

Poetry Series

**sam dan**  
**- poems -**

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sam dan()

# Augmented Life - To What End?

Metal men are invading!  
There have been a million sightings  
Often, it is the loss of a uterus  
Or a foetus.  
Sometimes, some collection of sperm  
Or a human egg.  
That's what they're saying,  
When they're back.  
Just now, it was a nasal surgery -  
Yes, they don't have noses like we do...  
Are we supposed to battle it out  
With these sub-super-human 'anges'  
Or will we lose out?

sam dan

# Dystopia!

Where children lead... can they?  
And servants dictate...  
besides  
Looting, slaying, lying.  
I'll have to appease  
My grumbling-withheld part of me  
And try to get back  
On the morrow  
To etch out a Xanadu  
And Col's good ol' Kubla...

sam dan

# From A Good Life To A Wretched Pedestrian Existence

It was the life of an intellectual  
when there was time -  
to contemplate, meditate, propose, reinvent  
and help adapt to changing times...  
to improvise and find more meaning in the things we did.  
Now, we trudge like slaves  
in a desert - this quicksand of life  
where even fresh air is scarce,  
clean water too precious a commodity,  
you cannot afford to consider  
thinking of the foods we eat  
because all of it  
has turned to genetically modified poison.

sam dan

# Gregor Samsa

I felt like Gregor Samsa,  
One early-lazy Sunday morning  
- Checked to see  
If my limbs were still there,  
Each in its place  
Ordained to be so.  
Muffled thoughts birth out  
With difficulty  
Into the dense atmosphere.  
Stifled breath  
Made possible only by  
A somewhat omnipotent air-conditioner.  
Mon Seigneur, je te dis 'merci! '

sam dan

# Jumping

Jumping the queue  
Does it feel  
Like greatness has been  
Suddenly  
Thrust upon you?  
An adage, bestowed by the masses?  
Gullible, as the rest of them  
Can't they see...  
Don't they take notice?  
If he cannot wait his turn  
- a pitiful excuse,  
From one who ventures  
On his pitiful behalf...  
that he had missed breakfast!  
Btw... who was that Manipuri woman  
Who tried in vain to take on the AFSPA  
Of the mighty Indian government?  
And where does our little weakling  
Stand by comparison?  
Fallen... star! Fallen in the Muck!

sam dan

# Making Peace With Mediocrity

When to make peace  
With mediocrity  
Is an enviable proposition  
Imagine -  
What lot in the present,  
What predicament  
Could make you  
Have such a thought as this!  
- When their heroes  
With whom you seek camaraderie  
Looked up  
To you as an enigma...

How now fallen  
You seem....  
Or have you just, come full circle?

Or perhaps, just about?

sam dan



# The Future Shall Care Of Itself

For the future  
Shall take care of its own.  
So, worry not  
Over the future!  
Perhaps, that is to say,  
Well, everything is taken care of.  
Aspirations bestilled?  
A quiet heart  
With everything at peace within  
Isn't it bliss enough? !

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# The Pale Horse

.... Cancer has become so common place -like fever!

Every family has had someone

or the other afflicted

- and die of it.

THE PALE HORSE!

We have come to it and we

still

do not realize!

On sens dire 'mollare'

mais il ne faut pas laisser.

Il faut continuer à vivre.

We have to go on with this business of living

because

it has been given to us.

- Simon J. Daniel. (22Mars,2019,10: 29 du matin)

sam dan