep well my baby and do not wake up to this giddy World.

(I dedicate this poem to the poetess Patricia Gale in gratitude.)

nimal dunuhinga

Sorcerer's Sippy Land!

A famine is a widespread scarcity of food. This phenomenon is usually accompanied or followed by regional malnutrition, starvation, epidemic, and increased mortality.

Emergency measures in relieving famine primarily include providing deficient micronutrients, such as vitamins and minerals, through fortified sachet powders or directly through supplements. The famine relief model increasingly used by aid groups calls for giving cash or cash vouchers to the hungry to pay local farmers instead of buying food from donor countries, often required by law, as it wastes money on transport -term measures include investment in modern agriculture techniques, such as fertilizers and irrigation, which largely eradicated hunger in the developed world. World Bank strictures restrict government subsidies for farmers, and increasing use of fertilizers is opposed by some environmental groups because of its unintended consequences: adverse effects on water supplies and habitat

I sowed some other land
And he has taken the reap?
I left aside
With empty hands
And the fertilizer
Gone with the wind!

*for my Historian friend Raj Nandy

nimal dunuhinga

Sound Of Waves!

["The fishermen know that the sea is dangerous and the storm terrible, but they have never found these dangers sufficient reason for remaining ashore"]-Vincent van Gogh quotes (Dutch Painter, one of the greatest of the Post-Impressionists,1853-1890)

The twilight sky
when Sun drowns
in the Ocean
A fisherman
who pushes
his catamaran
into the sea
and his wife
peeps through the window
with their new born child.
Wild geese fly over the vineyard
towards their roosts
and the far away church bell tolls.
She prays and the psalm entwine with the sound of waves
catamaran goes deeper and deeper
and the stern light
still visible like a firefly!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Soup Kitchen

When the Election draw nearer the handsome politicians are served free to the poor,
And the innocents believe the franchise is a golden opportunity to bring their fans to the mesmerizing stage.
Afterwards, the poor dance like puppies to the sopranos and the stronghold does the sordid Puppetry.

nimal dunuhinga

Sour Wine

The virgin dolly bird sings in her vineyard
and the virtuoso listen her arrogant melody
at his cottage window merrily.

The old rusty fence isn't a barrier it seems
if she pass a gentle glance?

The bystander in his fantasy
counting the stars in the mysterious sky.

Wine turned to vinegar
and the lonesome soul still a bachelor.

To my poet friend ay

nimal dunuhinga

Space Odyssey

The politician is one of the candidates
who was short listed for the spacecraft.
He insisted on his henchman accompanying him.
'I am not qualified Sir' henchman replied.
'Your political knowledge is more than enough,
do not worry I'll do arrangements and you get ready'
Politician assured.

The following day henchman explained the matter to his wife.
She was angry and said 'I don't mind wherever you go
but before you leave buy all these things for me'.
She gave a long list and the things available only in the moon.

nimal dunuhinga

Spectacle

My little sparrow flies all over the middle east sky
and she tells 'A sparkle round the clock there,
they are at the frontier face to face'.
For what?
A friendly chat?
No my dear they are willing to see the blood each other.
A tyrannize movement!
I passed a message to my little sparrow
'If possible ask the raincloud to make an incessant rain and
a typhoon to scatter all these inhuman invalids
and moisture their heads, brains and souls'
She replied ' I'll try my level best uncle'
Now she calls me uncle,
Oh! I am ageing?

Dedication to the poetess i

nimal dunuhinga

Speechless Princess And A Hitch-Hiker

Hey! My strong ebony
Though you are black,
In the pitch darkness
I can see your beauty.
When you smile
It's like a crescent moon
In this haunted sky.
Does your big headed father will allow me to take your hand?
If you are willing to live in my hermitage
Then I can forward all my credentials.
Though we speak a different tongue
Hope it's not an obstacle for our love?
Oh! It's very tiresome effort
And your silence is an annoy to me.
My beloved black tulip
Could you please answer me?
"Am I ugly? "
The soil is not tasty my dear
But the tree of love grows there
And bloom fragrant flowers
Which produce sweet fruits?

nimal dunuhinga

Spirit Level

The Mason's wife asked;
'What's that bubble in liquid
in your sealed glass tube? '
'That could test if our love is in a surface level? '
'Then you have to buy a new one throwing this rickety bed.'
She grumbled.

nimal dunuhinga

Square Meal

She runs the said eating house.
The beautiful spinster cooks & serves alone
Though the board displays hiring now
Yet she couldn't find an Esquire.
She's tired and bored.
When her eternal dream full-blown?
And the full Moon hides in her gloomy sky
Never peeps with a friendly smile.

*I hope she celebrates Mother's day next year.

nimal dunuhinga

Squirrel My Little Friend!

I watch your jumps from tree to tree
with that bushy tail
And your song I try to understand
If I write this way
Is it okay?
Man raises his bony hands and questions
from the dumb sky of his future?
Sky's helpless as she cannot stop the clouds
that wander here & there?
Man tries to hide his wealth in the river
But river flows to the sea ever?
Man sketches his sky scrapers
But nobody stays here and his offspring
fly everywhere when they grown up
Leaving the old sick parents there?

a humble dedication to my poet friend Narain j.p!

A Buddhist faces death not as a crisis in life but as a normal event, for he knows that whoever is born must suffer, 'decay', and ultimately die. Or, as someone so aptly puts it, 'Everyone is born with the certificate of death at his birth.' If we could all look at death such an intelligent and rational way, we would not cling to life so tenaciously.

'Ayamantima jatinatthidani punabbhavo'
This is my final birth and there is no more rebirth for me.
(Dhamma Cakka Sutta) . -The Buddha

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Stagnant Sailor Hears The Old Ship's Whistle!

O This Wedlock!

How strong it's like concrete?

I dropped my anchor once

And thought it's a muddy bottom

No it's rocky?

And I cannot heave up the anchor
and sail again.

Wind is so wild and the Ocean's frozen!

If I get a chance soon I reach Portugal

The upper Railway station apartment in Lisbon

Deceased brother & myself we shared a delicious rotten

Tomato soup with a slice of brown bread,

The well learned cobbler Pedro Rodriguez

Who speaks little English like me

We discussed about the fine book of Eca De Queiroz's 'Sin of Father Amaro'

Jade eyed girl in Antwerp who said rain stopped

when I asked the umbrella

and in Cairo the Mummy in a Pyramid

gave me a lovable smile?

That middle aged Gypsy woman Varna in Yugoslavia

Who sat on a wooden bench crossed legs

read my palm and said; 'In your previous birth

you married to a beggarmaid and became rich

And you married her again now,

live together a happy life and don't sail further? '

I hear that ship's whistle fading away!

nimal dunuhinga

Stalking-Horse

He was caught in the border by a sentry.

"Hey! You are an illegal immigrant and where is your Passport? "

'I don't have that sort of thing and I am a wanderer of world citizen."

'It's not an excuse. You should carry your Passport whenever you enter another country."

"I told you once I don't have."

"Your good name please? "

"Sentimental."

"You carry my name and your country of birth? "

"Earth Sir."

"Parents are living? "

"Yes. But who knows where? "

"We have to take you to custody. You seemed to be a Terrorist or a Freak."

"If you predict that much then I has no any objections. You are holding a weapon and I am a free fall."

"Tell me exactly what your intention is? "

"I am seeking an honorary citizenship."

"That would decide by the court of Law and let's go in."

They dragged him to their country.

On the way he said to the sentry "You talked about the funny word [Law]. Immense and it's happy to hear that your country has law-abiding people. What do you think of the court's decision? "

"Definitely put you into jail."

"Oh! It's really ridiculous when an unpractised lawyer who goes to the jail In the country of walking into the freedom"

nimal dunuhinga

Stars In Your Eyes

Oh! It's really amazed me and a surprise too.

My fellow poet friend visited me on the 23 rd of Nov.'07

Early in the morning.(Both of us wished a happy thanksgiving!)

We had coffee and few doughnuts in a small restaurant in Anaheim.

I wanted to tell him that I have seen him before.

Yes my dear friend, I recount my previous births and I am sure that we have met in several occasions in different places.

This good practice goes forever and all of a sudden we met in the U.S.A.

You brought your precious guitar and a tiny mouth-organ

And you sang 'Stars in your eyes' in your deep clear voice.

That's your own golden lyrics.

Yes my dearest, I saw thousands of twinkling stars in your transparent blue eyes and I hear the sweetest melody that comes with your dark shadow

Wherever I go in this fruitless journey.

* Dedication to my friend Max!

In this cycle of births and deaths we meet in different names?

nimal dunuhinga

Stateless Bird

The retarded Freedom fighter who realized one day
his bird in the cage should get her retirement soon.
He regrets that her confinement is not fair at all.
A starry night he opened the cage door to let her fly
and he waited till morning,
but the bird still remains in the cage and twittered,
'Dear comrade now only you realized the true freedom
and you opened the door at last,
but I am not familiar with this sky.
Who is going to teach me to fly? .
Please close the door and let me leave alone
at least to get my last breath'.

nimal dunuhinga

Stateswoman

[Now most of the time, we'd had too much to drink. And we'd laugh at the stars and we'd share everything. Too young to notice and too dumb to care. Love was a story, that couldn't compare.]-Mayday Parade quotes

I remember in my childhood days
One Mayday she sang on the rally;
'Let us be unite together
like sheep of the herd
and we do not bother
the shepherd boy
as he's handsome like a prince.
Our tin roofs be stronger
for the rough weather
and let the flowers bloom in our gardens
not for the town's playboy florist
but for the poor to sniff fragrance! '

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

Steel Flowers And A Whetstone-Like Hornet?

The red tears
look like sparks
When the whetstone-like Hornet
dances on the petals
and the skeletal gardener
throws sweat with his shivering fingers
O the petals get harden
and sharpen like swords?

nimal dunuhinga

Stepping Towards A New Horizon

My beloved! I am so sorry as you traveled here & there with this Gypsy Vagabond since your marriage.
First of all I must thank to Anaheim and say good bye for her hospitality.
The Italian old lady (Her husband Joseph died a long ago)
The Manageress of our apartment handed over me an envelope
And a tear dropp in her eye says 'just a keepsake'
Later I found a greeting card inside and three newly printed twenty dollar notes.
May you long live Maria and I think of Nativity.
I see the handsome Sun comes out from the Eastern sky
And I hear his murmur; 'Welcome to Corona'
I see a small red bird probably the robin family
Chirps on a branch of a leafless Maple tree.
That sad song reminds me of my poor deceased Mom's lullaby
She sang in her entire life until the music finished.
Around my billet a range of mountains
And I saw few whitewashed tombs like telephone booths
In a faraway burial grounds.
My beloved disturbed me; 'Darling you are in a deep thought.'
Then I showed her that solitary place with my index finger and said;
'One day we have to finish our journey there leaving our loved ones somewhere.'
She whispered while crying;
'That journey too we go together please? '

*Dedication to our daughter's Boston-in-laws and the family, Nalin and Tanuja our sincere friends, unless their tremendous help we couldn't move an inch from here to Corona.

nimal dunuhinga

Stigmata

My Lord Jesus, the human God I can touch,
poor shepherd who looked after us.
You were crucified by our human brotherhood.
Your innocent blood stain
do the puritans can wash
and clean their hands ever?
You climbed the mountain Golgotha
with the heavy cross,
if I were there my Lord
definitely I could have given my shoulder.
I am carrying my cross since childhood
and I realized the heaviness.
I meet sometimes Judas with his thick curved mustache
but still I am anxiously searching my dear Lord in this carnage.

nimal dunuhinga

Still A Spinster The Next Door Beautiful Nurse

Thoughts of tadpoles swarm in the Spring ponds
Summer flowers bloom among the noisy frogs.
Painful Autumn crawls like a venomous serpent
And the gloomy sky weeps in a Wintry night!
Stupid War still goes on in a distant Country
The Warship just dropped her Anchor at Midnight
And she waits for the Recruits to come on board.
The Youth wears his Military Uniform,
And departs, stops for a while to listen
Her melancholy singsong beyond the fence!

nimal dunuhinga

Still She Smiles With All The Difficulties

I left home leaving a tear dropp on my golden soil.
My beloved and the loved ones were at the Airport.
The Farewell! How sad it was?
Gravity of the loneliness drowned in my heart.
Oh! My precious grandson
(I see the real freedom & innocence in your sleepy eyes) .
You are the only one who smiled and rest of all cried while I was leaving.
I love you all more than anything and how can I measure it?
I embrace my tiny island too.
My darling please forgive me
I have to leave you on and off as I am a poor lover who wanders in this
meaningless invalid life journey.

nimal dunuhinga

Still There's A Little Room In My Heart For you!

I hear an innermost sad psalm from a faraway weeping heart of a Sakura flower!

You sent us the unsolicited Tsunami
And the mighty Earth Quake!
But you never trained us
How to survive from the cruel endearment!
Anyway we're the poor souls
Still burn the fragrant incense
And melting candles on our deposed heart altar
From the last Yen remains in our survived wallets!
But where are you in our hardest Catastrophe!

*One man with courage is a majority.

-Andrew Jackson

nimal dunuhinga

Storm Behind The Silence!

[Go oft to the house of thy friend, for weeds choke the unused path.]-Ralph
Waldo Emerson

Seated roadside
on the pavement
but not a meditation?
No lip movements
and a silent song.
Tin-till stands for alms?
Bony fingers play the mandolin
a melancholy tune.
Coloured vehicles stop
to the red signal light
and move fast
when green winks.
Pedestrians too busy with their
daily activities?
Beautiful beggarmaid
like a sculpture!
Leave the sorrowful music aside
But at least to your unique beauty
why they do not stop for a while and
say hello sister!

*For Carol with a tear dropp in my paining heart O we missed you!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Storms, Fishermen And Boats

[Son! Do not sail mischievously, boat goes to Dragon's mouth and very few knows about truth.] -Mahagama Sekara- (A Sri Lankan celebrated poet)

Fathomless Ocean
Struggling fishermen
Unexpected storms
And tossing boats.
Fishing Harbor mourns
And wait for the friends
Old ruined Lighthouse search their whereabouts.
In the breezy night
Ocean hides the top secret
And the waves hug the weeping beach as usual.

* My deepest sympathy to Senator Edward Kennedy and may his precious soul rest in peace!

nimal dunuhinga

Strange Fragrance Of Withered Flowers!

Hibiscus syriacus is the national flower of South Korea!
Dear Kim, I try to bring you that flower?

Summer breeze dragged me to a Korean burial grounds here
And it's really a living Paradise on Earth!
The beautiful tombs greeted me with a familiar smile.
The flowery characteristic letters on tombs I cannot read
That resembles the Japanese Hiragana?
I was very anxious to see at least a Korean relative lives here
Who could talk with me politely?
I walked further and all of a sudden found a tomb
Letters written in English and he must be a Korean-English scholar
Comitted suicide at his young age?
This was written;
'Hey! My stranger friend did you bring flowers and candles?
If not never mind leisurely we could have a chat.'
I was ashamed and looked around, all are dead souls
Except me only the breathing Corpse?
I took my pencil stub from the hidden pocket and scribbled this;
'When I come here next time I'll fulfill your humble expectations Brother! '
I hear my talkative wallet murmurs;
'Master why did you give broken promises? '
'Hey! My friend Man is a broken soul
And you cannot expect solid gold? '

nimal dunuhinga

Strange Lovers Scamper In Fate's Off-Season?

[It's sad to grow old but nice to ripen.]-t

Born blind,
A butterfly
taps on his
heart's window pane
But he's quiet
as a hermit and who knows
He's dumb or shocked?

To Nightmute the rare poet friend with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Strange Mule's Lovers

Nature does miracles
the mule is the offspring
of a horse and a donkey.
But she cannot run like a horse
and very stubborn not like a donkey.
Because of her rare beauty
different colored stallions and ponies
rush to see her on and off
from foreign lands.
Her parents are bit worried
as the fence is not strong enough.
She listens one rainy night
mother tells her father
in their bed room
'she must be like us honey
don't forget our past
my lovable run away horse'.

nimal dunuhinga

Stranger

I met him on the way last sunday
He said that he is a Postmaster
I said how glad to meet him
and I gave him some letters to post.
I met him again, yes the same person on monday.
He said that he knows my father and he too a blacksmith.
Then I gave him a knife to sharpen.
I met him at the cemetery gravel road on Tuesday.
Yes, the same gentleman.
He said that he is a Pawnbroker, he knows my mother well
and he lives behind the cemetery.
I gave him my wedding ring and begged for money.
He took it and ran away.
One day when I was just passing the graveyard I saw his tomb with a
photograph.
and this was written.
'Once a post master
and a blacksmith
killed a pawnbroker
died as a gambler'

nimal dunuhinga

Strawberry Mark

I remember my childhood days.
She was a charming girl knock-kneed.
She had a mighty heart and always in a friendly manner.
We grew up together like a one family.
She was very fond of me and it was not love but very intimate.
Nothing beyond true friendship and only a kiss I had but in a dream.
One day she was worried about something.
Never told the matter and I found a letter in my homework book.
Dear N, I am very shy to tell this to you.
I have a red birth mark in a secret place and it penetrates me.
I dream that you are my future husband and I will show this to you one day.
Definitely on our honeymoon.
Oh! What a tragedy it was?
Nobody believes this.
She died in leukemia at the age of nineteen.

nimal dunuhinga

Stray Pigeons In A Secret Meeting On My Window Sill

I hear their cooing
And an older one whispers something seriously;
'This poor Bookworm reads all the day
And I realized that he is in insufficient funds.
If I could help him definitely I'll try to dropp him a golden nugget.'
Afterward I checked their dropping eagerly but nothing found.
Still it's a dilemma what I heard whether in a dream or reality?

nimal dunuhinga

Street Children

Where are their parents?
Are they gone with the wind?
Their offspring eat fluorescent tubes,
Cut their hands, do acrobats and beg something for their daily bread.
These trample flowers sleep on the roads under the helpless sky
And in their dreams of paradise no angels exist.
But the sex abusers peep in friendly manner.

dedication to *UNICEF

nimal dunuhinga

Striker's Strewed Mind

The factory Re-opened after the lengthy strike.
Gradually one by one goes inside.
Although the union leader still in strife.
While his family in deprive?

nimal dunuhinga

Studied The Deep Language Of Some Relatives That's Similar To Esperanto!

I dreamed a big university
The roof touches the sky
And the professor comes
By a flying saucer
And I sit on a diamond bench
But the golden bugs below the seat
Anyhow I received the Master's degree
But still a dilemma
Why they burnt my certificate?

nimal dunuhinga

Studio Flat And The Ballad

My friend who plays violin for the Choir
Goes to that flat to teach her the Violin, besides
Piano and singing.
Nowadays he looks so excited and I asked the reason.
'She stays alone and very playful
And I am scared something would happen,
I told her about you that you write poetry
And a small lie too.'
'What's that? '
'A good singer, and she wants to see you.'
'You rascal put me in trouble,
She knows my wife who does a part time baby-sitting together
And wife knows that I never sing in my life unless in dreams.'

* It's easier to build boys than to mend men.
-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

Suburban Soul In The Upstream

The dark river is deep like life
And of course he cannot swim well.
Shore is very far like heaven
And she waves her red handkerchief.
Love is luminous like a shooting star
But he gets cramps thinking of the challenge distance.

*To all the eternal lovers where they float in the sky.

nimal dunuhinga

Sugar, Salt And Bilingual Man

Though we are white granules
You are sweet and I am sour.
You cannot make a salad tasty
And I never sweeten a cup of tea.
Anyway we survive on this World
As he needs both of us.

* The only decent people I ever saw in the racecourse were horses.

--

nimal dunuhinga

Summer!

Brooks smile
and stopped rivers
started to flow again?
Tiny birds fly
over the marsh.
And I rub my sleepy eyes
do the initials
on your heart-shaped
song book!
I see your naked Landscape
Through the transparent
veil of mist!
It's really warm
and the whole gamut of emotions arise?

for Chitral de Mel!

The first ever 38 episode Sri-Lankan Teledrama in Boston, USA 'Adaraneeya
Niagara' his best creation and the actress Lakmini is an exemplary.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Sun Block Cream

My beloved worried these days;
'Your wrinkles in the face very painful
Wait I'll buy you a Sun Block Cream! '
'You worry so much and this is the reality
And why you waste money for the uncertainty? '
Just think of the Moon with the patches on her face
And she kept quiet,
The needy, fatal scars of the burns
On their sad faces who couldn't reach even
For a cheap grease tin?
My role is already finished and not necessary
To be in Hollywood.
If possible buy me a cheap bottle of Wine
At least I could have a sound sleep! '

nimal dunuhinga

Sundown At Sylvan

Almost dimmed his big pride
And the Prima donna comes out punctually like a primrose.
Lions yawn and tigers rest; no hunt
It seems to be a hunger strike.
How quiet the jungle when Sun hides
And no Hurly-burly, only the Owl
Bird of prey sings its primitive song while at flying,
'If the night remains forever? '

nimal dunuhinga

Suns & Moons

A horrible night
street lamps unlit
even the moon hides
a woman smiles.
searching a tavern
in between the sky and earth
a toothless smile of a ragged beggar
filled my thirst.

nimal dunuhinga

Sunset

It's very unbearable the sorrow,
When you think of the day,
That you have to leave the Inn.
On the way when I meet my old friends,
I feel like in my class room of the old school.
She sings a lullaby to her grand daughter.
I lost her on my journey.
When she smiles from the balcony,
It seems like an invitation to a new life?
Oh! This is a miracle.
The body decays gradually and the passion becomes young?

nimal dunuhinga

Sunshine; Soothing Song Of A Snowflake And A Volcano

'Hey! Dear you rest on my bosom a long time
And don't think that I have a cold heart,
Yes of course I have a warm heart
Like lukewarm water, but purposely I made it frozen
Otherwise you melt and flow away.'

Mountain said sadly.

'That I know my friend
When the cruel Sun peeps
Then I have to leave you soon.'

Snowflake cried.

Another day Sun peeps
And started his usual War song;
'Sad to sing, yet nothing has written
in the History of Lovers
Where the Snowflakes and Volcanoes eloped? '

*[Kindness is a language the dumb can speak, and the deaf can hear and understand.- Christian Bovee]

nimal dunuhinga

Susie Zuheir Gharib

The nightingale of Syrian Arab Republic
Why she is quiet since a long time?
I would like to hear your melancholy songs
From the edge of this world where I stay now.
Is there any restrictions over there to sing?
I am sure the fanatics have no taste of songs
And they only prefer the crazy war it seems,
Please do not worry my dear poetess
Time heals all the wounds
And I hope your cage door would open soon automatically by the winds of will
power.

* Dedication to my fellow poetess Susie.

nimal dunuhinga

Swansong

A poor ferryman is crossing the quiet river
and suddenly she changed into a whirlpool.
The swing bridge is in full swing
with the east wind
and the fading twilight sky
looks like a watercolor painting.
I can hear the ferryman's whimper
who hides at all.
A dealer, poor girl's money lending uncle
who takes her cunningly to a Manor for housekeeping.
I read the ferryman's teary eyes
where it stuck the hidden words there.
'Be careful my little red riding hood
when sweeping the garden
specially under the thorn-bearing trees
don't be in barefoot.
I am waiting for you my sleeping beauty
and whatsoever I promise you to marry
in the next equinox'.

To the poetess

nimal dunuhinga

Sweet Corns

The trade unionist was sacked from his job for organizing a strike.
His pregnant wife undertakes orders for cakes, pastries, snacks and etc.,
Luckily she got an order for sweet corns a daily delivery to a nearest factory.
He delivers sweet corns and does odd jobs for their survival.
But the life is not as sweet as sweet corns.

nimal dunuhinga

Sweet-Scented Lavender Shrub!

You have a gentle scent
But my odour of sweat?
You have that soothing colour
of bluish purple,
But I am just tan
As I work under the hot Sun.
I am scared to touch your soft petals
My palm is rough as I grip thorns in life?
Though I am sturdy
Please don't keep me in your arm's length.
Believe my friend!
My heart is a tiny fragrant flower
But none ever touched?

to my brotherly friend Romeo
many happy returns of the day!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Sydney!

Picasso sold! This painting has just fetched A\$20.6 million at auction. Learn how it will help us tackle one of the biggest health challenges of the 21st century. Australia!

Last night we saw one of our precious daughters Tharindu in the Skype from Dandenong North!

O once that withered flower with much obstacles bloom again, thank you very much!

'Mom & Dad! We're going to Sydney'

O that sounds good, travel dear

Because the life is a journey!

Do not worry we're behind you as the itinerary Guides!

Sydney Harbour Bridge, Darling Harbour, Opera House, Woolloomooloo,

Australia Centre, Opera Bar, Queen Victoria, King street, Pitt street Mall

Bondi, King's cross, Paddington, Botany Bay, Tower Sydney

Sydney Cricket ground once I hit a glorious sixer in my previous birth!

Look around and your poor skinny Native Aborigine Mom & Dad there with the usual smile!

nimal dunuhinga

Table D'Hote

My table tennis champion girl
Who does a part time job,
And she pretends when I go there
She's not aware of me.
And I write her a poem on a paper serviette,
Hey! My haughty please do not hit me like that
As you play with a bat and a hollow ball on a table.

*To my friend Romeo Della Valle!

nimal dunuhinga

Taboo In Sylvan

She goes to the woods and collects scattered splinters for the fireplace of the haunted Manor.

The maidservant works for the Landlord and Landlady since her childhood.

Still in her teenage but she looks so matured in this sweatshop.

The childless couple made restrictions to the maidservant.

The woods are out of bounds for her as they sniffed the young forester make love with her.

What a cruelty? They scared that the servant would disappear soon.

nimal dunuhinga

Tadpoles Swarm In The Graduate's Pond

He quitted the Socioeconomic further studies
And looked for a job.
His raving resume nobody accepts
And he decided to open a Tadpole farm
At the backyard isolated pond.
He breeds the Tadpoles
And when they become frogs
He sell them to the Scientists
They do research for various matters.
I heard the downright cry of dozy frogs
That's similar to Slaughter House screams!
It's really breathtaking
How the ridiculous educated Man turns to be a criminal?
I read the Encyclopedia and stumble in the Socioeconomic gap!

*How great a Simpleton among the Intellectuals?

nimal dunuhinga

Tailor's Daughter And The Orphan Boy

He writes to her; My dear sweetheart,
I want you to expose nothing but the truth.
There is no way to go outdoors
until my friend comes back.
Because he borrowed my one and only pant for an interview.
I heard that your kind father's looking for an apprentice
And I am the most eligible candidate for the position
As I darn my life everyday.
It's a great help if you could put this scribbling on top of your father's resume
file.
And I hope to see you soon on my friend's arrival.

* I dedicate this poem to Irene Ryder for her 'Nobody's child_1971

nimal dunuhinga

Tapeworm

I feel a bowel disorder
And the doctor advised;
'Take some worm treatments.'
How could I withdraw my lifelong parasitic friend
We suffered together in my hard times?

* I dedicate this scribbling to my friend Nick Percowycz of Anchorville,
Michigan who's long lull worries me.

nimal dunuhinga

Taste Of Time

Clock is beautiful
but behind her face?
People!
When unhappy
swallow the life
like a mug of bitter coffee.
Happy days
pass with smiles
full of songs & whistles.
Tricky time takes us blindfold
like in a movie without our concern
to that place at last
where all were slept?

nimal dunuhinga

Tasteless Life?

We eat
Fresh vegetables, fruits and drink
Clear crystal water,
How she cooked with ingredients
Feel the fragrance from a far!
But see the excrement and smell
Dark and fowl odour?

*We're subject to change both physically and physical bodies are composed of many millions of cells that are constantly dying and being replaced.

-unlocking the mysteries of birth & death

Daisaku Ikeda

nimal dunuhinga

Tasting The Bitter Love!

Darling! I cannot promise you,
That I take you to the Mount Everest Restaurant!
We just peep to a common eating house
And share a small hot dog bun
Better pour more salt
Then not necessary a sweet beverage
Cheap bottle of spring water is more than enough
to digest the stuff?
Watch the TV of Hollywood Oscar winning awards here
As they say all the balcony tickets were over.
And we act our own film once we go there

a humble dedication to Meryl Streep!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Teahouse Of The River's Edge

It's closed since a long time
But the name board still stands.
Once in a way someone comes in a ferry
Stays for a while and he goes.
The mysterious Tea House is still closed.

nimal dunuhinga

Tearaway

This eccentric young man,
Tear the flowers and tramples the petals.
He is a collector of butterflies for his morgue.
He holds his crude heart for cruelty.
This morass will lead the culprit to cannibalism?
If the world doesn't have a remedy for this epidemic disease
Better eradicate him before it spreads to the other human beings?

nimal dunuhinga

Tears

Tears, I poured from my eyes
you may have different names in your books.
dew, mirage, moisture, fog, mist, rainbow and rain
Those are mine.

Yoy may have different names
oceans, seas, rivers, streams, brooks and creeks
Yes, those are mine.

Then you may ask why?
I swear you to give an answer,
'because of the fading humanity
I am crying, nobody hear
an inner cry.'

nimal dunuhinga

Tears Of A Mirror

As I peep into the Mirror.
I realized that I am getting older.
I stopped looking and keep away a long time.
This acute tooth ache brings me to the Mirror again to see the cavity.
Then I found moisture.
Alas! Mirror is nagging.
'You keep company always but your sudden change is a surprise to me.
You see in me your old face only.
But I can see your young soul clearly'

nimal dunuhinga

Tell Tale Of The Storms

All of a sudden as a faraway witch-like relative,
You bring damages to the entire atmosphere.
Politicians really scared of mud slides
And they kept locked and stay indoors quietly nowadays.
But the poor folk wander here and there along the streets.
Be careful, let the rain wash your sins
And grab the oblique lamp posts tightly
Because the gossamer life could have blown away.

* Please do not tell secrets to the wind as she might spread all over.

nimal dunuhinga

Tent And The Desert Horse

Sinhabahu (Sinha = Lion, Bahu = Hands) was father of Vijaya of Sri Lanka, the first Sinhalese King and king of Sinhapura.

According to the Mahavamsa's folklore (the chronicled history of Sri Lanka) , Sinhabahu's father was a lion and his mother a princess of Vanga. His hands and feet were like a lion's paws.

When Sinhabahu was sixteen, he escaped with his mother and sister, Sinhasivali, and arrived in the capital of Vanga. He later killed his father for a reward and was offered the throne of Vanga.

He refused the throne, instead founding the city of Sinhapura, in his native country of Lála. He lived there with Sinhasivali, whom he made his consort. They had thirty-two children, of whom Vijaya was the eldest and Sumitta the second.

This endless desert
In the awful night
An old bachelor
And a spinster
Looking for an Oasis
As they're thirsty.
How sad in the small tent
The travelling companion Camel has no place to rest?
Their different dialect when meets and he plays his loot
The taboos and barriers of the desert long last?

nimal dunuhinga

Thank You For Shopping With Us!

We sell magical Lotteries
A pauper could be a Billionaire
at once?
Also we purchase High Spirits
He could be vanished to another World.
If he wants to rest in peace?
Our amalgamate sister company
makes cheaper & durable caskets.
We could arrange you the payments
in installment basis with a small interest?
We're not chasing behind a profit margin
and our entire motto is your welfare!

[When you're born, you cried and the world your life in such a manner that
when you die the world cries and you rejoice.]
-Old Indian saying

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Thanks

Rain seized
Quiet the road
And this old man walked.
Skidded and hit on a lamp post!
Crane was brought to raise him up?
Some relatives laughed
and some sighed.
Doctor said; 'Slightly the brain jerked
but no damages.'
Then he started writing again.
With the bandages on his head
Thanks for the laughs
And sighs.....that gave me the courage
to write!

Postscript

[My beloved shouts from the kitchen, hey tomorrow is our 40th wedding Anniversary and what you give me? O I forgot honey, still we could do miracles and I give you a mischievous son! Who knows he may be a wise future President or an international gangster who could change this uppish World upside down? Then she said 'Thanks']

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Thanksgiving

It's a holiday
People sit down together
Give thanks and blessings
Each other,
They talk about joy and grief of bygone days.
Though it's a holiday for us,
Some brothers and sisters
Stuck in the battlefields
And when they get their vacation?
Some disappeared on 9/11
Without saying a Goodbye.
May happy and peaceful flowers bloom on this land of opportunity!
And they can sniff the fragrance of humanity
On this precious day.

nimal dunuhinga

That Train Was Ready For Departure

Young and old passengers
with their heavy bags
jumped into the compartments.
And he's alone
A small haversack
on his back.
Somebody checks his season ticket
And an argument with the conductor?
He explains it's an old used ticket;
But the poor fellow grumbles
That he's never been to anywhere
in his lifetime?

[Always consider yourself a first-class citizen of the one deserves better
treatment than you.]-Dad

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Abandoned Mortuary, Coroner And Corpse's Post-Mortem

Among the pale walls of the old mortuary the mysterious inquest goes on.

Corpse: 'Sir, your odoriferous tincture is very strong and please dilute the mixture as I get a severe pain in my liver.'

Coroner: 'Hey! us Alcoholic your liver has already damaged and are you still living? '

Corpse: 'Yes Sir, poor man never dies as he has to suffer a lot. I swept all the dirty & stinking roads of the puritan politicians and in gratitude they offered me the cheap entire sand castles washed & vanished by the cruel waves of e do not let them know that I am still breathing and much appreciation if you could bury me alive before I die.'

* I wind up this scribbling to my far away dreamlike friend O'Driscoll via Kremlin drive, Tuebrook and Liverpool where the comfortable omnipotent Queen resides in the United Kingdom.

nimal dunuhinga

The American Birds; But The Dialect Is Not English

While I was sitting on the toilet commode in the morning (The senile-type Armenian doctor diagnosed my sickness as ' Bulimia Nervosa' an eating disorder in which overeating alternates with self induced vomiting, dieting or purging.)
What a lovely language of the birds I heard from the top of the Maple tree next-door?

It's very hard to understand their dialogue but some words and the accent were very familiar with a rhyme to me.

'Jack & Jill went up the hill and Gay marriages with a thrill,

Hillary, Obama, John and Bush

Afghanistan, Iran, North Korea and Iraq.'

And I guessed they talked something seriously of the coming fair Election?

nimal dunuhinga

The Appalachian Dream

Beautiful the blind girl
and she resembles
The English actress Rita Tushingham
who performed a great role
in the movie 'The Trap'
with Oliver Reed.
She started the conversation
'The stream flows quietly
is that so? '
'Yes daughter we're beneath
the blue ridge mountains.'
'Why you called me daughter? '
'I am older than your grand father.'
'But I call you uncle as still you have
that youth's voice.
I heard the love begins at the garden of Eden
When Adam's first kiss on Eve's lips? '
I was shocked and then she touched her braille
Read something.
'This is from Henrik Ibsen
and you must have heard him before? '
'Money can buy the husk of many things, but not the kernel. It brings you food,
but not appetite; medicine, but not health; acquaintances, but not friends; days
of joy, but not peace and happiness.
And I feel that you're having a book
please read me something.'
Yes, this is Marcel Proust's novel
'Swann's way and I read this passage for you;
'A mysterious World to which one never may return
again once its doors are closed.'
O the mist covered the whole World
and it's another interesting dream in my life?

to my dearest friend deceased poetess Sandra Fowler the West Virginian
Nightingale!

nimal dunuhinga

The Apprentice In Phobia

The impression of her talking eyes mesmerized me.
It's like a daybreak and a dazzlement.
Oh! I am a beginner and a beggar in love.
A novice to the dawn.
An alien to your hidden world.
Don't give me a dead line
as there is no any brochure with me.
I have to study myself alone and cross the deep river
towards the bridgehead.
This is a breathtaking and a heavy-hearted journey.
Hello! please do not let down
the innocent speechless soul.

A tiny compliment for the year of 2006.
Dear friends I hope you all get an equal share.

nimal dunuhinga

The Archer Who's Greedy For Venison

A golden antelope jumps in a rainforest.

In the moonlit night the ardent archer makes his bow and arrows

But this time he is very sensitive about the rare deer.

He used his special arrow for the hunt.

The deer ran away with the pierced arrow into the jungle.

He followed the woman like cry and Alas! He saw a Nymph was lying on the grass in cold blood.

She stammered "Caveman love is tastier than venison

But it's too late now my dear."

She died on his lap sadly.

nimal dunuhinga

The Austerity

My mobile phone rings twice!
I took and it's a familiar voice.
'Hey! I am close to your heart
And see I am behind you.'
I looked around but nobody's seen.
'May I know your good name please? '
'It's me your breath Catherine
And you're my poor Peter the Great.
I can see you wear a Red T shirt my poor Socialist
And a blue denim patches here & there my Capitalist Rasputin.
Not only that my Sweetheart
We missed our scanty breakfast
I can see you are without the underpant
And I saw it's on the washing basin
Darling we're poor lovers with borrowed smiles.'
I heard she laughed and she's kidding me
My beloved!

A humble dedication to the poetess Fay slimm in gratitude!

* 'True affluence is not needing anything.' -Gary Snyder

nimal dunuhinga

The Aviation Company

Mr. Gregory Constantinapole
The Managing Director, Greek or Turkish
Who knows?
And his firm handshake is very painful.
'You're the person that I am looking for
And I heard your great grandfather
Who bombed Hiroshima or Nagasaki
If I am not mistaken,
Your Pilot's certificate or the License
I think you have an unlimited altitude
(Issued by Federation Aeronautique Internationale)
Anyway we do a checkride and here the keys.'
'Sir, this is a misunderstanding and I have applied for a porter.'
'Are you kidding or demeaning yourself, please go and start the engines.'
I was amazed looking through the porthole,
It's really complicated that I was in Mean Sea Level
Or Local Ground Level?

*The head learns new things, but the heart forevermore practices old experiences.

-Henry Ward Beecher

nimal dunuhinga

The Baby Sitter!

Angel!

If you look after me

This old good for nothing skeleton

Like the babies you fingering here,

I am not rich but I have my old pram

My poor deceased Mom brought from a junk yard.

And my last will I grant for you

The fragile heart you can use as a mirror!

nimal dunuhinga

The Ballad

The balloon goes up and the playmate is no more in the Playhouse.
They are already grown-ups.

The old fence is broken and a new parapet is there.

It's like a ballet,

When the ballerina at the balustrade

The grueling swain swarms to the stairs.

Both stumble at the dim stage and then the stagnation.

Dedication to all the lovers who hide their tears.....?

nimal dunuhinga

The Balloonman

A stranger sits on my usual park bench today

And the Sun gets ready to off for the day.

I approached him slowly and said 'Hello'.

He too smiled like a balloon.

He sends one by one to the sky from its stick where the balloons were tightened.

I said again; 'Brother it seems the sale is very less today so why don't you keep them for tomorrow? '

'Let them fly freely as they stuck with me the whole day and my beloved is happy to see the empty stick from afar when I reach home.' he said very calmly.

nimal dunuhinga

The Barrier

The sky has a language
As same as the earth
But when they understand each other
In a common dialect?

nimal dunuhinga

The Bastille

I dreamed Paris and shifted to the location a remote village school,
ette came running and her hair braided into pigtails
And she wore a red pinafore.
Her blue eyes invited me to play hide & seek.
I was shocked and played my tambourine with this song.
'Really I am scared of pitfalls Marie
And do you remember 'The Bastille'? (old fortress)
The prison until stormed.(July,14,1789)
That demolished by the populace.
When the poor people begged they cannot eat bread as it's too expensive,
Then you ignored them and said; ' Better you eat cakes.'
Do you remember what happened on the following day?
I re-read the History to check whether it's you or someone else?

nimal dunuhinga

The Benighted Asylum

I flapped my arms like a flamingo.
But I realized and found.
There are no wing feathers like a fledged?
My dear benefactor!
Why did you fling me into this vast sky to flee in vain?
Not giving me an address or an addressee?

nimal dunuhinga

The Bereft Master's Faithful Feet

We never forget the bygone barefooted happy journeys on the fine grass.
As same as the painful marathons along the gravel roads.
Now it's very hard to bear up the terrible winter breeze peeps through your holey
boots
And the darned woolen socks won't resists.
Anyway we realize the situation well than the others
And never betray you Boss!

*If there is a Thunderstorm blows from the Mediterranean Sea and an incessant
Peace rain falls into the fierce fighting Gaza?

nimal dunuhinga

The Bicycle Thief

Vittorio De Sica

Life and career; Born into poverty in Sora, Lazio (in either 1901 or 1902 - sources are divided) , he began his career as a theatre actor in the early 1920s and joined Tatiana Pavlova's theatre company in 1923. In 1933 he founded his own company with his wife Giuditta Rissone and Sergio Tofano. The company performed mostly light comedies, but they also staged plays by Beaumarchais, and worked with famous directors like Luchino Visconti. His meeting with Cesare Zavattini was a very important event: together they created some of the most celebrated films of the neorealist age, like *Sciuscià* (Shoeshine) and *Ladri di biciclette* (Bicycle Thieves, released as *The Bicycle Thief* in the U.S.A.) , both of which De Sica directed. De Sica is more well-known in the UK for appearing in the TV series *The Four Just Men* produced by Sapphire Films and distributed by ITC Entertainment, originally broadcast in 1959.

I have walked more than fifteen miles

As the doctor said if I want to live long

Walk as much as I can.

Almost tired and I saw a desperate bicycle at the roadside.

It's not locked and when I reached there

This miraculous cycle talked;

'Go ahead! '

I rode home and it's close upon midnight.

I stopped on the way to buy a loaf of bread

And Aunt Jemina's original bottle of syrup.

(My beloved make pan cakes for the breakfast.)

It's not there when I returned from the shop.

I laughed and murmured to myself;

'O my sin has been cancelled already

And I have no regrets anymore,

The total profit goes for you

And be the winner of the race! '

*God gives the nuts, but he does not crack them.

-Old Proverb

nimal dunuhinga

The Bitter And The Sweet

Who put the black veil in front of my eyes?
I am a blind, but people know that I am a classical singer.
I get hurt if anybody says that my wife is deaf & dumb.
But everybody knows that she is a radical painter.
I never see her paintings and she never hears my songs.
She is not very religious but prays to God day and night.
I never see her God too.
I am a free thinker but I have my individual God.
She never speaks to him.
The road is narrow; foggy and slippery
When it gets broad, clear and dry forever?
Though the life bitter we live happily together.

nimal dunuhinga

The Bitter Elixir!

The modern rebellious Hermit
Who carries a Tommygun
For his self defence
And a Laptop full of Sutras,
He searches Tom, Dick and Harry.
An old Cemetery in a Metropolis,
He's almost tired and he sits on a tomb
Takes a can of black beer from his old haversack and he sips.
Gradually he realizes all the enemies & friends were fast asleep
Except him, strenuous struggle in the messy life
With microparasites!

*I do not think of all the misery, but of all the beauty that still remains.
-Anne Frank

nimal dunuhinga

The Blind Flower-Seller

With the cane basket
and the white cane
She comes to the Sunday market
Sitting on the small bench
She sells different colors of flowers
Though she cannot see
By each fragrance of them
She knows the name and the pedigree too?
And I sniff a rare fragrance while passing
that comes from her hidden little-heart flower?

to my deceased poet friend Paddy Martin!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Blind Girl Who Loves A Steeplejack?

The poor lover
who climbs
tall chimneys
to do repairs?
When he comes home
after the strenuous work with soot
He just stops at his fiance's hut
and he explains her the day's hard work.
Then she says; 'Be careful honey
and one day I too come with you
to that highest point
where I heard about Heaven? '

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

The Blind Pilgrim!

Darkness sees the light
And light too sees the darkness
But they never stay together?
Wind travels without an aim
And the continuous waves of sea,
Poor shore cannot hold a single pebble
As a keepsake.
The boat at the horizon in twilight
Think of a nearest Lighthouse!
Evening star flickers in the purple sky
Like a firefly,
And the blind pilgrim seeks a partner
For his lonely prayer!

to the poetess Thelma Lucille Clifton nee Sayles!

nimal dunuhinga

The Blurred Mustang In My Foggy Dream

I do remember my art teacher a Belle
And really a Goddess; Her fallen hair reached the buttocks
Talking eyes and the pleasant smile that brings flux to a lonely heart.
Still it's a dilemma why she remained as a spinster?
My nostalgic thoughts ferried into the boisterous schooldays
And she drew a horse on the blackboard.
Later she explained; 'Mustang is a wild horse of Mexico and California.'
Right now I want to shout to my dear stunning teacher that I struggle to live in
California and I dream sometimes my beautiful Mustang neighs;
' Unfaithful Master you have already jumped the hurdle leaving me alone at the
border.'

* The butterfly counts not months, but moments, and yet has time enough.
-unknown

To Alison & Jerry, Sandra, Amanda, Delilah, Dave, Denis, Duncan, Max and et
cetera.....

nimal dunuhinga

The Boardinghouse Mistress's Maudlin Song!

I was so jealous
When she smiled
with the young medical student
who rents my next room.
And by mistake
I tasted his morning coffee cup
O it's very sweeter than my
bitter usual coffee mug.
Day by day
I check my progress
in the mirror
But it's unavoidable
The old ageing?

humbly to the poetess Sarafielder!

[Bristling over the way
my moustache droops,
So like the man's
I now hate!]-'Romaji diary', by Ishikawa Takuboku

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Bottle Of Ink

He found it's almost dried when he dipped his old G-nib pen.
He poured a tear dropp and shook the bottle well.
What's the use of these huge Oceans
If it's not worth for the purpose?
Yes! He has something to scribble.
Last night he found a rusty pliers in the trash bin
And he thought of extracting his painful decayed tooth.
Then he added one more line; Watermelons are more sweeter in drought than
rainy days.

*Dedication to the brave pilot who rescued all the passengers in the Hudson
River Plane Crash.

nimal dunuhinga

The Boy Who Sees His Dark Face After A Long Time

A market place where nearby
The old Railway station
Under the hot Sun,
The shoeshine boy
Not yet ten
With his holey satchel
Who shines the old retired
Bachelor Station Master's shoes
And he sees on the toe his dark face
After a long time since the day
Broke the mirror
And kicked his Mom away
By the drunkard father!

(To the Brazilian authoress Carolina Maria de Jesus
for her diary 'Child of Darkness'.)

nimal dunuhinga

The Brave Motherhood

All the good guys as same as the stale ones
You bring to this unfair world hardly.
In the mysterious watery womb you never train them to make wars or behead
the brotherhood?
Your precious heart is a scripture Mom!
The only weakness I see is the unlimited love.
A sculptor may carve a crystalline beautiful woman
But never a skinny mother?
She lives in every heart like a child.
This innocent child one day becomes a saint or a criminal in this unscrupulous
society.

(Suicide; O river, I see drifting deep in your flux of silver
Those great Goddesses of peace
stone, stone, ferry me down there.)
Sylvia Plath, Lorlei

nimal dunuhinga

The Brave Soldier

Hey! My handsome soldier
Your crystallized eyes destined
to be a bachelor in your entire life?
These eyes can mesmerize
Thousands of innocent lass in the world
Your young courage
Forced you to an unnecessary war.
You fought for others
With your colleagues.
These well to do hypocrites enjoy
With their off spring
And still we vote for them.
Do not worry my dear
The experience you gained
Is the preliminary qualification for the battle of Life?

To my unseen friend ay

nimal dunuhinga

The Brickred House

Heavy rains in the midnight and a drunkard stopped there for a while
Waited under the portico till the rain seized.

He was bit scared by seeing the luminous notice.

'Please do not disturb here as the Lion sleeps in the den

A well known Wrestler.'

He was thinking to add something to the notice; ' Sorry, a worm trespassed but
not to fight.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Bridge

Every nut & bolt knows who suffered day & night to build this longest bridge?
For the opening ceremony they are not invited.
The bridge was named of an unpopular politician
Who has exploited the country?

nimal dunuhinga

The Bridge Over The River Deep

Far away smoke rises from a cigar
And old ferryman waits from dawn to dusk.
But nobody peeps and they use the new bridge secretly.
Once in a blue Moon a poor soul comes to join the ferry
But he crossed only once and never seen him again.
One day he dreamed the old customers in a hurry
And the bridge has collapsed.
But he could not wake up and the ferry drifted away.

*On this mysterious pilgrimage in between the sky and earth, cries and wails of
poor the sky is far away.....!

nimal dunuhinga

The Bridge Rainbow Over The River Sky

As soon as I recovered from Hay Fever
My congested nostrils cleared
And I could sniff as usual.
A rare fragrance from Dandenong in Australia.
My daughter Tharindu and son-in-law Kelum reside there.
She conceived it seems,
What a happy news wind brought?
If a boy I would like to call him 'Siddharta'.
And if a girl 'Yashodara'.
Nine months; more than enough
Learn Martial arts and get a black-belt
To fight with the mysterious life.
Nine months; quite enough
Learn dancing
To dance with the melancholy song of life.
Your old grandma [still looks young and could marry again]
And your old grandpa [Cowboy on a wooden horse]
Waiting anxiously to see our grandson or granddaughter.
When we get the permission to cross the bridge rainbow over the river sky?

*I humbly dedicate this poem to Alison & Jerry

nimal dunuhinga

The Broken Nest

The parents built it nicely
And I saw the gooey clay
They've plastered well inside
for their comfort.
But the nestlings
flew away in the serene sky
without leaving a trace
When their wings were strong enough.
O the old parent birds were looking into the sky
for their goodwill return,
But their sad chirping
Do they hear?

[Love is a friendship set to music.]-h Cossman

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Broken Rainbow

The shepherd boy's tattered red kite entangles in the rainbow
And he cries while sitting on the burning earth like a motherless child.
He knows the rainbow is short-lived
And he repents of his poor kite where it transmigrates in the endless sky leaving
the kith & kin?

nimal dunuhinga

The Bus Ticket

They meet very often in the bus
But she never talks.
He goes to work from the club
And she goes to a music class.
I saw he scribbles on the bus ticket
And he's a born gambler that everybody knows,
So I imagined that he could have written something like this;
'Am I the Joker in your playing cards
Tell my dear Queen of hearts? '
I feel sorry for her when I came to know that she cannot speak.
Then I wrote few lines on my bus ticket for her.
Are you serious or is it a gamble?
I hide the trump if you give up the spendthrift
And start a new life together.

nimal dunuhinga

The Calendar

It's advertised in our local news paper

By the Minister of Human Resources from the Hell.

'We are looking for a new face for our next year's calendar.

I submitted my latest photograph with the beard.

I received a prompt e-mail.

Thanks for your interest but we are looking for a perfect Ghost's face.

I replied them; ' Sorry Sir, it's very hard to find a perfect ghost's face on this planet Earth unless perfect Human beings.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Capitalist Florist And A Wild Flower

'You asked my name isn't it?
My name is Orphan.' The Wild flower muttered.
'It's a strange name.' Handsome florist replied.
'What's your good name Sir? '
'I am Romeo.'
'Romeo, I am not your Juliet
Just a Wild flower and I would like to compete the other flowers.
Still I am proud of being a Virgin
Boisterous Hornets and Bees never touched me.
You know a Plectrum that touches the strings,
Strings never cry of the play
Please pluck me gently
It's really painful and I believe you
That you never betray me
Or offer me to a Betrayer!

*Humbly I dedicate this poem to my poet friend Romeo Della Valle!

nimal dunuhinga

The Charming Girl Was In The Book Of History Once I Met Her!

Like a fine wine
Over hundred of years
Your traditional love
And its flavour
Touched my heart deeply.
The old and new
Past and present
It should be love
Other than anything.
But I am a Nomad
And travelled
From place to place.
The wearied old camel
Rests beside me and I take out
My broken-string lute for a song.
Virgin Moon shines like a coin
And the desert wind brings the memory of our old song.
'It should be love other than anything
Because we are in the city that never sleeps! '

A humble dedication to the poetess Magnolia in gratitude!

*Have a heart that never hardens, and temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

-Charles Dickens

nimal dunuhinga

The Chimes Of Twilight

Chrysanthemums are flowering in autumn and the faded leaves of flamboyant trees blown with the autumn winds.

The time has come to whitewash the churchyard tombs and I can hear my chum's silent song like a chirping.

A far smoke is carrying off from a chimney.

This gloomy evening an old lady is picking some fallen leaves in the garden and the sun's last light focused on my window.

Suddenly I closed as the mosquito soldiers try to invade my room.

nimal dunuhinga

The Church Bell Tolls Beyond The Colliery

The colour is black when he comes home
But he is not a Negro who sweats in a coal mine.
His fiancée is a Negress who grinds to a flour milling factory
Walks home like an Englishwoman floury.
They live together under a one roof and breathe the same colourless air.
The destiny is little fair to them so far and she delivered twins a (Christmas) pair
with a black girl and a white boy.
Oh! A Christmas for them it's really it seems.
He goes alone in the midnight Mass
And she heard beyond the colliery the church bell tolls.
The infants were baptized as Jesus and Mary
And it's a once upon a time story.

* A Christmas gift to all my poet friends.

nimal dunuhinga

The Circus

People amaze of their acrobats
and a joker rides a cycle on a wire horizontally.
Mimicry of in
a baggy trouser harlequin.
Lion in a cage and the ferocious man opens the door.
Polar bear dances to the on going music.
A Chimpanzee walks like an African Diplomat,
Hand-in-hand with a beautiful girl..
A checker goes round for counterfoils.
Gradually lights dim for striptease
and the pickpockets jump the queue.

nimal dunuhinga

The Coffee House Mistress

Sometimes I go there keeping my helpless hands in the pockets
But I never sip a cup of Coffee and she knows
That I am looking for a job!
One day she said; ' You're always with a smile
And I can offer you a job, just stand here
And smile with the customers,
But I cannot pay much
A daily basis with a lump sum
Until you get a better job.'
I agreed with a bow!
I have an important question!
Are you married?
Yes Madam, just completed thirty eight tough years.
Then I saw her round face changed into an oval.
She said; ' Honey! Give me a short interval! '
This is the story of my Part time job
'Standing with a smile'
And how sad it ends?

*don't hit the fly

he prays with his hands
And with his feet.

-Issa Koboyashi(1763-1828) one of the three Greatest traditional male Haiku Poets, along with Basho and Buson.

nimal dunuhinga

The Colour Of Between Black And White

Wounds are so painful and I do believe that the nature heals.
My deceased loving Mother always tells in her soft voice.
The precious love also penetrates and never soothes?
Mom I found your grey hair within me in the mirror.

nimal dunuhinga

The Cruel Bridge Over The River Errorneous

The broad river flows fierce than an ocean.
In front of the longest bridge
Both of us at the two ends and the sign board says
Not allowed for pedestrians and only for heavy vehicles.
Our fruition is fruitless and how long we have to stand like this?
Forget the racism my sweetheart
Who made us with the same clay?
We break this primitive fundamental bridge,
Jump to the river and swim upstream.

nimal dunuhinga

The Dark Memories Of Our Fading Childhood

When rich boys get down
from their parent's luxury cars
My courageous Mom takes us
to school in a public bus.
Remember once she said humbly;
'Do not worry my dear sons
study well and one day
I can see you all take me a round trip
in your cars with the fiancées.'
Yes dear Mom!
I have my tumbledown car
and whenever I go out
with my beloved wife
I check in the mirror
and I see you're sitting behind
with a smile, and I look back
It's only an illusion
and you're not seen
We two only in the car
at the journey's end?

[My mother had a slender, small body, but a large heart-a heart so large that everybody's griefs and everybody's joys found welcome in it, and hospitable accomodation.]-Samuel Clemens

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Darkness And Silence

When the dumb says to her;
'You are the sunshine in my life.'
She mutters;
'I have never seen the Sun
And destined to this curfew World.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Darkness; Only You Could Light My Dizzy World

Please,
just
teach
me,
the know how
you recognize
good and bad.
Like a Swan
segregates
milk and water
in a pond.

* To Alison & Jerry.

nimal dunuhinga

The Dead Souls Stopped For A While At The Fairgrounds

The flower children throw popcorn
To the birds in an amusement park
And a Preacher with a hat
Screams to the stampede crowd.
'The World's end is coming soon! '
And a homeless is sleeping on a bench
Dreams how to get a Bank Loan
If everything is going to be finished?
The long hair Polaroid cameraman in blue jeans
Who took a photograph of the old couple with their walking sticks
And gave them the snap when it's almost dried.
The faces became a full blown love affair!
And really in doubt the photographer
The given hundred dollar bill is a fake.
He looks around in furor
And the old couple hand-in-hand
Their dress already changed
And they're walking towards
The nearby burial grounds!

* 'The best and most beautiful things in the World cannot be seen or even must be felt with the heart.' - Helen Keller

nimal dunuhinga

The Deaf Trumpeter

How long are you going to trumpets
Your sad melody for the Trumpet flower in the Trumpet woods?
Brother! You get trampled one day by the trumpet weeds
And we never hear of you again.

nimal dunuhinga

The Deep Sea

Enormous dreams as ghosts on horizon
soul in troubled waters
without the sails and a broken rudder.
New Moon guides with twinkling stars.
a Mermaid's song en route the passage
and gives strength to survive.
Lighthouse is unlit
and the Love country is not visible yet.

nimal dunuhinga

The Difference

I don't see any difference between birth and death
good and bad, happy and sorrow
smile and cry, man and woman et cetera.,
The crawl from cradle to graveyard
one day we have to say good bye to all.
If there is a re-birth? .
We come again in different names and faces.
Former lovers passing themselves
nobody recognizes each other
Oh! what a sad event?

nimal dunuhinga

The Dinner With Your Best Friend On A Triangular Table

He watches the beloved!
Who serves a big portion of chicken
on your plate,
Is this courtesy or something else?

nimal dunuhinga

The Disabled And His Faithful Crutches!

'We must so grateful to you
As wherever you go never forget
to take us there,
But what may happen to us
Suddenly you stopped? '
Crutches muttered to the humble man.
Then he said: 'I too must thankful to you
for carrying me without any grumble
Whenever I want to go somewhere
And I am sure in my absence
Somebody would take care of you.'
Yes, I watched their great harmony
and any prize for their companionship
in this kind World?

[Taking the prize,21 years later,
Daw Aung San Suu Kyi of Myanmar accepted a belated Nobel peace prize!]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Disqualified Job In The Zoo

Boss; ' Hey! You're a retired sailor
And nothing can be done
If you get this job, you see
The Tigers, Lions, Elephants and some other dangerous animals
Take them out from their cages for urinating and fundamental needs,
You must know the know how? and the other thing is in your resume
No any responsible courses done, Have you done any major course? '
'Yes Sir! '
'What's that? '
'Intercourse'

nimal dunuhinga

The Distance Between Us.....?

Sky insists that she too likes,
Come down to the Earth
On a vacation with permission?
But the Principal scared that stars
Could run away with human beings!

*[When stars fall stirring the river sky
I am worrying and I cannot wait
Till I see your face?]
-sung by Victor Ratnayake

nimal dunuhinga

The Divorce Case

She complains;

' My Honour, I swear upon God!

On our honeymoon night

I asked him to write something honestly

On my autograph,

This is what he wrote?

' Remember the bygone hurdles jumped over at midnight

In Nurse's Quarters, while the watcher did security rounds

On his ramshackle Motor-Bike,

And I never forget that annoying noise of the old Matron's

Rickety spring bed.'

* Humbly to the unknown Cemetery Keeper in NSW where my friend Paddy rests,

could you please keep this on his tomb for his kind perusal!

nimal dunuhinga

The Dolphins

This is the new place where my beloved wife and myself breathe quietly.
The place named as 'Dolphin Apartments.'

You may find it without any trouble because the way belongs to our billet called
Easy Lane.

But the life is not easy here as it's very difficult to afford the massive rent.
We are still invalid coins in the land of opportunity.

There are two dolphins as a couple exhibits on the signboard.

I sometimes think if they come down here and we go to the signboard
Then the life is more comfortable for us?

nimal dunuhinga

The Dream Of Gifts!

She hugged me wholeheartedly
And gave me a bottle of Multi-Vitamins!
I kissed on her forehead and offered a second-hand book
From a junk shop.
'Kama Sutra! '

*For my shadowy friend Paddy Martin!
Here few Oxygen to you and I want to see your resurrection soon.

[Go there, watch the Sun set over the land
You and I loved so intensely.
Taste the scent of Eucalypt
Carried on the evening breeze.]
'My Eternal Valentine'-Paddy Martin

nimal dunuhinga

The Dress Rehearsal

When the velvet curtain falls the dim lights came up
And he pushed ahead to the middle of the stage in the rotunda theatre.
He became the crown prince and the crown princess waited aside
with her new netting costume.
The happy audience clapped and whistled.
When the interval bell rang the prince went to the rest room for a make up.
'Hey! My naughty darling sleepwalker;
I couldn't sleep the whole night, please get ready to see the psychiatrist again in
the morning.' His wife grumbled.
'Nobody knows that I was a crown prince once.' he muttered himself.

* By all means marry; If you get a good wife, you'll be happy; if you get a bad
one, you'll become a philosopher.
-Socrates

nimal dunuhinga

The Earthquake

When mother earth cries quietly you get rain
And when she is happy you get sunshine.
Very seldom she gets angry
And then the proud fragile skyscrapers shake for response.

* Earth knows a thousand stories of human sorrow.

nimal dunuhinga

The Eclipse In Womb

Soon I die, my soul search anxiously
a place to hide.

I saw my deceased mother who was Re-born
in the city of Western Virginia, the united states of America.

She has already married to a Philanthropist!

Mom is very beautiful like an actress.

But no children.

I talked to her 'Mom! it's me, can't you recognize; Oh! I am sorry
Your mother tongue is entirely different'.

Anyway she became pregnant quickly.

Father is very happy and brings everything; whatever she wants
but for me the embryo is a perfect hell.

I am in a dark pond of the Womb
and instead of flowers I see the intestine.

When she drinks tea I feel hot
and she takes cold; Oh! it's like in north pole.

I have to suffer for nine months in this satchet.

It's a very long period.

Mom! I sniff your tasty breast milk

and I hope you deliver me to this sacred World safely.

Do you remember my name Mom!

and I am sure you give the same to this naughty boy?

To the young poetess ams

nimal dunuhinga

The Educated Monkey

At the Zoological gardens
I gave a banana to a monkey
and he nicely peeled it
like a man.

When I got closer
he asked my ball point pen
and I gave him.

He searched for a piece of paper
and found inside it seems.

I saw he wrote something, rolled and threw it out.

What a miracle?

This was written.

'The caged animals are harmless
Beware of the human beings'.

nimal dunuhinga

The Elm Tree And Termites

This highly destructive insects which are not true ants
But the innocent tree doesn't know about their cruelty
And she provided them shelter in a rain.
The colony consists of Queen & King, wingless sterile workers and soldiers.
The ungrateful visitors started their job secretly
Until the tree collapsed to the ground pathetically.

nimal dunuhinga

The Emptiness

Since my childhood I carry a heavy bundle of burden
And recently I opened it and found nothing.
I checked the life's Encyclopedia and found the right word in bold.
' Emptiness.'

* A man actually needs very little to be happy in his lifetime; but he gets lost in his search for false glories and destroys himself.
- 'Zorba the Greek' by tsakis

nimal dunuhinga

The Endless Journey Of Man

A baby cries in a cradle for milk
until he becomes a boy.
Who knows his destiny.
A fortune teller may sketches vast dreams
like Arabian nights.
The boy likes to be in jungle to see his forefathers.
but the parents never allowed and they want to see him
As a Doctor, Proctor or an Engineer.
He breaks his cradle and make swords and shields
bows and arrows, fight alone to build sand castles.
sails to better worlds with his paper boats.
When he becomes a man
he seeks a partner female to share his loneliness.
Then afterwards he becomes a father of sons and daughters.
He fights to earn and feed them.

nimal dunuhinga

The Error Of Seeing Things As Permanent

The butterflies where were they flown?

And who erased the rainbow?

Lullabies no more and the broken cradle lies aside.

It's a broken promise

You said that you will be back soon, but Mother where are you now?

nimal dunuhinga

The Esplanade

Sitting on a stripped isolated bench
An immigrant watches the pious Churchgoers
In different dresses and their style of walking!
Snow flakes fall from the barren sky
Like the parentless embryos
And he thinks of his native country.
The cast iron bells of village ringing
And the deaf old priest,
Once his acquaintance with the strict Master.
He plays the role as an obedient servant to him
Who orders to sweep the entire premises
And he sniffs the Jasmine flowers
Scatter on the silent ground.
Almost forgotten the chants of Pali & Sanskrit
Miniature candles extinguished in the winds past
And that continuously whipped him by the time of cruel life!

*I humbly dedicate this poem to the finest short story writer Anton Chekhov in gratitude.[Anton Chekhov's life was the epic novel he never the spring of 1904 Chekhov was failing rapidly, which did not keep him from thoughts of entering the Russo-Japanese War as a doctor.Instead he let himself be persuaded to go to the German health resort of Badenweiler, near the Black Forest, for the night of June 29 he described to his wife an idea he had for a story.A few hours later he was body was sent back to Moscow in a railroad car marked Fresh Oysters.]

nimal dunuhinga

The European Bin Laden!

After sixteen years Bosnian Serb General Ratco Mladic was hauled into Courtroom to face charges of ordering torture, rape and the slaughter of 8,000 Muslim Men & Boys in the Bosnian town of Srebernica in 1995.

-News-

O 2011! The year is not good for killers, dictators, liars & etc.,
Luckily he's caught alive to see the Hague
Otherwise he could have gone to a sea bed?

*Buddha said; 'There's no place to hide in the Sky, Earth, Sea or elsewhere for his Karma that chase behind him.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Express Train Of My Shattered Thoughts

Without hooting and signals this wonderful train goes out of the track
And it seems searching the homeland,
I see a ragged stationmaster holds a rusty red lantern very blurred, who wants
to stop me at a far end?
The station called ' The death beyond the Mystery.'

I dedicate this poem to the poetess b in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

The Faded Identity

I lost it somewhere and in the mirror I watched my face,
It's not me somebody else that resembles the lunatic who drowned in the singing
river on a full moon day?

* To those who drowned in shallow waters.

nimal dunuhinga

The Fading Tattered Figure Of My Far Away Old Friend

Dearest friend Nimal,

I too feel the cool breeze of Christmas through the broken windows in an isolated hospital sickness wasn't diagnosed yet; but I am sick once again. I dreamed a Santa Claus that resembles you my dear, but in reality, I understand the distance between e try to respond to this letter soon at least in few lines as my days are numbered it seems. I enclosed here a poem that I am sure you grab as a keepsake.

Thanks & best regards

sincerely,

a friend in tears

Postscript

[This is a Chinese old poem written by an unknown poet translated into English by Arthur Waley]

A man went to war when he was fifteen years of he returned home he was the way he met a man from his village and asked him where his house was and who was at showed him the house a deserted place all covered with trees and bushes.

Rabbits had run in at the dog hole

And pheasants flew down from the beams of the roof.

In the courtyard was growing some wild grain; And by the wells some wild mellows.

Plucked the mellows and made soup.

But there is no one to eat them with.

While tears fell and wetted my clothes.

*A report to my silent friend Dave Tanguay

nimal dunuhinga

The Fallen Maple Leaf In Brown Colour

We both are like dumbs
Isn't it?
I see the red ants around you
in a friendly manner
And the handsome poverty
tries to be friend with me.
You have no right to ask
Why the tree bring you down?
And I cannot grumble
Why can't I fly?
My palm and your gloomy face
Give much similarities,
Scattered lines here and there
But the wealth line has disappeared
On my palm a long time ago.
I remember once an old palm reader
Predicted in the broad day light
' This crooked line says that one day
You become a pilot or a road runner! '
The old man is right as I fly on & off
in my sugary dreams and in reality
Believe me, I am a non-stop Marathon Runner!

[To my friend Jerry, sorry for the belated wishes, happy birthday to you! and hope all your dreams come true, if my marathon finishes in Australia, then I could have meet you before the life forgets my name.]

*Have a heart that never hardens, and a temper that never tires, and a touch that never hurts.

-Charles Dickens

nimal dunuhinga

The Family; A Tiny Restaurant!

'Darling kitchen goods empty
And we have to sacrifice
Until the lorry load salary comes.
A special menu today;
Cardboard salad with Italian olive oil
Flavoured fenugreek seeds & a gulp of tap water! '
'O that sounds good my pain killer
And what about a piece of barbed wire
For a bite to that cheapest droplet of wine! '

nimal dunuhinga

The First Lesson Of Life On Mother's Lap!

*How sad my poor Mom pawned her earrings for my books and she replaced some cloves on her earlobe?

Poor Mother is an Autumn in the chilly Winter.
That warmth you never get anywhere?
She reads a passage from the book of life
Keeping me as a soft toy on her lap.
'Hey! My little rascal what you see in the books?
One day you have to be there and see from your visual eye.
Mountains, Seas, Rivers, Brooks, Streams
Caves, Animals, Real human and else!
I remember one full Moon day she asked;
'What's your intension Johnny? '
I said that I want to be a Pilot!
Then she said with a wry smile;
'Somehow that's good, but what you gain from the barren sky?
Try to be a Skin Diver if possible at least you could see the hidden treasure at
the mysterious bottom of the Ocean! '

Humbly to all Mothers in the World!

nimal dunuhinga

The Foolish Servant Reads The Palm In His Master's Absence

His psychological stress took him to a person who reads the palm and gives you a narrative gesture about your identity.

'Stretch your palm and what do you prefer

Past, Present or Future? '

'All'

'Yes, past is gone and it never comes,

Present still goes and you gain fifty fifty.

But you never save in your lifetime.

Future is nice but it hasn't come yet.

There will be some changes in your life and who knows?

You don't want to see a Palmist as you read yourself well.

Future is nice and nothing to be worried.'

Before he leaves the servant showed his palm and begged him to read something about his future.

nimal dunuhinga

The Forbidden Tree Grows In Serpentine Road

It's almost soggy.
Hey! Novice you skid away
And take care my friend.
Ex-Adam had the skill
Though it's a sin.
Anyway who leaves a fruitful tree
without trespassing if it's tasty?

* To my poet friend Duncan.

nimal dunuhinga

The Fragrance Of A Keepsake

We tried to build up a long friendship with a mutual understanding in our short journey.

He never been to a school but learned a lot of morals.

His dialect is stronger than ours

And he knew manners very well.

Though he was a crossed-German shepherd dog,

He was very grateful than a human being.

He never bothered of the franchise as he realized the absurdity of the politics.

My dear son Marco! Still I feel your kennel's warmth

When I think of the homeliness.

I am sure that I would never find such a good friend among the creatures of this cruel world.

* Before starting the car,

I know where I am going.

The car and I are one.

If the car goes fast, I go fast.

[Mindful verses for daily living by Thich Nhat Hanh]

(I dedicate this scribbling for the film 'Bury my heart at Wounded Knee')

nimal dunuhinga

The Fragrance Of Spring Flowers In Winter Dreams!

The Sun too lazy to wake up
early in the morning
As this terrible cold in Winter?
I struggle with my daily work
and back home in twilight.
Here & there aches in the wearied body
and I swallowed a pink Brufen tablet.
I woke up in the middle of the night.
The faraway church at the hill top
watch the candle still burns on the altar.
I dream warm spring flowers
and Winter blooms are too cold to touch
with these inexperienced hands?
O it's another sad morning
Some birds are searching food
on the marsh that covered with snow flakes.

To my missing poet friends Sandra Fowler & Paddy Martin and I sniff your
frgrance!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

The Frost And Fire At Two Ends

I see the snow cap on the far away mountain top
And I feel so sorry that how could you bear that much cold
But I am burning here in the desert from top to bottom.
And still I carry my innocent hope to be a mountain
But I know it's very hard for a broken soul to reach the peak.

nimal dunuhinga

The Frozen Death In A Quiet Winter Night!

['You can choose to live your life to your own agenda with a sense of personal purpose that gives your life ventures meaning and a feeling of fulfillment_This is called being at cause living from the inside out creating the life and reality you want.']-David I

Skeletal cypress trees mourn
for their offspring
At a stretch sleep the countless fallen leaves,
Quiet the hazy night and a small drizzle
with crispy snow that covers the helpless burial grounds?
I hear their babyish cries but I am voiceless?
I took out my pocket book and the pencil stub
and I address to my poor poet-God!
While a tear dropp hangs in my eye.
For you, I scribble this line Sir!
O I witnessed the frozen death
in this quiet winter night?

for my poet friend Pranab Chakraborty in gratitude!
Who's translated my few poems into his mother tongue Bengali and already
published them in his co-editing magazine.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Garden Is My Weeping Heart

There is no fertilizer at all
But they grow without any quarrels.
Flowers in different colors
And varieties of fragrance.
I have no fence and restrictions too.
Birds, bees, butterflies and hornets idle.
Some trespassers with strong hands,
Sometimes very cruel.
Please do not pluck in that way as it's painful
And let the flowers wither.
One day I have to abandon the garden
As my soul takes wings.
But you find another gardener there.

* Spring comes and goes, yet comes again.
What a wonderful shuttle the nature is?

nimal dunuhinga

The Ghost's Nymphomaniac Wife

She embraced me in the pitch darkness
And her rigorous kiss was very painful
As her wisdom tooth pierced my pale lips.
And she raped me.
I realized her sarcastic smile
Looking at my prostration.
I feel the yield sorrowful death while alive
And she fades away.

nimal dunuhinga

The Glass Cleaner

The Native who comes with a bottle of Windex,
Regular paper roll and a damp piece of cloth.
He cleans the outer glass of the shop well
And you could see the World brighter!
When he finished the cleaning
Boss gave him few dollars and a big thank you!
He bought a scratch lottery out of his payment.
When he leaves smiley I asked; 'Any luck Mr.*Red Hawk? '
'Yes I won five dollars and I can drink a bottle of King Cobra beer tonight
And have a sound sleep! ' He said very happily.
Through the shined glass I saw he's walking towards his home
Like in a bygone Cowboy movie but without a horse!

nimal dunuhinga

The Glass House

Though you collect precious stones
And hide in your safe for the journey
Still the thieves could trace easily
And if you try to throw at the needy
To hurt them purposely,
Beware that would boomeranged
And please do not forget
You live in a Glass house?

nimal dunuhinga

The Godforsaken Atmosphere When Autumn Falls

The decaying leaves decamp from the flamboyant trees regrettably
And a virtuous traveler heard an old crow crowed on an isolated lamp post.
'Hey! Brother are you in a dilemma? '

The wanderer is familiar with the bird's dialect and he replies;
'Thank you dear, it's a pleasure to hear that someone call me as brother after a
long time. Yes, it's really difficult to survive here without a job and I have already
applied for a Gravedigger in a countryside.

But they query about my pedigree not qualifications.'

'Please do not worry chum, you add my details in your resume again as reference
and the burial grounds would prefer definitely.' The old crow sighed.

* ['Siriboaiya' is one of the classical Sri Lankan movies directed by Ratne, The
protagonist international award winning actor Ickrama who says in a prominent
scene after lost his vision
due to a mine-blast.'Now I can see the people rather than earlier.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Gorilla And His Beloved Wife

This man was certainly fed up with the life and roamed like a stray dog.

One day he found in the Zoo the gorilla's cage is vacant.

Since that day he lived in the cage happily.

On a sunny Sunday he saw his wife came towards the cage.

'Oh! You resemble my so loved husband and he was disappeared a long time ago.' wife said.

She witnessed the gorilla cried and she gave him her handkerchief.

On her way back home she had a facial as she knows her husband would be at home soon.

* I heard that he says; 'We the people, in order to form a more perfect union.'
Good luck to the land of opportunity! And guess who comes to the dinner with a gift of real democracy.

nimal dunuhinga

The Grass Roots Writer In A Search Of A Mystique River's Depth

Here quietly she flows like a country lass.
Sometimes she changes her colors as a lizard.
He knows that she hides so many secrets.
What happened to the newly-wed Ferryman's eldest son
And the blacksmith's triplet daughter,
Were they drowned or committed suicide?
Their pledge still echoes in the thick forest
And he's very inquisitive to catch the inarticulate dialects.

nimal dunuhinga

The Gravedigger's Companion

Spinster night has a sweet voice like a teenager nurse on duty.
I like her transparency and hate the daytime.
There she whispers something,
'Brother! You too awake like me in this quiet atmosphere.
It's very hard to sleep in the day as the misers count money greedily and
grumble isn't it?
You look so sad and tired these days and how many graves you dig today? '
'As usual, approximately ten to fifteen but I didn't feel tired sister.
Thanks for this cheap liquor that gives me the courage to fight forever.' I said.
'I understand your plight brother but try to find a kind partner and you can share
your worries as she is a pain reliever.
I pray that one day a night flower touch your fragile heart secretly as she knows
the language of darkness thoroughly.'

* I dedicate this poem to my helpless friend who's name is Poverty.

nimal dunuhinga

The Handsome Death Roams Around Bards' Billets These Days!

My beloved questioned me;
'I noticed that you won't drink
and it's a dilemma in your words.'
'Not exactly I quit drinks honey
The celebrated Malayalam poet
pan passed away last week
and the Bengali prominent poet
ly too.

I checked my piggy till and the pennies won't come up
In the checking account few colourd notes smile
that won't reach at least a tall Johnny Walker?
and you know my darling I am a poor scribbler
Casket is very expensive than the nagging life here? '

['The goal of meditation is the beautiful silence, stillness and clarity of mind.']-
Buddhist scripture

niumal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Harvest

A severe drought but water melons expanded
in the back yard of the farmhouse.
There was no hunt the whole night
and the hunter returns home
with his rusty shot gun.
Farm lassie counts the melons
for the week-end market
and they smiled each other
While he was passing the fence.

nimal dunuhinga

The Herbal Oil Vendor

My poor Mom was in the General Hospital
For an immediate surgery
And we take her meals everyday
Brother and I are alternatively.
The Herbal oil Vendor in his Sixties
Who stands at the entrance gate
And sell his precious stuff.
He boasts; ' These bottles are worth than money
Straight away from Himalayas
And the one and only remedy for loss of hair.'
He's totally a Bald headed
And nobody query why don't he applies this panacea?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Hidden Song In The Black River

Every year there are about fifty or more victims; They drowned and never returned.

Where you hide them in your precious muddy bottom?

I see the old ferryman and his blind dog cross the river and I wait at the bank to hear more news of the missing souls.

nimal dunuhinga

The Hiding Song Of River

This destitute soul swims upstream
And the silent riverbed keeps memories of the bygone heroes
Who were defeated by the ruthless current.
The fading ashore like a mirage
And this poor chap almost tired.
'It's a long journey my dear chum
And nobody returns with the trophy.'
An old ferryman's sad voice echoes in a distance.

nimal dunuhinga

The Homebound Night Train Whistles

There he goes home carrying holey bags full of hopes
After the eternal struggle.

Though it's an express train the kind Engine driver stops at every station as he
doesn't want to leave the passengers in the darkness.

But some they do not encourage the delay.

Through the dim lights in the compartment he recognizes his friends.

Some with gray beards and walking sticks.

He secretly looks at the window pane through his thick glasses

And realizes that he too become old gradually.

He deeply think of his family

Already they must have come to the village ruined station and wait at the
platform eagerly.

It seemed to be a re-union but he has to come back on the same train some
other day to fight with the decaying life again.

nimal dunuhinga

The Homeless

It was not an ordinary dawn
And the pregnant sky delivered
A feeble infant Sun painfully.
In a street corner the city of Los Angeles downtown
I see their fading smiles and upbringing worries.
They carry heavy bundles that full of emptiness
And they wander along the heaven like country
By the way democracy flows silently.
Is this 'Karma' or the fragile system of politics?
I am really scared as I could have been to these desperate people
Unless my kind heart relatives in Massachusetts & California
Who were not provided me the hospitality, food and shelter?

nimal dunuhinga

The Humble Man

It seems to be a rainy day.

A man roams on unending roads with thousands of thoughts.

He worships to the sky

When there is a drought,

Also curse for heavy rains.

Soft hearted, sometimes he scares by seeing his own shadow.

This innocent man,

A constant runner behind wealth which slips through his fingers?

A Passer-by of isolated graveyards.

He waits in the Life's-decayed inn until the rain seized and where does He runs
this handsome man?

nimal dunuhinga

The Ice Cream Man

He roams around schools with his rocky bicycle
And he rings the bell but nobody turns,
The whole World seems to be angry with him.
Swine Flu brings the catastrophe to his small business
And his tears mix with the melting ice cream.
Ice cream Man is nowhere and the rumor goes around
The Flu has taken him to a kind World.

*[eyes green as leaves
yet, closed now, like a flower
the life gone from them.]
-Katerina Papadopoulos-

nimal dunuhinga

The Identification

Camel knows about the desert
but nothing about the tent.
Shark knows about the ocean
but scares of dolphins.
Bird knows about the sky
but never been to sun & moon.
Snake knows about the earth
but villain is the mongoose.
And the big-headed man too
knows about everything,
secret whisper in the desert
depth of the ocean
length & breadth of the vast sky
mysterious earth.
The intellectual boasts
from the top floors of the universities
but he knows very few
about the attractive, fragile and sensitive
Womankind!
and never understand her mind?

nimal dunuhinga

The Immortal Souls

Gloomy sky is searching her brave twin skyscraper
sadly disappeared on this particular day five years ago
and I hear the lament of Lady Liberty who cries for the grave tragedy.
The loved ones mourn for the loss of three thousand hearts
those who left five years ago without saying a good-bye!
This catastrophe was written in every heart
and we all mourn on this sad day
from our bottom of the hearts
for the immortal souls.

Dedication to the innocent 9/11 victims.

nimal dunuhinga

The Inaugural Atmosphere

How nice when all the doors & windows opened in the White House on this particular day?

Let the swift wind blows from all over the world and you could stand straight,
Please do not let them to take you away.

The wind gives an impression of the street children of the peculiar world and your precious children may ask questions from you.

The first Lady's innocent smile would be a comfort to the families of war victims.

This turning point should join along the World peace path

And let brothers walk as brothers towards Humanism.

Please leave a question mark to ruthless wars

And if possible make a pension scheme to the shamefaced warmongers.

nimal dunuhinga

The Incense

A starless night and the fragrant smoke from your altar
That brings uneasy to my sinner soul.

Am I an outcast?

My beloved! Does any confession written in your holy books?

Or I'll be vanished like the smoke into the barren sky.

nimal dunuhinga

The Independence

A message has come from the northern winds; The statue of Liberty whispers '
It's enough and I would like to shift to the Southern part if possible? '

nimal dunuhinga

The Inner Music Of A Dumb Orphan Virgin

The rich stars begin to scatter in the twilight sky
And the haughty Moon peeps like a new silver coin.
I hear the melody; the rattle of her rusty till
And she begs on the muddy road with her usual grimace.
I want to call her my dear sister,
It's getting dark and the time has come to go back home.
Isn't it?
She doesn't know how to express
That she is homeless it seems.
I saw a tear dropp falling from her eye into the till
And I am scared that would have melt coins.
I am very sorry my sibling
And please do not think I am stingy but penniless.

nimal dunuhinga

The Innocent Lovers!

*Where do I start, she came to my life and she'll be here!

-Andy Williams

The boy with a slight mustache secretly whistles,
The theme song of *love story
And the girl like Lara in Doctor Zhivago
Who tries to show her lace work of the new pantie.
How sad this old flightless bird who sits in vain on a rickety bench
in a solitary lover's park?

humble dedication to the South African poetess Kerry O'Connor in gratitude!

[Without understanding where we have come from and where we are going, we cannot establish our own sense of identity to the fullest.]

-Aging?

nimal dunuhinga

The Iron Laundress Named Speed Queen

I stepped into the coin laundry early in the morning today
And washed my dirty linen.
Then I saw a warning tag says; 'Do not put any person in this washer'
But my inner soul cries; ' Jump into the humble commercial washer
And become an innocent King after rinsed all the sins as her name is Speed
Queen.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Isolated Stable, My Hardbitten Days With A Pony And Cinema Theatres!

Whenever I pass the old stable here
While dropping my beloved wife
To the Day Care Center,
On the way back I stop for a while.
Oh! Poor Race Horses in the Victorian Era
Now very old and hard to neigh
Really I could count their ribs.
I am sorry That I couldn't bring you something to eat
Because I am out of a billet now.
Looking for a job and ckeck the vacancies everyday
That's written in the sky?
Not much Horse dung here otherwise I could have clean them voluntarily.
I flew back to my hard days Pony in an Amusement Park.
Borrowing my brother's Nikon F2 Mechanical camera
I took photos of the flowery children on horeseback
Developed and printed them in my life's dark room
Sold them cheaper at their doorsteps.
Out of few Rupees a lump sum to poor jockey
And a bag of brown sugar to the Pony.
Besides my beloved's pregnant for the eldest
And hardly she made snacks with wheat flour, slightly mixed with chillie powder.
Midnight we packed them into our friendly cellophane bags
And early in the morning I jumped to a Double-decker
Carrying the stuff in my old haversack to the Magnetic Cinema Theatres in the
City!

* To my poet fiend Premji!

Here's my poor film script for your true-dream film, hope that should go to all the
film festivals Worldwide one day!

nimal dunuhinga

The Lame Gypsy Snake Charmer

In a hot sunny day at a market place
He bends and shakes his weak leg
While blowing the horny pipe.
Then the snake aims at his knee
And it transforms into a dance for the onlookers.
He never seen an egg since his childhood
But he hides an egg everyday for his bread-winner.
Though it's venomous they live together in harmony
And their living seems to be an exemplary for those who grin angrily at each other for nothing.

nimal dunuhinga

The Last Act Of The Play

The wanderer's wanderlust stopped at once
as he got a stroke.
He strolls with his walking stick only a short distance.
It's not like his early days.
When he was a stripling looks like a horseman.
He is speechless because of the shock
and gradually he became bedridden.
This handsome man never used a bedpan
but now his wife brings him all the time.
Life perverts him very unkindly
anyway the beloved with him as a shadow.
Flies and Maggots in friendly terms
because of the bedsores.
The innocent soul drowns in the shallow waters
and he fades away in the wakefulness.

nimal dunuhinga

The Last Moon

Who worries of this pauper's whereabouts
And please do not think that I don't have any regrets?
I sleep on the road as usual and I see you all the time in the night sky.
But I know about the vast distance between us.
Faraway stars in multitude but none of them solve my destiny.
Sun never bothers in the morning if I am not awake
And I feel that I see the last Moon tonight.

* If someone sings this I would like to hear that voice before I close my eyes.

nimal dunuhinga

The Last Straw

The open-handed philanthropist
sent an open letter
and it was printed in a news paper.

'I wish to donate all my wealth and the property
to distribute for the poorest.'

It's an opaque whether the old age man is going to die
or he leaves everything and goes to a forest monastery?

His last will said; belongings are always a burden
and it's too heavy a soul to carry along this mysterious journey.

nimal dunuhinga

The Latter Part Of Life

He knows where the journey ends
And he always put his love
For his family first,
The old Man at the passage
Mutters something
And I guessed;
'I am not worried of myself
But the faithful companion
My walking stick,
Once I stopped breathing
Don't know whether they look after that well
Or throw away like a drumstick? '

* A smile happens in a flash, but the memory of it can last a lifetime.

-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

The Locksmith's Daughter

[“For all the doors locked, love is the best locksmith! ”]? Mehmet Murat Ildan

Chum this is not a fantasy
since a long time this boils
in my heart and I cannot stand any longer
So I have to vomit the stuff?
Poor fellow whose beautiful wife
eloped with a pot bellied widower Mayor!
Yet he kept quiet as he cannot fight
with political giants.
He suffered with Insomnia
and see how the bad karma follows.
The same ruffian's eldest son
who's like a Minister now
Made a master key by him
and he scares all the time
as his charming daughter
stays alone at home who resembles the Mother.

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

The Long Perfumed Dream!

In a forbidden caf'e
while sitting on a bar stool
sipping a mug of bitter cocoa
that gives the flavour of life!
At the dark corridor,
Stewardess! I don't know your name
your unexpected sudden kiss
with that thin lips
Taste of Marmalade!
O the painful wake up
to the reality?

Merry Christmas and Seasonal Greetings to Sandra Fowler, Paddy Martin, John O'Connell etc., and rest of the living friends in gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

The Lost Identity

A mug of English beer
in an Irish Pub,
And a plate of Italian Pizza
from a Mexican Grill,
Van Heusen Shirt and a Khaki pant
Underneath the tattered jockstrap he wears; This Nondescript man
Walks along the foreign street
And when the cops stop him and ask his identity
He says that's lost during the World War II
And that's why I am searching everywhere
The precious document that's worth than the life it seems!

nimal dunuhinga

The Lost Paradise

It was a spring
Early in the morning
A bird on the wing
Old lonely men were smoking and drinking
Past days remembering.
Day time I did nothing
Only reading
What else I had to do?
Except smoking and drinking.
I hear a lullaby
From far away
A sweet peculiar voice
Somewhere on the hills
Remembering my youth.
Oh! how I dreamed of her
Lost as a wounded soldier
The battle was over
We departed forever.
Oh! how I missed her
For my own fault
Still I can remember what she told.

nimal dunuhinga

The Madhouse

A Lunatic composes a madrigal with his companions
And they are going to perform a stage show in a real people's common theater.
Began the mimicry with the lyrics and emotional music.
Some politicians were scared to hear as it was hinted to their peculiar behavior.
It seemed that they are not insane but the cruel politicians should detain and
treat them here the house call 'Place of confusion.'

I dedicate this poem to my poet friend Duncan.

*Southern California Wildfires; State of Emergency.....
Oh! Mother nature's mysterious enemy winds, please go away and bring few
rains to soothe the earth.

nimal dunuhinga

The Magical Bamboo Flute And The Ancient Chinese Zither

Thank God! You gave me a dollar note to buy this compact disc from a junk shop in Anaheim.

It's really a very rare Diamond for me, thanks again to the invisible God!

It's named 'Tao of Healing'

Dean Evenson and Professor Li Xiangting collaborated for this great Performance.

When I hear this spiritual music

I travel to my faraway loved ones

And return without any proper documents.

I speak with dead souls

My poor loving Mom and the brother

Oh! They are better than me.

I forget all my debts and the misers' names too.

And all my wounds heal in the soul.

If I can hear this continuously

I'll be free of burdens definitely.

My singsong beloved grumbles

'Here isn't a funeral parlor to hear such a sad music.'

'Why not? Darling we sit on a graveyard

Earth is a graveyard indeed! ' I shouted.

* On the cover of the disc is a Chinese Goddess Quan means means woman or mother places her in our understanding as Earth Mother or Mother nature.

Zither; Culturally important in China as the Piano in the West.

Humbly I dedicate this poem to all music lovers of the World.

nimal dunuhinga

The Magician's Daughter

Her father play tricks but she is quiet and innocent.
Her boy friend is a son of a Magistrate but not like his father.
He is very honest and he hates the Jurisdiction.
Though they are next door neighbours
Both of their parents are not in good terms.
Does their precious love would bring to Lawsuit?

nimal dunuhinga

The Mammoth Power Station

Beyond that plant you may see the shanties in a row without the electricity
And the poor parents read pamphlets of family planning under the moonlight
While they think of their multiplying children.

nimal dunuhinga

The Man Is A Fragrant Flower

The most fragrant flower
In the Wilderness of Mirage life!
Some covers a veil of illusions
And run behind bogus fantasies.
Labels himself belongs to a great tribe?
But this Nondescript-Man belongs to the Earth
And not to the bare sky.
Still it's a dilemma and I have some regrets
Why we got these feeble hands
Instead of innocent Wings?

* My frequent dream is a bird in the sky but I realize in the day light it's only a dream!

nimal dunuhinga

The Man Who Writes And Somebody Erase

He looks anxiously at this spinning World.
Which cannot be seen.
and he thinks,
'why should I be stagnant here?
while others are floating'
and he thinks again deeply
'if the Sun rises in the west
at least for a change'
then he forgets everything
and falls asleep.

nimal dunuhinga

The Manacled Man's Itinerary

Tiny Termites are born to destruct the timber
And rust will destroy the iron.
Precious gold is everlasting,
But the shine will bring thieves more closely.
Beauty is a gift,
And you have to protect from the evil.
Life is a road. [It's not silky anyhow]
The roadway full of road works ahead.
If this polite man is roadworthy somehow?
Then he goes to a certain extent,
Perhaps the frustration of sinister
He stops for a while on the way
And there is no more hearsay of the traveller.

nimal dunuhinga

The Manuscript

It's like a braille and I touched the buttons.
Then I saw the kind Gypsy Santa
He was combing his gray beard.
' It's very delicate like a woman and handle carefully son.
Each button gets currency notes in different countries
When you press gently.'
My beloved grumbles in the morning
When I said Merry Christmas to her.
'I couldn't sleep the whole night
Because you were typing a manuscript.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Mass Killer Captured Dead; But The Offspring Still Alive

An unconfirmed report says the barbarian illai Prabhakaran was captured, Who was the most dangerous terrorist leader in the cruel World.

The poor citizen of Sri-Lanka are preparing for a grand scale Island-wide celebration to-day to commemorate the defeat of Tamil Terrorism.

Be alert dear friends! The Sinhala tiger leader is still alive who roams around the world now and also the foreign counterpart supply ingredients to the turmoil.

I heard that Norwegian uncles already sent a special plastic barrel to collect crocodile tears.

I suggest the funeral should take place in Great Britain, Norway or Canada?

*My sincere salutation to all Armed forces who gave their lives and the poor citizen of his disturbed soul rest in peace with the deceased former Prime minister of India Mrs.Ii

nimal dunuhinga

The Menopausal Voyage!

Queen of the ship
Hides the telescope
And grumbles
It seems;
' Master!
Let me steer
And alter the course
As I sniff that
You're heading
For that abandon ship.
Why you seek
An another cook
While I provide you
Tasty food?
I too love birds
But there's no place to hang
A bird's cage in our tiny cabin.
Let another vessel rescue her.
Do you remember the past stormy weather
I climbed myself the Mast
And changed that burnt lamp for you!
Please realize the situation
As I too a Woman! '

*I humbly dedicate this poem for Womenfolk all over the World who fight for their fundamental rights!

nimal dunuhinga

The Milkman And A Widow's Cry

The old Mill by the Riverside
And a middle aged widow stands
At the rickety gate.
The handsome lad who brings milk
Early in the morning
And the Sun pretends
As an Onlooker.
She took the boy inside
And locked the door.
Asked the boy to sit on the sofa
She's seated close to him and relaxed.
The boy seemed to be totally perplexed!
She took out a small book from her nightgown pocket
And gave it to the boy to read aloud.
He reads; 'When the daybreak
Perhaps a boy comes with milk
He looks like our neighbor Midwife's son
Let him read this in my absence.
Believe me, I am reborn your old soldier
And you don't feel lonely
Don't cry and I'll bring you milk everyday.....!
The boy watched the tears fell from her tiny eyes
And he stopped reading.
He hurries sullenly leaving the premises by saying;
'Please do not worry Madam!
I'll stay a night or two on a full moon day
And read this leisurely
That I promise you earnestly.'
Then she smiled and it seemed incredibly complicated.

*To my Life-school Art Teacher, the poetess Sandra Fowler in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

The Money Lender

An old boycotted photographer who stands in front of a Mall
And he thinks while seeing the huge car park.
I must send him a photograph the miser lent me some money a long time ago in
high interest of buying this box camera.

Dear ck,

'This photo gives you a slight impression of my car factory's outer premises and
why don't you tick your choice and send me back?

I would ship you the required vehicle in free of charge as a gratitude.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Moody Rain Goddess In Poor Man's Sky

It's a dark feast and stars were hidden purposely
And the Moon on vacation it seems.

The Goddess comes out through the dark clouds,
Just a small drizzle to their innocent hopes.

The poor girl is ready to go out from the ghetto with an unknown bridegroom,
A shooting star has fallen down to their journey as a chief guest.

'A good omen my dear and make a hundred thousand offspring for the next
census to get temper with the blunt life.'

The bride's close relative an old Blacksmith said.

nimal dunuhinga

The Mother

Every criminal has a Mother!

And this Mother goes to the *Supreme Court

And begs for his Son!

Then the Magistrate tells her;

'I am sorry Mother, your son has killed another son.'

Then Mom says; 'In Your honourable Court every criminal hangs? '

'That depends on the Witness.' The Judge said politely.

'O.K. Sir, You hang me and send my son home because he wants to be a Judge one day! '

You see, only a Mother can sing that sad song!

[*This special Supreme Court even the Magistrates could practice.]

* To Maxim Gorky for his superb novel 'Mother'.

Quoted from 'get on the bus' (Uniting children with their mothers and fathers in prison.) 'I noticed things about my mother: She was pretty and she looked like me. I found something in common with all the children on the bus - they all have a Mother in prison too. -a little girl-

nimal dunuhinga

The Murmur Of Spindrift

A crab walks straight to show its offspring?

Life is an Ocean and we are waves.

A constant flow to the weeping beach.

Beach struggles to grab the waves but fails
and the foam smiles.

nimal dunuhinga

The Mutual Understanding Of Strange Lovers!

She's born blind and I explained her
It's a Full Moon and I saw her sad expression.
Then I touched her face and said; ' You have a round face
And a very pleasant looking like a Full Moon! '
I found a tear dropp in her gloomy eye
It's like a dew.
She squeezed my hands and muttered; ' It's pretty warm your heart
And you're my one and only Sun in the dark citadel.'

* I humbly dedicate this poem to the innocent victims of Moscow Air Port blast!
Also to the cruel human beings who involved to this tragedy, let them open their
eyes and see the World without glasses as true brothers and sisters! It's very
ridiculous, why you make long fences in this short life?
This World is a one land and one nation!

nimal dunuhinga

The Nagging Of My Cryptic Pillow

I couldn't sleep these days and I heard the whispering inside my pillow.
The feathers cried; ' You rest all the time but we stuck here permanently Sir, Our
featherhead Boss! Don't you feel about the liberty?
We too like to fly in the serene sky and please let us come out of this thick pillow
case.
We want the true freedom!

* To my poet friend Duncan.

nimal dunuhinga

The Naked Runner

The eighth day of the month of eighth
And it's already the year twothousand and eight.
His painful skeleton where it entangled in the figure of eight knot,
Please release him and let him go for Olympics.

*Dedication to all the prisoners.

nimal dunuhinga

The Narrow Passage; A Blue Haze Of Cigar Smoke

Here the boisterous dockers
They play cards
Billiard & Snooker
Some concentrate
The slow moves on Chess
Drink beer
Soda & Water
And blow bubble-gums.
The young Lad, An apprentice in the graving dock
Who's seated in front of a Promiscuous beautiful Lady
Half drunk it seems on a stool
Who exhibits accidentally her new pantie
While moving her skinny legs apart.
The boy's intoxicated
By inhaling the unrestricted cigar smoke
And he heard a ship's horn at the Wharf
By the time the cargo vessl cast off!
He daydreamed that he's sleeping in a luxurious cabbin
With the new panty lady
Until his drunkard Bosun Uncle
Woke him up to go back home!

*[A humble attempt to revisit my swings & roundabouts of sunk bygone seafarer era! Now it's like a forgotten black & white dream, I stranded on Horizon mending my torn sails with a phobia of serious death threats!]
To oskar & Rahul Atik my fellow Seafarers!

nimal dunuhinga

The Nativity

I imagine how we celebrated Christmas in our country.
There is no any difference the people amongst.
We all get together like a one family.
Here it's boring in this weeping desert of hypocrisies.
The only comfort is looking at the twinkling stars distant.
The kind heart 'Comrade Jesus'
Who fought against the unjust, involved to the class-struggle
And for our sins he destined to crucifixion.
You were born on this special day the month of December.
When I see the brightest star in the sky
Camels and sheep here; I feel that I am closer to you.
Your precious teachings in the past most of them must have forgotten now.
Judas, Barabbas and the henchmen do their fair trade?
They carry fire under the water as earlier.
No more brotherhood; people kill each other for nothing.
My dear Lord Jesus; this is the ideal time for resurrection.
Because the world and the humanity in peril.

nimal dunuhinga

The Nebulous House Abandon; But Some Live In

No doors and windows in the Mews

Mystery wind peeps and departs

And nothing remains.

But the rusty padlock

Still at the gate.

The rumour spreads among the villagers

Smoke goes to the sky in the night

From the bricked chimney

And smells roasted turkey

While a sad neigh echoes.

An officer goes for the Census

But the gate is locked at all.

* Those who grabs the perishable life never leaves?

nimal dunuhinga

The New Broom

Struggles

A Cockroach

Hides

From Human beings!

nimal dunuhinga

The New Broom Sweeps Well

'Yes sir, it's true but when I get old that won't be applicable.

You too seems to be wearied like me by sweeping.

If they do not throw the dirt on streets

Then both of us can stay together freely.'

'Where did you study? ' I asked.

'Boss! You never learn such things in the school

We are brooms and sweep others dirt by heredity? '

nimal dunuhinga

The New Year Sky!

I watched
the same pale Blue
And a jet flies
a cloud like trail
wish that could be the peace flag
for the Year!

* 'For I'd rather hear your fiddle
And the tone of one string
Than watch the waters a-gliding,
Hear the nightingales sing.'
-Elizabeth Parsons

nimal dunuhinga

The New Year Train

We're waiting at the platform in the New Railway Station
There the train comes and no destination?
And the banner shows it's a Youth Train!
I checked our tattered season-tickets
Old age's there and faded.
I was so sad when she asked;
'Darling, we could hide in the Goods compartment.'

*I turn but do not extricate myself, Confused, a past-reading, another but with
darkness yet.-Walt Whitman

nimal dunuhinga

The Nutrition Top Up Three Tins Of Sustagen Dutch Chocolate!

Just now received the parcel
which was sent by our daughter
from Dandenong, Australia!
O full of Merits and a Thousands of thanks
to you dear daughter!
It came in the right time
As it's really cold here.
And I read the label
-Protein to aid Tissue building and repair
Calcium for strong bones and teeth
Iron to assist Oxygen Transport,
Ideal for active people
Busy lifestyles and a snack between meals-
But what nutrition your poor Mom and Dad want
Other than you and your partner's presence with us?
Thanks again to our dear daughter & Son-in-law!
Loving Mom & Dad.

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

The Oblique Shadow

'Walk straight dear Master.'

He mutters.

Thank you for your advise

And I'll try my level best.

Please do not misunderstand me

As I always think of you.

You must be tired of the journey with a vagabond.

My ambition is to fulfill your welfare

And I want to release you soon friend,

If time permits?

nimal dunuhinga

The Octopus; Lifestyle & Lifelong Supermarket!

Oh! The miraculous skyscraper
Consolidate three hundred and sixtyfive stories
And they're going to build another floor
For commemoration of the leap year!
Beside the massive parking lot
I chained my precious tumbledown bicycle
And the pet dog chihuahua to a tree.
My beloved's bit nervous and she asked;
' Do they accept our food stamps? '
'Why not? ' I replied.
'Darling I use the stairs and you go on escalator.'
'Are you mad? It's not good for your heart.'
'Don't worry they sell rubber hearts here
And it's easily could be prevented from bad cholesterol.
The new experimental sugar, salt and some other insoluble granules
Harmful to the health.'
Bread forever and no expiry date and we can store for our next wedding
anniversary!
Artificial meat like jelly and thank God they minimized slaughtering
But some they don't like as no blood to be seen over there.
Candyfloss attached to fourteen carrot gold sticks
Darling in case of emergency we can pawn those.
Love juices in canned tins.
Hey! A Japanese sashimi restaurant on the top rotating floor
Named as 'Genjimonogatari of Lady Murasaki Shikibu' a prominent poetess
And I haven't tasted sashimi since I left Japan.
Long grain rice takes a long time to digest
That's better we can skip our meals off & on.
Some liquor I search beyond 40% of alcohol to get spin my head.
Synthetic masks resemble of actors, actresses and corrupted politicians etc., and
I like if you wear Ursula Andress's, Sex symbol!
I'll choose Godfather's, when the Landlord comes to collect the next rent
He must have run away.
Hurry up darling and lets go as I have to do the graveyard shift
And it's already 3 P.M. and the month of January is going to be finished soon.
Do you hear the printing machine sounds like a train?
And they're printing 2012 calendars and the Passports of World Citizen it seems!

*To Alison & Jerry in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

The Odour Of Withered Leaves

She rests all the time in her garden
laying out a mat under a shady tree
A flask of tea stands behind and a book of poetry
that will never finish.

'Once she had been a beauty queen
now passing a solitary life; a widow and childless.
Recently she celebrated her fiftieth birthday
only with her gardner.

The silence ringing her ears and she heard a whispering of grass
and withered leaves.

a decayed leaf cries; once she had a smooth skin golden
spreading lines, thick flesh as jelly
how many dew drops remained and kissed
butterflies, bees and hornets slept
now a skeleton; good for nothing
but a photographer may seeks'

She got shocked; like a rabbit
cold as marble
finally she decided to get a divorce from her lonliness
and marry the old gardener.

nimal dunuhinga

The Old Friends Met In A Quiet Starlit Night

He hums his unwritten song
Who's a famous drunkard in the village.
It's a quiet starlit night
And stars twinkle to his sad rhythm.
Passing the isolated graveyard nearby a stable
He stopped for a while.
And his old friend speaks from a broken tomb;
'Hey! There October Moon peeps like your innocent Auschwitz fiancée
And how the crawling life goes on chum! '
Could you please pass me a non-filter cigarette
If you have any spare one? '
He thinks on his way to the lonely Inn
That his dumb friend never smoked before.

nimal dunuhinga

The Old Spaniard

Nicely wrapped with cellophane layers in different colors,
Like beehives, hanged on a stick
Who carries them to each and every door step the Candyfloss.
Though I am a diabetic I buy one.
'Today's the daylight saving time begins' I reminded him.
Then he changed the hands of his old wrist watch.
[I murmured my silent prayer; 'Let his tiresome walk leads to a big candy factory
one day!]

nimal dunuhinga

The Old Sun

I am sure this is not a dream
He talked to me seriously.
' Don't publish or let God knows about this,
I want to retire soon as I am really fed up
giving light to all and it seems
nobody wants light, most of them prefer darkness.'
'Both of you take retirement? '. I asked.
' What do you mean by both? '
' Are you going to abandon Moon? '
'It's a misunderstanding my dear
I never loved her.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Old Tree

My flowers are not scented
and the strong odor butterflies don't like.
That's why I think they flew away.
My fruits are not ripen
and the bitter fruits birds don't like.
That's why I think they flew away.
My root is not so deep.
That's why the wind came
and fell me to the ground.

For Dave.....with affectionately.

nimal dunuhinga

The Old Watch Maker In My Schooldays

One day I took my Grandpa's 'Damas' pocket watch for repairs
As he complains it goes ten minutes faster and he doesn't want to die soon!
I call him uncle who does watch repairs in his cubicle in the shopping complex.
When I entered I saw he's watching the Sun a long time
And laughed continuously.
I asked; 'What's wrong with you uncle? '
Then he started the story;
'You must know this sonny, I was really amazed of my next door spinster those
days and she's in her naughty forties!
You cannot see her blue eyes straight away a minute
And you feel like burning inside yourself.
You know what happened at last?
My wife put up a parapet wall but ten feet high from her father's pension
As I was unemployed.
Afterwards she has moved to another place and I heard no more.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Oldest Profession

I have seen her on several occasions.

Once at a bus stop, in a crowing narrow street or may be in front of a crowded pub.

She belongs to everybody it seems.

The sole breadwinner who fights with life survives her whole family

It seemed her Crown prince has disappeared mysteriously.

She knows very much about true love and the exact depth of wicked life.

So, you need not to bargain.

She has to go back to her slums as the loved ones wait at the threshold.

Please let her lives and do not ask her name.

Just call her sister when you are taking a brackish kiss.

nimal dunuhinga

The One-Eyed Curtain Raiser In The Tragic Theatre Of Life

While the well-to-do audience were watching the scene by scene
This poor fellow holds the knotty string and whenever he hears the bell
He gets ready to raise or put down the velvet curtain.
Only in the tricky interval he gets a brief rest in his life-drama.

*Dedication to my poetess friend r for her good health.

nimal dunuhinga

The Operetta

The black signpost stands in silhouette with white letters & numerals.
Show the distances to certain places in miles/kilometers.

A Ragamuffin stood there motionless

Who's never been to a school try to read the details?

The arms show the direction to heaven & hell and some other places.

Heaven and hell exist in the same way.

But heaven is far beyond the hell.

This nondescript man cannot understand anything.

And he turned the loose signpost and vanished.

The ongoing long-suffering pilgrims (with their opera glasses)

Who were released from the open-prison?

And they were heading towards the signpost!

To the poetess b

nimal dunuhinga

The Orchestra

Manipulator in a mess?
Unruly musicians
take no notice and unscripted.
The play is out of tune
and the audience's hoot is melodious.

nimal dunuhinga

The Other Side Of Moon

Do you believe that I am happy?
Perhaps on full moon days
But even a small child knows
It's only a reflection from the proud Sun.
They brought few sand a long time ago
from my unhappy surface and what they decided
Am I happy at all?

nimal dunuhinga

The Outcry

Mountains stand straight against the barren sky
And it looks like a pastel drawing.
Where is that bird's song going?
Butterflies could see only in the season
And the flowers wither after giving their fragrance.
Helpless man like a foot-ruler measures the invisible destiny
When the death smiles behind.
Sun and Moon never try to live together
And he who writes and erase
Still the life is a mistake?

*Quotation

And the days are not full enough
And the nights are not full enough
And life slips by like a field mouse
Not shaking the grass

[]

nimal dunuhinga

The Party!

Hey! You rascal
Why did you invite
The God and the Devil at the same time to the table
You should make arrangements in different occasions as
You know why when the Devil got drunk
bit uneasy
And he argues?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Passers-By

I was searching a shelter
passing so many obstacles.
'I am the only one who is living here'.
'How do you live alone my dear? '
'Those who come here keep their memories
and a newcomer peeps before it fades.'
'I do not leave you alone my darling
and I promise you to stay here forever.'
'There were lot of broken promises brother
they stay here for a while and left but never come back.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Passing Cloud And My Birth Star

If the virgin rain cloud in the unfaithful sky that covers my unlucky birth star,
Then I could have relaxed for a while.

A cloud cannot remain in one place any longer as the cruel wind takes her away
wherever he goes,

That I know since my childhood.

Oh! This useless star would re-appear and give me the burden again.

nimal dunuhinga

The Past, Present And Future

I was the usual detainee who stood out of the class most of the time. The lean English teacher who has a slight dimple on the chin when she smiles, once called me in and asked me to write three sentences the past, present and future tense.

I wrote them without any hesitation.

built massive bridges.

2. They build massive bridges.

3. They will build massive bridges for whom and where do you cross?

nimal dunuhinga

The Pastel Drawing Of Our Cafe De Capricornus!

Capricorn; A southern zodiacal constellation between Sagittarius and tenth sign of the zodiac, into which the sun enters at the winter solstice, about December 22.

Darling! We're Capricorns
And the Horoscope says;
This week is better to start a business enterprise
And that develops further on!
So I am drawing our cafe beside the busiest freeway.
Definitely that would be a stopover!
'What are you going to sell there? '
'Bitter coffee of the tasty life with a sentimental poem
And a singsong with my four stringed ukulele.'
'How about spicy buns? '
' That's good we could have supply them heavy sexy spicy buns.'
'When this pastel drawing hangs on the dreamy cafe wall? '
She said with her menopausal sad smile
And it's a gloomy rainy day!

nimal dunuhinga

The Pawn Broker

I am sorry my poor Mom!
You pawned your Wedding ring
For my studies
And I sold my Algebra book
To a second hand book shop
And straight away ran to the Cinema hall
To watch the movie 'The Pawn Broker'
I had the pawn chit but unexpectedly
It's in my holey wallet and somebody pick pocketed!
The old man 's no more
But the grand son continues his business
At the same place the hard job plays with human lives!

(The Pawnbroker is a novel by Edward Lewis Wallant which tells the story of Sol Nazerman, a concentration camp survivor who suffers flashbacks of his past Nazi imprisonment as he tries to cope with his daily life operating a pawn shop in East Harlem.)

nimal dunuhinga

The Peddler And The Red Scarf

In the sweepy narrow dusty road you sell candy
and I watch your beauty from afar.
I am scared of the street urchins.
My dear why don't you cover your face with a scarf.
Your laugh in a sweet manner is better than the candy.
I too a wanderer goes with the wind
and I sing few oldies on the street
with my old tambourine.
Hey! my black Mona Lisa if you don't shift
I'll promise you to bring a scarf tomorrow.
Yes, a red scarf my deceased poor mom's gift.

To the poetess & my poet friend who encourage me all the time.

nimal dunuhinga

The Pencil Drawing

My Grandson is not well these days
It seems to be Bronchitis?
He draws America with a pencil stub
And he wants me to scribble something.
He says write a letter instead of an essay?
Please write down Sonny!
But no spelling mistakes
Like old politicians.
Dear go Vespucci,
My President is k Obama
And I am Siluna Bogamuwa.
Would like to have sisters like Malia Ann and Natasha!
America is very big like my tiny heart
America is strong as my handsome father.
America is kind as same as my loving mother.
I like to play football and bring highest marks to you all!
If you stop all the wars?
My Grandma would sing the National Anthem in her high pitch voice
And my slim jolly-good Grandpa likes to be a black puppy
in the White House if not chained?

[True strength is very delicate.-Nevelson]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Perfectionist On His Illusory Journey

The beautiful dark blue sky
And his inner cry.
The Moon's far away of her crescent facecloth
And she strums the strings of the night Harp.
That particular serenade
He remebers in his younger days.
Moon murmurs;
' You're only a pen-friend
Scribbles lot of love letters
And this could be a Platonic love
But physically we never come a close.'
And he responds;
'We're two objects and you're belong to the sky
And I grab the Earth tightly
The distant between us immeasurable
And the proposed bridge
Only a sketch that drawn in our fragile hearts.
In the lazy morning I collect the dew drops
Which scattered along the green into my broken pitcher!

nimal dunuhinga

The Performance Of Stars For The Coming Boastful Election?

[Today I touched a different type of book? 'One Night's Shelter/From home to homelessness, autobiography of an American Buddhist monk Bikkhu Yogavacara was born Scott Joseph DuPrez in Southern California in grew up during the hippie revolution and entered the U.S. Army for three years in 1967, spending ten months in Vietnam.In 1972, he began a long odyssey starting in Scandinavia, and ended up in India and Nepal.In Nepal he encountered his first spiritual teachers, Tibetan Lamas, at a month long meditation course, by the end of which he was converted to being a search brought him to Sri Lanka where he was ordained as a Buddhist monk in 1987, he has resided at the Bhavana Society forest Monastery in West Virginia, USA.]

Aries: 'I do not mind who comes to the power and I am on his side give my full support to him or her?

Tarus: Somebody must win and someone should I would like to have a friendship with both of them.

Gemini: I don't care who wins or loses as they never reach us.

Cancer: O the damned politics a cancerous growth.

Leo: They may have superpowers but close to our dens they hide their short tails?

Virgo: I am not scared to tell the truth they're henpecked!

Libra: Nobody rules in this World a balanced way?

Scorpio: They rule like scorpions but at last just spiders?

Saggatarius: They are not good marksmen.

Capricorn: Their promises are like honey but when it breaks really bitter.

Aquarius: Ocean is big but you cannot sip the water a bit?

Pisces: You do not want to teach them, the fish to swim and likewise cheating is their heritage?

To Dale Breckenridge Carnegie for his book
'How to win friends and influence people? '

nimal dunuhinga

The Perfume Factory

The poor sooty chimney cleaner who shouts from a top;
' Oh! These trampled flowers cry irksomely
But the inhuman machines never stop the rotation
And crush the soft petals vigorously.
My vigilance is in vain as I am totally helpless
And the proprietor is useless.'

To my poet friend e

* [Where it goes the human fragrance?]

nimal dunuhinga

The Pickpocket

He found the King's wallet on a roadside
But it was empty and only the Queen's photograph remained.
He decided to return the wallet to the King without any failure.
What a pity?
He was sentenced to the life-imprisonment
As the King claimed all his money were there.

(I dedicate this poem to the poetess in gratitude.)

nimal dunuhinga

The Place Where I Am Breathing Now

My dear friends, I told you several times
That I was born under a travel star.
Yes, still I believe the life is a journey.
Wife & myself we said 'Good bye to Massachusetts'
And we landed here in California five minutes drive to Los Angeles Airport.
It's really a congested area but I love the surrounding
As the migrants who touch the soil
And I hear their heart beat well.
The Oak street elementary school stands just opposite to our place
And I would like to to start my lost education from the beginning here
The meaning of life.
Oh! I found the coin laundry near by
Where I can wash my dirty linen as same as old sins well.

* I dedicate this poem to our cousin sister & brother 'Anoma & Athula' who
provide us the shelter in our displacement.

nimal dunuhinga

The Plaintiff

He said to the Judge; "I beg your pardon sir,
She is from a different planet.

I have never met such a character in my lifetime.
We came to know each other since our childhood.
But still I am unable to understand her.

She is very placid and platonic.
So you must forgive us."

'This is very complicating and I don't see a wrong behaviour
of your wife." Judge suggested.

"Again, I beg your pardon sir it's not my wife and I am
Explaining about your wife"

The plaintiff replied plaintively.

nimal dunuhinga

The Playground

For decades, it was a playground and now a pauper's graveyard.
A politician suggests to make it a playground again.
I try to collect the names of champions
But no tombs and I hear some whispers;
'What is the use of getting our names
As we cannot compete the living souls?
Let us sleep well and write down this in your notebook brother.
We do not have regrets as there is no any race further.
ter, if possible lets work together to ensure
That every dead soul has a right to sleep.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Poet Some Called Him Eccentric

Hey! You asked my Religion very frequently
My Father is a Buddhist and Mother
A Baptized Protestant.
In my certificate of birth they registered me as a Buddhist.
But my religion is Humanism!
I am sure you all laugh and tell;
'There's no Religion by such a name in the World.'
Sorry, this may bitter for you,
When Adam eats the forbidden fruit
Eve's shy and covered her secret place with a Maple leaf?
And the invisible Gardener kept quiet.
That's called Humanism the oldest Religion!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Political Jack Fruit Tree And The Hypocrite Bats

The tree laden with ripen fruits
And the Bats hang on the solid branches.
The poor folk sing the usual song;
'If it's given free then why should we hesitate to accept even the influenza.'

[General election is coming closer in Sri Lanka, nowadays you could see on the stages how they sing eters, Actors and Actresses etc., dream of their future minister posts while the Boss plays the violin.]

nimal dunuhinga

The Poor Street Singer In A Red Cap

They call me by the name of stink.
Though I have a primrose in my holey red cap.
I strum my old guitar with few strings.
Passer-by! Please wait for a while
As I have a good news for you.
And I sing with an occasional smile,
If it's not a dream then I'll be a millionaire in few days
As I ought to sign a contract for his new advertisement
Who's a prominent perfume maker in the paradise.

nimal dunuhinga

The Poppy-Like Fragrant Children In Afghanistan

They like to play like the other children of the World.
But no way, their playgrounds a rage battlefield.
Even if it's a ball nobody kicks as it could be a bomb.
Their dark faces full of hopes
But a better tomorrow never comes.
Their dreams are not like our dreams
And it's almost a nightmare.
The most dangerous orphanage in the living hell
Where the innocent smiles request a very little
But nobody cares.

* I humbly dedicate this poem to all the Peace Lovers.

nimal dunuhinga

The Present Perfect Roads Full Of Pitfalls And Uncertain Future

Though you travel safer as a hermit

Yet you have to swim across the river of Piranha.

At the river bank you find venomous reptiles, Monsters, Cannibals and et cetera,

.

A neutral lame person who carries his knotty walking stick only

And how does he face the opponents and obstacles well?

None is roadworthy on this dirty zig-zag journey.

nimal dunuhinga

The Prize Winner

Under a street lamp post a beggar reads an old paper in the dim light.
And he showed me a page while I was passing him.
It's an obituary notice with a photograph.
'Papa! Who is this?' I asked.
Then he said; ' It's me child can't you see that gray beard?
And I won the prize, please take me to that drawing place if possible
And I promise you to give the half my son.'
All of a sudden a poem blooms in my unrest mind
And I scribbled on his paper.

* Let the tree grows in the hard soil
Until its last blossom
And pour much water
Then it gives you more fragrance.

nimal dunuhinga

The Proposed University

A lost Politician mutters in his dream;
'One day I pick all the street children,
Send them to the University of Nightmare
And the teachers for them
I select from prisons! '

nimal dunuhinga

The Protagonist

Everybody suspects him a peeping tom
who used to trespass in the nunnery.
A handsome middle aged in ragged
and a very peevish personality.
I was bit inquisitive and had a chat with him.
He is an atheist it seems
and once a free lance writer
who loved a Presbyterian teacher
known to him since his childhood days.
All of a sudden she has disappeared
and somebody informed him
that she has converted to a nun.
He still search his fiancée in every nunnery of the world?
With his sobs he told me
who knows that she must have eloped
with the God?

nimal dunuhinga

The Pudding That Smells Anthropological

My singsong beloved grumbles these days
As she needs to make a pudding for an Exhibition
And she expects a new idea.
Then I said; ' Try this method darling!
Make layers of all the ethnics in the World in their distinguished colors
And the top leave a hard icing with symbolic monuments of the tyranny rulers,
It should be a strong one like iron otherwise the monuments sink in the pudding
and get discolored.
If you want you can named it as Dwarfs and Giants.'

* To my friend George Murdock in gratitude as he firmly believes that water is colorless.

nimal dunuhinga

The Quiescence Here Like His Deep Poems!

'Here you come to New South Wales'
The board by the roadside glitters!
And I got down from the bus
A limousine for the first time in my life?
O it's an unusual quietness in this burial grounds
Situated in a small town perhaps his birth place?
At last after roaming around
I found his humble tomb!
I touched and it's cold
Like frozen death,
Suddenly I woke up!
But I was not certain
Whether it's morning
Or still it's night and where I have been
With my teary eyes?

*[He sent me his two poetry books 'Poems that bloom in my garden & The ancient poet', few weeks before he dies and this was written on the back with his mischievous hand writing and the friendly signature!To Nimal, my brother & friend thank you for being who you are.-Paddy Martin]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Race

Our grand son Siluna has brought two cups home after winning in the school sports meet.

Congratulations Son!

At least you won.

Still I am running, your

Gray bearded Grand father

Never seen a cup.

Be strong my son as you have to jump over so many hurdles in the race of hard life.

But I am sure that you have the sprint

And you take part all the events,

One day you bring the biggest cup home from the racecourse

The Mankind.

*Dedication to Alison, Sandra and Shani the three poetesses polished my scribblings.

nimal dunuhinga

The Raconteur Tells About The Election

A Zealot has painted his stubborn mule black & white stripes.
And then the mule became a Zebra.
This idiot wants to enrol his pet to the coming race.
Early in the morning he goes to the racecourse with his Zebra for practice.
There are no any restrictions it seems
Donkeys, mules, ponies, zebras and dogs all are allowed for the annual rat race?

nimal dunuhinga

The Rat Trap

['Dream lofty dreams, and as you dream, so shall you vision is the promise of what you shall at last unveil.']-John Ruskin

O it's really sad
when you hear the nursery rhyme
while small rats scurrying
in the kitchenette early morning
and my beloved's groaning.
'Hickory, dickory, dock,
The mouse ran up the clock.
The clock struck one,
The mouse ran down,
Hickory, dickory, dock'
I felt so sorry and threw away
the rat trap from the window
and I observed it goes down
in the snow flakes pile?
I tried to draw my fading Nursery class
with my grand son's scattered pastels?
Remember the pony-tailed charming teacher
Magenta colored lips stick
Knock kneed,
with her famous transparent pleeted short skirt
exhibits the skilled lacework of her underpant!

I dedicate this to the poetess Cem_!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

The Regrets Of An Old Singing Mountain

I touch the sky and your passing clouds in vain
Because there was no any gratitude shown.
They just hit my peak and run away.
Sun, Moon, Stars and Angels they all mock and pass remarks.
And I was disgusted of being alone.
If I could move like a good man in a bad society
Then I walk in every corner around the World
And tell them whoever meets about my boredom.

I dedicate this poem to the deceased Marxist Sri Lankan singer e. Still I
remember one of his sad songs;
'Friends! We are not mountains in rivalry
But only transparent streams that run into one river.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Road Named Blunder

Who knows if the brake is applicable or not along this greasy zigzag road where he drives his tumbledown car?

The color blind pedestrians carry heavy bundles of hopes and they cross here and there without an aim.

The poor driver too doesn't know his destination well

But he has a fair knowledge from where the bright Sun rises and sets mysteriously?

* This poem is dedicated with love and gratitude: to my beloved wife, daughters and their loving partners too.

nimal dunuhinga

The Roadworthy Automobile With A Third-Party Insurance

This mysterious engine isn't belongs to me but I pretend of driving merrily along
the zig-zag road,
And the given route is upon his wish.
He does the speeding and brakes too.
Please do not blame me for my recklessness.
The Autocrat who knows the path well?
And I see a sign ahead in the semi-darkness with luminous bold letters.
' The extravagant life greedily you borrow
Yes my frisky friend! it has to be returned obviously with sorrow.

* [I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two roads diverged in a wood, and I-
I took the one less travelled by,
And that has made all the difference.]
Robert Frost[1874-1963]
'The road not taken'

nimal dunuhinga

The Sad Castle Of Our Little World

Our new roost a tiny room

And no table and chairs.

I sit on the bed and scribble this

While my beloved tastes a chicken broth from a teaspoon,

And she stuck in the Kingdom of her Kitchenette.

'Darling where is that miniature cheap bottle of Whiskey? .

The previous night I kept somewhere.'

She measured and gave me a small sip from the same teaspoon.

Then I grumbled; 'Oh! It's not enough my painkiller as the World still rotates.'

She kept quiet angrily.

Through the broken window panes I see the faraway floodlights in a Stadium

And I whispered to my beloved; 'I would like to play football again like younger days.'

She smiled like Mona Lisa.

* To our dearest daughter Tharindu.Inoka

We received your graduation photograph and the copies of relevant certificates today.

We are so proud of your achievement, May the winds be always at your back.

Really we missed you darling!

Merits to Kelum! One of our precious Son-in-laws who struggled the entire journey for bringing you up to this standard.

nimal dunuhinga

The Saddest Poem In One Line

Toothless and homeless
This aggressive old bearded man
Robbed a toothpaste tube
From the Supermarket
And wrote something
On the glass window
Before they called Police!
'Hungry & Angry.'

*Dedication to my poet friend Premji in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

The Sandman Who Sleeps Near-By A Dustbin

Oh! The sad fading memory re-kindles.

That desperate fragile man was crying on a rainy day

And he was soaked in a cobbled narrow street.

I offered him a small colored note

But he refused.

And I gave him a big note that too he refused calmly.

Then only I realized that he was starving.

Unfortunately all the shops were closed and it seemed to be a public holiday in a memorial of a bygone puppet President.

[*Sandman- The genie of folklore who makes children sleepy; in allusion to the rubbing of their eyes as if there were sand in them.]

nimal dunuhinga

The Scaffolding

The poles and planks were erected.

And on the platforms the skinny people work for the buildings.

Day by day the skyscraper goes high with the workers

And they are very close to the Sun, Moon and Stars.

Though they love the Stars none of them aware of the heavenly bodies'
language.

The construction was almost over and these hopeless souls returned to their
tumbledown shacks.

I dedicate this poem to the contemporary poet Frank James Ryan, Jr. in
gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

The Scar Of An Old Wound

It foretells a heavy rain and a drizzle peeps through the shattered window,
A notion pushes me to step into the market place
And have a sip, a cheap glass of wine.
It's torn my coat but never mind,
Who looks or sees?
I am in old age now.
It's cold when I go to the street
And the boredom is more than that.
There a couple goes embracing in the drizzle under one umbrella.
Remember I too have been to that stage,
Yes, I could remember that well.
It's torn my coat but never mind
Who looks or sees?
I am in old age now.
Wine gives warmth to the body
Yet mind could be warmed?
I do not need wine anymore
And I'll be back to my shack.

* One of my native favorite classical songs 'I am in old age now' sung by the Maestro Pandith W.D. Amaradeva

nimal dunuhinga

The Scarlet Letter

My dear Earth,
please do not get surprised after you receiving this letter,
and do not chew or swallow it as you do to the human beings.
please do not get angry with me.
May I ask some questions?
Why you grant premises to the culprits, murderers and liars
to sleep with innocents, saints and gods together.
You give enough space to the rich to build their skyscrapers;
but not an inch to poor who wander around the world.
You never give them to build a hut even.
You are proud of your soil hiding precious stones, gold, diamond
and silver et cetera.,
You allow poor people to dig them and worship the lords and knights
to wear them on their heads and backs.
I am waiting for a reply soon.
Sincerely yours, I remain Madam, a Man.
A white crow brought the letter wrapped in a snake skin.
I opened it and a single line appeared
written in blood.
is poverty God's will?

nimal dunuhinga

The Shadow Of A Tree At Sunset

How beautiful the life is if it's a cartoon film?
He dreamed that he was a flamboyant tree in a lonely park.
Do you believe if he says that he cries?
Yes my dear, huge trees too cry sometimes.
But the tears not valued at all.
All his tears clotted and turned into diamonds, as it's a dream.
Then he saw the greedy men come and pick those into their sacks.
He knows that his lengthy shadow won't long last.
Let them fill their pockets and one day they realize,
Those are not diamonds but tears.

* Like wind we go nothing in hand.

nimal dunuhinga

The Sign Waver Who Resembles My Deceased Brother

He stands at a Roundabout,
A white placard of black letters
And with a strap around his neck
It exhibits an advertisement of a new pay loan Center.
The poor chap's dance is very attractive
And I approached him pussyfoot.
I called him; 'Brother, for three things I came to you,
Firstly, you resemble my deceased loving brother once the bread-winner of our
poor family.
Secondly, I am very inquisitive about the loan.
Thirdly, I am jobless and seeking a position to survive.
But I cannot dance like you and I am not belong to your soil; a different planet
Where I have come from?
So my dance would be typical and I am scared even to my oblique shadow.
Just imagine dear, when somebody is in hunger what about his dance? '

* my humble dedication to the poetess Dove Allen

nimal dunuhinga

The Singing Lagoon

An Otter and a Guppy they lived in an isolated lagoon.

They are very good friends.

In a moonlit night they hear a beautiful song.

A Nymph sings while combing her tress in the mangrove.

Once in a blue moon a slim and handsome boatman comes there and joins her singing.

Otter whispered to Guppy; 'My friend are they lovers? '

'I don't think so, if they are lovers then why the boatman comes very seldom?

'Guppy replied.

'Yes, how a boatman can loves a Nymph? 'Otter explained.

They saw the boatman goes into the mangrove.

And they heard the Nymph cries. 'How long I have to wait? And you promised that you take me to your shack soon.'

'Definitely I loose my job in due course as they are making a bridge.

I have already planned to go to the sea as fishing is more profitable.

Please do not worry my sweetheart and I fish you one day when my pocket is full.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Slowcoach

In the amazing land of opportunity,
I am really frustrated.
Because this endless Marathon in the sludge.
Oh! This sluggish limbs never move faster
Like my golden younger days
And I am an old sinker now a light weight
Used to sink with the knotty fishing line in the deep Ocean.
I still remember my poor Mom's an old saying; ' When an old person dies, a
library is lost.'

* If you pick up a starving dog and make him prosperous.
He will not bite is the principal difference between a dog and a man.
-Mark Twain

nimal dunuhinga

The Song Of Isolation

Horizon is the name where the home for elders is situated near by the Tattoo river, besides you could see the range of singing mountains.

When the passing clouds touch the peak you could hear the melancholy songs. The old bearded sailor sits on a bench and takes out his miniature compass from his baggy pocket and search the true north, where he suspects the loved ones and kith & kin live there.

The eldest son does a research of Anthropology in a reputed University And the one & only daughter who acts small-time parts in Western theatre. He is not worried about money they send in every month; The colored notes with dead faces of bygone presidents.

The berserk sailor see the far away flock of wild geese in twilight sky and he cries; 'Hey! My little migrant birds I am bit scared as the bombers are flying around and when you could release from your dungeons? '

nimal dunuhinga

The Soul Also Must Be Fed

When others smoke happily in street corners
He too smiles poor fellow!
When passing the dim Pubs
He's very aggressive.
In a narrow path of a starry night
When baby dolls dance
He too dance with a yawn.
He explained to himself
The strange guy;
'Please wait and don't be hurry,
This tricky lottery of life
Does a miracle soon
And I fulfill all your innocent dreams.
I'll buy an expensive grey color metallic painted Hearse
And we do a full-blooded round trip Chum!

*Humbly I dedicate this scribbling to my poet friend Paddy. Martin

nimal dunuhinga

The Sparrows Chirp At My Window Sill

I know my little birds
It's pretty warm outside
And you try to open the window.
This is not my home dear
Somebody elses?
And I pay a handsome rent
Once in a month.
If it delays a late fee comes as an unknown friend
And if not paid definitely they open the window
And throw me out
Bring another poor Saint?

*Most probably in a dream if I am not mistaken, I told my beloved wife;
'Darling if I make a platonic love with the beautiful widowed Landlady, we could
have quit from the rent for sometimes! '

nimal dunuhinga

The Squirrel

When I see you were climbing a tree
I was really ashamed of myself
as sitting in an office the whole day
like a plump-pudding.
What a marvelous bushy tail you got; and what happened
to the man's tail?
How beautiful the man's primitive stage of evolution
or civilization; simple, crude and fundamental.
Then his name was Monkey only
no surnames at all.
Now we are facing the Apocalypse
and the burlesque human are in antics and real canibals.
The tail is very important nowadays.
At least we can proceed to a jungle
and live peacefully with the help of our tail
jumping from a tree to another tree
for our survival.

nimal dunuhinga

The Stamp Black Heritage Of Anna Julia Cooper

I received a letter from my Attorney saying the case is now scheduled for merits hearing next year,

I relaxed totally but the stamp on the envelope pushed me into some kind of research?

I love History though I am not a Historian.

She must be a prominent figure of the land of opportunity.

I know nothing except the Sun rises in the West and sets in East?

Anyway I hope my spiritual Teacher Sandra Fowler would supply me some ingredients into this void.

I have an old poem here 'The color of my dream' which I dedicated to Maria de Jesus the Brazilian authoress for her 'Child of darkness'.

And I decided to add there Julia's name too.

nimal dunuhinga

The Straight Road To Human Zoo

'Hey! Our brother has come from the precarious town
And what can we do for you?' A Zebra greeted.
'I need some stripes to borrow from you.' I said politely.
'Brother it's not removable and also not durable on your fair skin.'
'We lived together but you abandon us and proceeded to your hell
Removing the precious tail.' A beautiful monkey grumbled.
'I won't be harmful to you as I know your venom is stronger than mine.'
A kind snake joined us.
'Is this the gentleman what they called Man with a tie & coat
Then why do you kill each other to make fences in your bare lands.? '
Orang Utan the forefather said.
A man has no answers in the jungle who betrayed purposely
And I wrote that in my notebook.

*Dedication to to all my friends in the site.

nimal dunuhinga

The Sun Gossips In The Night

I saw in a dream all of a sudden the Moon collapsed
And I cried; Sun came to me like an old friend and murmured,
' Not to worry my chum and she will be back when the world turns better.'

* The poor man's worst enemy is Hunger.

nimal dunuhinga

The Tabloid Of The Human Zoo

Big letters in the headlines
and you and O made some resolutions
for the current crisis.
Flying licenses were granted to the dogs
in a limited altitude.
All the Presidents were scared
because of their strikes in the factories.
There was a massive shortage
for sanitary towels, anti-rabies vaccine and
milk of Magnesia et cetera, .

nimal dunuhinga

The Tasmanian Devil And Human God!

Poor devil like a cocker spaniel
Gets a tumour in its mouth.
Severe threats to innocent
Man & devil?
Rebels and rulers fight in the other corner
Tsunami and Earthquake
Victims and the radiation
Leaks in the Far East like precious prayers
Go to the serene sky from Cathedrals, Temples and Mosques etc, .
Some they try to build housing complexes on the Mars!
Good omen for Homeless?
And this is the Soap Opera you're watching nowadays
Lying on your comfortable sofas.

nimal dunuhinga

The Teacher's Daughter

We love each other
in the garden of love!
But you touch that fragrant flower
secretly my precious mother!
Is that a dream or reality
Knows only gardener!

nimal dunuhinga

The Tearful Human Machines In The Unscrupulous Capitalist Factory

The bourgeoisie weary ordeal human skeletons entangle in the cast iron wheels.

The profiteer squeezes their testicle and ovum.

Crush their Marrow less bones, Wisdom and Courage et cetera.

The output of thousands major products as same as by-products (ammunition) send for the market?

The Non-stop black smoke with soot from the factory's chimney top,

Poor fellows' dreams blow into the helpless sky and pollute;

The pure nature too quiet as an Owl of this cruel Monopoly.

And the stinking Sweatshop seems to be long-lived in this tyranny World.

I dedicate this poem to the humbug Mushroom Organizations that yelp of human rights.

nimal dunuhinga

The Tenth Month Of The Year

Here comes October with a little lull
And he feels the fall gets ready to soothes his everlasting dreams.
Someone plucks the strings of his old lute
But he has to sing the same old song
That lust becomes stale.
The pythoiness of sorrow grabbed his soul eagerly
And he is only a stalemate on the chessboard of decaying life.

[I remember the history says in Russia the revolution started in October 25,1917 the Bolsheviks gained the power by overthrowing the Kerenski provisional government.]

nimal dunuhinga

The Theme Song Of My Fading Cinema

The sprinklers in our garden started without any command
And give a rain of showers,
Oh! Darling the miraculous spring has come again and see the flowers of
happiness in the flower beds.
'Yes of course honey and do not forget that your birthday is nearby.
Please tell me what you want exactly? ' She sang in her melodious voice.
'Just a pencil, pencil-cutter, eraser and few pastels are more than enough.
I want to draw a big check and paint it nicely, also fix a swing in the back yard
And peep to our friendly bank manager's house next door.
Most probably the check could be cashed in a friendly manner.
Darling we could buy a house on a hill top your dream and invite our loved ones.
Oh! I realized the vast distance but they are the most proximate souls to our
weeping hearts. Isn't it?
Also I want to buy a kennel for Marco for our precious son and we give him a
familiar shout, definitely he comes home from his hiding place.'

*Dedication to the composer Maurice Jarre who's no more but I love his fruitful
music (Lara's theme) to go.

nimal dunuhinga

The Threadbare Man Cries In The Third World

They do experiments, acrobats and miracles et cetera.
Their radars never catch a slight picture of him.
Even they see never bother of zero figures.
The bourgeoisie organizations bloom like mushrooms
and boast their welfare services.
The soft-hearted and soggy earth never refused to hide
the exodus and their poor skeletons.

To my poet friend Charles Chaim Wax
(not seen in the site a long time.)

nimal dunuhinga

The Three Bad Fools

Every fortnight report shows
Wisdom is the last in the class.
One day the English Teacher asked pupils to write an Essay
using the word 'fool'.
Then after sometimes Teacher noticed that Wisdom has finished first.
'Wisdom read aloud your Essay to the class.'
He stretches his story; When my father was drunk
He shouts along the road and Mom drags him home.
He mutters like a sick man;
'There are three fools I dream always,
A Prime Minister of a remote country, Landlord and our Son.'
Then Mom argues; 'Not three dear and what about you? '

nimal dunuhinga

The Threehundredth Milestone Of The Poetry Gravel Road

I am tired but I like to continue.

My posture is feeble

but I want to finish the journey

walking up to the dead end?

I must thank the poemhunter website and all my fellowship

who gave a space to this tiny animal to walk along the road

without any obstacles.

I feel like a newly wed among my cyber colleagues

and I was surprised how in one's day collected so many friends?

nimal dunuhinga

The Tiny Bar Behind The Junk Yard

It's very sad to see
The cemetery of Automobiles
At the Twilight!
Like dead souls
Piled up to the sky.
A Guy comes out of the rickety gate
With an acoustic guitar
And he enters the bar.
It's full of smoke
With dim lights
And here & there
Women & Men dance.
Waiting for him to sing.
He sips a can of beer
And strums the guitar
Then started singing;
'Here's the tiny bar
Behind the junk yard
Once those beautiful cars
Ran like Jets; Yet seemed to be proud
And showed the prestige!
My life's a car
But I cannot go far
When it's not roadworthy
I have to come here
As they say I am not trustworthy!
My life is a car
Though it's roadworthy
Where can I go
If the paths were closed unanimously?

*Humbly to the poetess Vessy in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

The Torture

It sounds very inhuman and stinks as excrement.

If an individual or a prominent organization could eradicate this ugly word from dictionaries or Encyclopedias or give a timely pleasant different meaning to the next generation,

That would be a great merit.

* [We had inspection everyday in prison, two wardresses walk in, They order you to stand up, They take off your shoes start by inspecting your shoes as you stand there stark go through your panties, your bra, They go through every seam of every go through your hair and-of course they never succeeded with me, But with female prisoners it's a common practice-They inspect the vagina.]

'Part of my soul went with him: Detention and Trial,1969'

-Winnie Mandela

nimal dunuhinga

The Tough Landlord Requests A Poem?

It's very hard to find a gentleman like him,
A soft spoken, saintly figured
Who waits a long for the due rents
without nagging?
Like a feeble mother who keeps her child
for nine months in her watery safe womb?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Tough Pilgrimage

Charming night is still young
And the dark sky is getting old.
Virgin Moon roams around
Until the dawn comes.
Proud Sun burns
And makes wild fire in the hearts of solitary pilgrims.
But still they are ready to worship in the decayed Inn of life.

I dedicate this poem to my poet friend Duncan.

nimal dunuhinga

The Tragicomedy

I do not get surprised
if a dumb sings in the paradise.
My surprise is how these politicians
sing under the hot sun?
I do not get surprised
if a blind sees in the heaven.
My surprise is how these hypocrites
see the poor people before the elections?
Alas! they crawl to the slums
and give promises to the cripples
that they can walk in the sky.
They act as deafs after the victory.
But we are the blind fools
who have daydreams of a dazzlement.

nimal dunuhinga

The Tree Of Life

Dandy youthful summer step in.....
flowers delighted.
birds, butterflies,
bees and hornets fly for delicacy.
seasons change as usual
never try to stop them.
Autumn comes in a faint shadowy trace
and ripen fruits vanished.
flowers no more, birds and butterflies too.
faded leaves falling one by one.
the skeleton tree stands alone
and facing the bitter reality.

nimal dunuhinga

The Trembling Withered Leaves In An Autumn Eve

The powerless green leaves already decayed
And the strong unsolicited aloof wind takes them away without their consent.
There is no any other option; unless the skeletal trees have to keep quiet against
the mysterious unending force of nature.

Postscript

* Why did I tear down my glory? Why do you tear down my knowing when I
haven't a better house to move into?

Extract.....[When the music's over (My journey into Schizophrenia)]

--

nimal dunuhinga

The Triplets; Aging, Sickness And Death!

In the life's hospital
You born,
Then discharge after sometimes.
Live outdoors happily
From childhood to the old age?
One day you feel that you're sick,
Again you go to that hospital,
After taking biopsy and doing lot of experiments
They found you're no more.
How sad the three stages on the same unending road?

nimal dunuhinga

The Troubleshooter's Bonhomie With A Maiden

The scenario is blurring and who is blaming?

In the flowery garden a butterfly flies around a blossom.

Why the gardener in a scandal?

If you feel it's a liaison better be blindfold.

What is this unnecessary gossip my dear puritan in a lover's sanctuary?

*A Tomboy writes a poem to her hostile strict father from a hostel.

nimal dunuhinga

The Umbrella

Proud Sun shows its true colors these days

And it's pretty warm.

I walk under an umbrella and it gives me the shade.

I do not know how could I repay you for your faithful service?

When rain comes I promise you to take out definitely for all my debts.

But it's very difficult to keep promises when a poor vagabond walks in illusions.

Anyway you are my survivor till the journey's end.

What do you prefer my friend if I call you umbrella or parasol?

nimal dunuhinga

The Unborn Child's Request

'Like a tadpole he jumped in the womb and I couldn't sleep well
The whole night I was awake.' She complained to her husband.
'Mom! If I can stay a longer here that would be great.
You know why? I dreamed a better king who rules the World after hundred years
and is it too long?
Mom please ask the doctor if it's not harmful to you then let me stay and I won't
be a trouble that I promise.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Underdog In Underworld

They are underprivileged and undergraduates
of the underground universities.

They prefer weapons other than books
and march perfectly to the trumpeting
of handsome politicians.

Be watchful and please try to reform them
in this unbalanced society.

Treat them as undergrowth parasites
and pour more water of compassion.

Otherwise they usurp and vandalize the whole
and the robust planet will be a hollow one day.

To 'The Beatles' for their songs 'Eleanor Rigby' & 'Let it be'.

nimal dunuhinga

The Undergraduate

He runs around the campus premises
All of his life, but the gate were closed all the time.
The wall is too high though he tries to jump
And the sentry is very rough inquires the documents.
He holds only his tattered certificate of birth
And it's already expired it seems for the enrollment.

(I dedicate this poem to Virginia Tech Campus victims.)

nimal dunuhinga

The Unfamiliar Mortgage

Who mortgaged our precious life
to an unknown cruel destiny?
we pay the high interest by our toil.
This endless disputable loan
will it be end with the death?
Or we have to re-born again and again
for the Redemption of our innocent souls?
Do you think that he will come for our solace
without a prejudice?

To the poetess over

nimal dunuhinga

The Unfamous Philharmonic Orchestra In An Abandoned Graveyard

[Justice is sweet and musical; but injustice is harsh and discordant.]- Henry David Thoreau

Oh! In the moonlit night
String, brass, woodwind
and percussion instruments
shine like gold,
A criminal who plays the violin
and the piano concerto
with a single flute
amazing the midwife soprano's voice
the barber strums his classical guitar
The dumb usually begged along the church street
blows his clarinet
poor bearded father holds a heavy sacred book
and he stands nearby a politician's tomb.
This reminds me Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky's
ballet Swan Lake
when the beautiful girls come out from their graves
with garland of flowers.
How beautiful the illusory life here on burial grounds
when you compare with the bitter reality?

*I was really tempted by the poet Edgar Lee Master's 'Spoon river anthology'

nimal dunuhinga

The Unfinished Journey

Darling!
If you feel boring
Take out my notebook
With the pencil stub
And write down
What I mutter please.
These lamp posts give us light
But they're stagnant.
Proud Noblemen pass with their limousines
But they never give us a lift.
Probably they believe that we dropp our dust
On their velvet seats.
You see the far away star that burns forever
Somehow we're bit lucky as we burn off & on.
If the Inn-keeper fond of poetry
We could have give this and stay a night free.
Perhaps in the next birth you may be a Noblewoman
And I am the same poor pilgrim.
Hope you stop your car and take me towards your Castle.
On the way I listen to your secret heart carefully
And do you remember me your old fellow journeyman?

*To Mikhail Aleksandrovich Sholokhov for his novel 'And quiet flows the Don.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Unknown Pilgrim?

On my way walking home
While the Venus Star burns
in the dark sky,
The youth questioned me;
'Why the two tracks Grandpa? '
Then I replied; 'Probably one for North
And the other stretched to South it seems.'
'Nobody wants to go from West to East
And see their innocent struggle for survival? '
The Mail-Train whistled from a far
And he's disappeared all of a sudden!
I was really excited though it's my inner soul
Or somebody else from another planet?
The ragged Station Master's holding his dim hurricane lamp
and he's very inquisitive of my whereabouts.
The empty train passed slowly like a beautiful widow
Yet I couldn't trace those mysterious Railway tracks?
Yes Chum! We come like water and go as wind
He who erases our strange names systematically?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Unlit Lighthouse At The Rock

His reckless soul ship heads towards you
And he imagines a faint light flickers afar
But he cannot stop his engines
As his adamant destiny has written to hit the rock
And finish the voyage.

*My poor deceased mom reminds me in my frequent dreams about the cruel destiny; 'That cannot be erased my dear son.'

My sad tears flow down the face into the ocean of 9/11 innocent victims and their families.

nimal dunuhinga

The Unsmiling Man Whose Eyes Seem Fixed Somewhere In The Jungle

The elephants, Lions, Tigers

Monkeys, Donkeys and Reptiles

All were stuck in a continuing ethnic war tarnishes the pearl of the Indian Ocean.

Sri-Lanka means 'Blessed Island' in Sinhala,

And its best it has been an enlightened, Multiethnic Democracy, an India without crushing social problems.

Guerrillas who demand a separate state for Tamils and the Army has launched a major offensive against them.

The ratio of the literacy rate goes high up to 90%

But there won't be a solution unless a new Buddha must re-born in the state of Tamil Nadu in India.

* An open invitation to illai Prabahkaren (Hidden somewhere in the jungle) for a permanent peaceful solution to this tragedy.

Postscript

European invaders exploited Ceylon as it was known until 1972, for its deep ports, spices and gems; The Portuguese came in the early 16th century, The Dutch in the 17th and The British in the late 18th, then worst came to worst.....?

nimal dunuhinga

The Unsung Song

My friend forced me to write a song for him
And he said; ' I'll take a guitar and a flute only.'
I write but who knows whether he accepts or not?
Oil and water in a jar
I mixed together until my fingers get burned.
Yes it's mixed but not for a long.
Gradually it's segregated like the body and soul.
Though we are one,
One day we separate each other
And he who knows the story further?

nimal dunuhinga

The Unutterable Brotherhood

My elder brother and best friend 'Lalith' who taught me to read & write
And lot of things about the fading life.
He is a good chess player, photographer and sailor as same as a rare good
human being.
I am worried of him being a bachelor.
He too writes poetry and I received a letter today including this sad poem;

All the trees,
All the singing birds,
And the little fish in the pond,
Even the gentle wind
That blows through the garden,
Yes...., all of them
All, except the flowers in the garden
Understand my heart very well.....
When I interpret my dreams
They become desires
And when I interpret my desires
They become dreams again.....

nimal dunuhinga

The Unvarnished Commoner's Untold Truth

He born to a helpless needy family
Anyway his parents bring him to a certain extent with a great difficulty.
He finds a part-time job and draws a lump sum earning
And later on he gets a devoted partner,
Hand in hand they walk onwards with their offspring
And in their dark shelter they breathe like others quietly.
He never studied politics but a handsome politician gives him a promise and
takes his finger prints for a fairyland.
This off color skeletal innocent never sees a fairground until he reaches his
nameless tomb.

Postscript

* I remember that my deceased loving mother who reminds us when the election comes nearer; 'Son, please hide that hairless broom in a corner, certainly the chalky candidate would bring us a new broom and he sweeps the kitchen well.'

nimal dunuhinga

The Vagabond That Holds A World Citizen Passport?

He's informed by the Euro Lottery Board for winning the biggest prize.
And until it comes he has taken a loan from a bank.
As he wants to visit Sri Lanka.
He visited the ancient rock Sigiriya.
A woman in the frescoes with garlands of flowers
Fall in love with him.
He promised to take her to some landmarks of the World.
Here they go;
She's surprised by seeing Taj Mahal and thought of Shah Jahan & Mumtaz Mahal
If they too are like them?
Then they have been to Angkor Wat in Cambodia
And luckily Polpot was not there.
Opera house in Australia and they talked to some native Aborigines.
Pyramids of Giza in Egypt among the rebels.
O Parthenon in Greece where the civilization begun.
They watched the bell ringing in 's Cathedral, Russia.
In Tanzania marvelous mountain Kilimanjaro
And they climbed the Eifel Tower with a French tour guide.
Stonehenge in England joined the colonial friends
And the mountain top Cristo Redentor the statue of Jesus Christ in Brazil.
Mysterious Machu-Pichu in Peru
And Moai Easter Island in Chile, Chichen Itza in Mexico with Flamenco singers.
Then at last they have been to the land of opportunity
Where the statue of Liberty stands and Mt. Rushmore situated.
They're very tired and he checked his wallet and found few notes remained.
He contacted the Euro Lottery Agency again and they confirmed it's a bogus
message.
He's shocked, how he's going to settle the bank loan.
Then the woman said; 'Please do not worry and we go back to the rock
Stay there as Frescoes!
I must thank and so grateful to you for showing me the beautiful World!
And I have a small request, could you please show me the Governor
d Schwarzenegger.'
'I am sorry he's no more perhaps on the screen in future
But I can show you the new comer .'

nimal dunuhinga

The Virtuous Fertilizer

You fertile the soil
And the tree grows well.
Fruits ripe and smell
The wingless unkind human birds in thrill.
They taste the fruits and saliva spill
Afterward throw the seeds ill will.
And the human dignity go through the mill.

* If this rare bird could fly?

nimal dunuhinga

The Warmth Inside A Cold Pyre

He was digging some others grave
And found somebody was sleeping there
That face resembled his own identity.
Oh! It's another constant bad dream
And he thinks that he went to bed late in midnight
After gulping few glasses of cheap liquor.

nimal dunuhinga

The White Blacksmith; Rusty Bolts & Nuts

I hear the noise in the untidy Workshop;
'Fine threads gone
in the hole.
Tap it again
with a different size.
But slowly,
My dear Blacksmith,
it's very painful the stingy life
with pinching tools.
You have to apply grease
all the time to tranquilize.
This mild steel, you temper
with terrible heat.
Useless Boss,
Let me die with the rusty coat
and it's not fit for the funniest long bridge
That never reaches a friendly land? '

nimal dunuhinga

The Width Of Wind

I have seen the harvest what they have hardly reaped?
And came the ferocious wind then taken the grain away to a certain end.
The poor farmers cried aloud and nobody was heard.
Again they plow but who could fight against the invisible wind?

Dedication to my fellow poetess friend r

nimal dunuhinga

The Windmill

'The Windmills of Your Mind' ('Les moulins de mon cœur') is a song performed by Noel Harrison, with music by Michel Legrand and English lyrics by Alan Bergman and Marilyn Bergman, from the 1968 film, *The Thomas Crown Affair*.^[1] The French lyrics were penned by Eddy Harrison took the song to #8 in the UK Singles Chart, and it won the Academy Award for Best Original Song in 1968.^[1] Remarkably, Harrison's father, the British actor Rex Harrison, had performed the previous year's Oscar winning 'Talk to the Animals'.^[1] The opening two melodic sentences were borrowed from Mozart's second movement from his *Sinfonia Concertante* for Violin, Viola and Springfield's version of the song from her album *Dusty in Memphis* is also well known; this version reached #31 on the US Billboard Hot 100 chart and #3 on the Billboard adult contemporary chart in 1969.^[2] This recording also appeared on the soundtrack to *Breakfast on Pluto* (2006). Other artists who have covered the song include Tina Arena, Petula Clark, Barbara Lewis, Alison Moyet, The Colourfield, Swing Out Sister, Edward Woodward, Parenthetical Girls, Esthero, Anne Clark, Sting (whose version was used in the 1999 remake of *The Thomas Crown Affair*) and Sharleen Spiteri on her *The Movie Songbook* album. The French rendering: 'Les moulins de mon couer', has been recorded by a number of artists including Richard Anthony, Johnny Mathis (with Toots Thielemans), Patricia Kaas, Vicky Leandros, Nana Mouskouri, Jessye Norman and Caterina Valente. The song has also been rendered in Finnish as 'Samamlainen onni' recorded by Petri Salminen and also by Marita Taavitsainen; in German as 'Wie sich Mühlen dreh'n im Wind' recorded by Katja Ebstein and also by Vicky Leandros, and in Swedish as 'Vinden I Min Själ' recorded by Lill-Babs.

Under the Windmill a country lassie with a cane basket
She picks wild flowers hurriedly in the thicket
And a willet flies towards the marsh for her nest.
Far away cattle along the meadow
And a Red fox hoots on a hilltop willow.
Flock of cranes in the twilight sky.
It's getting darker and if I come to the Windmill
With my book of poetry,
Is it possible to get permission from your parents
To borrow a lantern for me,
Then I could have finished my reading early in the morning
And I promise you to return the Aladdin's wonderful lamp at your threshold
With a small chit saying thanks and my whereabouts before I leave?

for ShakespearesWaste Bin in gratitude!

*[First comment from my beloved; 'Hey! My old boy are you trying to be the Pied Piper of Hamelin? ']

nimal dunuhinga

The Window Washers

How sad they go to the peak of skyscrapers
on a tiny moving scaffolding
and wash the windows let others to see the Zenith?
But they do not have valid documents
to enter the Heaven?
They just come down
holding the life-line
When the dangerous work's over?

to my poet friend and the short story writer Premji in gratitude!

[I was disgusted by reading this news in a paper; 'They couldn't just let Mary Richardson Kennedy rest in estranged wife of Robert F Kennedy Jr., who was buried near the Kennedy clan's Hyannis Port compound over the objections of her siblings, was dug up last week and moved to a remote part of is Zavier Cemetery. I thought myself where do they bury me one day? Is it handsome Devil's graveyard as I do not have the valid papers?]

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Wintry Alarm Echoed

It's a winter morning in Portugal.
The Sun was faintly visible like moon in hibernation.
In the capital Lisbon I was standing in a queue for hours.
A girl with a Red Jacket who came to the halt hurriedly?
We smiled each other like old familiar friends.
I wanted to tell her that I appreciate her visiting.
I was sure that she insisted on my accompanying her.
The Tram came and she got in.
It's not my destination and I remained.
Before she leaves whispered something in Portuguese.
She must have told that I love you.
Later on I inquired the meaning from my cobbler friend who speaks little English?

Her dialect meant I am already married.
I wanted to tell her the other day when I meet her that I am also married.
Matrimony is a strong bond.
Isn't it?

nimal dunuhinga

The Worthless Stuff

I work here in a Gas station
As a Sales Associate.
But collect the trash bags
from the bins too
A part of my job?
When I remove the heavy bags
The kind customers dump?
My innocent thoughts flew without wings
to my bygone golden school days!
I love that old man we call him 'Charlie uncle'
Who collects garbage and look after the ground.
O that attractive Teacher for Literature
who wears Indian Cashmere saris at all
and she got dimples on her both cheeks
when she smiles!
One day she questioned me; 'Nimal you want to be a writer
Lawyer or a Doctor? '
'Yes Teacher, I would like to be a writer
If not a Scavenger? ' I replied happily.

To that uncle charlie & the Literature teacher!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

The Youth Bus Crawls Along The Same Old Mountain Road

Accidentally he got into the bus at a twilight.

A boy came towards him with a baseball bat.

'Papa this bus stands only for the youth.' he said angrily.

'My son they just cut off my umbilical cord and I am a newborn child.' the old man whispered.

'Let him sit quietly and I guess he is a sick person.' driver passed a remark.

'Yes r you are perfectly correct, we all are patients in this uppish world.' he answered politely.

* Please tell my friend where do they go without any harm?

nimal dunuhinga

Their Nets Of Hope Are Empty

Fishermen laid the nets and just idled in the sea
And what they brought to the shore in their catamarans?
It's really understood that fish have formed a strong trade union,
And their motive is remain in the sea bed.
Your thin line never touches the bottom brother!
And they expect human flesh in the bait one day.

nimal dunuhinga

Their Warm Cage Still Stands

Though it's rusty,
Still strong enough to stay
And that's why they live together happily.
They do not want to fly
In the hopeless sky?

* Some birds they do prefer cages as they do not have strong wings to fly.

nimal dunuhinga

There Cries A Single Pebble

Hey! My chum I guess you walk to a certain extent along this slippery road.
Please do not worry; No any hindrance from my side
And you go your way with a whistling.
Though I am an unkempt pebble someone values me once is certain
And why did you kick me aside like a plaything?

* The unending road is risky but interesting sometimes?

nimal dunuhinga

There He Goes To The Kindergarten

Hey! My little Grandson it's very happy to hear that you have already started pre-schooling.

I am sure you wake up early in the morning like a fragrant flower before the Sunrise, then you'll be my brave son!

There are twenty-six letters in the English alphabet if I am not mistaken
And that would be great if you could invent another letter at least as there are a lot more to write about the mysterious life.

Be good at all but do not let down your head against the unjust.

If somebody comes to fight with you without a cause,

Please do not be a timid and close your eyes like your feeble-scribbler Grandpa.

I know that you have a strong fist my Son!

Try to be a Lion at all not a Rabbit among the dirty Wolves.

* Best wishes from Kiriamma & Seeyapapa to Siluna putha!

nimal dunuhinga

There It Goes The Express Yellow School Bus

Like a bird it flies with soft souls

And the matured feels like a wrong detainee holds the book; Fannie Flagg's 'Fried green tomatoes at the whistle stop cafe'

Stands at a lonely bus stop.

His torn season ticket seems to be not valid to get a comfortable seat

And he left behind like a desperate hornet

Who seeks fragrant flowers in an off-season.

*Let heavy rains fall into the Australian bush fire to survive of this catastrophe!

nimal dunuhinga

They Build Citadels Of Skeletons On Debris

Who expects humanity in the battlefield?

It's really an absurdity.

If a gun has a soft heart like a flower

Definitely never allow to shoot,

But the men with cold iron hearts

What else they could do except killing?

When this ferocious man and puppetry gun separate themselves

And stop building citadels of skeletons on debris?

nimal dunuhinga

They Drowned In The Milky Way

What a glorious morning?

If a blind can see the daybreak and a deaf hear the prayers.

Where a dumb sings the saddest song and a cripple walks to the world's end.

Under the haughty sun and drowsy moon

These innocents were uprooted.

Can a rainbow guide them to a hidden heaven some day?

That particular day they can dance with the twinkling stars.

And the streak meteors come from the mysterious dark sky.

nimal dunuhinga

They Killed Mata Hari

A Dutch Exotic dancer and an accused spy
Most probably innocent who knows?
She's executed by a firing squad in France.
They suspected her for espionage Germany
During the World War 1.
Her statue was erected in Netherlands.
How far these killings go on?
Majority of them were killers with their saintly names
in this Lopsided World.
Alas! I cannot kill an ant even though I drunk.
I am sure that my great grandfathers know something about this pathetic story
as there is a connection of Dutch pedigree to their souls.
But they buried themselves with their valuable diaries
And perhaps Tramcars run on their tombs?

nimal dunuhinga

This Bus Carries Only Two Souls To Two Destinations!

The beautiful teenage singing Nun,
We traveled together in an empty bus!
I understood her secret dialogue;
'You smell of liquor and why you drink? '
And I said; ' Why you pray day & night? '
'I talk to my God in humble prayers.'
'I too pray for my drunkard saviour.'
She got down at the old Cathedral
And I got down at the usual dim light pub.

nimal dunuhinga

This Cradlesong Perhaps That Keeps You Awake

The beggar-maid's lullaby never be a sweet one?
This cobbled street warm in day
And night it's too cold,
I am under the night sky
And the dew drops fall
My child cries in her dream
And she wants to know
Where the father's been?
I cannot lie and I tell her a sad story.....One night like now
Your father stopped for a matter
Sky knows well that he begged for a lodging
As he said nowhere to go.
I gave him my used bedspread
Patches are here and there,
Rats eaten when they're hungry?
We didn't sleep that whole night
Thanks he gave me the warmth
And he told me a long story like a movie
When shooting stars collapsed in the milkyway!
But he left early in the morning
With a promise to take me somewhere.
Dear daughter, This story's not yet finished
And I am waiting for him to continue?

*We two form a multitude.

-Ovid

nimal dunuhinga

This Glass Door Is Remain Unlocked At All!

Stress..... mental & menstrual disorders
Unnecessary pregnancies without fathers
Family planning, backbite as same as snake bite in the civilized jungle society?
Younger generation not worried from where they come and where do they go?
They just enjoy the slippery life!
Recently I have been to one of their parties
O the dim light in the dancing hall
Hardly I recognized the transparent balloons from safe condoms?
This handicap man with sciatica of the tinkering life
Left aside with his soul dancing?
Yes, I found the glass door but it's locked and the passage is dark
And I realized the Heaven & Hell both are dark when lights off!

nimal dunuhinga

This Would Be A Rare Gift To My Friend s

Though it's bitter we have to swallow the miraculous pill of life.
I send you the most fragrant flower in the world named 'Hope' to your lonely sick
bed dear and I wish you an immediate recovery,
Good luck to you and breathe well as the night is still young!
Well wisher.....a far away poet friend.

nimal dunuhinga

Those Scattered Flowers Nobody Picks?

Sad indeed as they're stampede
by the the puritans' feet?
Do not search freshness or the fragrance
Even with the broken petals
Still they're flowers?

[Five years since I left home
and now sick in bed,
I hear that cuckoo in dreams!]-'Sad Toys', Takuboku.Ishikawa

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Though I Am A Pensioner Still A Sad Lover?

Still I hardly see with my painful cataract eyes
Your fading beauty!
Hearing is totally weak now
but your singsong echoes well.
I bought this magical expensive mirror
from a moving sale in a Manor.
Whenever you see your beauty
just watch carefully,
I'll be standing behind you!
It's me your sad lover?
Sorry, I won't smile
as those rascal rats have stolen my denture!

[It's easier to build boys than to mend men.]-Unknown

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Though I Am Your Isolated Brook?

I never dream of my faraway rich relatives
Especially long Rivers and deep Oceans.
How could I betray my minnow friends
and abandon the wild flowers
O that orphan girl with the ragged doll
Beautiful widow who cries along the bank
and the lunatic who writes poetry?
I expect rain all the time to remain here
Though I am your isolated brook?

[Superstition, idolatry, and hypocrisy have ample wages, but truth goes begging.]-Luther

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Though I Grabbed The Nostalgic Wind She Slipped Away

Farmers collect the harvest merrily
And the festive season in my hometown started already.
The peculiar smell of oil-cakes(native) touch my nostrils.
It's really amazing how far it travels?
Oh! My roots are there and I am here the barren Saturnine tree.

* To Alison, Sandra and Linda.....
Jerry, Max, Denis, Dave and George!

nimal dunuhinga

Though I Won The Race?

Juror panel refused to offer me the trophy
And they questioned;
'How an Eastern donkey
Joined the English steeplechase? '
Then I said politely;
'Sir/Madam I am your colonial friend
And I have already jumped from your English cradle in my fading dreams! '

nimal dunuhinga

Though It's Bitter The Elixir In My Village Thatched School

Before the Sun peeps in the morning
Transparent sky is gray like a woman's mourning.
I touched her warm tears gently along the grassy road
And it's really food for my crying bare feet.
Far away I walk towards the thatched school
And the Headmaster holds the cane as a sword
If somebody comes late.
Though it's painful the strikes I had, Yet my life has tempered like steel
And I must thank you Sir for the elixir you wake me up all the time in the drowsy
life.

nimal dunuhinga

Though She Betrays Her Bookworm Lover

The promises fly so high
And the betrothal goes astray
But he never repents
As he drowns in a passage of a book
That says a King was abandoned by the Queen
And she eloped with the stableman.

nimal dunuhinga

Though We Smiled Together Not Known Each Other?

*In Buddhism, at the moment of death the consciousness (consciousness of the different senses, such as eye consciousness, ear consciousness etc.) , acts as the seed for the spawning of the new consciousness in a new biological structure, conducive to the volitional (Samskara) impulses at the moment of death (which are themselves affected by previous volitional impulses) . In other Indian religions, the volitional impulses accrued from the present life are transmitted to a consciousness structure popularly known as the soul, which, after an intermediate period (in Tibetan called the bardo) , forms the basis for a new biological structure that will result in rebirth and a new life. This cyclical process ends in the attainment of moksha. If one lives in extremely evil ways, one may be reborn as an animal or other unfortunate being. In a modern vernacular context, particularly in the Himalayas, samsara is a word used to describe the how life is full of attachments and comings-and-goings, a subtle state of suffering. For example, when saying goodbye to a loved one, one might utter, 'ah... samsara.'

I step-up from my halcyon cottage

At 11: 15 PM as usual for my graveyard shift

And I am a cashier there counting others money!

I go via Disneyland and my humble

Toyota Camry take me safely.

I stopped at the pedestrian crossing

in front of the Paradise!

A girl of six or seven approximately

piggyback on her father merrily,

And she smiled with me happily

Like a Mickey Mouse.

She waved when the green light flashes

I too responded her in the same polite manner!

And on my way to the convenient store

I dragged the remembrance what the Buddha said;

'Habits of *Samsara.'

[Along this unending cycle of births & deaths every individual carry the good and bad habits.]

nimal dunuhinga

Though We'Re Songs If Anybody Sings?

We're almost tired of breathing.
Hey! Belief is free.
And luckily so far
They don't tax it?
Oh! The Paradise still exists somewhere
But you have to get permission to sit there
Among the others.
Please make us Logs
Or Stones, if not traffic lights
With the colour of Amber.
At least we could have wink in between
The revolutionary Red & pasture Green
For the reckless drivers
Who seek unlimited wilderness!

nimal dunuhinga

Thousand Flowers

Heavenly winds
But for this old fashioned Bee
Why all these Taboos
From the Synod,
And why did they cut my tiny wings?

*I am not worthy to loosen the thongs of his sandals.

nimal dunuhinga

Three Dangerous Reptiles And A Beautiful Frog In A Deep Well

Cobra sings in Swahili 'What a beautiful creature are you? This world is so vast and you stuck in a deep well for nothing, come out honey in a rainy day.'

'Though I am a huge reptile my heart is very soft sweetheart and I can teach you a knot when you hide in my bosom.' Python boasts.

'I may be a venomous serpent but I never sting your heart my darling.'

Viper whispers.

'Thank you very much my dear friends and I am so grateful for your intimacy, I wait for heavy rains and when there is an overflow I could have come out from this dungeon into your strange world.' Frog utters a Guttural note.

*Saudi Activist: Female Minister comes!

-a News

nimal dunuhinga

Throwback

I watched the American Crow on a lamp-post and it's crowing.
The accent and the language both are same as in my native place
And the colour too is the pitch-black.
But it complicates me, why it didn't accept my food which I threw over the
ground?
Even the crow here is very rich and proud it seems, isn't it?

*Seasonal greetings to all my poet friends!

nimal dunuhinga

Tigers Without Stripes

A large striped animal of the cat family
the tiger, in Sri Lankan jungle you don't find.
There are only leopards with spots
and no stripes at all.
Let them call themselves tigers
we have no any objections
but we are worried only about their mass killings.
The late Indian Prime Minister Mrs. Ihi
who 'breast-fed' these tiger cubs?
and when they grew up provided part of her own nation
to train them how to hold a gun.
It backfired and she lost her pilot son
the Prime Minister Mr. hi
killed by her 'foster' sons.
Even an infant of this world knows this sad tale
but unfortunately 'Norwegian uncles' still shed crocodile tears
for these untamed animals.

Dedication to skar, Mr. im, erg, amasinghe & et cetera.

nimal dunuhinga

Time Has Shown How The Boisterous Life Runs From Bad To Worse

What a tragic accident the human history faced?

Forefathers abandon their fruitful cultivation and the new generation too not so eager to hold the bare lands.

A tree grows silently and gives the shade

But they cut the branches and make swords & shields.

Human create the war, injustice, oppression and suffering.

But the time has shown them the hideous life runs from bad to worse.

* ck's day, I got a deep breath into my patchy lungs while thinking of the fraud which plays in the mischievous life.

nimal dunuhinga

Tiptoeing

When I look at my rusty amazing pram
And search for your peculiar fragrance Mom!
Then I remember that you take me out often in those days
And listen to my prattle patiently.
Still I hear your precious fading lullabies
And I walk towards the humble graveyard
Where you rest with others quietly Mom!

* A kiss from my mother
Made me a painter.

-

nimal dunuhinga

To Good Loving Homes!

A rare male and a female Labrador mix,
59 & 56 years old.

No licensed at all.

Copper color, great personality and pedigree.

De-wormed and tails totally removed

And both could sing & dance well.

Spend few dollars to a good loving home!

* [This is not an advertisement.]

she cooks tasty food with all the ingredients

and I am an old scribbler, public utility and capable to do cleaning the utensils,

Night time preferable as one Master's Watchdog!

And I give the assurance of my strong Yelp!

To my sailor friend oskar!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

To Ono To Relight Imagine Peace Tower On Lennon's 70th Birthday!

In your Peace Tower
If there's a tiny cage for us,
We're Turtle Doves and exiled!
We cannot gatecrashed?
If invited only Madam!
We promise to sing in our soft cooing
The kind Master's Masterpiece!
'Eleanor Rigby' for those who have forgotten!

'I look at all the lonely people,
All the lonely people
Where do they all come from?
Where do they all belong? '
Eleanor Rigby, died in the church
And was buried along with her name
Nobody came?

nimal dunuhinga

To My Precious Brother Lalith!

When I eat an apple I think of you
And when I sip a cheapest wine
I am with you,
When I smoke a non filter cigarette
I share with you,
When I walk along the lonely streets
I meet sometimes beautiful debutantes,
But I never take them into my soul
As I have a faithful fighting beloved with me
Who's like a glass of rum before the War in life!
But I think of you sadly as you're still a loner!
And I dive into my holey pocket, a damn shame
Pennies still shine like my innocent hopes?

blood is thicker than water.....!

nimal dunuhinga

To Our Unborn Child Who Prefers Lullabies In This Cruel World!

['The last Enemy, death, is to be brought to nothing.']-1 Corinthians 15: 26

If the ragged orphan boy
who could sniff the fragrance
of a poor flower in the pauper's graveyard
and swallow merrily
the muddy water
they polluted in an abandoned brook.
Walk peacefully along the thorny streets
they planted purposely?
My Son! I see you in my melancholic dreams constantly
like a hero in the dark womb
you worship enthusiastically
to an unknown God
whose name is Man?

to my dearest deceased Mom I love that painting once you sketched the serene
sky with a black pastel!

nimal dunu

nimal dunuhinga

To The Postmistress Of Promised Land

Dipped in blood; my soul writes a letter
to a lass of a distant village called infinity.
Her name is *.
Could you please let me know the postage?
Sorry, I do not know her whereabouts and domicile.
If undelivered; do not throw away
Please keep it with you forever.

* Maya is illusion and Agni is fire.

nimal dunuhinga

Tobacconist's Daughter And Chain Smoker Who Wears A Greek Fisherman Hat!

Parents totally against their daughter's marriage
since the beginning and he never goes to work
finishes a packet of cigarette within few hours?
One night they chased him out of the premises
Otherwise they have to close the store soon.
Charming daughter like sodium bicarbonate
who soothes her parents' frequent heartburn
All of a sudden started the smoking?
The old parents called the son-in-law
and handed over the business to them
and decided to leave to a nearby apartment!
Everybody knows that the business goes well now
and both quitted smoking!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Tombola

I got a ticket drawn for immediate prizes
A passage to heaven; But at the toll gate
Some restrictions until a toll is paid
And I checked my wallet
Oh! It was pick pocketed
And it's unbelievable how these species come to Paradise?

To my silent friend Dave Tanguay

nimal dunuhinga

Tombstone

This does not belongs to a King or a Superior.

An innumerable mass grave.

The inhumane just pretend as immaculate
those wolves who brought these innocents
to this isolated graveyard.

The old bearded Stonemason believes
while he was carving he heard some whispers of children,
men and women.

Although they were forgotten names in the Census
the forget-me-not flowers still bloom on their graves.

nimal dunuhinga

Tomorrow

Is there a tomorrow?

When it comes named as today,

Let it be.....tomorrow is another day

And the beggar has to beg for the lost crown for how many tomorrows?

* He lives yesterday, today and tomorrow.....for nothing.

nimal dunuhinga

Torso Is Stranded While The Soul In A Cloudy Sky

My soul is unrest and credulous.
It's impossible me to step down
As the stars not visible.
In the vast sky I am only a pathfinder.
How can I go back to the Earth?
I have already lost my identity.
But I cannot stay here any longer
Because I am only a visitor.

* This touch-and-go soul is hyperactive and it goes wild sometimes.

nimal dunuhinga

Tortoise's Feathers

Among the ruins I sat on a stone bench facing an isolated pond.
All of a sudden a tortoise came up from the muddy water.
And she's older than my Great Grandma it seems,
But she called me uncle.
Oh! How I am wearied along this useless journey?
'Hey! Uncle this isn't an ideal place to roam around,
I'll give you my feathers better you fly and try another place.'
I borrowed her feathers and said; 'Thank you.'
I flew the whole day but still I see the pond below
And I realized that I cannot fly anymore leaving the ruins.

* To the deceased Sri Lankan Veteran Dramatist Actor and Author Henry.
Jayasena in gratitude.

nimal dunuhinga

Toyboy

I met him accidentally
in a Discotheque,
He introduced himself
I am Sextess,
I just joked; 'Not sexless'
Then he said; 'Half true and the rest is a nightmare.
I am scared of this Trojan Woman though she gives me everything,
You don't believe my friend the tattoos on her buttocks
One side a crocodile and the other a Monster
And this was written, 'stronger than the Berlin Wall.'
I cannot leave her as she's a Tragedienne! '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Traffic Lights

Who invented these beautiful colors?

Red, Amber and Green.

And I watch how they stop when Red appears?

When Amber winks they are very uneasy

And they fly in the Green light sign like a journey to heaven.

Night is still young and I count my weekend wage

Thinking of my loved ones.

They are very far away.

When the Green smiles with me to take my soul away from all these burdens?

nimal dunuhinga

Trance

A bookworm in a boulevard tramples with boredom
Who stops at every library?
His topics always in classics and the half of his life
Who turned the pages of massive books?
A philander never get settled and once a philatelist.
Like the Phoenix (Mystical Arabian bird said to burn itself
And rise young again from its ashes) in the flash point.
An unvarnished valuable personality but disarray who leads a lifeless-lifestyle.

nimal dunuhinga

Trance Of Romance

A sapling in a severe drought
what she needs is moisture to survive?
The Ogre shows a goodwill and who crawls
to the scenario for the redress.
But she cannot uproot and how can she abandon
her kith and kin?
She has already mesmerized by his laudable dialects
and does she obey to this Monster? .
She dreams of the fertile soil where she goes to bear flowers
in the next summer.
She bow and stretch her springy hands
to this promiscuous lover
who takes her cunningly to the Utopia.

nimal dunuhinga

Transcendence!

["And how should a beautiful, ignorant stream of water know it heads for an early release - out across the desert, running toward the Gulf, below sea level, to murmur its lullaby, and see the Imperial Valley rise out of burning sand with cotton blossoms, wheat, watermelons, roses, how should it know? "]- Carl Sandburg quotes (American Historian, Poet and Novelist,1878-1967)

On a lonely Cypress tree top
a strange bird sings
in the cold Winter!
That melancholy tune
drags me to the lullabies
of my poor deceased Mom!
O now I realized dear Mom
You too a bird without wings
Never fled leaving us alone in the roost
until we grow up?

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

Traveller; The Human

Their burning feet still prefer fire
Ocean roars in vain like a Lion
And shore quiet it seems as a Hermit.
I dream the bookmark page of the Master's secret diary.
'My experiment; The Human
Some of their expedient activities unable to control.
They explore everything, go beyond the sky
And hit the stars, no limits at all as same as the lack of satisfaction.
I watch them quietly of their whereabouts and let them run and fill their
travelogues until they get tired of the rat race.'

*Do not boast about tomorrow, for you do not know what a day may bring forth.
(Prov 27: 1)

nimal dunuhinga

Trembling Leaves Of The Money Tree

Poor souls pray beneath the tree,
If a strong wind comes
Leaves would be scattered
And they can pick into their bags.
Yes, the storm came but leaves are still there
And the poor souls blown away!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Tribute To Juan Gelman, Argentine Poet Of The Left, Who Dies At 83

[Juan Gelman Burichson was born on May 3, 1930, in Buenos Aires to Jewish immigrants from Ukraine. The state-sponsored terrorist campaign propagated by Argentina's right-wing junta after a military coup in the time of Democracy was restored, in 1983, thousands of citizens with suspected ties to socialism and dissident groups had been seized and disappeared. n was in exile in Europe, but among the kidnapped in 1976 were his 19-year old daughter, Nora Eva; his 20 year old son, Marcelo Ariel; and his son's wife, Maria Claudia who was seven months pregnant. Nora Eva survived, but his son and daughter-in-law were killed, and their child, a girl, was given to a Uruguayan family.]-Quoted from the New York Times Obituaries Wednesday, January 22, 2014

Nobody realizes when a poor man cries
that's a smile or a cry?
Nobody believes
that he eat, drinks and loves?
Nobody knows when he dies
As it's a flat grave and no tomb?
Everybody sees in the night
Stray dogs watch his soul.

nimal

nimal dunuhinga

'Trust No One' Said My Poor Mom

I salute you Mom what you said is perfectly correct.

Life never gives me the happiness

And poor honest men always collect the tears.

In the burning desert of life you dig and sometimes find the scorched gold that has no value in the pawn shop.

I dream one day my flowing tears would convert to black diamonds,

At least they value those in the hell.

*My poor Mom pawned her all the valuables for my education and she dreamed that one day I come home with the oaths as a graduate.

nimal dunuhinga

Twilight

The Diabetic carefree soul in his late fifties
who excuses for the frequent urinate in dreams
and his regular snoring over the entire sleep.
His spouse worries about him always
and devotes like a mother who cares a new born child.
'Please do not touch this; it's full of sugar and starch
Oh! leave these; it's Cholesterol and salt'.
No alcohol & smoking; totally banned all.
She gives him a balanced diet
and take him for exercises everyday.
There is lot of restrictions.
Make love also very seldom nowadays
And even a caress too strictly prohibited.

nimal dunuhinga

Twilight At A Window

A funeral procession
Only the dead person's Kith & Kin?
No long hearse and they carry the cardboard casket
on their bony shoulders towards the pauper's graveyard!
And he sees through his shattered window
Perhaps the poor man's wife cries behind
And the children not aware of the mysterious death
play on the road?
A radical film maker with his Cinema team
Takes pictures for his documentary film
'Poor man's rich funeral'
And he gives few notes to the widow as a gratitude,
She must have seen for the first time in her life
That tricky big colored notes?

[How could I have come so far
(And always on such dark trails!)
I must have traveled by the light
Shinning from the faces of all those I have loved.]
-Thomas McGrath, American, 1916-1990

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Twin Sisters In An Emporium

A destitute stands in front of the shop
And he thinks if rains he could have jump inside.
The twin sisters smiled with him and inquired what he wants?
'Precious smiles are more worth than anything in the shop.'
The innocent muttered.

nimal dunuhinga

Twitcher And The Bird Sanctuary

I see many species of birds
from morning till night.
They speak different languages
the migratory birds from all over the world.
What a colourful pagentry and harmony?
Nobody carries weapons
and no any harshness.
So it's very harmless to be with them forever.
Their twitter makes me happy
and I want to be single
whole of the journey.
If she comes I fear the birds won't be here.
She scolded me in her last letter.
'You are good for nothing; a Gooseberry
one day you sink with your birds
in your own bottomless harbour.
Your holey gondola won't be long-standing.
My wicked Gondolier,
you propel with your rickety pole to the hell!
Wind up,
your unfortunate wino Goddess.'

nimal dunuhinga

Two Farms And In Between A Barbed-Wire Fence?

Hey! My country lassie
you're belong to this vegetable farm
and I am here attached to the animal farm.
A slight difference in between my boss and them?
Boss uses his slang and animals the tail
to send the gadflies away.....!
I plucked a daffodil flower for your long hair
from the fence and when you give me a nod
in the leap year?

to the poetess Magnolia with gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Two Men Were Freed From Their Burdens

I found the rust
clotted tears in an old padlock.
A man was in the cell
for his life imprisonment.
Jailor opened the padlock
let the prisoner to be free.
And I saw his teary eyes
want to speak something.
Out of his sobs
I caught few words.
His wife has eloped
With his Jailor friend.

nimal dunuhinga

Two Nations And One Religion

The gardener knows of our illicit love!
I never forget the Garden of Eden
Where the Man & Woman
Displayed the real politics of love!
This love is the one and only Religion
In simply pronounce as Humanity!

(For the poetess Sandra Dodd in gratitude!)

nimal dunuhinga

Two Poems In One Letter

[The single child next door talking eyes widow who reads her anonymous letter to my beloved wife.]

I am an icicle,
So far better in the refrigerator
But when my Master
Takes me to his tumbler
Oh! I'll be again water!

I grabbed the mighty wind
But when I woke up
It's my dreamy painful pillow!

[Never keep any regrets in this short life and snatching a small bucket of water from the vast Ocean, won't be a sin! - Lalith my brother and best friend.]

nimal dunuhinga

Uncertain Match Plays In The Ground Of Radiation!

The whole World is sick and in the Asylum
Patients were given the Tranquilizers!
And they watch the match with Doctor Confused!
Thank God! The Sea is calm and there won't be any Tsunami?
The head umpire is not certain whether the ball touched the bat
And it's an out?
He's requested the decision from the match Referee.
An Alien comes with a deep cry from a different Planet.
Doctor asked what can I do for you?
'I am a fortune teller' He replied.
'Oh! You came in the right time and is it out? '
'I am not sure.'
'Then who wins the match? '
'That's uncertain.'
'I have a hole in the heart since my childhood and it's very painful
Even the Tetanus scared to approach and finish this sad story.'
Doctor gave him a Morphine injection!
And all is quiet now, match goes on!
I too watch this entertaining game from infinity!

To all the Cricket fans in gratitude!
(Including my friend JVL.)

nimal dunuhinga

Uncertainty

The people who devoted half of their life time.
The masterpieces, classics, poems, prose
book making, love letters, scriptures
and written all valuable documents et cetera.
For a peevish book worm
it's nothing.
A day is quite enough to bring to an end.

nimal dunuhinga

Unconditional Love

Her name is time,
And she said; ' I love you so much but I cannot wait and I am running.'
Then I said; 'My name is life and I too ran but I couldn't hold you.'
'Time is a cruel lass.' Wind murmured in a lonely night.

nimal dunuhinga

Under The Flamboyant Judas Tree

In my knotty dream I asked him; 'Are you Judas Iscariot who betrayed the Christ? '

He became silent and offered me a Tightrope.

I said ' I was a sailor.'

'That I know; You must have a thorough knowledge of knots.'

'Fairly Sir.'

'Then show me the Running Bowline which I used to hanged myself and you resemble my brother James.'

This nightmare could be an Omen.

Our few relatives live among us here and once a threat to our lives.

I think of my poor Mom's advise of bad dreams.

'Hey! My loving children as soon as you wake up go to a faucet

And open it, evil runs as water flows when you think of the nightmare.'

* The Buddha analyzed Life is full of knots, inside as same as outside, when you loosen one then turns into another knot.

nimal dunuhinga

Under The Pine Tree

The pine cones dropped from the tree
A pauper picked one and murmured,
'This dry scaly fruit birds don't like.
We have some similarities but you are cone shaped
And I am a shapeless schmuck.'

nimal dunuhinga

Under The Strong Democratic Flagpost!

Still they bury alive
Chained and torture
In their luxurious prison cells?
At last found missing.
But still the innocent people
Show you a healthy teeth
And a beautiful smile!

nimal dunuhinga

Undocumented Immigrants' Melancholy Song Fades In The Serene Sky?

We're the Roses
We're the Tulips
We're the Daffodils
And we're all the flowers?
But not attached to the uprooted plants
And we've no a legal soil?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Uneasiness

Thunder storms

Earth Quakes

Tsunami

And Bombings!

World is sick

With all these

Infectious diseases?

The old Man and a long cigar in his mouth

He watches the night sky,

Probably waiting for a flying saucer

And he wants to go to another planet?

I asked 'Grandpa! why so anxious'

He too called me Grandpa,

' Yes, there's no remedy for anxiety in this troubled World'

I took my pocket mirror and found that we're like twins.

*There is only one pretty child in the World, and every mother has it.

-Chinese proverb

nimal dunuhinga

Unkempt Illiterate Flowers Along The Varsity Avenue?

This is an off season
But the tiny flowers
in bloom!
An undergraduate
who desperately drowns
in their smiley tears?

dedication to a dreamflower that never blooms in a real garden!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Unknown Painters & Paintings!

Tiny kettle whistles in the kitchenette
and the rusty alarm clock cries
on the bedside table.
She must have woke up early
with a bad dream?
and prepares the morning cup of tea!
I too woke up lazily and wiped the frosty window
with my criss-cross palm?
O the faraway gloomy sky's covered
with heavy winter clouds!
Invisible Master! Have you done
this Masterpiece?
The entire life I tried but in vain
and my painting named 'Depression'
Not finished yet for the Exhibition?

['Nearly everyman who develops an idea, works at it up to the point where it
looks impossible and then gets 's not the place to become discouraged.']-Thomas
Alva Edison

to my poet friend Nightmute in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Unloading & Loading

*backbreaking, burdensome, exhausting, fatiguing, formidable, grueling, harsh, heavy, labored, laborious, murder, no picnic, onerous, painful, punishing, rigorous, rough, severe, strenuous, taxing, tiring, toilsome, tough, troublesome, trying, uphill

I left all the *burdensome goods in a street corner
And lit a cigarette non filter.
While sitting on the bus stop's wooden bench
I saw an old truck no number plate
Perhaps belongs to a junk yard
A young guy who loaded the ruins happily
For his endless journey,
And I took a fresh breath let going the giveaway!

to my friend of the journey Premji Premji in gratitude!

[The Buddha explained to one of his disciples Ananda who's watching the line of
Ants crossing the path; 'Ananda you believe or not there are myriads of Kings
and Rulers here in their previous births.]

nimal dunuhinga

Unlooked-For

I received an e-mail from Devil de Morals.

'Hey! My dear pen-pusher you are just wasting the time,
Scribbling lot of nonsense and still you could not get a publisher.

Did you see the advertisement?

They published in the World paper immediate vacancies.

Post for the grave-diggers there, qualifications are not required it seems.

Only the personality and capability are mandatory.

I am sorry that I couldn't tell that I have already applied for you.

So do not get surprised once they call for you an interview.'

nimal dunuhinga

Unseen Companions Of The Journey!

Hi everyone

I received this from Fay Slimm today concerning the death of our good friend Mary Martin. Please do go to the site and light a candle for dear Chrissy.

Thank you,

Patrick

I was shocked!

Mary Martin, your sad demise!

O it's really unbearable?

Paddy sent me two books before he leaves

And then you sent me his two photographs

Before you leave, how do I get things of Paddy now?

I realized life's a journey and not a race!

Tomorrow I am passing the 60th mile post

On my way to your new domicile!

We're in one family of this ridiculous segregated World!

May you rest in peace beside my friend Paddy and your best friend too,

Along this unending journey!

* I asked my beloved to light an additional candle tomorrow on my sad birthday cake and that's for you Mary!

nimal dunuhinga

Upstream

Unwillingly I make a jerk
But it's not a swim
I am close upon sixties
And backwards,
I cannot survive of this upheaval
And I touch the bottom of the opaque river.

nimal dunuhinga

Using The Dead Language

My handsome Jewish son!
How do you tell in Hebrew
To a Palestinian girl's soft heart
'I love you and we're not foes anymore
Only lovers? '

*To His Excellency Prime Minister of Israel Benjamin Netanyahu for your kind
perusal!

nimal dunuhinga

V.I.P. Cleaners

We have a special soap to remove the stain of their clothes
after the election,
Also we have an expensive elixir,
If they need to destroy their dirty linen secretly?

nimal dunuhinga

Valentine

She snatched my torn kite
and disappeared in the enormous sky
without leaving a trace.....why?

nimal dunuhinga

Vanishing Table Manners Of A Deprived Loner

A poverty-stricken morning and the ragged Sun wipes the infected eyes lazily of his questionnaire palm.

In the gloomy breakfast on the hopeless table lain a rotten scramble egg and few slices of transparent bread.

Then salmonella dance in the peanut butter.

A decanter full of tap water, the broken tumbler;

And a rusty fork & spoon,

A faded napkin and some venomous toothpicks.

He sits on his rickety chair with tearful eyes and looking into the infinity through the seaside shattered window in his shack.

And he dreams of an invulnerable haven.

* Our Father;

Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

-Amen-

nimal dunuhinga

Venom

I have heard but don't know whether it's true or not
They make an Alcohol out of Venom am I right?
Oh! That's fantastic and you can die at once
Better than dying every other moment.
I promised to my beloved Wife;
'Hereafter, Darling I won't steal pennies for my Cuban cigar
From your till until it gets full,
Then we can buy that stuff in downtown
And finish this rat race before the winning post!

* A successful man is one who can lay a foundation with the bricks others have thrown at him.' - David Brinkly

nimal dunuhinga

Victorian

An old man with a beard like a prophet
Comes behind me very vigilant
Various badges on his torn coat
And should be a retired Vice-Admiral.
He calls me; ' Son, stop for a while
And I have noticed you since a long time
That you must belonged to Victorian era
Regarding your conduct that express the originality.'
'I am sorry Sir, I think you have mistaken
And I am from Sri Lanka,
This is an imitation Victoria Cross
And I have never been to British Armed Services
But an ordinary soldier who fights with the life.'
I said politely.
I saw he goes in a different way
And tells the same story to another pedestrian.

nimal dunuhinga

Vintage

Vintner waits for the new stuff.
Vineyard girls in bloom
and their rouge on cheeks like vine.
He who repents as his youth is gone.
Not like earlier with a glass or two
he will be knockout.
But he likes vine to forget the knotty life!
His dignity is going for a song.
And the soulless man who idles
at tavern doors dreaming
an old friend will offer him a drop.

nimal dunuhinga

Violin

I stuck
in between
your
four strings.
Your bow
smoothly plays
the treble pitch
Song of love.
And now
I cannot move
from your
melodious
Heart!

nimal dunuhinga

Volcano

Where is the poor man's wealth?
I shouted in a dream.
Where is the poor man's dignity?
I cried in a dream.
I saw the black smoke
blowing from the mountain's peak.
Lava, the earth's blood river
flowed everywhere.
A clergyman's hermitage
miser's money, beggar's till and prostitutes beauty
all converted to stone.
Farmers, fields, priceless graveyards
Kings, Queens, Horses, Elephants and the forest too
All had been covered with Lava.
Only the God has escaped and remained in the sky
because he is not a human being.

nimal dunuhinga

Wading Birds

Cranes and Herons fly in the twilight sky
A loon idles at a riverbank,
Full Moon peeps like a new coin to illuminate the dark side of life
And the ferryman shouts; 'Nobody wants to cross the river.'

* That both I and you have had to travel and trudge through the long round is owing to our not discovering, not penetrating the four four? They are the noble truth of suffering, the noble truth of the origin of suffering, the noble truth of the cessation of suffering, and the noble truth of the way leading to the cessation of suffering. [The Buddha]

nimal dunuhinga

Waiting

When darkness peeps gradually
The orphan boy met a little red riding hood.
She goes to her grandma's house
When she asked where he's going
He said; 'Nowhere to go.'
'First I go there and get permission from my grandma,
If she agrees to provide you lodging tonight,
I'll be hurry to you and please wait here.' She said.
But she never returned.
It happened a very long time ago
And she must be a grandma now.

nimal dunuhinga

Walk Along The Carpet Of Green Grass

I hear my Barefoot humble song;
'Thank you dear and it's of course a pleasant journey.
The grass whisper beautiful things to comfort the sole burns
But we infer that only a brief picnic and you are not a Grasshopper
anyhow?
We feel your weak heartbeat, the pulse that reminds
The destined mountain is near by and it never moves.

(Dedication to my friend ck. Hey! There will be a new recruitment soon to our
'Grand Father's club' it seems.)

* I think of Christ's resurrection on this Easter and feel of the heavy
cross which I carry onwards.

nimal dunuhinga

Walk Of Life

Grandpa! Your walking stick knows how many pebbles that you hit?
But the pebbles never hit you on your walkover.

*Some unsophisticated friends are like that.

nimal dunuhinga

Warm-Blooded Man's Rusty Engine Warrant

'It could be replaced
Any part of this ridiculous engine,
But little expensive the original parts
And the other thing is you cannot
Keep in the garage all the time,
Being towed by the Authorized personnel.
Run as much as you can and at last,
At least we can dismantle the body for scrapped iron
Because the wooden Mahogany boxes are very expensive nowadays! '
The shrewd Proprietor of the Garage leaves a placard at the entrance.

nimal dunuhinga

Warning Of Innuendoes

An old tatty knave reads the strange Tattoo on her attractive back;
'The proximity where I roam contains chemicals, including Tobacco smoke
known to the state of Insomnia to cause Cancer and birth defects or other
reproductive ome Politicians' lethargy.
More information on specific exposures has been provided to wayfarers.....'
The rest few lines covered by her strapless sensational Brassiere.
Though he's senile he reminisces the word 'Warning.'

nimal dunuhinga

Was Comrade Jesus Christ A Palestinian And Iscariot Was A Jew?

Anyway Comrade Jesus fought against the unjust
And Judas betrayed him?
I write this New Nursery Rhyme to poor kindergarten
'Youend-O'
Please Re-name this cruel World
for the Human Welfare?

a humble dedication to United Nations Secretary-General Ban Ki-moon!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Wasp

Her slender waist resembles a wasp
And she goes on the muddy road never stops.
Unlike bees, wasps are largely carnivorous
And their species, digger wasps, sand wasps & mud wasps
But you are a kind woman and I am sure you do not have a formidable sting
Please do not hurt me as I am scared of wasps.

nimal dunuhinga

Watching Her Baby Sleeps

I am not qualified to peep into your mild dreams
Even to your lonely Mom's frustrated World.
She waits anxiously for your missing father's arrival
From the rage battlefield.
Your precious smile with Angels
And no wars there.
I think of my old cradle poor mom swung
And once I too dreamed the same Angels like you.

nimal dunuhinga

Water Butt

Rainfall! Please do not stop your function in the off-seasons
As she catches rainwater to her rusty barrel for her living.
The half of her life without a partner she pussyfoot with the old tire cart
Along the thorn avenues; Not the flower roads.
Yes still she is beautiful & fertile
And there should be a windfall.
If a soft heart soul could join her in a drought
And push the cart well with the offspring?

* [A dumb voter writes on his ballot; Warmongers! Please do not pollute the serene sky and let the rain falls on its freer style.]

nimal dunuhinga

Water!

PH & Litmus

Both papers

Indicate

Acids in your rusty blood.

Drink water as much as you can

And eat fresh fruits.

O it's very expensive Sir!

Our daily bread crumbs

Absorb all the water

In our kinky bowels

And we have already eaten the forbidden fruit

That's why we suffer I think.

Poor man grumbles.

Doctor Anopheles was shocked!

nimal dunuhinga

We Are The World

Yes, there is no world without us.
Indeed Comrade!
But you are gone without a goodbye
By leaving the popular voice behind.
Kings, Queens, Rooks and Castles
One by one they leave in this unfair Checkered game.
Nobody wins and he who knows the rules
Better than us.

*Salutation to Michael Jackson who passed many boundaries.
My condolence to all his family members.

nimal dunuhinga

Weaver's Loom

There is no any special magic.
The weaver used the same thread and the shuttle.
Perhaps the loom is different?
but the usual fading cloth he made.
Life is a jigsaw puzzle
you have to take part
until he prescribes the bitter (sugar-coated) pill.

Dedication to the poetess Adrienne. Alicia. Aversa

theme extracted from your biography.....

nimal dunuhinga

Wedlock

To my beloved!

I lost my pen; sorry I am writing with a pencil.

Do you remember that precious day, December 08,1972?

'We became oneness' you said proudly.

Isn't it?

It's almost thirty-three years.

We have reached the thirty-third milestone, barefooted

Along this life's gravel road.

It's not a grand but a simple wedding.

I remember how I carried my old suitcase

And a soft leather wallet which hasn't contained much notes.

Most of them the invitees were gone already.

But Darling! We are still breathing.

How we faced numerous hardships together?

We can celebrate our wedding anniversary sitting on different places in solitude.

I send a warm kiss to your Oasis from my Habitat, a lonely burning desert.

Perhaps it could be bitter or may be salty.

Please don't forget that we are not two; only oneness!

Who knows how many milestones we have to come across?

Not to be disheartened; let them standstill and we step out on our simplest will.

nimal dunuhinga

Weight Of Waver

Cotton wool
Fluffy wadding
Cleans my wounds
White and soft
And I watch you float in the sky.
No gravity,
When I think of my spinning head
Like a ball of Lead
That I am certain,
Even though I drowned
Never floats in the river of life?

nimal dunuhinga

Well Remembered A Heartbroken Mother's Grief

A courageous but disturbed poor mother has brought her daughter
A ragged doll with sunken eyes.

It's a birthday gift picked from a garbage bin

Beside a wealthy house in the town.

Oh! She cried secretly like a turtledove's cooing.

I dedicate this poem for Happy Father's day.

nimal dunuhinga

Well-Off Or Poor, The Tear Tastes Salty

What do you gain in this materialistic life?
Yes, it's bigger than an ocean
But a dropp cannot swallow
Until the eyes get red a man could cry
And it's his emotional expression.
But very few understands the bitter language.
Tear! Please do not run away towards Oceans
That's the only wealth a soul collected in his lifetime.

nimal dunuhinga

We'Re Just Puppets To The Invisible Hands!

We smile as he pulls the ropes
Attached to our facial muscles.
In the same way we cry!
Oceans are around but we cannot taste
A dropp of water.
Sky is high and instead of wings
Only the feeble hands.
No solace at all and only in the burial grounds
We rest in peace to our own consent
As he has taken back our ropes
And no more movements!

* Truth is bitter like the bedridden man who swallows an elixir to get rid of steely death!

nimal dunuhinga

We'Re Still Lovers!

*Ali Baba (Arabic: ع ل ي ب ا ب ا ‎ ʿ Ali Bā ba) is a fictional character from medieval Arabic literature. He is described in the adventure tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Some critics believe that this story was added to One Thousand and One Nights by one of its European translators, Antoine Galland, an 18th-century French orientalist who may have heard it in oral form from a Middle Eastern story-teller from Aleppo. However, Richard F. Burton claimed it to be part of the original One Thousand and One Nights. The American Orientalist Duncan Black MacDonald discovered an Arabic-language manuscript of the legend at the Bodleian Library; [1] however, it was later found to be counterfeited.

This story has been used as a popular pantomime plot such as in the pantomime/musical Chu Chin Chow (1916) . Like many other folk tales frequently adapted for children, the original tale is darker and more violent than the more familiar bowdlerised versions. Popular perception of Ali Baba, and the way he is treated in popular media, sometimes implies that he was the leader of the 'Forty Thieves': in the story he is actually an 'honest man'[2] whom fortune enables to take advantage of the thieves' robberies.

When I cry
She smiles
And I asked why?
She said; 'You too smiled.'
Then we smiled together.
She sad; 'Hey! ri Rasputin life begins at forty! '
'O Is that true?
Then I am twenty now.
How about a Son? '
'Good idea.
And I want to send him to the University of Harvard to make him a kind Doctor to serve the poor people. What's your plan? '
'Really I want to send him to an Underground University to make him an *Ali Baba to snatch the decaying money in big banks for the needy! '
Again we smiled together as we realized that we're old now!

to my friend who's on leave now Paddy Martin!

nimal dunuhinga

Werevolves

They go on the stage these days and it seems very busy.
They squeak to snatch your innocent vote,
Stalking horses vow to make an utopia,
The poor pilgrims stampede in this magical theatre
And when they become statesmen
You get startle of their whereabouts.

* [Today for the first time I stepped into the Church of Saint Anthony Catholic community at Longbeach California, though I am a Buddhist I have a special regard on ny as he held the baby others worship I too knelt for morning prayers.'Oh! My sincere Saint this dark tunnel of life is too long as same as Longbeach and I have a little doubt whether I could see the faint light at the end in the given time.]

nimal dunuhinga

Wesak

The Buddha's Birth, Enlightenment and Parinirvana
[occurs upon the death]

Happened on the same day.

All over the World the Buddhists they celebrate Wesak.

It falls on a full Moon day, Month of May, 27th.

I am so grateful to this greatest Philosopher/Poet

I light a Paper-Lantern on this auspicious day

And see where I am in this horrible darkness?

nimal dunuhinga

Wet Nurse

She came with an umbrella
but there is no rain at all.
My lonely heart is longing for a shelter
and she gave me the umbrella.
She left without a word in midnight
and the incessant rain started.
Thunder and lightning all over the sky
and my heart laments for her.

nimal dunuhinga

Wet Park Bench

*In my schooldays once in the Victoria park in Colombo I met him, an elderly person like a beggar with a heavy book, 'Baghavat Geeta' he holds and his name is Patrick Gabriel....may he rest in peace now!]

After the storm
Life back to normal?
An old man who sits on a bench
Half asleep and a heavy book,
and a mackintosh aside,
still slightly wind
turning the pages of the book?
And a soft bookmark
flies in the wind
leaving all the burdens
probably his keepsake
who knows?

to Gharib still breaths in a corner of this ridiculous World?

[Thank you nimal for this tribute. I am overwhelmed. My absence from this web was due to personal reasons because nobody silences poets in Syria. I have published six books here. I lived in Scotland and Australia but it is only in Syria that I experienced the sense of freedom and unbridled expression. Do not believe what the advocates of democracy say on the news. Look at my new poem The Assyrian which I posted today(PH) . Thanks again and best wishes.]

[Let the words I speak today be soft and tender, for tomorrow I may have to eat them!]-Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

When A Compassionate Nurse Dress Your Wounds

Doctor told him ' You are all right and discharge in the evening.'

The patient begs; ' I would like to stay one more night Doctor.'

'It's up to you.'

He informed his beloved wife; 'Hey! Darling, Doctor wants to see me tomorrow for an urgent matter, no idea? '

And he waits till the kind Nurse's visit to his cubicle room.

But another one came and she is on leave it seems.

He dreamed in the particular night that he met an accident and admitted to the same hospital.

* Human mind is an untamed beast explores new adventures?

nimal dunuhinga

When A Lost Bird Flies To Your Roost In The Fog

'You are very familiar but I think that you have missed your particular nest.'
The kind bird said.

'Yes, I know my dear but my nest is no more as it's scattered by the Easterly winds.

And I think a lone bird never let me go away isn't it? ' The beautiful singing bird questioned.

'You are most welcome sweet but my nest is not strong enough for the two of us and I have little doubts about the coming hurricane.' The kind lone bird replied
'Let the wind blows and take us away but not alone, now we could start singing together from the place where you have stopped.' And she smiled.

* To Alison & Jerry.....!

nimal dunuhinga

When A Migratory Bird Soars Up

If you agree my friend, then I could have hide my sad poem
Underneath your precious wings as I cannot fly with these iron feathers.
When you migrate to a better place perhaps someone picks it and reads aloud;
'When I was in the cradle my poor Mom asked; ' Do you want to be a man or a
bird? '
I said; ' Mom! I want to be a man and fly as a bird in the sky.'
Then she said; ' You'll be a poet some day my dear son and crawl on this misery
planet like a reptile.'

[Migration is probably the most awe-inspiring natural phenomenon.- Collins
Atlas of Bird Migration.]

nimal dunuhinga

When A Star Drowns In The Sky River!

Why should I waste my time
in the night school,
dipping in encyclopedias
seeking your real name.
I just call you Far!
that would never come closer?

*Music is love in search of a word.
-Sidney Lanier

nimal dunuhinga

When A Wild Rose Sings To An Old Bee!

If thorns pinch your heart?
Please do not blame me
As you voluntarily landed
On my soft petals.
Anyhow I would like to minimize the pain
If you stay a night or two?
I have a special liking of you
As you're not behaving like a Hornet.
Rose sings her tricky song
'Caring is my main concern.'
With that unusual tickling!

*To Edgar Allan Poe, a Boston Native poet who died in Baltimore in 1849 under mysterious circumstances!

nimal dunuhinga

When An Isolated Soul Anchored

In the Ocean of Life when a soul anchored
Rocks gently, touch the warm breeze
And search the homeland.
Life hides within its walls
And no way to cast off.
Though you see the smiling island at a distance
It's impossible to heave up the rusty anchor
As it stuck in the rock bottom.
If not the poor visibility
You could see the wreckage from the illusory shore.

nimal dunuhinga

When Dreams Are Faraway!

Yet, I close my eye lids
and pretend that I sleep
Hear the cries of children
Where they're looking for parents,
Planes fly in the sky
and dropp not money
But the poor wait
and see perhaps some gifts.
Moon shines with stars,
and the clouds run
Still I am awake
Though I pretend
That I sleep?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

When Earth Shows Anger

I realized that you too get angry sometimes as human beings.
But you should serve a substitute instead of ferocious Quake.
The innocents poured precious tears in their lifetime
But no gratitude shown at all.
I won't blame you as I know since my childhood
Earth is a graveyard.

nimal dunuhinga

When Evening Star Winks?

[The old home town looks the same as I step down from the train,
and there to meet me is my Mama and Papa.
Down the road I look and there runs Mary hair of gold and lips like cherries.
It's good to touch the green, green grass of home.
Yes, they'll all come to meet me, arms reaching, smiling sweetly.
It's good to touch the green, green, grass of home.
The old house is still standing, tho' the paint is cracked and dry,
and there's that old oak tree that I used to play on.]-Tom Jones

People come to the Gas station
and fuel their vehicles
Majority they squeeze the hoses
to get the maximum juice?
While they're leaving some wave
with a familiar smile!
O I am in a foreign country
They do not know my name
and the surname too,
Perhaps we may in a one family
in our previous births, who knows?
I watch them as a habit
When they're going home.....!
And I check the twilight sky
Evening star winks like my old friends
and my heart cries?
'Gas price goes down'; Someone interrupts
And I just smile but my unsettled mind
roams in my old home town?

to my life-school teacher who's no more
Sandra Fowler in gratitude!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

When He Asked Why I Kept Quiet?

Did you see me?

No I am a blind.

How is my song?

I am a deaf.

Why so quiet?

I am a dumb.

Then how did you answer to my all questions?

You only made my soul to speak

And that would be much appreciated.

nimal dunuhinga

When He Gets His Retirement?

He has already passed the winning post in this endless race,
But he was disqualified and somebody else got the Gold cup influentially.
He has to take part the tiresome event once again
And he heard the annoyed utter; 'On your mark get said go! '

* A barefooted man runs in the cycle of births & deaths continuously and he carries all his sins?

nimal dunuhinga

When His Life Belongs To A Mysterious Hand

He writes day & night
And erase sometimes.
Then writes again.
He drinks a lot and stops
When there is no funds.
Starts again when his wallet sounds.
He walked thousands of miles
But he feels still at the same place.
One day he spoke to an insect
It struggles to survive in a cobweb.
'Dear! How could I help you
When my life too belongs to a mysterious hand?

nimal dunuhinga

When His Pet Earth Gets Angry?

T.....terrible

S.....uffering

U.....nanimously

N.....ature

A.....grees

M.....utual

I.....nterest!

When this experimental Man

Digs & digs

Day & night

To get golden water,

The bachelor Sorcerer too

Helpless of the powers that shows

This mysterious ball at random!

*Poor innocents compensate with their precious lives and what is this unfair

Dogma?

[Quoted from a Survivor but a Senile's Diary.]

nimal dunuhinga

When I Am Retired?

I'll be a Gunner with harmless bullets
to secure the World?
A painter, to the blinds
Who could see the Life-size Paradise.
A singer to the deafs & dumbs
to cure their sicknesses?
A runner and chase behind the sinners.
I would be a gambler to open
the hidden trump in the mysterious Life-game?
At the end of the month beloved and myself
sitting on the threshold,
We count the coloured notes
in the lump sum pension
with a magnifying glass?

nimal dunuhinga

When I Broke For A Smoke

After keeping my burdensome head on the pillow of dreams
I think of my right side, that's Atlantic Ocean
And the other side Pacific.

But I am not a diver.

I touch the soil of old Red Indians the native,
Geranimo comes to my mind one of the tribal leaders, my great grandfather's
friend.

And my brother always say this is the land of opportunity
A beggar turns a millionaire in a second.

Dear brother, I just want to die peacefully and nothing else
But it seems a Casket is more expensive than the life here.

I collect coins in my piggy till

But I take them back when I broke for a smoke.

*

' I called out only two words I could think of English, Go away!
I mean for the children to come, I was longing to touch them.'
[Poet unidentified]

nimal dunuhinga

When I Crawl

You gave me the big hands
Mom and Dad!
I am worried as I have no voice
And I am far away to utter a lullaby
Beside your sleeping den!
Still I am crawling in the rat race of life
And this participation is useless
For a silver cup and an invalid certificate of death!

*To travel hopefully is better than to arrive.

-Sir James Jeans

nimal dunuhinga

When I Cried Eagerly For The Crescent Moon

I was a toddler
And still I remember
My deceased poor Mom
Gave me a big slice of Papaya.
Now I realized her unlimited love
When I count the black seeds of the fruit.

* To my dearest Mom! Sorry, I am a pauper and there is no way to publish my dream book of poetry, recently I tried few publishers in the like to publish the anthology without a Red cent, but the only problem they say not a single head fond of reading poetry and still they struggle to fill their holey pockets with the dirty currency notes.

nimal dunuhinga

When I Enrolled To My Old School

Yes it's still situated in the same place.
And it's very hard to find.
Surrounding almost changed.
They have flatten with bulldozers all and made skyscrapers around.
A concrete city! But it's situated in the same place.
My old teachers were not there and the belfry hall is very old.
Thatched roof converted to tin sheets and there were few more class rooms.
Mango and Jack-fruit trees no more.
Where were my old friends?
The Principal is my friend's son
Who was surprised?
When I asked that I want to enroll.

nimal dunuhinga

When I Was A Kid

I never thought of become an adult.
But the time-storm has taken me to the worst position.
I lost my old friends.
Where is my playground?
Skyscrapers swallowed the paradise
And it's almost a concrete prison now.
Adulthood is a heavy burden and this mystery play is horrible
Struggle for existence?
I want to sit on the swing again and skip to my childhood.
Who erased my chalk drawing on the blackboard?

nimal dunuhinga

When My Eyes Shut

When my eyes permamanently shut
Oh! what a happiest event?
no more sorrows; no more happiness
(very few ever I had)
only nothingness.
debt collectors won't come to see me
specially on salary days
tax collectors never to be seen
I hated them all in my life.
spouse never say redeem the jewelry
kitchen goods empty, this, that and why?
children never cry for square ruled books, foot rulers, pencils, erasers
chewing gum and shoes.
friends will have chats
about my goodness and kindness.
How can I abandon my family?
without leaving them a copper and a shelter to live.
I must wait, I should open my eyes
and come again as a different man.
Then they all run and there won't be any trouble at all.
Wife will never grumbles and children never cry.

nimal dunuhinga

When My Geography Teacher Draws French Alps On The Blackboard?

She could draw maps nicely
and once she said; 'Here the French Alps.'
I was not interesred of the mountains those days?
And mesmerized of of her magical smile!
O that dimples on her both cheeks
When she smiles.
Once a week my usual routine
out of the class without a cause
Probably my mysterious looks at her?
When I was in the port of Marseille in France
A French lady walked along the pier
towards the yacht harbour.
I just came down on the ship's gangway
with a cigarette in my mouth.
And she smiled with me
her dimples on the cheeks
dragged me to my Geography class.
I verified of French Alps
with a stevedore near by
'O it's far away'
he said annoyingly!
I had a sad nostalgic feeling
that how far I was from my motherland?
It haunts me everywhere
in the same manner being an alien
to this unknown World?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

When Our Picnic's Over

The dumb innocent girl expressed her inner feelings to the blind companion.
I watch and realized what she wants to tell;
' Hey! I 'll give you a warm kiss if you sing me a sad song.'
Instead of him I muttered my favorite nursery rhyme.
' I am a little firefly
Look at me!
I am as happy as I can be.
See my light flicker and shine so bright
Now watch me fly into the night.'
I was really amazed by seeing their innocent smiles.

nimal dunuhinga

When Rainbow Says You'Re Not Seeing My True Colors

My Railway track joins somewhere
On a particular day to the Rainbow
And the whistle of my train
Not so loud as earlier and some mechanical fault
It seems!
And the Lantern too is dimming
As the oil is not sufficient?
I have my own plans and some great notions
But how could I reach you
And get down at your colorful one stop station,
When you say that I am not seeing your true colors?
I am really backwards and pull the chain to stop
But that doesn't work properly.
Please give me a word at least I can raise my voice there
And come for a conclusion with some negotiations?

*'You know you're old when you've lost all your marvels.' -Merry Browne

nimal dunuhinga

When Sun Peeps Through The Tattered Sky I Saw Dew On The Grass!

Our daughter in Australia sent us a digital camera.

Thank you very much!

I ran to the faraway burial grounds in my dreams

To take a photograph of my poor Mom & Dad!

Then the Cemetery Keeper who's smell of Liquor

Stopped me and said; ' Leave them alone as they're fast asleep.'

Still it's a dilemma the skinny drunkard whether he's dead or alive?

*I dedicate this poem to my shadowy friend Paddy Martin who's fast asleep!

Please have a rest as the War still goes on here and there?

nimal dunuhinga

When The Darkness Robbed The Light In Happy Hour

The Corsican Brothers (French: Les Frères corses) is a novella by Alexandre Dumas, père first published in 1844. It has been adapted many times on the stage and in film.

Jukebox goes on in the dim light restaurant
And the protagonist realized
When they danced Ballroom
To the tune of The Blue Danube Waltz
By John Strauss II, changing their precious wives.
Really hard to recognize each other?
Happiness & Sorrow
They're Siamese twins unchangeable.

For Alexandre Dumas!

nimal dunuhinga

When The Dusk Falls

My life-sized Sun although it's a dummy run
Landfall in the twilight sky like a lozenge
You drowned in the corrugated sea.
Spreading like an orange dye
You're melting and gleaming luminescence.
I keep your corona as a memento
Because another Sun comes tomorrow though it's identical?

nimal dunuhinga

When The Manor Is Burning

The Housekeeper a bald-headed senile
Who search his lost toothless comb in a hurry.

* Since his childhood the orphan waged for the baroness.

nimal dunuhinga

When The Monsoon Rains Hit On Tin Roofs?

In the villages
rare scent of wild flowers
solitary brooks & friendly frogs,
Bird songs
foxes hoot on mountain tops and lakes.
Owls like bad relatives.
Where to go here?
in the polluted towns
you hit on concrete pillars
and idle on long stainless bridges
that hold the modern civilization?
What to do,
destiny already written
and hard to erase?
Among the nameless tombs
I too a breathing corpse
in the Necropolis.
And I would like to grab the whole family and
journey into the past to see my
innocent Hometown's charm?

nimal dunuhinga

When The Next Door's Blackout!

The Boarding-House School Teacher writes;
I too feel like in the darkness.
I cannot think or write anything
And I forget my students' names too.
'What's the matter? ' My heart laments.
I just pretend there's nothing.
The landlord said in the morning,
'They have already gone.'
And passed me an opened letter.
She wrote at last;
It's a must
Everything comes to a conclusion!
And he called me again the Satan,
Perhaps it could be a Re-union?
Life 's a journey once you said.
I hope you get a transfer to another school
And turn a new page of life's unending book.
Don't be upset
And it's not the World's End?

*'Draw a circle, not a heart, around the one you love because a heart can break
but the circle goes on forever.' - Unknown

nimal dunuhinga

When The Shaken Life's X-Rayed

Though it's a shorter wavelength,

Proudly gives a long history.

Yet never say,

Where you have come from and where you go in this mysterious journey?

*[A beautiful nurse found this piece of paper under a cancer patient's pillow.]

nimal dunuhinga

When The Sun Goes Down

He watches that she leaves for her late husband's smallholding
And she counts the fowl comes back home before the evening
Star peeps in the sky.

He volunteered to do the job and she's happy.

He watches the farm overnight with her foxhound.

One day the kind lady proposed him;

'You are too young to stay alone there

Better stay in my attic and help me to do my day's strenuous work.'

The orphan youth agreed with a smile like a page boy.

*To John Fowles for his great novel 'The French Lieutenant's Woman.'

nimal dunuhinga

When Thoughts Haunt In A Painful Winter?

When I see the piles of Snow here
I think of the dark skinny children
They draw waterfalls in their loose-leaf drawing books
But never seen a coloured rainbow in the mysterious sky?
When I touch the crispy snowflakes
I think of the crying infants with their upturned lips
They struggle to suck the milk but the kind mothers
don't have a single drop in their shrunk breasts?
When I scribble this I hear my beloved reads;
'One man's old shirt is another man's new start.'

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

When We Were Together

Youth is stronger than a wicked King.
Do you remember the days of our fragrant spring?
Whenever you want the colorful rainbow
I brought from the serene sky as a wow.
The painful twilight at a seaside
How sad the faraway lonely tossing boat?
Sun dies dipping in the dumb Ocean
But how could we forget our glorious past?

* To the eternal lovers as evergreen Magnolias
My compliment with a deep cry.

nimal dunuhinga

When You Asked Me Where's The Happiness?

In this awful night
I was scared to utter a word
And I showed her
The full Moon
Where she hides in a black cloud.

*to spysgrandson a friend of the journey!

nimal dunuhinga

When Your Smouldering Round Bullet Pierce My Fragile Heart?

My tall brother soldier!
If your rusty gun is a guitar
Then people won't die in vain
and they listen to your
melodious voice!
But your rough fingers
The Warlords,
they trained you purposely
for the trigger
and not for strings?
My little brother soldier!
When your smouldering round bullet
pierce my fragile heart
Do you hear that
painful dying song of your father's voice?

to the Irish poet William Butler Yeats!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

When Your Unknown Friend Lost His Job

He knows all of you but nobody knows him

And he was expelled from the sweat-shop yesterday

By the bearded Boss.....! He speaks American English accent though he was an Indian,

' Hey buddy here is your salary and I do not want you anymore

But still we are friends.' He said in a friendly manner.

' Yes Boss it should be like that but your calculation has an error like Indian style.....never mind Sir.....this is the land of opportunity

And I wait till the Black Sun peeps to our Ghetto.' I too replied him in a friendly manner.

* Every nut & bolt of the bridge knows the type of the proud vehicles passed.

My unlucky birth star Capricorn predicts this week.....There have been many changes going on at faces are coming in your how you speak so it doesn't come back to haunt you.

nimal dunuhinga

Whenever The Man Leaves Digging Of Earth?

Heaven is the sky
And the sky is heaven.
The road on earth
Which leads to the path?
Shylocks still prefer the earth greedily
And do their bargain with the pound of flesh.
Though you take feathers from the tortoise
Never catch a word or a glance
By the earthly Goddess called "Woman".
The given time is not sufficient to negotiate with her
And the God-fearing man cries forever?
I set free a page of the book
"Where the real tears hidden"
And you see it floats high
Like a lark in the sky.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Where All The Poor In The Village Were Buried?

Is this a cemetery?

The Gypsy Tinker, Negro Blacksmith, Grey-bearded Barber, One eyed Arabian butcher, Native Hangman & the family and the rest of all hide somewhere, Nobody knows to point out so and so as no tombs were found there.

The flat graves show their innocence and poverty.

'Where is she? ' Hangman asks.

Butcher says; 'All are here brother and they are in a deep sleep.'

Hey! Now it's a playground for the children being a promise of the deceased dumb Mayor.

* Dedication to all the poet friends in the site.

nimal dunuhinga

Where Can I Find That Mischievous Butterfly?

'It's very hard to identify in the heat of the summer.

Hey! Mysterious collector, please do not hurt the caterpillar.

Let her sleep in the cocoon and your mischievous butterfly
probably flew to some other ground.

Why don't you call by her name? ' The old gardener questioned him.

'Her name is butterfly so far but I think she has changed her name purposely.'

The trespasser replied.

nimal dunuhinga

Where Cries Begin When A Broken Tear Smiles

I rest under a shady tree

Autumnal faded leaves tremble

with the peevish wind.

It looks like a Beethoven's symphony.

And I gaze at a faraway roof top flag post.

Torn flag waves in its sad rhythm

But the flag post stands straight

Like a young recruit.

Oh! If I am a newly painted flag post in the battlefield of life

Then I could have teach the flag how to show its true colors.

* To my unseen friend the silent song smith Nick Percowycz.

No palpitation heard since a long time from your territory.

[Anchorville/Michigan] Are you passing well my dear?

nimal dunuhinga

Where Did You Study Cruel Man & Men?

Why you kill your Mothers & Fathers

Brothers and Sisters

And make merry that you have done a great job

Did you study in a Religious school?

I do not know who gave you that iron heart

Instead of a revolver that should automatically operate

inside yourself before you aim at someone else?

I strongly condemn.....these barbaric killings specially the innocent children!

Tear drops from my eyes

flush to my heart and heart cries?

[Diogenis, a Greek philosopher 412 BC -323 BC, was a beggar who made his home in the streets of Athens, made a virtue of extreme poverty. He was a former pupil of Socrates.

A small 6' tall characteristic figurine of Diogenis, holding a lantern walking with his companion - a dog.

According to a popular story, because Athens was fraught with decadence and material extravagance, Diogenes walked through Athens in broad daylight nude, carrying a lighted lantern and looking for an honest man. As portrayed in this little statue.]

nimal dunuhinga

Where I Find A Treasure-Trove?

A Dollar coin stuck in my sticky wallet
And I salute the face that engraved on the coin,
The sixth President of the United States of America
who resembles my benevolent maternal grandpa.
I would like to Scratch a lottery to build up my treasury
But I am scared that I'll loose the coin which guards my magical wallet(notes fly
& coins remain) since a long time.

nimal dunuhinga

Where Is Venus The Goddess?

The Capricorn; His travelogue birth star who waits since a long time to see her and bring some luck.

But he says; 'Though I am a dream weaver I have never been to a school sir And it's very hard to count the mesmerized notes as it slips through the bony fingers.'

'Never mind my dear gray haired vagabond, the psychic Moon magnifies your intuition on your unpredicted destiny and trust yourself.' Capricorn pacified him.

nimal dunuhinga

Where Our Innocent Warm Tears Flow?

A sad message from Dandenong, Australia;

Our loving daughter Tharindu
Who's delivered a premature stillborn son today!
How do we send our deepest sympathy?
We realized the present distance darling daughter!
It's like the sky & Earth.
Do you feel our warm tears?
The cruel invisible hands taken our unseen Grandson
Earlier he took our Granddaughter too during my absence.
To whom we claim this unfair gamble and offer our inner cry?
Darling daughter be patient and we're with you till our last breath.
I have a name for you my unseen Grandson!
Lucky! (As you have not seen this cruel World)
We never forget our Lucky!
Your poor Grandma cries behind me like an Antelope.
You're the luckiest Portrait printed in our fragile hearts
And very soon we come to your lonely resting place sonny!
Yes, with my teary loose-leaf book of Sorrow!

*A humble dedication to our new grandson who bid Goodbye without seeing your poor Grandma & Grandpa! Our dreamy rainbow bridge collapsed, and we checked our old Passports, validity already expired it seems and we're very near to you!

nimal dunuhinga

Where She Goes In My Dreamy-Gypsy Caravan?

[Gorky's short stories generally portray the subjugation of the Russian peasantry and the dismal lives of social outcasts—tramps, small-time hoods, and other down-and-outers. Many of these tales, such as 'Makar Chudra' and 'Chelkash, ' are based upon actual peasant legends and folk allegories. 'Makar Chudra' (Gorky's first short story, originally published in 1892) follows the brief life of Loiko Zobar, a young man who falls in love with and marries a willful gypsy woman. Rather than become enslaved to her, he stabs her.]

I love her floral blouse
and the folklore vest
She wears a striped short pants
and brass anklets
O that red spotted on the black turban
suits for a scarf?
That secret smile,
You dragged me to my favorite short story
of Maxim Gorky's 'Makar Chudra'
And you resemble me of Radda
who betrayed Loiko Zobar?
Haughty!
At last why did you kill his character? (He stabs her)

*I must be very grateful to my brother Lalith who gave me this book and said;
'This would be your travelling companion in Samsara? '
Yes my dear brother still it's with me.

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Where The Freer Delicate Birds Are Destined To Fly?

Please make a significant mark on the seamless pale blue sky
As the marvelous invisible Master painter who never leaves at least a brush mark
for them to see the road?

My dear fragile birds it's advisable to fly in the daylight.

Oh! This horrible night sky, do you think the proud star would guide you or the
haughty moon would have a kind word with you?

Though the Sun is cruel or prodigal,

Anyway he gives you the light equal as a parole to see the opaque destination.

* [A wingless migratory bird flies towards the Syrian sky in search of the poetess
a formality, does the responsible authority inquires the relevant papers from this
biting bird?]

nimal dunuhinga

Where The River Ganges Meets Yamuna

[Fall from Himalayas and adrift on river Ganges;]
A free fall while I was meditating at the peak
And I think of Issac Newton's Law 'The Gravity'.
Oh! When I touched the cold water of river Ganges at Dehra Dun
I was so happy after a long time.
At New Delhi takes water and returns only sewage.
Downstream, the Yamuna is almost dead like me.
At Varnasi the holliest city water levels dropped.
It's very strange while I alive couldn't see & hear anything,
Also feel nothing,
Death is really a gift.
You see, hear & feel everything
Then I became a real swimmer of life at the Bay of Bengal.

* I dedicate this poem to m/Pipola for their great article in the Time Magazine
'How India's success is killing its holy river? '
And I think of my old friends Lalith Rohan in Netherlands and Joseph John who
lives in Spain.

nimal dunuhinga

Where's The God?

[It was in Corinth that a meeting between Alexander the Great and Diogenes is supposed to have taken place.[26] The accounts of Plutarch and Diogenes Laërtius recount that they exchanged only a few words: while Diogenes was relaxing in the sunlight in the morning, Alexander, thrilled to meet the famous philosopher, asked if there was any favour he might do for him. Diogenes replied, 'Yes, stand out of my sunlight'. Alexander then declared, 'If I were not Alexander, then I should wish to be Diogenes.'[27] In another account of the conversation, Alexander found the philosopher looking attentively at a pile of human bones. Diogenes explained, 'I am searching for the bones of your father but cannot distinguish them from those of a slave.'

A pregnant

Mom

Runs

in

the

Gaza

strip

to

catch

the

overhead

Bombs?

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

While Eastern Soul Walks Westerly

He's an innocent Aryan
Who sees his cruel cousin
Adolf Hitler kneels at Anne Frank's grave
And cries aloud like a German Shepherd's yelp.

nimal dunuhinga

Whispers In The Star Class Crab Soup Restaurant

'It's too hot Master and please do not hurry to eat the soup.'

'Hey! Are you still alive? '

'Speak slowly Sir, boss could hear our conversation.

To tell you frankly I jumped out from the cauldron when the water was boiling,

I guessed my customer is so kind and I am sure you hide me in your pocket.

If it's possible throw me into the nearby lake on your way back home.

As same as your loving wife my darling too waits for me,

Luckily who escaped from the catch.'

* Dedication to the poet Edgar Lee Masters for his ' Spoon River Anthology'.

nimal dunuhinga

Who Collects The Scattered Flowers?

When you eat a Shark-fin soup
sitting on a Chinese rooftop Restaurant
did you see that
ragged orphan boy
at the World's end
drinks muddy water
and his sister just attended the age
'Puberty' on the road?
Her slim body she looks in a broken mirror
that covered with a torn cloth
a city political banner?
Be careful my sibling!
The handsome politicians'
boisterous sons fly on the streets
with their shiny Limousines
who're greedy for fresh flowers
like their gentle fathers?

nimal dunuhinga

Who Gives Freely, Willingly And Without Expectation?

[It's only with the heart that one can see clearly, for the most essential things are invisible to the eye.]-Antonie de Saint Exupery

An old drunkard stands at a twilight
in front of a dim light pub
and he shouts; 'Death is a Prostitute
She wants to sleep with everybody.'
And he thinks that someone opens the tiny door
and invites him in for a drink,
but none offers?
Then he murmurs to his long shadow;
'Death is better than these stingy guys.'

for Magnolia!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Who Kidnapped Our Happiness?

I cannot get up early before the lazy Sunrise.

Where should I go?

A retiree seeks a haven to keep his burden head on a soft pillow

And sleep the whole day until she brings the mug of bitter coffee with the usual nagging.

She too became wearied in running behind my oblique shadow

And in the starry night I count the stars one by one in the Galaxy.

I request her to sing like old days and she murmurs her favorite in a housecoat.

'I know the joy of being an old man

That's called sorrow my dear.'

You see the things are blurred and hear very low

Limbs cannot move and the soul full of aches.

The day will come when I smile with you,

You look away!

And I understand dear that you won't recognize me anymore.

And I know the joy of being an old woman

That's called sadness my dear.'

nimal dunuhinga

Who Painted The New Green On Earth?

A poor mother waits for her son to walk soon!
'I do not want to call you baby anymore
It's too long in the cradle
And try to jump over the fence.
World's going to be worst than ever,
Forget the sweet lullabies
And wake up for the bitter reality.
You're a warrior my son!
People need a strong leader
Not to make War!
But make crops for empty burning stomachs.
Brotherhood, Solidarity and hand-in-hand
Sing a song that we're happy forever!
Oceans change their uproar
Rivers may flow in a different beat
Rain falls and drought gets a vacation!
And still if they want to make unnecessary fights
Let them go to Hell!
We all sing that everlasting song
'Who painted the new green on Earth'
And a farm lassie would definitely join the chorus
My precious Son!

nimal dunuhinga

Who Plucked This Man-Bird's Discoloured Feathers?

Salivate & cries!

Tetanus,

Hysterics,

hotchpotch & this hopeless bird

caged on the top?

Pejudical to see the faraway Horizon

and no tower of strength?

to my poet friend Pranab!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Who Takes My Torn Kite Up?

I have a crochet-thread big roll lengthy and unbreakable
And this bamboo skeleton wrapped with an oil paper.
In the drizzle of gloomy hope,
My dreamlike delicate kite
When she goes to the unfaithful sky?
And I hear that she mutters;
'Kites rise against the wind.'

(I dedicate this poem to my friends Jerry & Alison)

nimal dunuhinga

Who Takes My Watercolour Painting To The Amateur's Art Exhibition?

O the poor hairless brush secretly informs me
That the Horse wants to run away.
I beg you to stay until the Exhibition finishes
And I promise you to make a better stable
If I win the first prize!
Let stay together for sometimes
And I am sure that you have a bright future.
Still if your intension is to run away?
Then I am sorry as I cannot stop
And I give you wings!

[To the poets Pranab K Chakraborty and Yoonoos Peerbocus.]

*Arrange whatever pieces come your way.
-Woolf

nimal dunuhinga

Who Understands Their Needs?

They cannot speak and write too.
But their expressions a very simple request
And it's not exceeds in your fraud meter.
Boss!
Please try to consider
Their humble expectations.

* [Unionist writes on a placard before the coming strike.]

nimal dunuhinga

Why All These Childish Quarrelling Like In An Uppish Parliament?

Some prefer nettles

And some drink their own urine as a medicine.

You should read the poem Charles Bukowski's 'A Man'

Totally a blank, but I would prefer one of his best

Regarding the ridiculous Man.

All the Bosses in the World still firmly believe

That one plus one equals to eleven?

Human behaviour is very strange,

Some good husbands hate broccoli at home

But outside they praise that a lot!

Brother and sister there are things to quarrel

With whom I do not know?

For an example take a needy family of a dozen

With few bread crumbs dipped in water they fulfill their kinky bowels

And in their shack no rooms, parents undress and do their fundamental exercises

in front of the children some are wake at midnight

What a sad event?

nimal dunuhinga

Why All These Taboos For The Fatal Dance?

[A poor farmer, Ethan Frome lives his days throwing his powerful body into trying to draw a living from the frozen ground of his land as well as tending to his dour, sickly his wife's cousin Mattie comes to help, Ethan eventually finds himself in love with the sweet young woman who shyly tends to her chores about the cold wooden house.]-Quoted from Edith Wharton's celebrated novel, 'Ethan Frome'.

To that beautiful Widow next door
who winks and sneezes
in his wintry faded dreams
Jingle with sleigh-bells!
He would like to dance
on slippery floors
Because he doesn't know the art of right steps
As Santa Claus?

humbly to the poetess Sridevi!

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Why Are Flowers Brightly Coloured And Perfumed?

On a Sunday at dusk
fireflies gather under a flamboyant tree
and I met him with that familiar smile
near the dim light pub!
He introduced himself as 'Charles de Gaulle.'
'I am inga from another planet? '
He ordered Scotch on the rocks
for me a Mrtini Rosso Vermouth
with a thin lemon slice.
Both of us lit the French cigarette 'Gitanes'
and I pulled a long puff into my patchy lungs?
We discussed current politics and lot of things.
Why are floweres brightly coloured and perfumed
While the humanity fades and stinks?
'It's Master's choice! '
And he reads my mind it seems?
Time has come you to quit poetry
and start painting.
No restrictions on painting at all
of the brush strokes?
When in poetry you collect kind friends
As same as few worst enemies too?
Don't waist your precious time in vain Comrade
If you come to France I could have arranged you a Working Visa
At least you can paint the Eiffel Tower there in your Life time!

*Humbly I dedicate this scribble to

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Why Did She Cry Quietly?

Please let her cry; The poor blind spinster.
Still she hears like in a nightmare how the horrible war planes scraped the
helpless sky and who wipes her faithful tears?

Postscript

* I saw stray pigeons search for grains in this lonely morning and I found a
bunch of keys on the roadside, If I could open this mysterious door and take the
Alladin's wonderful lamp out?
(04 th of July'08 @ 0630 hrs.)

nimal dunuhinga

Why The Famous Muscular Champion Lost?

He holds the title since a long time in the ring.
But he never expected a defeat
By a feather weight skinny boxer
Who comes from a shanty it seems.
Following day of the defeat
The newspaper's bold head line reads everybody;
'Unexpected punch was so hard from a starved soul's fist.'

nimal dunuhinga

Why You Plucked My Little Rose?

Still a bud and can't you see the teardrops
those are not dew and your cruel hand
snatched before the bloom?

Who sharpen the thorns
in vain without venom?

The gardener too blind or helpless?
And this is for inhuman Rapists!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Why You So Inquisitive Of My Whereabouts?

My night school's still dark
and the road I walk
Tar always black!
On the way,
I see rare night flowers,
They too have pearly white teeth
when they smile?
O the white Goddess
as passing clouds.
The white board in the gloomy class
Colored teacher writes on
with a piece of black chalk
A poem to recite;
'When forget-me-not
covers the old pauper's graveyard
Everybody thinks
It's the garden of Eden?
But in cruel Autumn
When the flowers withered
It's still the pauper's graveyard? '

[From Father have I my stature,
my zest for earnest living;
From little Mother
my gay nature,
My love of story-telling.]-Goethe

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Widow Bird's Uncannier Flight In A Wintry Night?

A feather in the wind
suddenly landed
on my head
and I was shocked
why that so hard
then I realized
it's belonged
to a widow bird?

* happy families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.-
'Anna Karenina' by Count Leo Tolstoy

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

Wild Flower

My sweet-scented Jasmine in the wilderness.
Though I am afar; still I smell your rare fragrance.
It's very hard to blossom where I stand.
The infected Monster who sniffs willy-nilly flowers for garlands.
I dreamed that he was roaming around your habitat.
He may knock at your door.
Do not open; be alert.
He will throw colourful notes to the sky.
Please do not get tempted.
Pray for the day of my release
from this dreary dungeon.
Your heart throb Wasp
always willing to fly against the wind
and reach your dreamy halcyon cottage.

To Jerry & Alison for your mutual understanding and the partners of the life
journey!

nimal dunuhinga

Will-O'-The-Wisp

Hey! my naughty wind chime bird,
you are trying to snatch my song book
(first episode of our love) .
and fly away.

My dear there are lot of mistakes in that
and not finished yet.

Why don't we correct and sing together?
but you are on the wing it seems.

I am not an expert like you in the vast sky.

So, I have to think twice before I step in.

I used to the old cage

and I am frighten of this unlimited void.

nimal dunuhinga

Wind Bell

It's quite sad
I observed,
When there's wind
You make a melancholy note
Like an infant who cries for milk.
Otherwise very quiet as a hermit.
I too silent sometimes chum!
When I am happy.
But when the World goes upside down
My behavior is ridiculous like a clown.

* [Boasting war makes a brave soldier into a hopeless lunatic.]

nimal dunuhinga

Wind Swept The Past

Brother,
Please do not ask
From where he comes
And let open the doors.
Do not ask where he goes
And let clear the roads.
He comes and he goes
Nobody knows
Unless the strange Master
Who holds
The book of itinerary.
He let loose the leaves
And wind swept the past.
The unseen mighty wind collects
Each and every whisper of the human souls.

* [Salutation! For the return of soldier's ashes who was killed in I Gautier will be buried today at the Riverside National Cemetery.]

nimal dunuhinga

Wind Up

If I am a feather
I always dream.
I can float in the sky.
Let the wind takes me to her destiny.
I cannot direct the wind
only I can adjust my sail
according to her will.

nimal dunuhinga

Winebibber's Old Stories Of Wartime

Old Wine Cellar's insane daughter loves the Alcoholic
But her father strongly dislikes the affair.
The tippler who comes often to the Wine store
And voluntarily sweeps the floor.
Once in a blue Moon among the hysterics
He too drowns in the old Oak Vat with the intending Son-in-law
And listens to his old Wartime stories
While she serves appetizers on the triangular table.

* To my contemporary friend eera

nimal dunuhinga

Wingless Radical Migratory Birds

You get scorched your wings
if you fly over the sun.
Then what will happen to our wings
if we fly over the moon?
You get chil blain.
Then where do we fly?
And where do we stay if there is no place of our own?
Even though we find a place do they feed us?
What shall we do then?
Make a way to fly over the sun & moon
or search for a new world without sun & moon?
(still the majority cannot see under the bright light) .

nimal dunuhinga

Winter Loom Weaves A Sad Cloth?

[Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending;
I saw her singing at her work.] - The Solitary Reaper by William Wordsworth

In this winter gloomy morning
I see your sad face like in a dream
and the silent whisper of an old poem
I could hear at the threshold.
'Is this a morning or a night
I cannot see you or touch
and hear too friend.
Am I alive or dead? '

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Winterer

Would this tropical seed grow in this rich soil
And become a Wintergreen one day
Or it may be winterkilled some day?
When I was watering to the rose bush in the morning
I deeply thought of myself.

nimal dunuhinga

Withered Grass On The Playground

In the morning I dropped my grandson
to the Kindergarten
And I watched a Father plays football
with his daughter.
My inquisitive mind traveled
to the bygone years,
How my poor Mom was sitting in the tuck-shop
and watched my acrobats in the playground?
I like to go to school again
But my loving Mom I don't know your whereabouts
with my old books?
I am old now and see the nearby burial grounds
Some stray dogs play with their puppies?

'No man is poor who has had a godly mother.'
-Abraham Lincoln

nimal dunuhinga

nimal dunuhinga

Woodpecker

You loiter and tap me with your hard beak my friend.
But you never find any insect here.
Though you see my tree trunk is strong
It's almost a hollow.
They have already sucked my sap
And where they were gone?
Do you hear the far away song of storm?
It murmurs to me that I won't be long-standing.

nimal dunuhinga

Writer's Cramp

Not only the muscles of the hand
his heart too got cramps
and the writing paper refused,
pen has hidden somewhere.
Candle it burned to the last stage
wax like his tears
Grand father clock stopped.
A cicada's chirp the resemblance of his heartbeat.
His fiancée has eloped
with his best friend
and there is no way
to express his misery.

nimal dunuhinga

Wrought Iron

On a quiet sunday morning
the prayers are echoing from a nearby Chapel.
A village Blacksmith rests for a while
leaving his big hammer aside.
His daughter has gone to sunday school
with the farmer's twin sons.
Wife makes bread rolls and a porridge
and busy in the kitchen.
He heard a rare whisper in the workshop.
An iron strip shrieks,
'let me live happily
until I get rusty and die,
Boss, why do you try to hammer
and give me a shape with a temper?
sharpen me and make a sword
you want me to be head the mankind.
leave me alone,
and if you are not an adamant
please make me a sickle.

*Dedication to the Weapon Manufacturerers.

nimal dunuhinga

Yellowish Rickshawman's Shuttle Service In The Colorful City And Off Limits

In the capital
This simple man with a loincloth
Poor fellow his name and he doesn't know
His date of birth.
Just think of your forefather's age.
His sweaty bare body
And broken ribs sadden,
The bare feet tempered under the burning Sun
And he's familiar with all the tar and gravel roads
From the court to brothel
And the Magistrate to Clerk
He has drawn them on his rickety cart.
Though the journey's hard
He never said tired.
Now he rests in a Pauper's graveyard
And his tumbledown antique cart the last will
Nobody has taken to the boasting Museum?

*Rickshaw (jinricksha) [Jap. jin(man) +riki (power) and sha is carriage.]
A small two wheeled hooded vehicle drawn by one man or more men.
Originally used in Japan.

nimal dunuhinga

You Have To Work?

Work work work
Work work work
Work work work
The life clock ticks!
Work work work
Heart beat gives the same rhythm?
You breath
You walk
You eat
You sleep
To the same annoying tune!
If you work
You get that shiny colored paper notes
with the portrait of bygone handsome Presidents!
and if you don't work, fired black & white certificate receive by ordinary mail.
No money,
No Honey?

[Ulcers, rheumatoid arthritis, respiratory headaches and rectal complaints are capitalism's accumulated debt of exhausted human tissue.]-A dog's life(quoted from Sheila Rowbotham's 'Woman's consciousness, Man's World)

nimal dunuhinga

You Impressed Me There Are Seven Days A Week

We met somewhere in a dark corner of this uppish World
And came to know each other within a second.

Still I remember;

'What day is today? ' You inquired in a friendly way.

Then I said; 'It's Friday.'

'All right I'll see you on next Friday.'

How many Fridays were gone?

And I didn't see you anymore.

I raised my hands to the nameless sky

And whispered; 'When shall we meet again?'

*.....of that day or hour no one knows.

nimal dunuhinga

You Must Learn An Indoor Game To Survive?

'Serena Williams

Beats(6)

Agnieszka

Radwanska(3)

in Wimbledon,

England! '

My friend who called me

from London Air Port

on his way to our motherland.

Then I replied; 'I too must learn

an indoor game to survive Johnny!

If fails? At least pick-pocketing.'

'That sounds good chum!

But nowadays they carry

plastic chips and not worth of doing that.'

He laughed like an Olympic winner?

nimal dunuhinga

You Padlock A Butterfly

Hey my Girlie! the nursery teacher
you taught me to spell love
and how to love smoothly
instead of nursery rhymes.

It's all over like in a movie.

I am a desperado in a nursing home.

Sitting on an isolated bench

And I recognized you from afar,

Your exceptional smile.

Oh! you are designated as a new Matron to this desperate y I hope that you will
teach me

Your Toy boy, again the spelling of love

And how to love politely not smoothly as earlier?

nimal dunuhinga

You.

You are the image of the World.
Your eyes are like two light houses
On the opposite poles.
Your nose, the tallest tower
sniffs all sort of air.
Your thin lips, the Equator
Your ears, which catch every secret murmur.
You are running around the Sun forever.
You are genius and untouchable
Oh! I am only a faded number
in your heart-calendar.

nimal dunuhinga

Your Facial Expression Still A Puzzle For Me?

the green grass with dew
resembles my poor mom's smile
and still it's a dilemma
mom cries or smiles?

for the poetess Sara Fielder in gratitude!

nimal dunuhinga

Your Grandma Is A Flower

Each and every deep wrinkle of her sad face
Tells a bygone story about the beauty.
The petals about to fall in the weary Autumn
And the boisterous wind begins its activity.
You cannot hold the storm Grandma!
Let the petals scatter into any direction likewise
But the root of the tree still strong enough
To grab the scorching earth.
Smile as the early summer days
And it's a gift indeed to the offspring Grandma.

nimal dunuhinga

You'Re Still Alive In My Sad World

'Yet sometimes when the light moves slowly west,
And bells summon a faithful few for prayers,
I see his shadow picking a bouquet.
To live in memory is to be alive.'

[For my grandfather who started to work in the coal mines of West Virginia when
he was twelve years old.]-A Hymn to Frost
Sandra Fowler

Who said you're gone
I didn't see any obituary notice
and I hear the whispers
in the wind.....like poems
I copied one for your kind perusal,
Here that comes like a witness
that you're still alive in my sad World?

for Mamta a small birthday present!

nimal inga

nimal dunuhinga

You'Re Still Here

At the finest level of my being you're
still with me.

We still look at each other,

At that level beyond sight.

We talk and laugh with each other,

In a place beyond words.

We still touch each other

On a level beyond touch.

We share time together

in a place,

Where time stand still.

We are still together

On a level called love.

But I cry alone for you,

In a place call Reality.

[Missed by your loving family, wife, daughter and son.]

* All of a sudden I found this cutting among my rubbish of papers.A widow has sent this sad poem to a local newspaper remembering of her deceased beloved husband's third year memorial.

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Zoo In The Man!

Flora & Fauna
Seems to be a jungle?
Blood river flows
Stream like nerves
Run all over the puffed body.
In the mysterious brain
Elephant, Lion, Tiger
And all the animals rest.
If this bourgeois Man can live
Like a deer or a rabbit
Then no more unnecessary Wars
But he does for others need?

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