

Poetry Series

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- poems -

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santhosh kana()

Teacher by profession. Loves travelling, adventure, theatre, acting, writing, music and movies.

Bagmati Railway Station

Every ghat is a train station
With the smoke of an announcement
The river is the train of eternity
The platform of separation, the goodbye
The pain of many and the many of pain
The seeing off
The faces aghast at the surprise of the unknown

The emptiness of the platform
The fire within and without
The unseen baggage
The journey of no return
The burnt ticket
It is all Time;
the Seer off will be seen off
Here on this platform is the journey to the unseen, to the unknown destination.

The tear decked cheeks
The waving hands of the inevitable
The reminder of your turn
The futile wait of a return

Be at the ghat and you feel the flutter of birds in flight
Into the infinite
You can see fear and futility in a whiff of smoke and a heap of ash
So many like you depart here
On their lonely journey
This is the station where we meet, part and depart
This is the ghat to the unknown

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Butterfly Effect Of Love

every time she came to me
she shook and broke
my cocoons,
she flew all over the house
flitting from one wall to another
with iridescent scales,
she painted it
blue, red, green, yellow..
we flew all over....

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Dead River

On the banks of dead river
Lives
The wait of the trees
For a distant message

We walk across the river
Not with it

Walk on the pebbles
That once shone hiddedn
And
You hear
The applause that once welcomed the river
The tales it shared with the banks

A dead river
Is the indelible footprint of the dead.

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Deconstruction

The teacher opened the book
We too

we went down the poem
line by line
like we used to climb down steps
at the village pond

a question pelted at the placid
pool
stirred the hell out

the house of cards
the teacher got busy building
collapsed
when Minnu pulled one out
with her question

there stood
the teacher with an open mouth
and the poem lay
like a pricked balloon! !

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Enough

The frozen message in the eyes of a goat at the butcher's
The rain drops on the beak of a dead bird
The cry of a half fed baby in a brothel
The veiled wail of a martyr's young half
The fear in the eyes of a girl of the cruel stares
And the dangerous snares
The wait in the eyes of the bedridden
And the baby at the door for the working mother
Song of the blind by the sidewalk
The sad tale of a printed mishap on passengers' lap
The mystery of a sudden exit
The lewd, inviting gestures of a housewife whose husband slogs day and night
The bruises of domestic violence
And her smoky, choking chores
The complacent smile of a lauded poet
The greedy hospitality of a desperate sycophant
The pathetic servility of a hapless labourer
The empty verbal revolutions
There is nothing sadder than the face of a grazing cow
I can't bear it any more
Enough is enough

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Farmer's Poetry

Farmer
with the ink of perspiration writes
the finest poetry
on land.

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Giving Up

Not every wound is seen
not every bird sings its pain
not every word of a bard says it all
not every tear comes out
not every love gets love
not everyone gets it the way you do
not everything you do gets its due
some call it fate
some call it off for ever!

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Love Is Global Warming

Our love has made many faint,
sweat and fret.
see the rise in temperature
see the number of people it got talking
see the glaciers it has melted
the heat waves it formed
the brains it stormed

Love is loved only on screen, books
and in those cosy talks
It's not so easy to be in love
It unearths a lot! ! !

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Monument For Love

when i look into your eyes
i feel you have been with me
since childhood
we express so much without words
whenever i look into your oceanic eyes
i feel those beautiful moments,
the glories

i want you to love me tender

you don't have the unfamiliarity that waits
for the mercy of words
your eyes go deep into me
like laser
your anatomic eyes
i live among bone and flesh
you see through me
we see through each other

i want you more...
every hug renews me
every kiss awakens me
every touch purifies me
Do you hear me?
when you are around me
everything about you tells me
you love me
and that you are mine

no monuments will i erect for our love
with dead stones and cold marbles
but with my words
that ooze blood
that throb with the warmth
of my love for you
each word will live
like love for ever
with its mysterious magic
its poetic beauty

the monument won't occupy a corner
it's omnipresent
available to lovers
beyond time and space
as long as they read and relish
we will be alive
immortal
and omnipresent

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Palette

My palette
my brush
my riot of colours
the canvas
everything is
for you

Being for you
i attempt to paint you
with my love

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Piggy Bank

After every visit of yours
After every meeting of ours
After every love making

I collected the coins of our dear moments
Jingled them in my palm, held them close,
dropped them one after another
into the Piggy slot...

Here it is, my love,
the Piggy Bank of our love.

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Relationships

The cornerstone laid
with zeal,
ceremony and celebration
slowly goes
weeded
into
oblivion.

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Sieve

Sifted yesterdays
into
this morning's bowl,

You alone came through.

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Suicide

One weighed his miseries on a piece of cloth
on the ceiling fan

The hands that pumped life into the harmonium
lay still in the sweet cocktail made of death

Death entices like a cascade,
a ravishing beauty

When the claps ceased
the trophies gathered dust and rust
the empty playground consumed the mind
he joined the pace of the rail tracks
He saw the stress of a decisive penalty kick

None knows the language of those who commit suicide

Forgive me if I don't leave a suicide note

Go back to my words, my lines, my colours and my emptiness
Sorry...
if you don't see the gradual landslide of hope
my gradual suicide!

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The (De) Parted

The departed and the parted
are not gone for ever
they are here
like the fragrance from an unseen flower
they are here

raise your consciousness,
be a little more hurt
and you are with them
like the radio signals
they reach you

those who made them scary
have buried them within
and therefore
do not expect them

they are not scary
they are compassionate
they want to be with you
like the soothing moonlight

Let them

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The Algebra Of Your Absence

They told me
"wipe your tears, be a Man"! !
How's it to be a Man? ?
I wake up to your absence
Your lost leftover like "good morning"
I love my bed though you aren't there
I can't wake up to your face
The deep innocence in your eyes makes me weak for you

Holding you in my arms
Cuddling you on my lap
Caressing your locks
Sneaking into its dense
The smell of a primordial innocence.
Baby, can't we be together without us? ?

Didn't I love you like my baby?
Didn't I nozzle the ageless rear of your neck
Your bare shoulders?
The most romantic moment is the innocence of your nudity
To the washroom after our love

Evening drops its gloom on me
Night's darkness hides behind the trees like you
Night scares me by your absence
Day scares by your presence
You don't pass by me
You pass through me like a dagger
I can't have the days and nights without you
I want to be coiled in the womb of my blanket
Morning cuts the umbilical cord into insane activity.

How's it to be a Man?
I cherish the moisture of your lips on my manly arms! !

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The Inner Journey

This is the toughest
The dark lanes
The phantoms of the past
The thin alley of faith
This is the toughest

The precarious balance
A weakening sight
The fragility of a resolution
The pangs of neglect
This is the toughest

The haunts of a wound
The flicker of hope
The bats of fear in nocturnal loneliness
The uncertainty of the ahead
The enticing refuge of death
This is the toughest

The toughest is this journey.

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The Sweet Hypothesis Of Love

We might have been
In the same train's adjacent coaches
Got wet in the same rain
Took shelter under the same roof
in the same downpour

Our veins would have foamed with the ecstasy
of our dreams on the silver screen in the same darkness
our cheeks drew the same lines of tears
Passed by unnoticed on an urban sidewalk
lost in thoughts

Many lonely twilights stretched their arms for
your secure touch

All the hypotheses end
on an uncertain moment
in time's skylike expanse
and you are in my arms.

Didn't you tell me
you twisted in sleep
the night I landed here in the city through the clouds?

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The Tinge Of Love

I never knew how to paint my Heart,
so insipid, pallid, bland and naive,
which colour
thicker or lighter
darker or brighter?

Then I found You
the VIBGYOR days of love
the pangs of possession
the wounds of whining
ploughed me inside out
Every drop of blood it shed
and stained
left me the human tinge.

Only the wounds of love
can paint the heart in true colour

My heart came alive, awake,
and agile.

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The Undefinable

The next morning
on my shirt
I found
a lock of your hair entwined

Oh! dear
I held it
and
kept gazing at it.

The tangled knots of
the undefinable we share
Me and You! !

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The Unique

there is a distance that tears alone can erase
there is a feeling that distance alone can make you realise

there is a word that silence alone can reveal
there is a silence that words alone can't deal

there is a pain that love alone can give
there is a love that pain alone can feel

you may be far away
there is a presence that belongs to you alone

there is an absence that you alone can fill
a word that you alone can fathom

there is no moment that can be without you

there is a poem that can't be written
and that is You....
(M)

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Those Who Return Home

I like those who return home
They are with Nature
They carry the moisture of love
There is a defeat on their face and body, a surrender
Returning home is the last you cling on to

Those who return home are children
There is the dirt of nomadic pursuit in them
Their sweats smell like childhood
The exhaustion of the wings
At every stage of the journey there is memory, the smell of home
The body is home
Till you leave it

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Time

Wow! ! what an incredible phenomenon
Its miracles many have i seen
how it heals and seals
everything is invested
every word
every wound
time keeps a cave of light for the lost
the gropers in the dark
and a wind for the flames of now
a clap for the bent heads to lift up
a lap for the bruised
a slap for the brutal arms

you and i, dear, have to wade through its waters

remember
It's time! !

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Void

I am a dilapidated castle
Bats dwell in my rooms
Echoes of my words alone you hear
the lost life of words, their glory
the walls carry the nail strokes of my pain
the roofs are webbed with refuse
birds have found their nest in my empty structure
none comes here
broken kites, fallen leaves of a mind's sweep

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Your Absence

How do I depict your absence
and what it does to me?

I may paint it dull and drab
Drained out and bleary I may look at the blank canvas
I may hurl and splatter colours in flaming fury
and revel in their haphazard flow
I may tear, rip and mangle the canvas
and scream loud in real wrench yanking my hair

But again

The easel petrifies me
magnifying in shape
your Absence

(M)

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