

Poetry Series

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi
- poems -

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Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi()

A Bag Of Air!

A bag, that is filled with air,
Once torn, the life is gone.
Liters of cream to polish,
Boxes of moisturizers to nourish,
Bottles of cleansers to clean,
Plates of food to fuel,
Beds of roses to roll,
Napkin of thorns to wipe,
Blanket of sorrow to hide,
Misty prestige to upkeep,
A loaned place to leave,
Faulty titles to own and address,
A bag that is filled with air,
Once torn, the life is gone.
When the plate is too hot,
it will be dropped, as we drop.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Bait And I.

In the ocean of passion,
Reason has little liaison,
Fish abound, blink and twinkle,
Splash at the face to bloom and spring,
Constant chanting with airy bubbles,
Enter the nostrils to be pliable,
Softened hearts speak lovely words,
Wised brains teach unlearned thoughts,
Crucial becomes useless steam,
Life becomes a dream to dream,
I am going to fish in the ocean of passion,
Where I can find multitude dream,
To get the colored, I have to go deep,
While Big villains are on the top,
Mushroom fish are for the plates,
Garbage fish are not for sale,
Taken a fish for the supper the last,
My cute little fish is for the heart.
I am going earnestly for the fishing,
In the oceans of blue and nothing.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Bit More!

Need a bit more courage not to shed tears,
Seek a bit more patience not to be in anger,
Travel a bit more distance to find the love you require,
Knock a bit more passionately for that person to hear.

Though we are the fast runners and thinkers on the earth,
We alight before the destination, as we are in haste,
A bit more tolerance could have saved many hearts and lives,
A bit more understanding could have molded us to be in peace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Bottle Full Of Love!

This lady is a whore,
Who needs and gives more,
This man is a tomboy,
Who loves to enjoy,
Tempting are the both,
Must open them every night,
The imagination spreads wide,
Where they fly as kites,
The memories are wiped out little,
The truth of the mind not rebut,
Once they are the companion of the bed,
They stay with us until our last breathe,
They need not know the love,
That we have upon them as a dove,
They want our soul, sincerely good,
We are the fools, listening to their woes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Bow And An Arrow..

The bent bows are the eye brows,
the Piercing eyes are the arrows,
Those who are shot, still trapped,
Punctured are not their thoughts,
Flowered arrow does its works,
Both are in trance for a while,
and then they are as cloudy as the nerds,
They seem to understand the facts,
But the doubts erupt as volcanoes,
Hold their hands, they douse it,
Arguments arrive after each sentence,
Bonded minds make an agreement,
They are the birds, flying high and wide,
Paired up as one to leave the legacy,
Their nests are clean and then dirtied,
Not their love, it is as white and pure as,
the snow of Everest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Broken Heart Always Weeps..

Have you ever tasted my salted cheeks,
dune around my eyes is not adulterated,
as pure as the rocks that are licked by brutes,
which run miles to have their life providing shots,
the corners of my ears have the embankment,
of a chemical, that is necessary for the maintenance,
of your pressure, the sweat after the work out,
Marinated this body to taste the best,
What a life it is, when one not tasted the salt of the tear,
What a life it is, when one comfortable with tasting of it,
What a life it is, when another pair of eyes fail to see it,
What a life it is, when one derives happiness out of it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Butterfly Girl!

I am a butterfly girl,
With beautiful frills,
Of printed designs,
The body is very thin,
To go into the slim fit,
The tights has the size,
The zebra lines, not to cross,
No changing of colors,
Comfortable with single suit,
The mouth filled with sweets,
The body has the flakes,
Journey through weeks and months,
I am a butterfly girl,
With kind spiky legs,
To walk on the flowers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Butterfly Story..

The moment I release the zip, from the tight cocoon cloak,
I feel the heat from the tip, the new fresh breeze kisses my thorax,
Pushing the colored wings out, reposition of my retracted shape,
My flight of life has begun to finish, spraying the perfume of hope.

Confused for a while, resting on the mat, which is mated as Africans hair,
Watching all near and around, full of green with contrasting flowers,
Mummy was right; she has chosen the good spot, where I can grow up,
Blooms are young old and young, circled by my friends.

The colors of Chinese umbrella and Indonesian Malays batik design,
Indian jewels of gems and glass, European's eagerness in my feeling,
American's alertness in my action, Japanese futuristic notions of dreams,
African's innocence, Middle Eastern blessing of black diamonds,

I have to live my life having all these treasure on my wings,
Before the passing away of my spirit to another spring,
First I touch the flowers with delight and then flutter and bounce,
No anchor and foundation, but a stalk of hope in trance,

Assisting the pollination, collecting the powder pollen,
Sipping the cognitive delusion, compounded eyes in delirium,
Many miles of flying zone pasted with colorful vegetation,
My life has just begun to wander, guard and replicate each bloom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Castle In The Heart..

The castle is built, slowly with the moments,
The foundation is deep, erected in the heart,
Year after year a floor, rising up to the air,
Rooms are a lot, furnished with souvenirs,

A store room in the corner, collected all my despair,
I dump there: whatever I don't need now or later,
Gallery of the chairs neatly arranged in the parlors,
Visitors not allowed for the fear of dirtying the floor,

Giggling and laughing are heard to the envy of my neighbor,
A moment of the truth in the form of a letter,
A stone is thrown straight to the center,
The castle of glass is cracked and collapsed,

My heart starts to bleed; a mason in me is dead.
How hard I try, I can't retrieve the glass bricks,
To resurrect my pretty castle that floated in the mind,
Whenever I pick the block, the broken pieces pierce my heart,

The memory of having a beautiful castle once is the moment of the past.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Ceremony On The Bed!

The warmness spread through the thoughtless mind,
To make the fist size machine not to pound,
The rhythm of music in the closet of the chest,
The tip toe dance of the victorious trend,
The heat spreads through the stomach and the limbs,
They are possessed with the haunting ancestral spirit,
The touching of tissues makes them to dance and sprint,
Contained on mattress of burning gas of fossil woods,
The unfulfilled desire is left behind for the mortals to dream,
Before the journey is done on the bed of four wheel barrel drum,
Decorated with the choicest flowers with loving notes,
Sprinkled with the fast evaporating perfume, hard to smell,
The final betrothal of water and fire, to churn out ashes,
The last rituals of anaerobic rotting in the comfort of velvety mosses,
A soul from the union of two souls, has left and arrived to pay the taxes,
Everything is quiet and peaceful after the ceremony finishes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Challenge

Let us see how civilized these people would be,
When they are left with a week long power cut,
Not running water taps, credit cards repossessed,
The next destination not known and confused.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Child From The Rain Forest!

I am a tribal child, living in the forest thrones,
Where fireflies light the mangrove crowns,
The sago trees are here to be the granules of starch,
The hungry crocodiles in the water look for our tiny limbs,
The glittering eyes of the jungle cat and bees swarm,
Our hens are stationed under the wooden platforms,
Where I cuddle with my mummy half naked, not by choice,
The rain forest has the canopy for us to be dry, to rejoice,
The smell of kerosene lit lamps and burnt woods,
The perfect scent that anyone can breathe in our abode,
The precious colorful beads are shells and seeds,
We blame the spirits for our every illness,
We cream our nerves with herbs of green,
We wall for miles to go to a school sponsored,
Our books are always wet when we return,
Riding the boats in the dancing rivers,
Where the monkeys play with their relatives,
When the air from the north goes down to south,
Where my poor parents toil to be alive,
We have contributed nothing to the mankind,
As the satellites are not ours, but the stars,
Our trees exist as we exist as poor and deprived.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Child In A Man

Testosterone muscled men have,
The Top and the center, the caves,
Something is there to do the basic,
Nothing is there to think angelic,
Given the work, they do sincerely,
As the kids in the play school aviary,
The children long to be praised,
The children need to be reminded,
The children want to be around,
The loving hearts that care,
In each and every man, there is a child,
That long for the love of a mother,
When the women identify that child,
They have the responsible man in the household,
When the women take good care of that child,
They have the obedient handyman in the household.
When the women try to be funny with that child
The child will be the runaway kid,
Likes to play truant, shows the authority,
Displays tantrums and becomes juvenile delinquent.
Identify and rear that child efficiently..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Child's Mother..

Every heart here is a mom and a child,
Nowhere has it gone, except to give and love,
Never has it failed to collect those star dusts,
To garnish the colorful and rustic experiences,
The heart has the fine tuner to which,
The inaudible are the blasting and intuitive,
Always awake and never close its lids of eyes,
For it loves those who have mothered and,
Also it, itself a mother, who only knows to care,
Nonstop questions of have you eaten or not,
Are you alright or not? Simply call you darling,
Irresistible enquiries even after nipped many times,
Whether your finance is fine or not,
Is your spouse kind to you, not like its spouse?
A Very generous heart that is willing to part,
What little money it has, to fold and squeeze,
In the hands of its loved one who are in need,
Even when it is on the sick bed recuperating,
When I called its name for assurance,
It asked me back in the motherly voice,
What I needed as if it is in the kitchen,
a mother's heart has never gone cold,
Always warm, the memories bring the smile.

Happy Mother's Day..Darling and sweet Amma

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Crime Of Passion

A gender has the burden,
Another in delusion,
The fetal abortion,
The crime of passion,
The accused in desperation,
Facing the prosecution,
The heavenly judges in confusion,
How to deliver the version,
Of verdict in unfair notion,
When the hunters are in dream,
Not knowing of their stream,
The lonely expecting human and their scream,
Why is this injustice to women?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Dawn..

The man who has ransacked,
My heart with a whip of the eyelash,
Gone and hid from the scene of passion crime,
Leaving the heartless human hauntingly alone, □
Searching for him in the empty fields and barns,
Really a bane, the rats have the nest and the young,
The love making sun exerts the great heat,
The saplings are browned, cowardly futile,
Nocturnal creatures are awake,
Prancing for the drops from the sweat,
People gather in every other square,
Those are named after every other dream,
Sugar canes are no more rigid, oozing out the sweet,
The birds have the floppy wings, yet to pick up the speed,
The land is ready to be abandoned, waiting for the new grooms,
They may fly through the wind holding the vacuum,
To suck the nectar this has no mitochondrial power house,
We are weak, overwhelmed, tired and the skeletons,
The mother earth's dear children, but the reminders of corruption,
The persons, who have ransacked our hearts with a thumb print,
Are in the celebration mood to invite another phase of spring,
We are very weak, tired, hungry and thirsty for unpredictable future.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A December Morning In My Village!

The breeze is cool and the distant quill coos,
The sultry solitude rules with blooming hues,
The rays of country's dust march through the holes,
Laden are those, who are yet to rise to bow.

The running of river sends the noises of bangles,
The early cattle are out to graze and grow,
The tea stalls at the sheds have the boiling boilers,
The elderly men are there to curse the rulers.

The month of curse is welcome with beautiful kolam,
A handful of cow dung and the flowers of pumpkin,
Adorn each threshold of every household, young,
Girls are out to pray for a good spouse, early morning.

The misty month before the month of harvest and marriage,
Our men have the thought of reaping the profits,
A few from the fields and a few from the betrothal,
Generations of life spent without any being a rebel.

The joy is there in the community where we can enjoy,
The hands are there to hold us tight, not at tryst, but at tears,
The state and the fools look for the Sun, fun and gun from the west,
Knowing not happiness is assured on the lands of humble tribes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Dramatic Lover..

They would want to steal their tender hearts,
From being taken after the exchange of rings of files,
By someone who may not know how subtle they are,
All thieves are not after silver and shines, but a few,
after heart break, pick love, ransack and wet eyes,
They would like to ransack what little they have,
For a good I phone, many have to mortgage,
the ancestral home along with milking cows,
Look, they are dwelling on the high rise with chop sticks,
The debris between their teeth are too big.
They are glamorous lovers to woo every weak fingers,
Either to swipe their trousers or to be naked of welfare.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Drop

When unemployed,
Why the desires are desired more?
Why the more worries are worried?
Why the needs are increased?
Why the inability is enabled?
Why the confidence Is disabled?
More than ever as a rat,
Yet to be caught,
In the trap of illusion,
Of others ignoring us,
Not being respected.

Millions of us,
May be unemployed,
With little savings,
With Monthly mortgages,
A few mouths to feed,
A strong heart to hold and cherish,
not to let this little boat to drift away,
Believe me, we are the survivors,
This obstacle will be removed,
As the morning dew,
Disappear in front of sun.
Until the day comes,
Let us lead a simple life.

Then we save enough,
To live a comfortable life.
In another crisis,
help those,
who are unemployed,
to get over the difficult,
period of their life.
until then, explore the gardens,
in our cities,
where the fresh air is free,
to oxygenate.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Failed Human

The infinite sky may have the end,
The illusion, reflection and refraction are the clues,
We may be the size of a a microbe or an ant,
The virtual players may be so huge hiding behind,

The burning stars are billion in numbers,
Who has laid the mirror to reflect our hearts?
The whistling air has no place in the space,
Who laid the barrier around this abode?

When I take the religious knife to slice your thought,
When I procure the old fashioned notes from the desert,
When I scream aloud to make my points to be true,
I have failed as a human who is progressive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Few People..

You are too pampered,
Always want to be patted,
Rubbing of your thinking head,
Make you to feel sedated,
You are too homesick,
Always look at the face book,
Mummy and daddy not on the list,
A family of friends is the old concept,
You are too pampered to be spoiled,
Not knowing to count the currency and the coins,
You are good at swiping the cards and the chairs,
You are the man of your own house,
That has to be dusted and cleaned.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Few Rotten Apples..

Provoking maids and servants is not a good act,
They are the ones, who stay at our home a lot,
After cleaning the carpets and furniture,
They sit on the sofas to watch the current news.

They are the great help to run our busy life,
They are there to bring our food and iron our clothes,
They are there to mend and polish our shoes,
They are there with hearts, roaming somewhere.

Once I returned home earlier than normal,
I saw my maid in full immaculate dress,
Picked up the best from every wardrobe,
Hair is set and she was posing in front of the mirror.

Provoking can be done to find out the truth,
Where one goes from where they stand,
Sometime they may look at your seat, if you are old and timid,
Remember always the helpers can be sent out.

Don't let your drinks to be spiked with organic,
And inorganic waste to face the truth later in life,
Many bosses have lost their luster due to carcinogenic growth,
Take care of loved ones, as we don't have anyone else.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Fox In Us!

A fox in us, escape from us,
To hurt someone now and always,
When it shows its sharpest teeth,
To punch the hearts with abusive words,
The manipulative thoughts mill the story,
To spread and gossip, the animal is very fiery,
Shows no kindness, hides behind the mask,
Near to the stubborn well nurtured ill belief,
Often on attacking mode, but with half closed eyes,
Not to reveal what one thinks, but with protruding tongue,
Salivating the venomous stings, trooping tail,
Slouching shoulders, attentive vision for the next victim,
the cunning fox would flee from the caged mind,
to harm the innocents and evils for its own delight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Fresh Graduate With A Scholar Tag

The fresh bread out of the oven,
May smell good, but has to be toasted.
The fresh graduates out of the universities,
May look smart, but have to be experienced.
What knowledge that can be obtained,
Reading through these heaps of books?
What intelligence that can be settled,
Doing all these assignment and paper work?
How efficiently that we are molded,
Attending those seminars and half baked workshops?
How out of world scholars are we,
When the lay man on the sites call us fools?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Fruitfly!

It was there on the red table cloth,
Of the Chinese Restaurant,
Where the chef use their left hands,
To pick up the right ingredients,
To put into the hot pans and pots,
To dish out the delicious fries of boneless meat,
Laced with Ketchup and in MSG puddle,
I forgot the 'It' on the table,
It was like a grain of sand,
Suddenly started to crawl like an ant,
A small little cute ant took a stroll,
Beside my plate and cutlery,
Then it stopped crawling, I thought it was tired,
I took the servitude and folded it into a cone,
Touched it softly to provoke it,
Then it woke up from the slumber,
And started to crawl like any toddlers do,
When I tried to touch for the third time,
It spread its tiny wings and flew away,
In a split of a second, either it knows,
That it is in the wrong place,
To show its tiny fist thinking as hulk's
Or might have gone to the right place,
Where the rotten fruits are found.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Gagged Mind

The lollypop in the mouth,
The comforting doll in the arm,
The concept of 'I' in everything,
Child, you are the vitalizing spring,
Throw away the thing that gag you to be alone,
Always you open your crocodile jaws,
To bite and chew the weak hearts quickly slow,
The movements of human in the print less brain,
Regurgitate thousands time in phantasm,
The loin cloth size apartment dwelling,
Come out to the open air to fiddle with sun,
Come out to the ever changing nature to catch the fun,
Come out and see the trees that have the blooms,
Keep the doll safe and aside, run after a butterfly,
That is very busy in collecting the golden pollen.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Garden Of Stars Above Our Heads!

The little flowers at night,
Blinking and twinkling in delight,
A garden above our heads,
Disappears when the day awakes,
No one waters, cares and nurtures, ,
To bloom again at dusk,
Never wilted or strained,
no fragrance with limited hues,
Stay and smile afresh,
with no stalks and leaves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Gem In Us

Life taught us a lesson,
to appreciate with passion.
Life taught us a song,
that we have to sing along.
Appreciating souls are few,
the rest are at curfew.
Relax and think, we may understand,
When pollen appreciate a flower,
When a peahen appreciates a dancing peacock,
When a teacher appreciates a student,
When a leader appreciates the followers,
When I appreciate you and you appreciate me,
a gem of harmony evolves from our hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Girl And Her Wish.

Every girl likes to have a friend to share the heart and the secrets,
Secrets of heartaches, deep thoughts, dirty jokes and tryst,
As the colors of rainbow after the short and fast rain,
That pours into the roots of the plant to proclaim,
The beautiful friendship of fragrant flowers,
That can be adorned and displayed on the perfect hair,
Every girl likes to have a friend to share the heart and the secrets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Glow Worm And A Firefly

Dressed up for the mating night,
Never known it's for two weeks delight,
Rolled and sucked all alive under the earth,
The small lights even in the eggs, glow under the dark.

Meditated through many seasons to mature,
After pupating the single eyes become compounded,
The missing wings left the females on the ground,
The wingless flight to the height, emitting luminescence.

Sending specific patterned signal to the mate in the filth,
On the banks of the river and top of the trees,
Thousands of male little lanterns hungry for love,
Equally mad glowworms send the specific light of memo.

The joyous moment and union confirm the continuation,
Of species that mesmerize the human to merriment.
One wicked glowworm, hungry for nutrients,
She sent the signal to lure the lovelorn male.

When a male firefly was drowned in stupor,
picked up the responding signal from a potential mother,
but She caught, ate and stored enough protein,
To produce more eggs and show off the cruel charm.

When they fly as the little stars they can be caught,
When they burn the chemical with enzyme with no heat,
When they look for the mate from the upper ground,
The feeling is great to everyone who can witness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Hand And A Phone

Don't weave on my skin,
As it has the node of buds in,
Weaving may be too cool,
When the buds start to sprawl,
Scribble on my screen,
The naughty look in your eyes,
Neatly modified to your whim,
You are I are made for fun,
When I hear your heart beat,
When I smell your arm pit,
When I am slipped on the road side,
When I am drowned in the wash basin,
When I am overcharged and feel the heat,
When I am out of charge and in dark,
When I am post and pre paid,
When I have no balance to touch your ears,
When I am slammed for no apparent reason,
I look at your face with tearless signals.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Hand In Need!

When we look for a shoulder to lean on,
When we cry for help to float on,
When we gasp for air to breathe in despair,
When we are crumbled during dispute,
When the cataract doubts create shades,
When the abandoned spirit stands lonely,
When the flies of the fruits flown away,
When caterpillar's munched plant left bare,
There is a hand, touch our back,
When we look at it with shock,
It is the hand, that God has sent,
May be anyone that we hardly know.
thank the God and the hand.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Heart Full Of Love...

The heart is filled with love,
And it has to flow non stop,
To spread the news of new food,
In every nook and corner cell,

If you are given hundred dollars,
What would you do?
If you are given thousand dollars,
What would you do?
If you are given millions of dollars,
What would you do?

You will spend, as if no end,
To satisfy all your fiends,
Or behave as a saint,
Yet to be named,
Spend for charity,
Or the pests in the family,

If you are given a heart full of love,
What would you do?
Love spent return in many kinds,
Love mosses get rotten in due course.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Kiss!

He looked at his mouth wide open,
Not showing of earth that fallen,
Only the dirty teeth and tongue shown,
In that broken mirror, that was stolen.

He prepared himself to kiss and tell,
The receiver was famous and had no ill,
He scrubbed his teeth with desert sand,
and rinsed the mouth in the water pond.

His heart started to palpitate for the gift,
He was unable to sit and think at nights,
Dreaming of the kiss that he had to press,
The kiss that none dared to embed at any pose.

He was waiting for that night to arrive,
Checked his mouth again to prove,
That one kiss could change his world,
The drowsy eyes spoke the unwritten words.

The time had come for him to get up,
To go near and plant his kiss of gallop,
Though he was too nervous and fearful,
He kissed Jesus of Nazareth without fail.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Laborious Deep Bowl

A deep bowl which can be filled,
But Not sufficient and has to be refilled,
Not enough it has be added and stuffed,
With ideas of ancient and modern recipes,

Before we sleep, we have to fill it,
Once we are awake, we do it again,
In between the presence of it felt,
And we are on our toes to find a spot,

May be at home or on the road side,
Before and after work, during the tryst,
Many burp: a few are overfed,
And the rest are undernourished,

To fill and refill these bowls at home,
We work; we do all cheating and theft,
Labeling ourselves as the righteous,
Not knowing of the hurt inflicted,

The need of a hand length stomach,
Has built all these wonderful super structures,
The effective carrier for us and our thoughts,
The wonderful families with daddy and mummy.

Happy Labor's Day..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Lamp In Us..

The small lamp has commenced to burn,
When two bodies united as one,
From the day one until the day yet to know,
The lamp burns slowly in the spirit of ions.

Keeping the lamp safe from rough climes,
Protecting the yarn from the heavy dye,
Nourishing the lamp with fuels approved,
The lamp may burn quietly as expected.

we let it burn with bigger flame,
By adding steroidal fuels and nocturnal fun,
we let the motor to run in higher speed,
by pressing the temptation to accelerate.

The lamp may start to play snake and ladder,
By climbing up and down at the dice of illnesses,
Sometimes gets overheated to jam up the motor,
Hold your lamp lovingly for it to glow pleasantly.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Laptop Human

A laptop, once new and shiny,
Has lost its workable memories,
Always kept on the virulent laps,
To fidget with the nodes of tops,
The broaden world swirls to dance,
The trove of treasures always await,
Nectar from the Pons starts to soothe,
Always gets hot, over the long abuse,
Cooling is done with the addition of a caring fan,
Horse powered bits and bytes,
With the size of life cycle of eight,
Overworked for many decades,
Now has its thermostat confused,
Shivering cold and sweating heat,
The laptop is left aside as the show piece,
the saddened faced visitors arrive,
to have the last look of the aging laptop,
that is longing for love and hug,
but so frail even to touch and hold.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Latched Heart..

I know you are waiting outside,
You can't open my heart with your false pride,
You may have the right key and the password,
You may have the legal card to swipe,
You might have used the cheap tactics,
of psychological defects, not feed me enough,
cut off my allowance, force me to work as a bull,
collecting my salary and perks,
chasing me to the limits of patience,
To price open this secured heart,
You may not know the facts of life,
When your lies pushed that latch slight,
From inside, you were not aware of it,
Your lies and hypocrisy latched my heart,
From inside, I know you are waiting outside,
Holding your legal key tight, but you don't,
Know your lies have latched my heart from inside.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Little Girl And A Puppy..

The boat is so small, rifted from the house top,
A lonely child, sits there quiet and in dread,
Fear not of the life but of the water flooded,
Entered into the streets and the homes of pitiable,

The journey of her has begun with the thud,
Holding the plank of the boat looking up,
The sky is on mourn, the water just starts to flow,
Backward, she observing what are on both sides,

Those given up the hope, floated on the water,
The trees, animals, human and their belongings,
The toy car, she wanted the most, floats along with her,
To the ocean, the bubbles of air gushing out,

She holds her little boat tight, until rescued,
The air is calm; the wind has gone back to rest,
A small puppy tries to swim against the current,
The eyes are as clear as the diamonds,

Keeping the head up, dancing with the front legs,
The lone girl sees the lone puppy, struggles,
Just extends the hand to pick up, as she has,
A little more space for the lost and obtained,

Both of them on the shack of float,
That has the two hearts, beating for life,
Unaware of the destination, they let,
Themselves to be drifted out nowhere else,

But to the palace of hope, where the monarchs,
Are crowned to the jubilation of the crowds,
The little boat may be seen and saved,
The little livings can continue living on the land,
saved by the tree, which turned into the wood.
and the Boat..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Love Letter Received By A Wrong Person!

A letter intended for someone, received,
The post man clouded with confused doubts,
As the letter was registered, a sign needed,
When the cloaked person's same old pen signed,
The post man smiled at his pretentious friend,
Whom he knew for many months, the elf,
Changed into a seraph, fully made up,
when The sleeve was pulled up, wrinkles seen,
The same old name carried same old IC number,
He scratched his head with unbelief,
Why a person must put make up as old and young,
Even at his own home, either he wanted to impress,
Himself or fool the visitors who are unaware.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Man On The Bridge!

On that old bridge, during the last fight,
Threw the ring into the river to drown and rest,
Returned to find that young heart in the old body,
Still holding the placard of 'I am sorry' to the wind,
Looking for the ring of love that he had lost,
In the new bridge, as the old is closed and secured,
The elderly man is searching for his sweet heart,
In every young woman who passes by his side,
from left to right, right to left and top to bottom,
Let people call him 'dirty old man',
Without knowing his life long search for his young love,
Let people name him after every name of the devil,
As he does not realize that his love has gone old and cold,
But he has that hope, on the sidewalks of the bridge,
That connects the two different banks of life and death,
Rises up for the small ships to pass through,
The clocks at the bell towers are changed,
the noise of the bells remind him that he is alive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Mystical Picture

The picture speaks to me,
Without spelling a hymn,
Drilling my heart to be calm,
Spreading my wings to imagine,
Planting my feet on this platform,
Subliming the spirit to be the crystal foam,
Questioning the wayward wind on the roam,
Arresting the nectar of the livings not to seek fun,
This picture speaks to me,
Without splitting the fossilized lips,
Without blinking of the crescent eyes,
Without shaking the neck of the stork,
This picture gossips thousands of stories,
Yet to be told, as I have stored the love in it,
The picture speaks to me in soft words,
I am in trance and don't need any more swords.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Name!

I am a rose and don't like my pose,
Pictures of mine gross and cross,
I want to change into another to admin:
Single petal or multi petal jasmine,
Mostly white in color, fit to be the cloud,
Float in the sky during happy hours,
Cry like a baby with unfulfilled desire,
So I don't want to be the jasmine.
How is the orchid in the deep jungle?
What a life with only one offspring,
Must wait for that for many months,
Though lots of color with exotic fragrance,
Orchid is also not my choice to hide and disguise.
Sticky sunflower may wait for her Knight the Sun,
Soaking Lotus may sob and smile floating for fun,
Birds of paradise and flame of forest,
Not fragrant hibiscus of various shades,
Lilies are beautiful but have soft stems,
All these are not my choice to hide and disguise,
When in different shroud, would I bloom differently?
When in different stage, would I be too wise?
What cloak do I wear, my in born ignorance,
And the acquired intelligence emerge,
As the rainbow after the slight drizzle,
should I choose a Name for me as a puzzle?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A New Human Father

Once upon a time, three years ago,
He was a nerd, sleeping with books,
Dancing with ideas to write the thesis,
Pumping in the lab to talk with his specimens,
Dreaming of changing the world in a second,
Once he graduated in the gown and the scroll
Thinking of his stingy parents as old timers,
Assuming the society very backward and stone aged,

Windows of the world seemed to be locked,
Always felt the heat in the fuming acidic mind,
Readymade food was desirous and delicious.
I saw him, carrying his young son on the chest,
Still wearing the age old university trousers,
Bought using the money sent by the parents,
It was the eye hospital, where two years old has no task,
When the eye sight of the son is an issue,
I observed the true father erupts from the nerd.

Hugging the son tightly; precious than his degree,
The words are softened; even the voice is ironed,
The uniformity in the waves of behavior; wrapping,
His young son with the smooth cotton candy of hands,
made him to wear branded pants, shirts, shoes and cap,
The son was crying in pain, while the father sheds the tears,
Using the kindest words to console his young son,
When the nurse tried to put the drops, the father's face was sad,
We haven't lost our culture of being humane and responsible,
That young father has proved that we are on the right track.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A New Morn..

Millions of smiling stars,
Twinkle and sprinkle the laughter,
Billions of laughing faces,
Not far away for these places,
The rainbow colored butterflies,
Have never failed to fly high,
Nocturnal spirits evolve as the mist,
To welcome a King during the sun rise,
Chirping of the birds, just return from sojourns,
The blankets are folded to greet the fresh morn.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Note Full Of Scribbles..

Can't roll on the bed,
when the feeling gets on.
Touch that part,
that plays the tart.

sometimes swollen,
otherwise shrunk.
sometimes full,
otherwise dull.

sometimes jumping,
and pushing up.
otherwise rumbling,
and crushing down.

sometimes we curse ourselves,
to look for it on our own.
otherwise we curse the world,
for turning us down.

sometimes it happens,
when we overeat and burp.
otherwise it happens,
when we are in poverty.

sometimes we do not realize,
how gifted we are.
otherwise it is a known fact,
that we are abandoned and dirt poor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Painter In You!

who has painted your picture in my thoughts,
without a brush, the paints and the pallet,
not even sketched using a pencil and a knife,
the picture is perfect with the colors mixed,
your smiling is great with a thin line at the edges,
your eyes are wide open, sprinkling the cheerful messages,
every time the happy visuals of you pop out in the mind,
I couldn't have drawn such a beautiful portrait,
of you in my heart, who has done this painting?
You are the one who posed and painted on your own,
you are a great painter who can paint your pictures,
on everyone's heart whom you know, love and respect.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Pair Of Nomad

We are the nomads, can't claim anything from the world,
Backpacking the arrows of piercing sharp loads,
Meeting of unprepared people who are shrewd,
Carrying the bags of signed documents with proof,
Hunting is our trade, hunting of meek and the strong,
Wearing of the new attire during the birth,
Now stained and shrunk with climatic fare,
Those attires are still fresh and shine as the silver,
These attires are mixed as the rose and white gold,
We are the hunters, searching for the dollars,
In every nook and corner of this pitiful abode,
The sky scrapers may be reminiscent of high spirit,
The mines are left to be the gallows of future kids,
They may not know how to hunt in real life.
Pressing the buttons for the arrival of the prey,
Touching the screen for the dispose of weapons,
Nocturnal nonstop play in front of a single screen,
Human may be left to enjoy or suffer in silence,
The nomads and hunters may be gone forever,
But a pair of rings still has the strength,
To mine the cut the diamonds from the,
Raw and naked souls that long for love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Phase!

The wings that grow suddenly at his back,
Have brought him to the clouds to rock,
Without a gulp of the fermented fruits,
What has made him to dream in the day light?
And awake the whole night, yawning in the class,
The stern lecturer with spectacles looks fresh,
The Professor who always makes him to sleep,
Seems to be a philosopher of unknown knowledge,
The labs are quite neat and the cadavers are silent,
The smell of formalin is better than any other French perfume,
The projectors in the gallery shows the smiling pictures,
The machines work perfectly with obedient soft ware,
The poets talks about love, occupy his bright brains,
The collection of love songs stored in his hand phone,
When the lights are dimmed, he is still in the trance,
The bugs of love have caught him from tip to toe,
The feelings of love is eternal and no one can escape,
He is calm and tamed and a man is molded out of him.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Piece Of Pie From The Magic Capet!

They like to weave an expensive fabulous carpet,
Procuring the threads of cotton clouds during sunset,
The colors are magic, change willingly as they invest,
Going through the gigantic factories, attached with gadgets,
They design it using the knowledge of computer scientists,
They speak in binary code with 124 bits of bus speed,
Then the slaves of the biomedical labs are summoned,
They arrive in their working coat, talk of germs that can stick to it,
Naza Scientists observe the actions through their telescopic GPS,
Poets around the world start to write imagining the beauty of it,
Parents enroll their children in the faculty of Textile engineering,
The heads of the states scratch their infested heads with tooth picks,
The clergies from the psycho analytical meat market worry a lot,
As if they weave the carpet big enough to carry away their pious loot,
The new millionaires own thousand square feet in the high rise,
The countries inflate the borrowing as if Gold is the God of currency,
The stocks are valued thousands times higher, people believe it,
When the carpet is collapsed during the rain of financial crisis,
Another group starts to weave a new carpet from the sunshine.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Pit Is On Fire!

What a pit is it that can dispose,
Whatever that put in it and so exothermic,
So hot, burning, chanting of verses nonstop,
Many of us have lost our meaningful life for it,
This has silenced our rational thoughts, we become obedient,
What a flatterer we are, to praise the worth of unworthy,
What a hypocrite we have become, behave as chameleons,
Survivals for day to day life, our spinal cords curved,
Eyes drooped as we are so shy to see eye to eye,
Our abusers bosses stand straight in imported suits,
Educate us day and night how to be tolerant,
When we get the salary, lesser than that of a slave,
We are the modern free trade workers,
Living in the land of poor, destitute and unfertile,
Lost our precious life for the pits of our families,
That churns for food twenty four hours a day,
But we have to throw some bits at least once in a day,
The fire in the stomachs of hungry people,
Burnt down the ignorance in the countries,
Which are considered as rich and developed,
The same fire in our stomachs will teach the same lesson,
And we will evolve as one of those developed nations.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Pole And The Rope

A pole and the rope not visible at all,
Pulled and rewind cord, perfect of all.
From the middle of the heart,
The cable extends near and afar,
From the center of the nation,
The chain prolong to space station,
When the pole is the love,
The rope is the responsibilities.
Stuck to the invisible pole of love,
Our responsibilities inspire us to excel,
For each and every one of them,
Whom we love and cherish.
From the pole of patriotism,
Our duties start to end in victory.
Is there any difference?
Between the love and patriotism,
The poles, around which our life goes around.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Poor Beggar's Rich Ambition!

Have you seen me slouch on the pavements,
With donated imported blanket?
Loyal Companion dogs not covered,
I am flawlessly groomed and shunned.

I never exposed my face and feet,
The emptied alms bowl is kept empty,
Could you hear the feeble voice,
Comes through the gaps for a pounding click.

And trading the mercy for you,
Holding the melting chocolate hearts,
Smelling the wilting bouquet of thoughts,
Clasping the ticket to the entrance,
Where the happiness ends in despair.

Look at me, Ladies and Gentlemen,
I bend my backbone to the floor,
For you to donate me a favor in November,
Then I rise up to show you, my face,
I am a beggar of convenient desire and votes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Prisoner..

When one controls another,
Lord, victory is to the masters,
When this body has the keypads,
Lord, the souls are scribbled with dirt,

Confusion in my own existence,
The great cold war between the two,
The body and the soul are as friends and foes,
Lord, the body possessively needs the sorrows,

At first it seems to be happy and ecstatic,
When roaming on the streets for alms,
The luxury to the body is not wrong,
When my body does good deeds to the soul,

Forgetting is the torturing word,
When one has the brain and remembrance,
Pleasant moments wonderfully ferment,
Let my body works hard for my happy soul,

My soul in my body is a vagrant,
Always neglected during cajoling,
My healthy young body is fierce and cunning,
In which my attached soul is a prisoner..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Ray Of Hope..

The magnificent cities are built,
The darkness of nature chased out,
Under the glorious man made lights,
The darkness of evil erupts.

The evil makes the human,
to think themselves as individuals,
even separates the younger human,
from the norms of culture.

The evil sends the deadly virus,
through the system to corrupt us.
Let us not be the cronies,
to reap huge luck and profits.

As the evil of hate,
may darken our hearts,
Let us show the light of love,
to chase out the devil in our thought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Recepte To Cook The Organ Meats!

Organ meats are laced and tasty,
let us make the dishes, not the pastry,
Cooking of brain, lungs, heart,
Liver, intestine and kidneys,
Soak them in wine for years,
Marinate them in fizzy beer,
Baking is too hot,
So we opt for smoke,
Smoke them throughout,
the Day and night,
Even in between,
Many the numbers,
Faster the organs get smoked,
When the eyes and nose water,
Use the mask and filters,
Weeds can be added,
For a quick fix and flavor,
When the sputum is thickened,
With the bending cough,
When the legs are swollen,
With tiring limps and thoughts,
We can go to the hospitals,
To make sure,
Whether we have cooked proper?
Once the certificate is issued,
That we are the chief chef of our body,
With perfectly imperfect organs,
We can stop marinating and smoking,
As the organs can mature on themselves,
and we can be displayed sooner or later,
to show our relatives and friends,
that we are the great cooks.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Republic Day In Aristocratic India!

The government for the people,
The government by the people,
The government for us, exhausted,
Whims of fancies well corrupted.

People are on the street to protest,
No one is satisfied with the bread toast,
Our land is barren, can't impregnate,
We, republicans, are contented with shuffle.

When our thoughts are shackled with non violence,
We are tamed and have the fear of annoyance,
The imported documents speak louder and firmer,
We keep vigil to save our country from disaster.

We wear the garments to show our orientation,
We are too divided to get united to be compassionate,
We stand on different hills, calling ourselves secular,
Our aristocratic middle and upper class still manipulate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Rider In The Hoary Desert...

I am the rider of camel,
In the dessert of snowfall,
The snowflakes flutter to smooch,
The coats of hearts of watcher,
Where the sun shines from an angle,
Wearing the terrible mask of an dreary angel,
Which is called and adored by the mortal,
As the tonic to the nocturnal and day to day events,
I am a camel rider, can't travel fast,
Through the unpredictable climes of cold and hot,
Kicking the stomach of the animal with the hump,
Through the dunes of sands frozen to be the iceberg,
Remembered the bonds between the coordinate bonds,
The civilization is too far, the water is hard,
I feel thirst and my stomach is void,
While the animal tries to survive with lard,
That is covered with duality of life,
Stored are the principles those help or hurt,
Burnt are those ignorance and we will be safe,
My camel may take me or the message to the end,
Where the springs of flower adore each heart,
The dried leaves are cleared and the peace prevails.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Robber Is There Near My Door..

A robber is near the door,
Waiting for me to come out,
Looting is planned in his heart,
Heavy breath of him easily heard,
Well prepared this robber is,
Hiding all his gadgets in the bag,
Lightening can be seen in silence,
Pouring all his delight in thunder,
He is quiet as the mule, with the empty sack,
To carry me to his thieving abode,
He may keep me as a treasure for a while,
He will sell me for a half price to the accomplish,
Robbers are everywhere in the world,
They want to steal our hearts for the profit,
Keeping as the beautiful dolls to play and prank,
Discarded worn out dolls have had harsh experience.
A robber is there near my door,
Already has planned to loot my treasure.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Sad Fact!

Floating in the ocean of hallucination,
Running on the roads of sorrow and commotion,
Rowing in the streams of wasteful dreams,
Spending money in the Malls on empty beams,
Knowledge that possessed drown in cheap alcohol,
wise old human metamorphosed from clever young,
The younger days are spent on booze and weeds,
Human may stumble and stagger at late fifties.
Sick and unhealthy at sixties,
Worries as the companion,
To nurse the failures and despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Sadist And A Hermit..

The mall is spacious and great,
Filled with cakes and sweets
The aroma of fritters and coffee,
The smell of cuisines for free,

When a particular tasty,
Flavor ends, another starts,
In each and every floor,
Where the man made foods,

Are on display to seduce the purse,
And wallets, mountainous pastries,
The queuing human salivate in hungry,
The young are naïve and seated there in trend,
The old are cautious and holding their retired fund.

Walk around the malls and evening markets,
The nostril attack is impulsive and strong,
Overcoming the desire is as easy as flick a cigarette,
The day he decided not to yearn and regret.

He was brought there and forced to smell,
When he asked to buy for him some country cakes,
After an afternoon nap, not knowing of a sadist,
The feelings of both of them are satisfied.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Sadist..

He was in smile,
With glad filled eyes,
The lips are along,
Short of showing the beam,
The hands are free,
Just to rise to show the V,
The heart is a stone,
No water can pierce through,
The laughing of the evil,
Suddenly hidden with the fist,
When she cried in pain,
As long as she has no might,
treat herself as a door mat,
complex confusion contradicts,
The smiling in his face will repeat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Saint In The Making!

I wanted to be a monk, giving up all pleasure,
I wear a robe perfect to fit a tourist in leisure,
The taste of the food identified by the buds,
The smell through the nose touched by the skin,
Looking at the human, the feelings still erupts,
I have nothing to own and call it mine,
The car that I travel and the comfort that I have,
Starched robes with a belt and a skull cap,
I am a monk and have given up all worldly tortures,
I am a priest at the altar, serving the God and the people,
My desires are bottled up not given up,
My ambition to be an arch bishop,
I have my gangs to vote out my opponents,
I will be a saint in the future, beautified in Vatican.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Secret To Prosperity!

Wandering clouds not so focused,
For where to rain, it not yet decided,
Running from country to country, ☐
Gathering the seeds that can spray,
People look up for rain, but no clouds,
Bright yellow sun and the blue sky,
The tears of rain in their deepened eyes,
The shopping clouds look down at them,
Clumsy they are and hunger rules them,
The proud clouds with the bounty of water,
Hate these poor people and move quicker,
And there are green mountains with flowers,
The running clouds stop all of a sudden,
For it amazed by the swelling of that woman,
Just start to clear what it stores for many hours,
Heavy rain on the mountain and the river sisters,
Flow down to the civilization, the rich people,
All around, as they know how to save water,
People who are ignorant of importance of forest,
Fell the trees for quick money and luxury,
Those who already felled, know the misery,
The clouds in the sky, know this exactly,
The poor will remain poor, if not sorry,
And to replant the trees quickly.

Vearaiyah Subbulakshmi

A Shirt From The Wardrobe

Not worn for many years,
Suddenly grown over sized,
The sleeves are hung from,
The shoulders, the junction,
At the arm pits look as the sacks,
A tailor made perfect piece,
Outsized to be a farce,
A shirt, which is kept as a souvenir,
Once fitted and radiated the curves,
Not really collapsed, but gets bigger.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Simple Gesture..

When our eyes meet,
Mouth opens to show the teeth,
Otherwise we are considered as a rude,
In one part of the world,
Where poor are alive,
In another part of lighted earth,
The same gesture is misconstrued,
As the invitation to play a game,
So we have the stern face,
Mouths are zipped and sealed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Small Prayer Of A Girl!

Brother! Buy for me a six meter long sari,
I would like to wrap on my slender body,
Hiding all my beautiful curves and bums,
From the eyes of vulture, that likes to scratch,
Father! Be stationed at every nooks and corners,
To protect your lovely virgin daughters,
Who can't show their cleavage, as their Sisters,
In western countries boldly do with their bounties,
Cousins! Look at our eyes and appreciate our white teeth,
That is dipped in the sweetest saliva of pure honey,
We are clean in our heart, mind, soul and body,
Future husband! You are the only one for us to taste,
Don't immerse in unhealthy pits and molest the cute,
I pray to the God that you would not have a girl friend,
Until your parents bring the trays of fruits to engage me, your love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Snail In The Rain!

The loads of betrayal dwell in the hearts,
It's so heavy even to lift the head,
The councilors ask me to fly high in the sky,
As the dove of a soul released from the body,
The fear that pushes me down, deep into dungeon,
To lick the salted ground, that is far, not around,
As the jungle animals do, to balance the mineral need,
Wounds inflicted not be seen, not felt by others, but me,
Safe in the mind to caress the pain,
The road may be long, but full of thorns,
Slipper less feet have to feel the pins,
The life is not drizzle to make me smile,
you are the rain to drown me frail,
to emerge as the clouds to come down as snow fall,
to fill the lakes and rivers through the hil

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Snapped Kite...

She watches thousands of people smile and cry,
She observes thousands of unions and death,
Does she bother the birth of any flower or the wits?
She plays hide and seek all her life with empty crescent heart.

He burns as the soul of the human, when the nerves are lit,
The heat is intense, the switching of the nucleus,
Whirl wind dance, nine planets and their concubines are the audience,
When there is no sense, the feeling can't be felt.

Cups of sensual hemlock always at the parlor,
Have to drink it once in a while to face the demise of the cells,
Take away these pains; I don't want to feel it,
Every time it occurs, I am left as a snapped kite.

Hundreds of miles of walk to see the face of a friend,
Who waited for me all her simple energetic life,
Clean as the freshly weaved carpet, motionless on the grass,
Ten canine years are long, all these human fools console.

Let you have a great birth in your next life,
Be born as the pretty daughter to some childless couple,
Let them have the pleasure how clever, grateful and polite you are,
My little Tracy, it may take for me a few months to say you Good bye.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Soulmate!

There is a soft,
humming around us,
soothing balm,
to calm the nerves,
no more nails,
to scratch and have scars,
when poetry is,
a soulmate to love..

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Spark..

Everyone we know, has that spark to light up,
The cold hearts of human to thaw and blaze up,
To radiate the warmth of love to their neighbors,
To spread the message of kindness that allures,
To entangle those miserable people at the distance,
Have the stores that sell faithful blemishes,
The spark at the sky runs white zigzag,
The spark at the stroke of the flint and Iron,
Banging of stones and at the iridium plug,
May start the combustion to burn and manage,
The spark at the hearts that melts the nods,
Spread through the bodies to be entwined,
Where the blooms touch each and every cell,
Ecstatic things alive, dance rhythmic and still,
The spark at the minds of mass ablaze,
Inabilities, ignorance and servitude,
On the floor of the emancipated balconies,
The flowers bloom freely to hang in breeze.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Spirit And Them.

She was cute, energetic and young,
possessed by the spirit and she sang,
The same old movie song that her dead lover liked,
Every new moon day she become irked,
Sparkling eyes of her twinkled in the starless nights,
Talked like a man and ate like a man,
She used to sing the famous Tamil song,

'On the banks of the lake,
A lady walks,
Lady Peahen, please stop,
Let us talk and walk together'

While the head of the nuns,
Who was a good, evil spirit chaser,
Was busy with the holy cross and holy water,
Our friend continued to sing and clatter,
and the nun forced her to hold the holy cross,
And sprinkled the holy water on her head,
The girl never stopped singing and smiling,
The same old movie song to the sister,
Who was bold and enterprising in nature,
She ate everything raw, plant origin not animal,
When The sister ordered the evil spirit,
In the name of the Father, the son and the holy spirit,
to get out of her to rest in the Neem trees,
The trees, the Hindus plant in front of their homes,
The sister thought the guest had left quietly,
The girl started to snore heavily
The Sister dismissed herself voluntarily,
The male spirit smiled and winked at other girls regularly,
While they peeped through the blanket fearfully,
In the middle of the moonless night, monthly.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Star In Your Life...

The fresh and young grape vines,
Spread on your tender heart loving,
As the day and night of the earth,
I stay in your mind as your twin soul.

The breeze picks up our love notes,
To sing the songs near the oceans and deserts,
The clouds collect our happy sweat pearls,
To decorate the mother earth, shrouded with grass.

As the roots of the banyan, let our love be strong,
Singing the softest tunes, just audible to us both,
Wingless wishes travel in the chariot of the muse,
To keep us united now and always, as the light and the shade.

We are visible when we are tied together,
At our heart, responding to each other's needs,
Domination may hurt and lose the one, who is weak,
Excess light or shade will erase the other, leaving us alone.

My sweetheart, you are so dear to my thoughts,
Remembering our good and bad times is my amusement,
As a little ant collects, I have stored so many gems,
Those are embedded on the sky of our love field as stars.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Swing..

A swing for you,
made of words,
Sit on it,
and go back and forth,
The wooden plank,
that you can stand,
Solid foundation
for your imagination,
Cut from the trunk,
that had the rings,
Of past experience,
as the guests,
More the rings,
more the knowledge,
The plank you sit on,
is made of it,
Hold the chains child;
be cautious of the movements,
The life is the
balancing acts of deeds,
Leaving a hand
makes you unstable,
The wobbling of the words,
may make you shrill,
Sit comfortable,
on the platform,
Holding the chains,
with firm hands,
Go back and forth,
lifting your legs,
Not to touch the ground
and enjoy the breeze,
That kisses your pretty face,
Embedded with
the smoke free lips,
Life is too great
when you know
how to enjoy it,
Life is very simple

when you know
how to swing in it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Tank Or A Spring..

The earth has become moody,
Starts to weep slowly and then loudly,
Sending the blinding waves of obscurity,
Pouring the shimmering tears of nobility,
Running over the bosoms of greenness,
Filling the deep valleys of catchment,
Still not pacified, not paused, but cried,
Her heart out, the friend wind has arrived,
Tries to pat her on the side,
Scares her with his whistles,
running after her with all his desires,
Uproot her saplings as the last step,
She is silenced for a while,
As the cloudy water tank of her emptied,
If thinking of a spring in the clouds,
Thinking of a spring in our woes,
Thinking of a spring in our joy,
Thinking of a spring in our success,
Everything will be in excess,
So we are blessed with a tank of emotions,
To fill, disperse and refill, to keep us all occupied and awake.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Teasing Heart At Stock Market

My heart beats faster,
Whenever I see the signal,
It is winging at me,
It is teasing me relentlessly,
It is spoiling me uncontrollably,
Are the positive signals
Green in color?
Yes, It is green.

Why does the racing heart,
beat faster than ever,
When the signal is red?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Thief In Us.

Knock down, a game, when two sights of eyes collide,
Once knocked down, countdown takes a life time,
What message is shared, when two minds speak,
Once spoken, it takes a lifetime to understand.
What notoriety is this to have the hearts stolen,
Once stolen, let it be as it is, not to prosecute,
Everyone wants to be a thief, looking for a victim,
Victim and thief are so proud for they steal a heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Thief Is At My Door Step..

Knocking the security door with a powerful blow of love,
The door is secured with a key and a pass word,
Daddy holds the key and the mummy keeps the secret code,
You are waiting just outside my heart, raising the bonfire,
For me to steal the key and retrieve the password,
To let you in, so you can feel my warmth, my tempting desire,
Leave me alone and my mind's signals are haywire,
save me from this temptation caused by this persisting thief.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Thousand Rupee Note! !

A precious note from her loved one,
who came from the distant land, where,
milk and honey flow as the river,
A thousand rupee note slipped between fingers,

Gandhi had the smile and the note smelt,
fresh and her widened mouth had no words,
The cleavage showing foreigner is still her dear,
The one note she gave, was a burden to the poor,

She didn't know where to keep her gifted note,
She didn't know how to change her thousand,
rupees wealth, as her village traders had less,
peasants were too proud to have her as a friend.

Sometimes they gathered near the front yard,
touched the note with greatest delicate,
envied upon the host for a while,
then blamed themselves for their own fate,

Her village is far away from the town,
the howling of wolves is always heard,
demonetization has made her jilted,
the rupee note is a huge load to the shoulder,

All her friends laugh at her back,
seeing her trembling with a note of guilt,
she talks to the broker for the help,
gets back eight hundred in a minute.

sixteen years of her precious life,
wasted with the thought of a note;
how to keep it safe in her sunny hut,
She may spend or keep the change to worry..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Tiger Says 'Meow'

Taming is done in silent whips,
Throwing of loads from the ships,
Most feelings vacate to be replaced,
The weaning eyes and minds are the robust,
The wearing of pride as the broad hat,
To hide or save one from the bright light,
Mostly taming is done in quite pause,
All will be tamed, abandoning all their opinions.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Traveling Mind And Its Agony..

Wrapped my wrath as a simple gift:
to myself as a souvenir of days spent,
glossy paper with colorless flowers,
on it makes it buried with a black bow,

wanted to hide it while you sing from,
another planet holding a red rose,
I don't know where your bundles,
of sorrow are hidden: under the pillow?

Or in the deepest chamber of a recycling,
pump, which is recently connected,
with a new device, but you feel anew,
not aware of the red moon at the offing,

melancholic thought still to identify,
the bed where I last checked in,
while you sit on the tall tower,
repeating the verses of love in despair,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Wicked Saint From The Mountain Of Action Phobia!

Life of trance in duality fence,
When asleep nothing really exists,
At the mercy of the alarms and locks,
One must go out for another to come in.

Life of gala in the duality of Ferris wheel,
Where everyone sits and swings, but secured,
When the half goes up, another half looks up,
The festivity of life is rested in the quality of life.

When the day wakes up, the night has to lie down,
When the laws are spoken, the crimes have no voice,
When the beers are gulped, hang over and head ache are certain,
Duality of life can't be hidden behind the curtain.

A kite's journey is limited to the string,
The string less can be blown and torn,
Soaked in the rain to be wet and gone,
But when the sun shines with great wind,
Kites get dried and start to float along,
Duality of life is real, when everything has the opposite,
Nothing hurts. Nothing pleases. Nothing can salvage us.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

A Wooden Table...

Why the old trees are felled,
To be the stock in the furniture mart,
When the stout stem is sliced,
Piece by piece to see the worth,
The one below my fertile hands,
Fondly handling and nourishing my pokes,
Once upon the time it must have had the buds,
So the fragrant flowers are bloomed,
Everywhere on its varnished surface,
When the right one sits beside its,
Worn out dreams, the nectar may flow,
Out of control from the silent trees.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Abundance And Scarcity

Kid, you have everything on your plate,
Though delicious, you don't want to eat,
You are quiet and scheming to go out,
To look for the trash from 'the dump site',

Child, don't shout to vibrate the ear drum,
We have no enough of anything to feed you right,
Learn to smile whenever you see the dudes,
Crying babies no more get anything from the wallets.

We are from the two different worlds,
The world of debt and the seriously debt,
The world of cheap assets and the vertically assessed,
The world of petty borrowers and the loan sharks,

Children, we all look for the peace to sleep at night,
We look for the love that Jesus of Middle East professed,
We toil for the wealth, not enjoying day to day life,
The new world will rise from the dirt to have peace of mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Abuses....

Whenever I see the people,
Those play with the dope,
Sitting on the high chair,
Sipping in little by little,
Inhale the crushed smoke,
They can't resist the instincts,
To go for another round,
Until their senses are bent,
Not legal even to drive,
The cars on the empty roads,

They are too brave,
To believe the outside world,
They can be easily framed,
They can be readily cheated,
They are the fools to spoil their organs,
Cough the nasty germs out,
They are rearing fondly in the lungs,
They are no more useful to anyone,
Once they reach the stage of drunk,
High and start to have wild dreams,

Once upon a time I was scared,
Looking at the relatives and friends,
For they have chosen the wrong,
Everyone has to leave,
None stays here permanent,
Leaving the world with such a pain,
Regretting for the careless actions,
When there is no cure and medicine,
Human look very haunted and weak,

I have been there for them,
To have moral support,
Listening to their troubles and dreams,
Curses from them go to their accomplices,
Who are mostly absent, when they are expected,
The lonely human in many beds and hospitals,
May expect many of you to be their replacement.

out of ten, what chance you have, to quit,
out of ten what choice you have to be healthy,
out of ten what decision you make to live happily,
out of ten, what you can do to live beyond sixty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Actions And Karma

As long as the poor people are hungry,
Narcotic departments of certain countries,
Are active and on their toes.

As long as the poor people starve for food,
The children of rich countries,
Crave for drugs.

As long as the war ridden countries are helpless,
The welfare departments of developed nations,
Have to help their single mothers.

As long as the anemic blood of poor is sucked,
the habits of evolved human beings,
ruin their own happiness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Actions Speak...

How hard I have tried,
To remove the hard stains,
On my heart and I have used,
The toughest stain remover,
Available in the market,
With the brand name,
Philanthropy and charity hem,
Santa clause attires,
Searching for the disinfectant,
To wipe out the germs,
That is fondly nourished,
Each minute of my life,
No hammer can kill it,
With the heavy blow to its head,
Only the toil of the body and mind,
May clear it and I may be absolved,
That is not guaranteed...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Add God Factor In Your Life! !

A man died leaving nineteen horses,
and a will saying half of it would go,
to his only son, one fourth to the temple,
and one fifth to his faithful servant.,

The village committee gathered at once,
scratched their head for the result,
Two weeks had gone with no solution,
then there came a sage with an equine.

The sage added his horse to the nineteen;
gave ten to the offspring, five for the divine,
four for the service and took his back,
the problem is solved with adding of God.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Adjusted History..

The world history should be rewritten without lies,
all those bruised and buried in the River Thames,
River Ganges, Rivers that connect two continents,
must wake up from their sleep and float as the evidence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Adventure At Midnight..

They are on the floor,
Each one at the end,
In between their brood,
In the innocent sleep.

The blue polyethylene roof,
Has millions of little stars,
Never slept peacefully,
During their entire lullaby.

He is wide awake,
Expects the children to snore,
She is not interested,
In adding additional member.

He wakes from the point A,
And he has to go to point B,
In between, their troubles,
Sometimes he is successful.

Traveling such distance is a nightmare,
Touching someone's limp is a mere waste,
Holding their breath not to create the tornado,
What a life, it is when the birds do better!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Affiliated

They have borrowed my mind,
And said that it is needed for a while,
During the first shine at the dawn,
Years have passed leaving no heating pan,

Silvery snow has no place in this region,
The cuddling warmth is very sultry and strong,
Under the wrap of the cognitive isolation,
Mind that is lent still receives precious interest,

The world is too small to hold all my love,
Still slanting poles are full of actions with mysteries,
There I have deposited all my desire to get frozen,
The pots of affection is cursed with salty sweat,

Let my mind not get bent though it is loaned,
Not mine anymore as the number of intruders expands.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

After Every Storm..

In the calm river, the boat floats with no haste,
Quietly along the flow, it sails with no pause,
In the gentle river the boat floats with a dream,
Hearing the waves of duets from the distant ocean,

The flooded river awakened from the good slumber,
To shake the boat with violent push to the corner,
Capsized in the middle of the luxury of no more tomorrows,
Stranded near the log not to know where to go further,

The gentle breeze changes into the giant hungry tempest,
To gulp the snacks those are neatly arranged in the banquet,
The stranded boat is safe enough to save its dream,
When normalcy returns, the boat begins its journey again.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

After Tsunami....

The mother ocean is calm,
Just a few steps to dance and foam,
Always in the mood of blue,
With emeralds and corals in the stew,
Quiet as the extension of sky,
Guarding us from the rogues and thieves,
The bed she has laid, the dark secret that hide,
The invisible, overly visible and the naughty,
Have the roller coaster ride on her tummy,
Floating paper boats with multiple storey,
Sail along with peace and tranquility,
The mother earth is calm and happy,
At the shores the ants arrive, holding the drillers,
Driving the cranes and the concrete mixers,
Reclaim her properties to make the amendments,
She is still calm, quiet, happy and not confused,
The rumbling in the womb, the bursting of the eggs,
To be the ova, underground nuclear explosive device,
She turns to correct the fleet of her skirt,
The modest woman of the world, the most,
Shocked are the modern creators of new wealth,
Wrecked are their hearts, but emerge out with,
The biggest weapons and tools to resurrect,
Whatever is taken as the punishment,
Stealing her sister's treasure from the land,
Look, we are happy and our needs are fulfilled.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Ageless Wisdom..

The experienced human are too boring,
Always carrying the rattans for canning,
The advisory signs of dangerous warning,
And the verses stickers for remembering,

The more they are experienced,
The more they get stable and old,
Their nonstop cautious statements,
Never appeal to the youngsters at heart.

A few subtle shoot up straight,
Withstanding the climes of storms and fight,
The house of wisdom has no place for clowns,
The wise young and old are alike and never get drowned.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Agitated Not Excited

Seen in differently shaded attires,
Twinkling diamonds and satires,
Sat on the throne with concubines,
Spread the hands in the hugging position,
Middle Eastern fossil perfumes for seduction,
Western words play at the temple of hypnotism,
Eastern colored threads around the wrist of collectivism,
Noodles haired voodoo dolls have the stomachs of poor worms,
Stepping of the legs and waving of the hands,
Winking of the eyes and rolling of tongue,
Wooing of the thought and attention of the feet,
At last naked under hot sun, not acquiring any shade,
Everything very visible, but not interested,
under the microscope, magnified and verified,
through the telescope, brought near and dissected,
through the kaleidoscope, designed and then defined,
Choose another mask and play with my pets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Aimless Walk..

Swift movement around the home,
Tiring task since early morn,
Acres of various rooms already dusted,
Cleaned, wiped for the loved ones,
Thousands of dishes deliciously prepared,
Served and felt happy for the sweet hearts,
The same clothes are washed, pressed,
And arranged neatly in the cupboard,
The early morning rush to the work,
Welfare of the children and spouse at the heart,
Taking the first step to walk aimlessly in the world,
Look, millions of them walk aimlessly,
But they work tirelessly and bravely,
Millions of them walk aimlessly,
Where they would go,
What they would gain,
How they would be cared,
Millions of questions unanswered,
Walking aimlessly around the home,
Singing a song, keeping a smiling face,
This may be your parents or the spouse,
May be you and I,
We like to have aimless walk..
Preparing a cup of tea,
Bring a piece of cake,
Change the diapers,
We will not be qualified,
As the master of love,
We will not be qualified,
To get the degree for sacrifice,
We walk all our life aimlessly,
No destination known,
No increment seen,
Satisfied are our hearts,
Let us have this walk..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alcoholism In Tamil Nadu, S.India

How to send them to school clean and tidy,
When they have to pass through the muddy roads,
All politicians of my country should walk on this path,
Before they go to the state assembly and Parliament,
Let them teach us how they keep their white shoes, white,
Let them teach us how to carry these bags in rain, not wet,
Let them teach us how to survive with rationed food and water,
Let them go through all these hardship to develop this country,
But most of them have gone through what we go through,
But they forget the past and seek the friendship of rich and high,
Half of my countrymen are dirt poor and dirtier than dirt,
Even in their new clothes they wear once in many blue moon year,
Our children are malnourished and their medicines are stolen,
The milk is adulterated, the medicines are adulterated,
What is not adulterated where the poor men buy from,
Intelligent people are serving themselves in fine dining,
While my poor countrymen drink and save the revenue,
For the state government, Let our men be the alcoholics,
Let our women suffer, Let our children starve and spoil,
Let the government of Tamil Nadu, prosper in distillery.
Shame on everyone who can think for others, not for their own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

All Alone Girl In Urban Setting..

For the fear of getting caught and disturbed,
I hide my tears from the eagle eyed.

If the wounds in my heart can be displayed,
Those may attract the dirty flies from the dumpster.

After signing the document, the traveler has made me pregnant,
He wants his valiant son more than my crying heart.

When the evening is lighted with shaking beds,
My eyes lost their luster, after rain clouded.

I have forgotten the gesture of shy,
The hasty traveler is ruthless but sly.

The viewing of him in the monitor,
Making the silent night to be longer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

All Are My Brothers And Sisters...

A mother in distress at our shores,
Keeping her pitiful haunted eyes,
On her broods, those are choked,
Speechless, but have the thumb prints,
To elect the same dramatists to the podium,
To deliver annual obituaries to our fate,
Year after year, our respect devalued,
Ironed white shirts worn opportunists,
Comfortable in the rooms with the fans,
Look at those cheap products,
Imported from the yellow river,
They have become prosperous,
The continents across the oceans,
Need the market driven economists,
They play the game of witchcraft,
Sucked blood filled into the bottles,
To turn away the good spirits,
From being invited into the horror houses,
The mother on our hill station is naked,
Her womb is growing the cancer cells,
Her sons are at work, good as the chemo therapists,
Most of her free time she dwells on the streets,
Where most of her children play with poverty,
Once in a while she retreats to the houses,
Where her prosperous children on time share,
This nation is going to be rich soon,
Everyone at the central always claim,
Previously we have the peace to converse,
They like to steal it and leave us in tears,
Our mother is in despair, clouded are her eyes,
Her children have the cheap dresses,
To salivate at the imported economic concepts,
No one has created this gap, it exists always,
Well informed youngsters are not fools,
They may salvage our hearts from being abused.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

All These Troubles Will Go Off! ! !

Running away from one to another,
Half bitten fruits are everywhere,
Everything here bite and get bitten,
The illusion of evolution blindly smitten.

The time tested tearful theories,
True and truthful to their memories,
Erasing is not as easy as recycling the bits,
Emotions are the steam from the boiling kettles.

The whistling kettles are a nuisance,
To tear the eardrums and break the hearts,
The automatic kettles are a blessing,
They stop the feeding fuel at the right time.

If stopping is an issue, go to the Gods,
To whom you may convey all your secrets,
They will not gossip with other gossipers,
If stopping is an issue, meditate in a lonely spot,

The lonely spots are not lonely, when you realize,
Yourself and the conflicting issues with free mind,
All these troubles are just the dust to be vacuumed,
I have been in all these places while I am in illusions.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

All Those..

All those doors are opened,
All those windows are barren,
All those lights are on,
All those spirits are awake,

All those who have taught,
All those who have learned,
All those who have understood,
All those who stand near the front,

All those luxuries are simply celluloid,
All those hurt always bleed in silence,
All those seek always get what they want,
All those stress, fear, loneliness and tears,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alone And Above..

Betrayal is part of life,
We are left alone to get shocked,
The words from the mouths,
Of unknown and loved ones,
May speak the odd,
Need not be the truth,
The crowd surrounded a cross,
Didn't have the strong will power,
To have overpowered those armed,
The people who are betrayed,
Always have the hope of light,
To light up the darkened path,
To witness the sad faces of the betrayers,
When the betrayed emerge and evolve,
The victor; always alone and above.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alone With Lots Of Quizzes

You are not alone dear
You have everyone, near and far,
The fear in you makes you a prisoner,
To lock you in the selfish circular,
Pick up the strength to caliber,
How much love you have for a stranger,
Everyone here is quite and a pretender,
Want someone approaches them for a favor,
Get out from the comfort of self made castle,
Where you think that you are the chief,
It is the norm of our new happy life,
We may feel alone for a while,
But we are not left alone not to be futile,
A change may curse us to be sad,
And get out from it soon and fast,
The whole world waits with the quizzes,
Solve those one by one on your own pace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alone!

The rooster crows early morning,
But waltz in the afternoon, spreading,
One wing to the submissive not clucking hen,
The hungry crows arrive with kith and kin,
With ear piercing cawing just to scavenge,
The grasshoppers, beetles and the birds chirp for free,
Hamster squeaks playing with the mate,
Squirrels squeak running for the food,
The dogs bark threatening every dude,
Occasional humming from the hummingbirds,
Still I feel alone in the safety of my home.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alone, But Safe..

I am not alone when I feel your existence,
Your warmth, your love and omnipresence,
The Clearing of the icy path before my entrance,
The removal of thorns from my cloudy mind and thought,
The invisible hands of you hug me from behind,
To take me to the safe place this is aligned,
The soothing songs from the distance definitely audible,
I am not alone, when you are here beside me as the guard.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alone..

She awaits quietly playing with her stray plaits,
Rococo of the sunbeams get hotter than the warmth,
Masons in her thought busy with building stories,
She gazes at her calm phone with a vengeful sight,

The world is silent with, no one has the mouth,
The trees are stable as the wind has the break,
The night crickets forget to rub their tiny wings,
The digital clocks are muted while she longs,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Altered! !

there is a stampede in the gap,
between the pillars and the top,
the voice of these feathered souls,
heard through day and still night,

The fatty fascicles always on alert,
learning is not the process, but the nature,
what is our contribution to infantile adventure,
when the grape eyes capture every detail,

Have you painted the sky with orange cue,
to cry for the leftovers that is not due,
Have you dyed the sky in light blue,
then why do you long and weep as a babe?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Always Wrong, But Sheepishly Right...

Don't perceive me as a weak when I am the breeze,
To touch your set crown, that is gelled,
Flowing on your face, base coated to be smooth,
The border around your mouth compounded,
Luckily not glued, but sometimes with spikes,
Hurt my weak heart to get the scratches
After every close encounter, nearer to the threshold,
Perceiving me as the gentle breeze is your entire fault,
Praising me with the sweetest words as hard as you sought,
Dreaming of me covering your naked frame to have the tickle,
Come out of your haunted house to have the look of me,
When I start to blow as the siren during the time of wake up call,
Just pick up the momentum to kiss and break the extra branches,
Those illegally occupy the space that belong to the sun brother,
There are innocent kids, sucking from the contaminate milk bottles,
Take them to the safest place and I want to walk on your zinging roof,
And the play with the water is not fierce as the game with the fire,
Though I have warned you not to perceive me as the weak,
You did try to try hand shake with my fidgety emotions,
You hold the keys to all my secrets, unaware of the passwords,
Blinking as the infant, looking through the window,
For me to get calmed to come back to you with shy smile,
You and I are inseparable, whatever tribulations knock.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Alzheimer

Where could they dump the loads
Those are stored in the grooves,
Saplings from the concepts,
Mature to mate with the wind,
Dispersal through the volcanic dust,
Sailing through the vision less mist,
Run over the pixel mats to stain and roll,
What they store, can't be stolen, no more true,
The thieves have arrived with fine erasers and blades,
They work day and night under the pitch dark,
To tear and rearrange the pages as the earth,
The robbers never leave once sneaked into,
Raise the boulder, not look for the beautified food,
Laced with chemicals, to annihilate the barriers,
The snatch thieves will arrive to thief away their peace,
The human have become the children, look for their baby cots..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Am I An Elf To Jump Up And Down?

Do you know what I had gone through,
When he beat me in lightening speed?
Family surface tension pushed me to commit,
The impermanent nuptial with unknown slot,
Dreams of evaporation had sent us to roam,
The rich and poor cities that hold the flags,
Up in the sky, our union witnessed by everyone,
We had become thick not thin to hide the Sun,
Human on the earth kept the umbrella to shun,
Problematic air not let us to stay at a place,
The nagging gravity of earthly difficulties never in pause,
Hanging between the heaven and fruitless dreams,
When I was collided with thunderous sound,
I had lost all that positive energy that kept me stable,
After losing the hope and desire temporarily,
I dropped down as rain on the trees and roads,
Not knowing the next destination, collecting dust and mites,
Ran through the monsoon drain for the treatment,
Rejuvenation at the spa of chemicals and ozone,
I am fresh as the flowers on the hills of independence,
Am I an elf to jump up and down, run far and wide,
carry what ever good and bad thrown and discarded?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Amazing Dream..

The hugely enormous universe,
Yet to be walked and conquered,
Showing its endless altitude,
Spreading its offering wings broad,
Just in front of our naked eyes,
The mocking of nature,
At the inability of the petite,
Brains of the six sense people,
Who are looking at the sky,
Wondering of many why,
Thirst may induce the hunger,
For the pursuit of wisely realtors,
They are there and we can see them,
But light years of travel with heavy mass,
Shall we ever reach there to find,
The treasures that are kept to glitter,
Shall we ever pursue the journey,
That takes us through many system,
Of solar with a blinking of eyes,
As we see our relatives with,
A pressing of a button,
Where is the energy hidden,
That we need desperate,
To travel through the planets,
To escape from the sun,
To another neighbor,
This is waiting for the arrival
Of new species from the distant space,
To bring the treasure of sand, water and air,
To the land of diamonds, platinum and gold,
What is rare here may be abundant there,
What is abundant here may be rare there,
To visit the species that knows to love,
Not knowing anything of hate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Angel And A Beast In Me!

Reared it, since it was a babe,
At first, it barked and mewed for comfort,
Pacifiers of 'keep quiet' was put into its mouth,
As I grew, it was growing within me,
Having the pointing nails and teeth,
When I was young, it was under control,
When I was down, it took in charge,
It looked ferocious and liked to hurt me,
When it arrives, my brain is gloomy,
Covered with creams of rotten memories,
It hurts me a lot once in a while,
But it never hurts anyone else, but me.
It doesn't know to hurt others, but me.

I have a beautiful angel.
Not a stranger but a sweet pal,
A perfect visitor, never vacated,
Staying with me all my life,
Looking at my actions with a microscope,
It is beautiful and has wonderful ethics,
It likes perfection, but dislikes the lies,
It likes to be gentle, but having the record,
I can't hide anything from it,
As it likes to peep and find out,
It never hurts me, It never hurts me,
It doesn't know to torture me,
But it is the one that hurts others,
The angel in me hurts others,
The beast in me hurts me.
Sorry, the angel in me hurt you,
not I.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Angry Mother!

Spiking is cruel, when I come to your home,
I have observed the wicked smile in every Rome,
Over the years I have gone feeble, but look strong,
my numbing nerves send the signals wrong.

Mixed with solvent not to get detected quicker,
Solids can be added to add some more flavor,
Served in the beautiful cups to get distracted,
Spiking becomes everyday occurrence yet to be noted.

Bees never spiked me to build their hives to save honey,
Birds may dip their beaks; but never break the rules of nature,
The greens obedience must be emulated, the treacherous,
Are the human, who have spiked me for momentous pleasures.

They call me mother to nourish my emotion to cheat me further.
They call me lonely to make me depressed to play with my treasures.
They call me generous, as I still have precious 20km high breathing air,
Whatever they flatter, my anger can't be contained in the earthen Jar.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Anthem....

Though I know not the language it is sung,
Your song of love reaches my ears in fling,
The way I have got the goose bumps on the skin,
The ecstatic ampere less electric current,
Travel in thousand mile speed up and down,
The body of mine floats in the air, but stand,
Attention, tasting your song of love, the distant,
Never felt once, the insufficiency separate,
The hearts of us to be the twins, once one,
A minute of song that travel from any antenna,
Make my heart to beat as the beetle that throb,
Anthem of our souls, never be forgotten,
Though we are called in different names,
You are my love, life, breathe and tears,
You are my hope and a wish to be near.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Eagle And A Chick.

I plead with you, sir, while you circle,
around my mother who is frightened, but not a coward,
When you carry me to greater height,
And put me on the branch of not velvet,
Please don't poke my stomach to suck out,
What I had eaten and it may make me to cry loud,
Don't snap my young joints to crunch the bones,
Don't hold my feathers tight with your powerful claws,
Just keep my neck in between your razor sharp beaks,
Kill me first and have your feast in delight,
While my painless soul watches you in disguise,
Make your dinner out of my tender meat at sunset.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Electronic Card..

No more I need a troublesome bulky key,
To let the wearisome hearts to be free,
That accumulates the grace of kindness and love,
To spring out fast and slow from the wishing well,
No pungent effervesce in the beating heart,
No bund and sticky mud to reduce the speed,
Gentle flow with no ripples, but nutrients of colloids,
Sing songs at the swiping of the electronic cards.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Enemy Or A Friend..

When I fight for my rights,
I call myself as a patriot,
When you fight for your rights,
I call you as a terrorist.

When I kill thousands,
With the push of a button,
Traveling in the ported armors,
I am on a mission with full protective gear.

When you are the weapon,
You have nothing but irritation,
On the system that annihilates and refuses,
You are a terror, sacrificing your breath.

Our beliefs separate us,
For me to be the police,
And you to be the thief,
Let us play hide and seek.

This game will never end,
The weapon factories will starve,
We need the battle ground,
The ethnic groups are in clash.

Let us have the round table conference,
Where I shall speak what you think,
Georges wanted the head counts,
Clinton sought the peace and entertainment,
The share holders have waited for the interest,
The war between us will never cease to end,
Previously it was the land, now it is the fuel,
In future we don't know what we need,
But I know the war between us will not end.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Old Mum At The Hospital..

She is fragile and thin with shrunken cheek,
The ragged soft skin covers the porous bones,
A few teeth are gone, the rest are orphaned,
How she lost all her shine with run away time,

Severe Trembles and blabber with gazing eyes,
The voice of a young child, the mind of a beggar,
Alone on the disinfectant bed, wearing diaper,
All her children at work to repay the debt,

The tear accumulates in the corner,
Collect all the might to be a drop,
To roll down on the sides of the eyes,
Not on the cheek, as no hand there to wipe,

She calls all the names, always her dear,
All are at work to pay and repay their share,
She calls all those people that she loves and cared,
All are at work with chains secured to their legs,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Ordinary Kid To The School..

One more morning,
Has just started yawning,
My mother roars,
My father pretends to snore,
Last night's war and peace,
My siblings are on the floor,
My school bag has the tears,
I am brought out to groom,
With a bottle of coconut cream,
My mother puts a finger to scoop out a little,
Spread on my hair to comb and tie two plaids,
A pot of yesterday's rice nicely soaked in water,
Has to be added with salt and curd,
My mother gives me a bowl with fresh onions,
The same uniform, I have worn for a week,
Pressed under the pillow, not washed,
Not enough water, I may not smell odd,
As everyone smell the same,
My mother plants me a kiss on my forehead,
That was sprinkled with a half bucket of water,
The bathing is done and dressing is done,
The breakfast is done and the hope begins,
The moment I start to walk to the school.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

An Ungrateful Person..

When there are so many flowers bloom,
I always want to look at the thorns,
And the pain which spring out tears,
When there are so many boxes of gifts,
Scattered in the path of my target,
I have never opened many, only aware,
Of a few, regrets rule my heart and soul,
I am very ungrateful and think only of myself,
When I walk on the piles of grains and hay,
A spiky shell pricks my toe and it really hurt,
Do I choose to step on the particular spot,
Where the hurt, hides to seek the victim,
I am too selfish to ignore all those lovely places,
It is my own fault to be ungrateful and temperate,
Not praising the goodness everywhere found,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Anger And The Revenge..

Both these stuffed in the capsules,
sometimes Collected in the not cracking bottles,
Refrigerated in the mind to keep the freshness,
not labelled with due date, but with infinite,

The accumulated anger and frustration
Whenever distributed in retaliation,
in the form of capsules and tonics,
To prescribe someone in future to rebel.

How one suffers if they are cornered to be fed,
With their mouth not gagged but the limbs tied,
let them not feel what we have felt,
Take those capsules and tonics to discard,

in the oceans of understanding and tolerance,
let them not feel what we have felt,
It may hurt them a lot as we have suffered,
Let them be free at our mercy of godly character.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Another Cocoon?

what kind of cocoon are in you in?
As every cocoon will rot and be gone,
The cocoon of patience or impatience,
the cocoon of intelligence or ignorance,
the cocoon of abundance or scarce,
the cocoon of knowing all or just empty,
the cocoon of self righteous or self pity,
the cocoon of selfish or selfless,
the cocoon of worthy or unworthy,
the cocoon of theism or anti theism,
the cocoon of ruling or the ruled,
the cocoon of treating or the treated,
the cocoon of teaching or the taught,
the cocoon of stockist or the stocks,
all these cocoon will get rotten and be lost,
when you are set free as the hungry moth,
to look for the real food out under the warm sun,
may detest for whatever had been done before retiring,
looking for a new hobby, totally near the other pole,
where you may find new happiness and have,
a new and vibrant smile and life..
or may build another cocoon,
from where you can't escape! ! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Another Summer Is On The Way..

The stagnant summer ponds,
Wear the emerald diaper sands,
In colloidal water, the slithering serpents,
Can't sweat to dissipate the heat,
Hide in the boroughs of dark spots,
Where the shelled snails try to hibernate,
The amphibians have the choice of,
Escaping to the land as the spotted toads,
The Pisces with gills flip for life to breathe,
The smiling sun is so thirsty, need some icy,
Cool water from the depleting drench,
Layers of bare skins on all sides of the drying pond,
Mollusks have no remnants, but the crustaceans,
Shiny coats of colorful attires protrude their tongues,
The water not recedes, but stolen and carted away,
In the morning and afternoon day light Sun, four,
Legged creatures walk on the landed pond,
To quench their hunger, the two legged,
Bring their pitchers to collect the elixir,
To store in their castles and save as treasure.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Answer...

If it were a glass of water,
It can be evaporated or,
It can be frozen for ever.

If it were a glass of milk,
The powder can be obtained,
Which can be exported.

If it were the unsold weaponry,
Foreign land can be used,
To test and reap the profit.

If it were the marketing module,
Naturalized citizens can be called,
To market in their abandoned countries.

But it is the pain that we suffer,
The pain that is suppressed and endured,
What to do with it?

The pain of limbs and mind,
the pain of heart and soul,
the pain of ills and evils,
Take away this pain, my Lord.

A fist size heart can't take this pain,
The brain tries to come out of the skull,
The nerves that inform us all these pain,
please, could you stop sending the signals?

World is so beautiful, People are wonderful,
everything abundant, even the pain too,
take away the pain from us, Lord, What?
Do you say we are the reason for this pain?

Do you say that our habits are the cause?
Do you say that our greediness induce it?
Do you say that you can't help us and
we have to help ourselves?

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Anything Wrong With The Vision?

The email asks me to the pictures,
The name of a woman may have the curvy structures,
The emails arrive with intervals,
As the lady in red in PH web site,
Has no enough materials,
To sew a proper blouse,
What is there in a picture,
When everything is in a single dimension,
No shades are added to tickle the imagination,
The bodies of men and women are great,
And they are filled with water and air,
The lying bodies speak the stories of lies,
Projections are seen as the elevation on the land,
Palpitation is wrong as it may make the heart weak,
Seeing the barren pictures is not my pastime,
As the scribbles may not be visible to my eyes,
Please don't ask to see your meaty pictures,
In case if it is sent again,
I may dress it up and send it back to you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Apathy And Endurance

Caught during the action,
When he pumped into a Matron,
Her jewels were his attention,
and missed the concentration.

The angry crowd beat him,
Punch, pinch and waste him,
He becomes 'unconscious' fast,
Police bring him to treat.

Stretch on the stretcher quiet,
The doctors take the pulse right,
The mannerism says the rest,
Send him to have his torn tight.

Anesthetic not be administered,
As the thief patient is unconscious,
The doctor finished the sutures on his lips,
the drops of tear roll down his cheeks.

The young doctor is shocked,
How apathetic her patient to himself,
People are apathetic to people around,
Is the consciousness put them in trouble.

The senior tells the junior not to worry,
and the nineteen year old thief acts,
the 'vulturous' police will not question,
the human who is not conscious, so he endures.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Appreciate The God Given Gift..

A man with a white stick walking on the street,
The ears sharpen the sense for the clues to get,
The nose may help him to identify a place through smell,
The tiles at the center may lead him as wheels.

He may step on anything that is left on the roads,
He need not have to worry about the visual loads,
He knows the direction by counting the steps,
He will reach his destination without any doubts.

He has no idea what color means,
He has no thought what light means,
except the heat that he feels,
and the breeze that reels.

He has to cook his own meals,
not seeing what he is doing,
clean, cut, cook and eat,
wash, dry, Iron and put.

Day and night same to him,
white and black same to him,
Moon and stars same to him,
Depth and height same to him.

As we see everything,
we complaint about everything,
but a man who can work in the pitch dark,
has no complaints,
that we can not work as him, in the dark.

Reason for writing this poem.

While the visually impaired people have managed to live on earth, the people with proper vision have lost their vision in many fields.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are Our Brains Wrinkled?

Wrinkles are the measurement,
to show the life's management,
some are very near and deep,
and the rest long and steep.

Wrinkles are the asset,
that get through the experience,
not all those experienced,
never have such twinkles.

The wrinkles which can not be seen,
hidden inside the hard shell,
More the wrinkles formation,
More the knowledge dwell.

Let us see who has more fold.
Einstein or a research assistant,
people with more folds may not know it,
people with lesser folds strive to get it.

Do not let anyone,
to iron out the wrinkles,
with their disillusioned vision.
Let us acquire more in our brains.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are They Invisible?

Those lean legs of them,
pedaling for a living,
not tens and hundreds,
that pedal in Waikiki.

Those thin body of them,
hunch to push forward,
A few are sculptured,
The Gyms are not the reason.

The lungis, all are soiled,
torn and battered as the owners,
The shiny body sweat,
but they are not sun bathing.

Four hundred thousand rickshaw pullers,
in one part of the world,
struggle to carry the passengers,
what the Tubes of the rich nations do.

Human are not born to suffer,
still we let them to suffer.
Human are not born to lavish,
still we lavish on their sweat.

If at all economics has the conscience,
how can we justify the cheap labor,
exploited nations, wisdom of monopoly,
and a few billion invisible poor? .

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are We Mute To Say No To War?

Wake up from the slumber,
The people in the lumber,
Nations with scramblers,
Nations with simple tumblers.

Tell them no need comfort,
Tell them no need placate,
Tell them you live simple life,
Tell them, you not vote them out.

Fear in the ruler's hearts,
Not the enemy's might,
The might of their own people sort,
That can trample and kill them apart.

Tell your politicians that you want nothing,
Convey your leaders that they are safe,
Not threaten the politicians with your fingers,
For them to sign the war agreement.

We are the reasons for war and turmoil,
As we pester for the better things from the sovereign,
War is the trade to procure new land,
War is the robbery to steal someone's property.

War is the betrothal between not consenting lovers,
War in the battlefield to dispose all outdated weapons,
War is not in the playground to have the fireworks,
So it has to be in someone's land to have the targets.

We are the reason for the war and the souls,
That had left may sing songs for peace,
Not realizing they were the partners,
When sign the contract to be the soldiers.

Let us say no to the war,
By controlling our desire,
As long as our needs expand,
From oil to radioactive minerals.

The war is the only option,
to cheat the poor and leave them destitute,
For the rulers to satisfy,
our illusion of comforts to keep us mute.

Say No to comforts!
say No to War!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are We Serving Others For A Living?

If I want to drink,
I can hold,
two hands full.

If I want to eat,
I can fill,
one mouth full.

If I want to breathe,
I can fill,
two lungs full.

If I want to fill,
I can fill,
One stomach full.

We are filling up something,
all our life without thinking,
filling is not a simple process:
fulfilling the needs of others,
may make us the true human being,
as our hands for repetitive doing,
our minds for constant caring,
our hearts for intense loving and
our existence for simple serving.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You A Sun Or A Moon?

I have seen you dancing naked,
At the horizon, so beautiful,
Where the formless meets another,

I have seen you smiling between the mount,
Dyed crown shines as the silver and gold,
The high light of copper tinge, very attractive,

I have seen you wearing the transparent cloaks,
Through which, your beauty has the romantic touch,
You run as a wild child, chasing those stars,

I have seen you fully naked, resting on the blue mattress,
All the rowdy clouds are imprisoned for a while,
You shine as the jewel of truth in every conscious heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You An Alchemist?

The hearts made of Iron metal,
Always attracted to the worldly magnets,
Not by the Gold, that has high standard,
Let us Change our hearts into the gold,
No more attracted to the vicious scandal,
Can be melted with people of golden heart,
Be an alchemist, work in your conducive lab,
Where the times fly as the day dreams,
Exoteric and esoteric are the cooks,
Holding their desired principle spatula to mix,
Be an alchemist, you have the power to tweet,
To face the world not with the rusted iron heart,
You are the gold, gleaming as the celestial occupants,
Will be desired by all, to take something from your thought,
Time should have gone bolder, so you look much matured,
Return to the days of young, it is the desire of all,
Elixir of life is within you, to make your heart gold or the rust.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You Awake?

What a seeking it is, when the flame ablaze,
Couldn't feed enough to make it peace,
The nagging pestering from the chest,
The horizontal and vertical attack from the north,
Couldn't sleep at night, throwing tantrum of might,
The thirst and hunger of it never be satisfied,
Sucking of the essence from the growing treasure,
How much retrieved also never depleted,
The gazing, nibbling, chewing and regurgitation,
Of it mould many of us craze, push us to desperation,
The appetite of it can't be suppressed,
The amount of thirst can't be evaluated,
Couldn't sleep at night, the calling from the north,
Heard through the eyes, the whole body is possessed,
By the spirit, which erect the fence on our path,
The heads ache and worldly food not desired,
This appetite is very specific and can't be bought,
To store as the diamonds. Must work hard,
In hunger year after year, once obtained,
No thief can steal it from us, except the plagiarists,
are you awake all your life seeking the KNOWLEDGE,
through sharing and incubating of the fact?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You Different From Us?

When I look at a human,
Let me look beyond the paint,
That is used to color, mix and match,

When I smell a human,
Let me smell the aroma of good omen,
Not of the fried confusion left with the planets,

When we go to a place,
We may think of them as the cheap,
The defined definition of ethnicity,

Always fail to respect the diversity,
Even the doves, crows and the peacocks,
Group together with same identities,

Doves of different characters and colors,
Never mix with one another for comfort,
Let us be the species to prove the animal world,

That we can see beyond the color and the creed,
Leave the third world in peace, not to be sliced and diced,
Let the smell of the coffee, tea, roses and jasmine,

The hard dug out burning coals and diesel,
The fragrance of garlic, onion and ginger,
Rosemary, basil, oregano and thyme,

The pungent odor of sweat, not fresh but putrefied,
The pungent smell of sweat can be camouflaged,
With distilled aromatic organic procured from the distilleries,

Whatever is the smell of your country,
I bow in front of you as you do it to me,
We are the human and we have the same emotions.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You Invincible?

Value added goods my heavy heart really sinks,
Transparent or tinted glass for the old bricks,
Smooth and shiny, wearing the hay and straw skirt,
Value added life for you and I for the prospering insanity,

I rear a pet of greediness in the closed coop of my thought,
I feed it with daily dose of ignorance to be as fancy as it could,
Looking at the extravagance, everyone seems to rear their own,
Value added life with greediness as the exotic nuts will be stale

What reality I see through the screen of my handheld gadget,
Where the million glossy pages appear to disappear in a minute,
Hours after hours, days are gone with ease, not much despair,
The reality catches me with claws of spontaneity, gone my laughter,

I have never visited any and called someone honey,
Not ever parted from the concept of me and my money,
The value added in my life, depreciated as the currencies,
I am not ruthless, but never followed the rules of nature.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Are You The One?

Runs to you without stopping,
As a child just starts walking,
Are you the one, composed the tune,
That plays in his mind and are you the one,
Ordered the clouds to drizzle at her heart?
Are you the one, having the magical wand,
To address the clime in various names?
Are you the one, collaborate with the sky,
To change into beautiful colors and shy,
She is, to look into your eyes and smile?
Are you the one, heard her whispering,
From the long distance of many miles?
Are you the one, as clear as the vapor,
Spread everywhere and then condense into water?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Artificial And Real

The tears of crocodile, can't be seen,
But told in epic and legend as a clean,
Image with polluted metaphoric illusion,
In the tropical rain forest capitals, people planted,
Fabulously decorated trees of palms and flowers,
Out of fossil fuel, mad made jungle with flyovers,
God made man to the current man of intelligence,
God made brain to the chips of mother board's reign,
Compelling smile of the concerned individuals,
Concerned calls from the human of convenience,
Flowers are beautiful, but they are painted and shaded,
To bring out the non existing glow of the women,
Exhibition of acquired wealth and status,
Comfort out of swiped cards and credit,
All really not look real, but artificial.
The tear of needy human is real, not artificial,
The cry to be employed is real, not artificial,
The weeping in the closed rooms is real, not artificial,
The hope and expectation in the hearts are real, not artificial.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

As A Father, A Man Is A Great Figure..

The fathers are great figures,
As they work for our welfare,
They have lost their sleep,
Searching for the hope,
To rise us from fetus,
Feeding the mothers,
With nutrition and love,

The fathers are great, In every part of the world,
When they start to talk,
To themselves, rubbing their hands in silence,
Scratching the scalp with no particular answers,
The children are in their hearts,
Though they are wayward and awkward,
They are our fathers, hard to be hated,
But to be loved and remembered,

We are there in their conversations,
When they gather to drink and celebrate,
We are there in their mind,
When they look at the children of others,
Who walk on the road, carrying a school bag,
Pregnant with a child, struggling for a living,
A father never compromises his feelings,
For the love of his family and off spring,
At any cost, a tired human would make us to smile.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

As A Moon Tries To Be A Sun!

as a turkey tries to be a peacock,
showing its short colorless plumage,
as a cat tries to be a tiger,
showing its canine to terror the rats,
the slimy worms lift their heads,
to show their tiny body thinking as cobras,
a dirty moon tries to be a sun,
flashing the reflected fading light.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

As Long As I Am Faithful..

I would like to look into the eyes of the Gods,
And fall in love with them as their special dove,
I take the books which are supported by hearts,
Try to pick a few from them to be my love,

As one has no gender and figure, I am not interested,
As he may not know the soft and hard feelings of ours,
I ask him to wait outside to have his neutral eyes fixed,
A few others are too cruel and want to punish me,

At every mistake committed with their piercing eyes,
Heaven and hell tactics with constant karmic effects,
So I can't look into their eyes to fall in love with them,
As I am too scared with my tainted mind,

Which is full of naked truth with no lies,
There are a few children gods who are too cute,
But I can't tell them all my adult issues,
The ones with long robes of white and multi color,

Want me to beg around first to fall,
In love with them later or never,
These Gods are very old and time tested,
Girdle to carry my sorrows on their saddle,

I have chosen the three Gods,
The meditating Siva who is in a generous mood,
The prosperous Vishnu, the God of debts,
Who can shower me with lots of borrowed notes,

And The four headed Brahma, the creator,
Are my love and I can look into their eyes,
And chant with them as I want and wish,
Not obligated with so many do and don't.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

At Home...

the pleasant road side breeze is Stone faced,
Hot tempered, ice laced and is steam pelted,
Impurity clogged and is highly pressured,
What shall be done to carve its thoughts?

□

Self assessment biased and they are too crooked,
Mounted on the high speed bike showing the swells,
Thunders from the caves bordered with thorns,
What shall be done to make these human cool?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

At Marina Beach, Chennai..

silvery sands of marina,
glitter under the moon light,
shine under the sun light.

The eagerness in waves,
touch her quite often,
unconditionally, unopposed.

The cool breeze that flows
through the sultry body,
makes the human possessed.

beautiful shores of intelligent marina,
not for sale and not for bare and bars,
though violent waves hurt her sometimes.

Thousands of hearts united,
on the fine sands of Marina, but
thousands buried underneath, unnoticed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Aura

If aura can numb the senses,
The tactic can be used for offenses,
Stand beside the human we desire,
Loan, loot and love can be ours.□

If aura can numb one's own senses,
How can they feel the pleasures?
Aura is the radiation of heat
from anything that can burn and blaze.

Photograph of aura seems to reveal,
Mindset of one, who pose with no metal,
Rainbow colors are there with additional hues,
White and yellow for the saints and spiritualists,
who do not burn much for worldly pleasure,
running to hurt another heart to get gratified.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Averting...

Chisel the hearts with soft stroke,
As it is not hard as the stones and the rocks,
All the hearts are carved with sharp knives,
Of experience to face the future prepared,
The molded hearts are there, easily bruised,
With the yielding of the words of swords,
The molten planning poured into millions of molds,
All think the same; all are hurt with blames,
Flames of fury erupts to torch and tame,
Heart sculptured of stones, beaten for many times,
Stand erect under the fair and fiery weathers,
Not interested to wrestle with glass hearts,
For the fear of breaking it into thousands,
Of weeping pieces, it always moves away with a swift movement,
Either way, the hearts of glass are always at the risk.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Babies Of The Earth..

Let the babies sleep in the love of their homes,
Cold and warm: the comfortable dorms,
Of deep holes, nests, hives and pouches,
In the mouth of sharp teathed kind prisons,
Where the love teeth hug the surface of the skin,
Let them take rest until they become toddlers and then adults,
Baby, you sleep in the sarong that hung to the roof,
Swing baby, swing, have your mother's milk,
That is delicious than any other gourmet that can be sold,
We have no fans to wipe away your sweat,
Our home is not air conditioned, God is very partial,
He lets our place to be rained and dried spatial,
We have the neem and banyan trees around,
To shake their heads without any protests,
Babies, when you would grow up to be adults,
We could have already messed up this world,
Take care of your counterparts in flora and fauna,
Until then sleep baby,
Sleep to be the strong human,
let the babies in the adult human,
get pacified to look through the truth and lies..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Baby Dumping In The World!

Mutated flowers and fruits dropp as snowflakes,
Born mutated human suffer and seek to be concerned,
The grain that implanted in the womb sucked,
The fetus formed out of wedlock washed out,
The passage to the glorious ovary camouflaged,
Gulping, injecting and inserting contraceptives,
Millions of enlightened human do it in disguise,
The human got in between the pestle and mortar,
Not knowing the convenience of development,
Carry the babies to full term and then kill them,
The babies are thrown into the dustbin alive and dead,
The babies are found in the houses of God,
While the ants and insects feast on their fresh cords,
Don't be a father to a baby that is aborted,
Don't be a daddy to a baby that is mutated,
Don't be a bapa to a baby that is dumped,
Don't father a baby to a woman who is not yours.
Don't be a mummy to a baby that is washed out,
Don't be a mother to a baby that is dumped and killed.
Don't sleep around to get the pool of sperms,
identify the sperm that impregnate with handheld kit,
push into the hell of fire to stand and suffer,
we, women, are left alone when we are in trouble.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Back To Home..

How far and wide we travel,
Our heart is always at home.
How great and small we are,
Our heart yearns for the known.
How healthy and weak we feel,
Our heart looks for our folks,
Wherever we go and whatever we do,
We have to be back, to home.
Nothing wrong to be alone,
But we can't be on our own.
When we are the members of the societies,
How do we say that we are alone?
When healthy we can stay alone,
When wealthy, we may stay alone,
When we are ill, we need people,
When we are poor, we need people,
Nothing wrong in staying alone,
When we are healthy, wealthy and confident,
Everything will be wrong,
When we are ill, broke and insecure,
When we avoid the people,
When we are healthy, wealthy and confident,
They will certainly avoid us,
When we are ill, broke and insecure,
but the family that stay at home,
waiting for you to welcome,
Wherever we go and whatever we do,
We have to be back, to home.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Barter Trading Of Souls And Bodies

Of all the wealth one has acquired,
Health is the best, as it can let us to stand composed,
Without any needs of helping hands,
That desperately calculating our trough,
Of health insurance or the stingily saved dollars,
Of all the vehicles that one has acquired,
Their legs are the best, as these have to be light,
Not to feel heavy with accumulation of toxicity,
Take them where they like as the wings of the birds,
With the piercing eyes and the ambition in the mind,
WE can make holes in the organs and the souls,
The souls can be bartered for the new,
After the oxidation of the good and evil alike,
The punctured body has to be kept and maintained,
The heavy piggy bags that will groan and moan,
Caressing the pain one has to feel oneself,
Of all the wealth one has acquired,
Health is the best, so we can continue to enjoy,
What we have saved and worked hard for.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be An Example!

Banks of rivers and ponds have screw pines,
that has the flower, so fragrant and divine,
the smell invites from the distant, but the cobras guard,
Guards are distracted for the blooms to be extracted.

The elongated leaf like petals are folded,
To keep on the plaited hair of the young damsels,
When the season for blooming arrives,
Our girls are fragrant with screw pines flowers.

We play under the sun all day long,
Oiled hair friends of us at our side, tag along,
We run around the village paths and tunnels,
Sprint after the calves and kids that are innocent.

Innocence of us preserved, nothing to contaminate,
Additives and preservatives not added, to manipulate,
Removing the innocence from our children is a crime,
When adults are disoriented, how to sublime?

Disinfectants to keep the place germ free,
Innocence to keep the heart hurt free,
Let them know about it when the time comes,
Until then let the adults be the examples to them.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Brave!

Stay at home safely, we pray for you every minute,
Leave you alone with the company of media's infinity,
Child, be brave to take care of yourself, as there is no devil,
And angel to harm and protect you, the home you dwell,
Has the smell of parent's sweat, tear and helplessness,
And they too want to stay with you and hopeless policy,
Chased the mothers out of hatcheries, disrupt the continuity,
Of warmth and love, as much as you are stressed,
They have the pressures too. Once unemployed,
You can't have these facilities and supremacy,
Take rest, finish your home work, and watch good comedy,
Read wonderful books and don't see other people's genitals,
As God created a man for a woman, we are eligible for one,
When you are not clouded with doubts, despair and cunningness,
You can stand tall to face the world face to face valiantly.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Compassionate..

'Be compassionate'
Everyone Is advised,
The teachers can't be compassionate,
When they invigilate the students,
Who wait to be Doctors, Engineers,
Lawyers, future politicians and every,
Other professionals, who wipe the sign,
Boards, traveling in the machine with a hose,
Compassion has the limit here, full stop.
And it has no limit in a circle,

And it is in between the hearts,
Those send the electrical signals,
For love in the near and far land,
The babies suck from the dry breasts,
The fathers suck the empty bottles of liquors,
The mothers suck the poverty from the empty canisters,
The people wander and hide in the deserted caves,
For the death of two thousand bodies in Hawaai,
The revenge of two hundred and sixty thousand in Hiroshima,
And Nagasaki, for three thousand in twin towers,
Hundred and forty thousands souls had been needed.

People are too compassionate,
When they look at their own broods,
They have become the brutes,
And yield the shields and drop the shells,
When the children of others,
Stand up erect to protect their rights,
Be compassionate, comrades,
Be compassionate, friends,
The history has the memory,
And the karma is not the divine theory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Composed! !

The moment I pushed myself out,
To see the awaiting world of nails,
I started to cry when I saw that cup,
Filled with the drink of hunger and thirst,

I tried to gulp it immediately for me to be happy,
And it is refilled again on every feeding basis,
I was confused, seeing the cup growing bigger,
The needs, wants, feelings and many more liquids,

Added in my cup for me to have stomach of life,
Once I wanted to kill the fire by the fire,
And then cut the diamond with the diamond blade,
Could the liquid sorrow be drowned in hard liquor?

When I woke up, it was again full with headache and doctor's bill,
I wanted to donate this to the Gods; my cup of tears,
Pilgrimage to the hills to discharge and get enlightened,
On the way home, it has followed me as my endocrine glands,

The springs in the eyes fill the cup to overflow and,
Smear the table cloth to the sight of the visitors,
I tried to hide it behind the philosophical speech,
I have silently kept it in my heart, so none can hear its voice,

I was troubled and cried; I was worried and wept,
Until the day arrived with a practical idea, so I can be happy,
a rational Detached hole at the side; my cup never be full.
To get overflowed to weep in the public; I am composed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Composed, Dear Brother!

Be composed; don't take the next flight,
When you are toasted under the hot sun,
Left with cloudy water and surrounded by the flies,
When your leather shoes are smeared with dirt,
Your shorts are stained with colorful dots,
Look, the land of ours is good,
Thousands of them on the roads,
Be composed; dear brother of few people,
They travel as the rats in the tunnels,
While the upper ground is meant for the rich and famous,
The well dressed people in the clean streets,
We have millions of rugged people with no lights,
Be composed; Don't take your next flight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Composed..

What do you expect from me,
When you spew out the dust,
Near my eyes, nose and throat?

Thunderous sneeze and cough,
Pouring cleanser from the glands,
Soothing words to nurse the wounds.

Heartily disappointed and sad,
Madly aroused with another scheme,
Luring the victims to the tongue.

Many are off guard and on the run.
The rest is quiet, plucking their wings,
Only a few, hides, but smiles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Deaf And Dumb To The Liars..

When the seeds of secrets,
Disperse the ills of lies,
The force shuts the doors of the ears,
The window of the mouth,
People will keep quiet,
Not interested in listening,
to any more lies,
Not interested in sharing,
The ideas with the evil liars,
As many never regret,
They are comfortable to live with it.
be deaf and dumb to folks like these,
may save our hearts from despair and cries.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Democratic!

My love, are you all right?
Are your concubines still mighty?
Showing all their treasures,
To your wearily tired eyes,
That long for benevolence,
From the fries of the salt fish,
Those walk on the endless streets,
Looking for hooks to get their tongues pierced,
With the grace of pitiful stamps and alms,
My love, are you in great shape?
Showing all your triceps and biceps,
To the skin shrouded skeletons,
You have the great smile,
Your lips almost kiss your ears,
The denture is perfect,
The credit goes to the dentists,
Who has taken impression,
To pass to the technicians,
Who work in the hot dungeons,
To make your white smile,
That flashes as the lightning in the sky,
I am scared to look at those eagle laughs,
When the thunderous repercussions,
Blow on the faces of your lecherous concubines,
Liberty is the statue, yet to find out the meaning,
In the constitutional laws of many hearts,
My love, I heard you are on dope,
Procuring from the farmers of souls,
Who work all day long in the springs of well,
Where you go and get your rejuvenation done,
I am staying here not alone, with my handy men around,
Who can do anything with showing of index finger,
When my heart is in your majestic platform,
I can't sleep with anyone who offer their pungent,
Perfume of ideologies, come on, my love,
Let us be together to rule the mass,
who may float when they are in dreamy space,
still their feet are rooted to the earthly ground.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Focused To Plan, Not To Dream!

Plan to do,
Take steps to do,
Find means to do,
never dream to do.

When we plan to do,
we will gather all information.
When we take steps to do,
obstacles will be removed.
when we have the money to do anything,
we will accomplish it successful on time.
When we are told to dream and do,
we will be in the trance to dream and rot.

Dreaming is the planning, which we have to do,
when we are awake, clear and focused.
Dreaming is the catalyst to induce the actions,
so dream not be obtained, in hallucinogen.
Dream when you are awake and in the crowd,
from where you can lay foundation for your dream.
Everyone of us have dreams, many dreams not planned,
not planned dreams may fail, so plan to succeed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Grateful To The Fathers Of The Nations

Having the chance of recreating,
What we have shrived for controlling,
The minds and hands from trespassing,
We can go for the change any time.

The hibernating doubts wait for the victims,
So we can alter and adjust our biased judgments,
Million years of this humble earth's existence,
For it knows the dress codes of every event.

Understanding one another is not a definition,
Turbulence or the peace, that is in the cognition,
The playground is full of wonderful equipments,
What to do with it is our discretion.

The ferry's wheel in our thought goes up and down,
The cyber swing has the load to go back forth,
Palettes of our photo studios create multi colored rainbows,
The liberal democrats can dance in the victorious helipads.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Happy

If you choose to live your life,
This way, that way, any other way,
Make sure you live your life happily,
Enjoy living this life every second, daily,
Have fun that you choose the best,
Have friends to accompany to last,
Have the satisfaction in your heart,
Have faith in you always, not least,
But when thinking of whatever done today,
Should not bring tears in your eyes,
Whatever you do today,
Should not hurt you tomorrow,
Let whatever you do today,
be the extension of yesterday's happiness,
and the foundation for tomorrow's,
Happy memory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Happy!

As my happiness is within you,
I can't be happy without you.
Happiness is dormant as the seeds do,
While waiting for the climate to sprout,
We are the climate for someone's seed,
May be hot, cold, breezy and windy,
Just nice for them to be happy,
Happiness is the only wealth,
That we can enjoy as the human,
The rest we have to leave and go,
Let us be the climate sometimes,
Let us be the seeds sometimes,
Let us have the blooms of joy,
Let us let others to be part of our bliss,
Shrouds of miserly weakness to be shed,
Smile to you first, looking at the shade,
Good words are a lot, use them frequent,
Not only those words of please and thank you,
Appreciate the intelligence as well as ignorance,
Without ignorance, intelligence can be differentiated,
Admire the things that you like or not,
As all these carry a message positive or negative,
Happiness is the state of mind,
Why can't we be the king of that state?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Hungry To Taste The World!

When appetite is there,
People learn to be fair,
When appetite is gone,
People act as machines,
Doing repetitive works,
Stuff their hungry stomach.

When hunger rules the mind,
The mind is kept alert to sprint,
When satisfaction is tasted,
The mind becomes lazy and dormant,
As long as the hearts search,
They always taste the life better.

Once the basic needs are fulfilled,
What else this body needs to be alive?
When the body is quiet and calm,
The desires are contained in the capsule,
The capsule society procreates the zombies,
They know nothing about will and wishes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Kind..

I want to hide from the sunlight,
That warms me as the moonlight,
So soft and tender to taste and be ashamed,
As I have never reciprocated the love to the deserved.

I want to hide from the breeze,
That touches my skin as the satin,
So silky and smooth to feel and be in vain,
As I have never reciprocated the love to the realm.

I want to hide from these shadows,
Those follow me as the bodyguards,
So gentle, but fierce to keep me on toes,
As I have never reciprocated the love to the broken hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Prepared To Stand...

Wiping, scrubbing, and teary washing,
Chants of polishing: the tainted mind to shine,

Dissonance drying, unfriendly pressing with steam,
Folded are the memories, the crumbled mind to be neat,

Hallucinated dreams after pouring out from the jar,
The calmed tempest may sing the lullaby to the core,

How far one goes away, sticking of it as the dust,
Or the poles of magnets, stains of the poisonous mist,

Truth is not there, when the lies are told with bold smile,
Time may heal the wounds and do the wonders to the sufferers,

Cancerous gangrenes emerge, nothing we have to suppress,
Wasted are the healing processes, men are sometimes at the losing ends.

the cells of unknown stop order growth are punished,
the human may emerge as the winners, men will find out.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Proud.

Be proud to be who you are,
Be proud to have the shades of color,
Shroud of doubts to clear,
Seeds of hope to plant and prosper,
Religions are to follow,
Fanatics are to the hollows,
Never be ashamed to say your race,
For we have crossed various phases,
We are born equal naturally,
We will decay equal biologically,
We will return what we acquire,
Whatever acquired is not ours,
Too much indulgence too bad,
For it makes us too sad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Sportive And Cautious!

Go away; go away, if you want,
Just sway to the new flaunt,
You aren't the only one to haunt,
Millions have done and got astound.

On the streets of cities, definitely not necessarily,
The cosmopolitan entities, have seen their identities,
As the people full of stress and pain having sad faces,
Simple pleasures are forgotten in selected perusal.

Baby, when you have the wings,
Fly up in the sky to play and swing,
Nothing can hold you to be strong,
Let your wings and brain work along.

Well traveled paths with warning signs,
Well experienced people, who may guide or con,
A few may not want you to suffer as them,
The rest wish you to get the 'pleasure', the same.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Strong Enough To Be Kind

I am not afraid of these lions and tigers,
Those roar in the enclosed worldly affairs,
They are making their ancestral voice,
Searching for their kingdom, full of noise,
And they had lost the great fight of their life,
The bones are buried and flesh is auctioned,
They are at the mercy of the human,
Who keep the inventories in their monetary accounts
The meek lionesses dream of their lion kings,
The toothless tigresses can lick the paws of their flings,
I am not afraid of all these helpless brutes,
But I am afraid of their test tube produced cubs,
I walk in tip toe fashion, not making any sound,
That may disturb their peaceful sleep,
In case if I step on the tip of their growing tail.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Thrifty..

when we look for our next dozen sweaters,
there are thousands have no even one.
wrap themselves in rags that are dirty,
lie on the sides hearing heavy sounds.

The trucks that carry tons,
The cars that carry none,
The rickshaws that carry nine,
never disturb the slumber they are in.

When the mid night parties irritate us,
When the crying of babies tortures us,
When the noise from neighbors threaten us,
How these people can sleep in noise?

a vagrant in Glasgow is no different
from a homeless in Edinburgh,
As these two are not at all
worse than homeless in India.

When the formers have dogs as pets.
the latter live with animals.
Bulls, cows, cats, dogs and reptiles underneath,
The life goes on for millions.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Be Tolerant..

When someone thought a few dollars a stalk was too expensive,
To present as the show of love and affection, that experience,
Has made one to grow the garden full of beautiful flowers,
Even then a flower has not been plucked and presented,
It is not the money that matters, but the habit one cherishes,
The show of kindness can be shown in many forms and ways,
For a few it may be the flowers, but to others it is their presence.
When the loved ones are around, we will become a bouquet.
when we gather for a function, we like to squabble,
let the peace prevail and make our meeting more meaningful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Because Of You...

Because of you, the earth ball revolves around me,
Because of you, the thunder echoes in the ears as the music,
Because of you, the rainbow curves my heart to shine and gain,
Because of you, the desert sun is as cool as the moon.

Because of you, the clogged veins of mine cleared,
Because of you, the expected storm in the head, dissipated,
Because of you, awaiting rain from the eyes, receded,
Because of you the running rivers walk towards the sea.

Because of you, because of you, my heart in the chest safe,
Because of you, each one of you, healer of the nerves,
Filled hundreds of pages with wise words and advice,
Because of you, dear friends, the earth ball revolves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Before Boarding The College Bus..

The moment I step out of my home,
Carrying my hot not insulated lunch box,
Hurriedly filled with two idlies and coconut chutney,
I feel very free as the bird; just leave my tugged saree,
To flow with the wind, this is observed by my watching relations,
Anklets at my feet making noise of merry,
When I am surrounded by the humming bees and butterflies,
I have to look at the ground, but my eyes can move side to side,
That bee just woke up and waiting for my perfumed breeze,
Smiling at me as if he sees his favorite sweet,
Walking on the street, a few houses away,
The newly married uncle butterfly can't give up,
His old habit, just looking at me as if he has lost,
His favorite toy in the chariot festival of summer,
My childhood friends who have mustache and beard,
Chatter as loud as they can, so they think that I can turn,
There comes the temple of First God, The Lord Ganesh,
I have to remove my shoes and plead with him for a while,
The familiar faces are gone, now the new faces from other towns,
They watch me as the precious flower, which is kept on the altar,
A few note books to take the notes during boring lecture,
The lecturers are as ignorant as the learners of why they are there,
The pencil box of leaking Indian pens and imported Malaysian erasers,
The flower shops sell the different kinds of flowers,
I have to board the women only bus, before the college gate is locked,
so I can get the new passport to fly over the oceans of desires.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Before Mou

Holding the glass of champagne,
Wearing the ill fitting costume,
Once stingy, now the philanthropist,
Walking on the red carpet,
Rubbing the shoulders with,
Shoulders that need mirth,
Parties of the pollens,
Need the flowers and the buds stolen,
Excited nerves send wrong signals,
Beauty and virility flashed their smiles,
Eyes are met, notoriety is shared,
Recently ironed skin looks smoother,
And fools the viewers envier,
The wrinkled ones get jitters,
Drooling over the youngsters,
Want to put their signatures,
At the expense of our future.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Behave Yourself, Darling!

For the fear,
of being ridiculed,
questioned and insulted,
for the mistakes,
that have been committed,
a long time ago or
recently in ego or
the mistakes,
that will be committed,
in future,
Human race has lost its voice,
of warning others,
advising and guiding another,
in the name of culture and
self restricted posture.

Behave yourself, darling..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Behind The Veil

The withdrawing bees sit on the blooms,
Dusts of yellow fall and start to groom,
The prosecuted flowers, accused of waywardness,
The bees are brought to identify, the lady pregnant,
Points the finger at one, who is in prime,
To take care her deposit in the silent shrine,
Bees get off guard, wrong genetic code,
The community of bees not to want to ride,
And conspire to keep the blooms on guard,
Each matured flower to be covered,
From the wavy petals to the leggy stem,
Just an opening for the rays to peep in,
The blooms on cover, not to attract the bees,
The blooms watch and enjoy exclusive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Below Your Waist..

The chakras below my waist,
Never ruled my strong head,
The chakras from the head to waist,
Guarded with the input of love,
Made many to be happy and stable,
Not let them wander in the streets,
Where peddlers have the selfish fangs,
Pouring the petrol into the fire is wrong,
I am a weak human with a wandering thoughts,
I am a weak person, having the fire all over,
I am a weak mortal, holding the weapons of hurts,
When the chosen chakras rule my being,
I have evolved as the slimy worm,
From the murky earth to show my shine.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Beside A Wooden Box..

He leans as a hair pin beside her coffin,
the towel on his shoulder kisses,
all his tears and he was clueless,
as he was impaired on the wheelchair,

during the whole holy ceremony,
he was there as her destiny,
flapping his fingers in the blooms,
not knowing where the head was,

she returned alive after every,
hospitalization, this time different,
she was packed in the wooden box,
he was too shocked of her demise,

he repeatedly asked a question,
why she did not inform in advance,
that she would depart in silence, '
leaving the feeble heart in remorse,

His light less eyes sometimes squinted,
his proud Tamil head suddenly bowed,
his directing hands heavily trembled,
the brave man wailed aloud at last,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Better Half! !

Through the grand bicameral house,
You have looked at me gently,
I have lost the feet of my ground,
just started to fly as the kite,

When I dipped the finger tip,
To color your ironed paper with,
Indelible ink, that goes away,
In a very few wash after work out,

Behave as the thug and a gangster,
Below the convenient blanket,
That need more and more frequent,
Hundreds of your democratic heads,

Show hundred different vague faces,
Those speak hundred different love languages,
The system for the people and by the people,
The spies are nowhere to be found,

Unless there are stacks of money kept;
You are the modern day Robin,
Steal from the poor and share with,
The corporate for the small tips,

Whenever you arrive at the door step,
To beg for love, I see you in the same checkered,
Shirt that was worn when you began the life,
As the budding robber, who had stolen my heart,

Let me bring all my friends to show you,
While you are on the podium with erected hands,
Holding the mike and wearing the confident smile,
that cheats every heart that longs for better life.

Vearaiyah Subbulakshmi

Beware Of Evil Verses! !

have my bread and wine,
and then know of the pain,
not bothered of the clowns,
talking of futuristic plans,

the world is full of people like me,
scared of planes crashed into the towers,
not knowing of characters of evils,
come and work in the soil,

soul catchers are very kind,
cross carriers are very blunt,
nation catchers are the tyrants,
peace seeking is the false paint,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Beware Of Her!

She is an intelligent woman with pretty face,
Perfect crown, limbs and beautiful lips with gloss,
When she looked at the Middle East for oil,
The sultans sold the barren useless land, no toil,
Land acquired for the dirt price of the desert sand,
She liked to play games with rich and famous leaders,
Shah of Iraq chased and Saddam occupied her heart,
When the calf, she reared, poked her breast in Kuwait,
She suffocated the traitor in the drain and then killed,
Men of our nations so fond of her beautiful pants,
Whenever they play with her and get some loan from her,
The currency of the countries surely devalued,
Just name few countries, which have huge population,
Ever prospered in having relationship with her, except china,
a miscalculated and the Chinese want her to be their concubine,
She is so kind, really so generous to her old children,
Not to the children of her bed mates, that she shared,
Wherever she goes, she is a curse to the peaceful nations,
That will end with war or financial crisis and melt down of peace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Beware Of The Luggage! !

Sweat may change the landscape of love,
Hard labor may chase away the black dove,
Thought may think to discover the facts,
Memories may stop to recover for decades.

The precious waste of a woman is the new life,
The unavoidable taste of the bodies that displayed,
The uncontrollable haste of the man that overlooks,
The new generation of human is produced without avail.

The creation of Gods, serve them as the basics,
The creations of Man so delicious and aesthetic,
The net that entangles quarter of population,
Dismantle the family bond without any trail.

We are the remnants of the waste, but priceless;
What we eat, seek, save, inherit and then leave,
Garbage that collected in our body and soul,
What that can't be seen, are our only luggage.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Beware Of The Platforms..

We respect and love the good eternal nature,
The sun, stars and the moon are nurturers,
Not wearing of the slippers on the lands of farmers,
Looking at the sun with no sunglasses,
Drinking of polluted Ganges with great respect,
Inviting the crows for lunch, leaving the poor child empty,
Burning of new and old clothes for prosperity,
Sprinkling of the turmeric water to get cleansed,
From the dirty created by the touch of the fellow low class human,
Fighting in the names of castes and religions,
We have a long way to go, if not corrected,
After many generations of mouthful reforms,
We are divided yet united to do all on the wrong platforms.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Bills To Pay And The Money Lenders

The agony of scarcity destroys not only the harmony,
but also the unity and calmness of any unit.
That unit be a loving home of happy families or a nation
Whose joyful moments will be taken away.

When poverty enters, why human think irrationally,
When poverty suffocates, why a man acts violently,
When poverty displays, why everyone shows immaturity,
When poverty annoys, why the youngsters are hurt emotionally.

Ignorance of the parents eradicate the innocence of their offspring,
Unawareness of laws of basic economy kindles the fire of greediness,
When the kids are the investment, why should make them to be pawns,
Just a simple life is more than enough to witness another dawn.

Making a mistake out of curiosity is easy, rectification is very hard.
Taking a loan or two from a bank or a shark is easy,
Always remember that repayment takes the toll,
That should not be the peace of a family.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Blue And Yellow!

The creeper slowly climbs with slender tentacles,
The moisture of love that feed and flow with no obstacle,
Under the cold shine and hot rain, you and me,
Lessons felt, shared, absorbed and created,
The green grass under the ocean of salinity,
Where the green turtles feast frantically,
Velvety meadows to the distance eye can see,
Where the cattle and horses nibble the young leaves,
Colors of rainbows shaded on the grains, fruits and vegetables,
Where the machine and human toil to reap the sweat of our union,
You are the light and I am the universal solvent,
When the love between us is disturbed and destroyed,
What can they do with barren land and concrete jungles?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Bold And Beautiful!

Are you the one, my dear,
Gone for the plastic shears,
Wearing the cream of shrouds,
Hiding all flip and flop threads,
Battered is your loving heart,
Steaming is your scheming thought,
Loving is the art, not sold in the mart,
Having the boots, still thorns poke and hurt,
Either the soul is weak or temptation is sharp,
Let us roam through the abandoned towns,
Where we can find the empty hearts down,
Let us pick up each and everyone,
That all wait for something boon,
You and we can make the globe, the crown,
Erase away the marks of frown,
When I am deemed to be your love,
I don't want to shy away to be a coward.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Breakfast In Malaysian Stalls

Listening to the radio DJs,
Driving through the traffic
This match is quite all right,
When these guys poke fun,
At one another and with public,
The sun is just awake,
Chasing the darkened thoughts,
Bright yellow spike, so soft,
The arrival of another morning,
As the windows start to open,
To allow the fresh air in,
The smell of freshly brewed coffee,
Fragrant coconut rice with fried anchovies,
Sliced cucumber, sambal and egg,
That is served under the cool trees.
The early birds drive to these haunt,
To have their breakfast,
Under the pleasant sun,
The breeze move around them,
To bring the heaven to earth,
Young and old, rich and poor,
Everyone wants to sit in the open air,
To have their breakfast and dinner,
On this land, where my mother was born,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Bro..

I am a racehorse well taken care of,
Shiny coat and the majestic tail,
Bro, Feeds of good selected grain broth,
Nays are stopped with flash cards,

I am the promoter of the world peace,
Peace at home as usual lost and gone,
Bro, you want to be an admired farmer,
Hitting all the keys for the expected answer,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Broken Hearts..

How many times,
To how many young adults,
How many of you,
Have told it is too fast,
How many of them listened,
Mostly not listened and brushed aside,
How many shattered hearts,
How many of us have,
And found all around,
All around on the streets,
The power of hormones,
Really too strong to trick the mind,
To break the heart sooner or later,
The power of hormones,
The shower of rain,
The breeze of the wind,
The coldness of eternal spring,
The elasticity in the coil of spring,
It has to stay forever,
Why the broken hearts shiver?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Broken Hearts...

Distress call from the old parents,
Too frightened of their young chicks,
They have painted themselves, □
With new colorful cultural shades,
Not ashamed of uttering foul words,
Mostly have four letters as the nails,
Going out at nights as the days are dark,
Inside the curtained high rise cubicles,
Binging and dating are common scenes,
The educational huts are the training grounds,
Sometimes where the lifelong love may bloom,
The eyeliners of the young boys with husky voice,
The imperfect body of the pencil thin lasses,
They will overcome all these cultural mishap,
Once they become the responsible parents,
They too get worried of their new young chicks.
They too will bug their children's smart phones,
They too will have sleepless days and nights,
They too will have their hearts broken into pieces.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Broken Mould.

What mould was used to create
the species of earth?
The mould changes automatically,
to create the better species.
Who has programed the mould,
to be mold, omitting the U?
The mould that is kept in every species,
in the form of DNA and RNA.
What an Creator is that person,
who has such knowledge.
It took thousands years,
to decode the secrets of procreation.
It took millions of lives,
to find out remedy for infections.
It has taken a life span of human,
to realize the truth in final breathe.

If The same mould is used,
there is no kick in it.
The variation is a pleasure,
Various kinds of people,
with variant characters,
distinctive features, color and hair,
but Color of the liquids,
rhythm of the heart beat,
months of full term pregnancy,
are all same for every species.
A simple change
may mutate the functions.
Let us be proud of the moulds,
that we have in us.
Let us make use of the mould,
that we have inherited.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Burst Love! !

Pulsating stars in dark silent night,
So many of them in carefree secret sky,
When the dispenser of light hope arrives,
Where have they gone as the fireflies?

They never rise and fall in disgrace,
Always there as the mighty satellites,
Blinking and wiping hot and cold tears,
Lonely spread sheet littered with mistakes,

Sad and bad memories; in which,
We lived; always have link to hearts,
As the cobweb, sweet memories,
Are the stars; never shattered as the glass,

How many cloudy villains try to hide,
when they twinkle as the tiger's eyes,
The printing of celestial events,
Visible to the human eyes only in thought,

as long as scented, they hold their hands,
when the scent is gone and the feet are,
on the ground, a few see only the mistakes,
What do you call it, either love or lust?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Butterflies...

You have spread your wings,
At the sides of our hearts,
To fly to great height,
To look down in delight,
The sticky icicles definitely yours,
The diamonds and corals contrast,
A sculpture in the Almighty,
Has the hand, delicate,
Tools of wonders have made it,
Where our thought take the flight,
When you blabber in the unknown voice,
The uncoordinated eyes stare in confusion,
To melt our hearts to be the nylon threads,
Butterflies, when have you spread your wings,
To pick up the speed to take us along,
To every dream that has the bud,
To smile as the flowers and seek for companionship.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Bye

When you throw,
the words of knife,
at me,
I change that into a spade,
to till my heart deeply,
to sow the hope,
to reap the confidence,
and evolve,
as a better human.

Bye..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Caged Social Animals...

You can retaliate well,
To reach the ultimate goal,
The table is monumentally full,
Of emptied files and water bottles,
You are here to prove and move,
Until you get older and slow,
Each step you take may hurt,
Each joint in the scaffold,
Rusted, can be greased for a while,
Can be replaced with by product,
You are jubilant and cunning,
Holding the passport with a visa,
Only One way journey permitted,
Nothing here is yours and mine,
Nothing here is theirs and us,
Then why this cheap prankster,
Always return to the same dumpster,
Where you have collected lonely troopers,
Galloping of your heart is not funnier,
It is getting sadder and sadder...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Call It Opportunity!

Let us scavenge in the emerging markets of the world,
Where we can find the dollar crazy crooks as the lead,
Send the naturalized traitors to their own shores,
To poke the eyes of the poor mothers with their,
Own children's long nailed hands, we are smart,
Entrepreneurs with self proclaimed profit,
In the balanced sheets to play with the hearts,
Of the human, ringing the bells in the stock market,
Keeping our oil safe under the soil for future use,
Gallon of fuel can be sold for gold price,
We are the intelligent businessmen traveling,
In business class, selling everything in shoe string,
Human from all over the world grouped together,
In the land of worshipers of sun and the celestial objects,
Invented the policies to make the human nerds and nuts,
Overfed, obese, neglected, tired and confused with doubts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Calmed People..

Below the thick blanket,
I have the hot packs,
Between the shoulders,
Just under the neck's border,

Another one support the legs,
Not to get frozen from the cold,
The place I sleep is too quiet,
Red buttons are fixed near and far,

I can hear the gossip through the walls,
And sometimes I join them in conference calls,
I am safe, far from attack, close to the comfort,
My hot packs are always warm to keep me calm.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Can Do It!

When open the Text books to read,
The pain of sorrowed clouds spread,
The equations are to be sorted out,
The formulas are to be followed,
The stack of assignments still in head,
Not written and stored in any disk,
Time goes very fast and doubts erupts in heart,
Don't worry for a second, when you pave the road,
To the comfort and whatever you don't have now,
Will be acquired in future, be determined anew,
We are the survivors and we have survived in the world,
You can be the next to come out in flying colors,
Have courage to make the insufficiency as the tools,
To plow your heart and mind to clear ignorance,
Even if you beg for your education, it is worth,
The knowledge that you have, possess and will add,
Be educated to speak and write with no nonsense,
Friends, show our youngsters what it means.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Capture The Weak Hearts..

The life of a dream is a rainbow,
Colorfully shines after every show,
Spectators are there to observe,
The birth and death are on the rows,

The bend between the waterfalls,
Neatly drawn with the right tools,
Is it the dream or the victory of a mistake,
never lasted more than a few minutes,

If the rain and moon bow were the real,
And can be captured as the thieves,
These should be punished for the mischief,
Fooling and hurting the hearts of the weak,

Or can be bestowed with the best title,
For grasping the minds of every little,
Living on the iced and the hot plates,
Mesmerizing the dream that is too short..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Cards Or Money

I hate those cards,
that are called,
Master and visa,
for these making me,
to worry about,
the Money, I need to pay.
and always check my credibility,
month after month,
with at least,
ten percent payment.

Freshly printed money,
just out of ATM,
so fresh, very stiff,
no smell of sweat and drugs,
stick with one another,
as sisters, or,
the worn out money,
with the smell of dirt,
stay away from one another,
as brothers.
I like spending,
printed notes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Care For One Another..

Look at the hearts only,
Beating inside punctually,
as the stars majestically,
One above other vertically,
Hearts are beating vibrantly.
One above the other in high rise,
hearts toil with no surprise,
as the galaxies and constellations,
Hearts are beating horizontally,
Few hearts in big space,
Many hearts in small place,
as the diamonds twinkle in space,
Hearts are found in the ocean,
Hearts are there in the mountains,
Hearts are loitering in the jungles,
Hearts are beating in places,
as the planted gems above us,
Daring hearts are weak,
Weaker hearts are strong,
Most hearts are healthy,
Run and work in safety,
A few suffer and are sickly,
Clogged with fat and heavy,
Rich and poor man's hearts,
Educated and uneducated hearts,
Good and evil hearts,
Agnostic and spiritual hearts,
Healthy and sick hearts,
Beat everywhere to show,
That we care for one another,
and we love one another,
as we look at the stars,
the stars look at our hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Carelessness...

Whenever we pass through the narrowed path,
Announcing the perfume sprayed with the mist,
Taken out from the handbag or the pockets,
During the lift open and close for a while

What do we want to hide and show,
to the nostalgic nose of others,
What do we want to show and display,
As if the garden of flowers in the chest

The confused human with loosened hips,
Wearing tights and the gelled hair,
Little frock for your blossomed top,
Legging and the scarf in bright colors,

Leafy greens, pinks, oranges and purples,
The new mercantile from the unknown designers,
The street boys wear dark red and green shorts,
The gym boys are too tired even to lift their hands,

Drinking of protein drinks and capsules,
We are going too fast in high speed,
While our metabolism exists as it is,
The normal heart rate never changed in our new fashion,

While the human hearts beat erratically,
They are too stressed even to think rationally,
They hallucinate after every success and failure,
They are living robots to go to the ATMS and Lottos,

Will Gulping pills save us from woes?
Will the visiting half baked doctors heal our diseases?
Will self help book have the answers to our doubts?
Will the offering of prayers reduce our troubles?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Cause And Effect..

I have lost the interest to all the worldly comfort,
To wake up early to pick up the juicy and ripe fruits,
To buy the Smart watch to connect with the internet,
To knock the doors of expensive metal markets,
To remise the sadness of the speculative hearts,
To show off the glitters and blinks to the friends,
To safe keep the silver in the padlocked cupboards,
To buy the double and triple taxed price depleting vehicles,
Because mine and I are awake and already collected,
The fully matured fruits to ripe and the seeds to plant,
Most of the time I am careful, not to get reprimand,
For the works that I am doing today and now,
Tomorrow always arrives with not unexpected,
But emerges as the victor as what is expected of.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Change My Mood! Oxytocin, Adrenalin And The Rest!

The drizzle of yet to shower rain,
The breeze of yet to blow wind,
The coldness of eternal spring,
The elasticity in the coils of spring,
Hormones run in arteries and veins.

When the Shower changes into a storm,
When the breeze changes into tornado,
When the coldness changes into fire,
When the suppleness changes into rigidity,
One exits and others enter fiercely.

when we like someone, we forgive them,
when we hate someone, we torture them,
When we are praised, we adore them,
When we are questioned, we doubt them.

As our moods change, the hormone change or,
the hormone changes, our mood changes?
The more the love hormone, we are happy,
The more the fly or fight hormone,
we are sad and bold.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Chant Their Names Billion More Times...

When You know what is good for me,
Why should I send my lists of wants to You
When You choose the right path for me,
Why should I wander in the jungle of the canopy,

When You know my past, present and the future,
Which I hardly remember earlier or never,
Are you the memorable hard disk or the server,
Where You have stored all my ancestor's particulars,

Once upon a time, I was in a hurry and tears,
And You looked at me with the same smile,
Now I am composed not want to nag You anymore,
And you looked at me with the same gesture,

Chanting of Your Names gives me so much pleasure,
Gazing at the sky to find the Masters, who may appear,
The cold and icy full moon and the hot fiery sun,
The dust that enters my eye, You are there in silence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Chanting Of The Wrong Names..

If I had chanted the names of gods,
The number of times I repeated your name,
In my thought and vaguely muttered while awake,
And asleep, dreaming of you in silence and quake,
I could have reserved a seat in the high abode,
Where I may be seated beside the beautiful dancers,
Of heavenly Gods and I may be entertained in my next life,
With full gratitude to the receivers and the received,
Neither have I got a place in your crowded heart,
Nor in those places where people are placed as the happy spirit,
Have I had wasted all my life, thinking of the fragile relationships,
Either to the mortal or immortal beings: breakers of hearts,
I can't understand what my original being is programmed for,
Yearning, hoping and wishing are the ways well traveled,
chanting of wrong names at the wrong time is done as expected.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Chao Phraya..

A silky lady, has the good curves,
Showing all her depth in magical silence,
Collecting the dreams of everyone in the cruise,
Life goes on and on for millions of years.

The facial is done on occasional basis,
Mixed with mud of worries and doubts,
Both side of the world is changed too quick,
Wearing the attires of modern sky scrappers.

The vessels travel with less traffic,
Seeds of pomegranates get out and get in,
The shaved coconuts have the pony tails,
The routine work of the people is not much different.

Chao Praya, you are too elegant, not sex changed,
You are too cool to play with boats and ships,
The man made flicking lights may disturb your sleep,
You are warm and cold to touch my tiny heart.

The temple of the dawn is tattooed on your shoulder,
The temples of glittering Buddha nestle on your hips and thighs,
The way you shake your legs to the tunes in your mind,
Chao Phraya, I am dump founded and a fool not have enough words.

The wooden houses have the slim legs,
Those have dug deep in your enormous breasts,
The wooden boats bring the food and the mercantile,
You are very vibrant with multi colored pretty veils.

I am a child of your loving sister kaveri, not a legendary river,
She is imprisoned and we are unable to see our mother,
Most part of the year, she runs for a while with tired limp,
Chao phraya, You are too beautiful, fertile and well taken care.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Charity Begins From The Heart!

When we think of doing charity,
We have to do it immediately,
Otherwise selfish thoughts emerge,
And will spoil that sprout of kindness,
With herbicidal spray of justification,
That convinces us not to contribute.

When we decide to contribute for the welfare,
We may accumulate a lot of blessings,
Let the receivers feel the dignity of being recognized,
In the hearts of our humble actions,
Not let ourselves to be dignified,
By letting them to feel that they are donated.

We should have the strength to give up our food,
Otherwise we can't fast for health and penance,
We need to have more strength to donate,
Whatever little that we have, to fulfill the need,
Of someone who is in hunger and thirst,
Let us have that strength to prove
That we are human with loving hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Chennai Flood: Scene 1

The rushing water into the homes,
those are built with warm Cash flame,
Dried out are the lakes for decades,
the children are born with no surprise,

When the water touched the feet,
the living room laden with Indian carpet,
before the dozen winks of moisturized eyes,
it reached the chest, and the human fled to top,

Time had passed and the running water rose,
the parents hearts bled and the kids scared,
no help had arrived and they fled to the second,
floor that have no roof, stranded, stranded,

The God of rain not merciful, but poured,
The helpless human stood there for days,
no food, no water in the failed rotten state,
where the system has no place, corruption rules,

People wanted to be plucked out soon,
no helicopter arrived with magic boon,
Has the middle class realized the harm,
out of selfishness and ignorance of their own?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Chicken People

After I have slaughtered a heart,
I place it on the sterile table,
For it to have the new experience,
What life would be, when cleaned and cleared,
With no other contagious emotions,
And I sprayed the salty tears of soy sauce,
And gulped the heart of an animal,
That is called as a chicken.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Child Of A Mother..

Rip off your veils, girls,
As we are not born indifferent,
Rip off your veils, women,
As we are not born with the cocoon,

Let those dumb headed fight,
Let us not lose our loving child,
Let those arrogant march with might,
Let us not lose our dear brothers,

Rip off your veils in groups,
How many of us can be beheaded?
Even if they behead our loving heads,
Let it be for the future of the mother's love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Childhood In The Boarding School..

I was not born as a child to enjoy childhood,
When I was in the residential school boarded,
Woken up at five to have the dip in the pond,
After the couple of exercises half awoke and slept.

Morning mass either in the church or the chapel,
Seven thirty cold breakfasts guarded by the sisters,
Eight O clock study until the school bell rang,
Rushed to the hall of freedom until the next meal.

After lunch, sleepy afternoon would end at five,
Five to six teas and then to be caged in the libraries,
Seven thirty dinner, eight to eight thirty recreation,
Eight thirty to nine prayers, added with stories of saints.

Nine to five at bed thinking of childhood during the holidays,
Nine to five silences, when my thoughts spread the wings,
Sometimes recollecting the lessons of life and the parents,
The pillow was always wet and got dried with my hot breath.

The physical diary of the life of every boarder,
Neither glamorous nor dangerous, but safe,
Too monotonous apart from the occasional,
Dorm squabble and the loss of carefree childhood.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Choices!

Handmade Swiss watch may show the same time,
As the mass produced watches holding cheap chips,
But the former may run to last for generations,
The latter may collapse, but we will buy the next one.

Few people may have dollars to pay the Swiss artisans,
Many people have coins to support the cheap productions,
The pleasure of having something is invented and marketed,
When affordability is expanded, the satisfaction is unmatched.

When we can't afford the expensive, we can go for the cheap,
When we can't afford the original, we can go for the generic,
When we can't afford a healthy life style, we can be sick,
When we can't afford a good leader, we can go for the tactful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Cleaning Rituals Of Clever Men

Even before the discovery of wash lets,
from the land of rising sun in the east,
Even before the invention of washrooms,
from the land of congested petty nations,
Even before the construction of squatting,
holes and the adjacent storage compartments,
There were people who discharged in the buckets,
in the palace of Buckingham.

Workers collected one pound for a bucket,
Masters sprayed the new perfume distilled.

Ladies of London had taken their clothes,
to wash in the streams and rivers,
across the town a century ago,
that the people,
from the kampung of Indonesia do
until today.

Village ladies from India,
take the sombhu early morning,
to empty their bowels before sun rise.

Village ladies from India,
go to the kulam to bathe and clean,
while their men bathe on the other side.

None ravish none,
as they have no sin.

Presence of pimps,
is the sign for poverty.
Is License to prostitute,
the sign of prosperity?
Women have this license,
and they have to renew it yearly,
in a few European countries.
Men are very clever,
to perfumed the smelling palace.
Men are very clever,
to change a woman to a whore,
on their own,
and this need is created,

by the men and for the men.
Fools are us, we, women.

Kampung is a Malay word for village.
Sombhu is water pitcher in Tamil.
Kulam means pond in Tamil

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Clever People..

We are going up to the sky,
There is no limit to the try,
Confidence is the only tie,
Holding the will and love as a pie.

We are going up to the sky,
Counting the grains of tiny rye,
Clouds are removed from the eye,
Victory follows to the determined sly.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Climatic Change!

Light as feathers float in whims,
The legs not kissed and in dreams,
The heaviness in the mind,
The rushing messages through the heart,
The sun's rays emit the cooling breeze,
Feeling so cool inside and outside too,
The world is fresher than ever,
People are happier, reflecting showers,
Of the moon light forever,
There is no other person than that person,
Never remembered,
Because never stopped to think,
Never blinked,
Because it may hurt,
Never drank hot drinks,
Because it may scald,
As the heart is dwelled,
All in love feel the same,
All in love feel all the time.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Climb To Claim!

modern human at the markets,
want to get everything quicker,
the wrapped up delicious imported fruits,
look clean with no holes as the local apples,
the oranges gone through bathing process,
to be exported, the juicy fruits of,
rambutan, Durians, Mangoes and bananas,
mostly organic and visited by their friends,
the pest and plucked by human, painfully bitten,
ask the kid where she gets the mango from,
she may say 'from the stores', not knowing hardship,
Let every kid learn the truth,
nothing comes easier on their plates.

I had climbed the trees of various textures,
When I was young, I was close to the nature,
Whenever I went back home for holidays,
Pesticides not around to declare mayday,
For insects, mollusk and escaped crustaceans,
Train like millipede with red and black hues,
Venomous Centipedes found below moist heaps,
Sweet mangoes invite ants of all sizes,
Jackfruits are the good hosts to bees and flies,
Careful and cautious, I aimed to pick up the fruit,
Though very high for my body that was too petite,
Many times bitten mercilessly to have swelling heart,
A group of drunken bees arrived to make me a drunk,
tolerance kept me awake to climb to the top,
Plucked those fruits victoriously without dropping,
Returned to show my people for them to have,
The taste of sweet success that is hidden,
not far away from our illusionized vision.
the victory acquired through hardship,
appreciated for ever, to reach higher height.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Clueless Life...

Of all things in the visible world,
The heart looks for invisible deeds,
The strings of spring vibrate and are glad,
The cavalry below covered by the red rose petals.

From the distant sky the blooms are seen,
Colorful and beautiful to admire and be calm,
Beneath the desires of want and expectations,
The nectar of temptation is very sweet to con.

Fully geared and mounted on the life cycle,
Everywhere illumined, but seems to be too real,
If destined to be under control, what can be surreal?
Heart; cheer up this path may end somewhere, fertile.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Cocooned Earth

When the cocoon is very tight,
I starve myself to be thin and fit,
When the cocoon is very spacious,
I gulp and eat to be fat and enjoy the areas,
I can't make this cocoon to be big or small,
But I can alter myself to log in any holes,
Struggling is the innocence of ignorance,
Avoiding is not the act of love, but of hate,
Tolerance is an action that we force ourselves,
To suffer in quietness; erasing all these scribbles,
May make our chart of life very progressive,
The sky can wear and shed so many identities,
The snowy mountain floats over our heads,
The rustic hills travel not in lightening speed,
Golden rays escape from the goldsmith's furnace,
The silvery streaks are there as the human's crowns,
What else do we need, except the determination,
The desires to seek the peace in our gardens.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Cocooned Men! !

The tempting girls and the fast food,
both are same and no boy can elude,
the fragrance overpowering from the oven,
most get trapped and settled down as cocoons.

They feel cozy in the beginning,
and then think costly of everything,
They struggle and are happy with suffering,
They can't be the butterflies again.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Coffee And The Poor Economies Of The World.

Respect the sweat of human,
Irrespective of color, creed and religion,
One third of tap water is used to brew the coffee,
Procured two to five dollars per kilo in whole sale,
Starbucks sell two pound a cup in the stalls in UK,
Have spacious restaurants in our regions
converting UK pounds to our pitiful denomination,
Americana, Cappuccino, Mocha and Espresso,
Fancy name attached with degree of roasting,
Fermentation, with milk, without milk and bubbles,
Come to our countries, freshly roasted filter coffee,
Available on the road sides for five rupees a cup,
Cup size of less than 50 ml, just to moisten the throat,
Even the Cups of developed nations, fivefold our size,
Still it is only 25 rupees, equivalent to fifty cents,
We are the poor people; give us the fair price,
Coffee is the third liquid, after petroleum, on the market,
Out of one kilo coffee powder, 100 cups can be brewed,
R&D, Oil rigs, Oil platforms, expensive engineers and workmen,
Billions of dollar investment, still one liter petrol costs 140 pence,
What have you invested in our poor countries,
To drink the sweat of our plantation coolies so cheap?
How are we obligated to sell our produce,
So cheap for you to increase the value and sell?
WE are fools and our politicians are your tools,
To puncture our hearts to do the batter trade.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Come Back, Bird! Mh 370

Where have you been, Bird?
After deciding not to send the signal,
Up in the sky on the South China Sea,
The deepest part of this 'pot' is scary,

Five kilometers down, not fit for a bird,
To use its wings flipping up and down,
Carrying the symbiotic species,
Where have you been, playing wild truant,

Does anyone keep you in a cage?
Six days gone but none called to prank,
We are on this land clutching our hands,
With the hands of the friends,

Look at the Ministers and the executives,
They are too exhausted to speak,
When the question saucers hit,
Too many experts with too many gossips,

Bird, where have you gone?
Whether your wings are burnt,
To make you're not flyable,
Did you drop into the water,

To rest on the deepest bed,
The pressure is too high,
Not only when going down,
But here in everyone's heart,

Who wants to know the truth,
As fast as seeing the sunlight,
It is the vast sea and it is curved,
Show us some sign to locate you,

Sooner, our resources are limited,
Millions of poor die without noticed,
Millions of children have no food,
All around the globe,

Let us close this case,
Not prolonging the false hope,
If you come back intact,
After giving us lots of headache,

We will praise the Lords of Heaven,
Come back, bird
Show us some clue to save,
Our people from the eyes of the masters,

They think that they are the smartest,
With cable and satellite toys,
The use of having telecommunication towers is,
To collect from our smart and simple phones,

Wake up human, we are still primitive,
Never conquered the nature, though we blabber,
Come back and you are welcome in any state.
Come back, bird, alive or dead..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Come On! We Can Do It!

The hearts that dwell in the pitch dark,
Glow like the sun when filled with love and care,
The opaque body and the inefficient lights,
Keep the hearts in the dark, behind the wall and the hedge.

Vicious heart that is foxy in nature,
Kind heart that is smooth as petals,
The venturous heart that is vulture in action,
The fickle heart is like an ape in motion.

Too little heart vested with too many functions,
Fist sized hearts are troubled with delusion,
Monotonous life not appealing to human,
Rhythm of hearts changes with damages done.

Can have the notorious things to shake the head,
The racing heart yearn for pleasurable shrouds,
In the bright day light and at the pitch of the dark night,
Let us celebrate to change the rhythm of the hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Come With Me, Darling..

come with me darling,
we shall go for shopping,
we can look for many things,
that are warm and melting.

Have you heard my heart beating,
to the vibration your sighting,
what portion that you having,
that makes me obeying.

we have found a commodity,
that has many identities,
It is a confidence booster,
comfort that we needed.

When I cry, this makes you to wipe my tears,
When I look sick, this makes you to look at me deeper,
when I am down, this makes you to lift me up higher,
When I am in trouble this makes you to pull me to you closer.

Caring is the elixir, that makes our life happier,
Caring is the doctrine, that guide us to be merrier,
Caring is the wonderful feeling, selfless with out barriers,
Caring is the only bond that keeps us all together.

Come with me darling,
we shall go for shopping,
we can look for one thing,
that is warm and melting! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Communication!

The crow can caw, nothing but the caw,
The myna may sing, monotonous echoes,
The braying of donkeys deafen the ears,
The chattering of monkeys useless as ever, □
The beautiful dolphins try to speak and squeak,
Even the mermaids must have sung her heart out,
For the merman's copies to procreate,
Fauna makes noise for want of something,
All species never mimic, except the human beings,
Voices show where the noises come out from,
Voices are out for help, love, mate, hate and communicate,
Modulation makes the difference as the facial expressions,
The words do the both when written and spoken,
The words really do the best how one slave and master them.
The words are the loyal companions, never let us down.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Confidence!

When you are too rigid, you can be broken,
Please don't tell that I am the reason.

When you are too viscous, you can be the grease,
Spread between two surfaces, in hinges and bolts and nuts,
To get pressed always for the sake of lubricating sacrifice,
Please don't tell me that I am the reason,
For the excruciating pain that you wanted.

When your density is one and you think it is fun,
All the dirt will dissolve in you to make you to stink,
Please don't tell me that I am the reason.

When you are the magnet, you can pull the good Iron,
Leaving all the bad to get neglected to be negligible,
Please do tell that Magnet, YOU, have the confidence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Conflicting Idealism!

When mother had put on the dress to me,
She told me not to let anyone to remove that,
When I became slightly older, she gave me,
The long skirts and blouses to wear,
Then the sarees of various materials, color and designs,
Filled my closets, I used to run around,
When I was young and then I was advised,
To walk slowly without making any noise,
Though the anklets, the parents had worn,
Around my ankles always made the ringing tone,
For them to know where I was,
From wherever they were,
Mother advised me to sleep on the side,
And for my every sneeze she arrived with pride,
To cover my exposed joined feet and to correct,
A few strand on the face and smiled,
A well educated man whom my parents and relatives loved,
Tied the three knots to make me his wife.
This is the guy, who asks me to do,
What my parents prevented me to do.
This is the guy that my parents respect the most,
And advise me to listen and obey whatever he says.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Consequences...

What I chase that chases me,
What I run after, that runs after me,
What I hide that hides in me,
What I let go, that holds me,
What I eat that eats me,
What I drink that drinks me,
What I wave that waves me,
What I do that does me,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Consult The Medium For Your Love Problems?

That was the first time she was sitting in front of him,
Hunching as a wet chicken, going to be slaughtered,
He was a man of charm, full of false piety and glooms,
Holding a bell at twelve, praying to the soul, unwritten,
She was a woman possessed by an evil spirit of unknown,
As she had lost weight and appetite for the past two fortnight,
Worried parents consulted the friends of friends,
Relatives of relatives and found this medium to be effective.
Ritual flowers, Iron rails, sand from home, a pocket of cigar,
Particular alcohol and a few hundred dollars for the soul,
That would predict the illness of this desperate woman in black,
The high priests lit up the incense and kindle the coal,
The woman looked at the fire and the man in front of her,
The smoke filled the room and the woman was awake,
Chanting prayers to unknown deities from the grave of,
Chinese, Indian or Malay cemetery, asked the woman,
What her problem was. She told that she did not know,
And the man in Jubbah and scalp cap had to find.
He took the special homemade cigar,
And blew the smoke of cannabis on her face,
She stopped breathing as long as she could,
Then he asked what her problem was,
She repeated the same answer to the esteemed,
He took his pendant and dropped it in a glass of water,
And asked her to drink and inform him the matter,
An educated woman she was, she refused,
The spiked drink that dissolved the sweat salted,
He took a lemon and tied to the hair on the skull,
The weight of the fruit pulled her head down,
The helpers beat the drum and the perfect scene,
Set at the holy hour to find out the truth,
From the mouth of the horse that was weakened,
By the betrayal of another human,
Was construed as the work of evil unknown spirit,
but the woman came out unhurt for
she believed the truth of,
time would heal the hurt not the cheat.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Continue The Legacy...

Every flower that blooms,
From the majestic trees,
Or bushes of fresh and salt,
Water humble nurseries,
You have every right to enjoy,
The quality of fresh air,
Unadulterated drinks for,
Your haunting thirst,
To keep you afresh,
Holding stems strong,
To withstand the storms,
During the shower, be flexible,
To see the sun and a rainbow,
Every bloom on the earth,
Need to produce the seeds,
To continue the legacy of the deeds,
What a change in the chicken coop,
Laying of the eggs, not to be hatched,
What a change in these flowers,
The life of a few clever DNA cut short.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Could I Have A Pair Of Wings?

The mattresses of clouds,
beneath the open void,
spread with chick's,
fallen feather, just white,
moving gently as the,
frocks of the junior kids,
a pot of gold dust,
dropped from the chest,
of the metal smith,
shades of the fruits,
dipped in orange and apples,
when the shutter not closed,
can't open the doors of the eyes,
smell of this bed of clouds,
not yet known to all human,
sweet odor of the soil, and the sweat,
after depositing,
some in the ocean,
touch of it not known,
may be as silky as the,
conditioned tresses of,
immature lass and lads,
Give me a pair of wings,
I would like to fly and find.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Could The Philanthropists Avoid Pain?

Is the pain the penalty for sins?

Years have gone, the same concept still continues,
The pain of the heart or the soul or the skin,
Living things are fragile, just protected by cells,

Invaders are there with the weapons to drill,
Sins are the prohibited actions not only religious,
Also Biological, psychological and political,
Beware of the invaders, waiting just outside,

Holding the weapons to dissolve the solute,
Hibernating for years for the right host and textures,
It may be you and I who has to suffer,
Though we gulp the supplemental elixir rituals,

Who has done this research to connect the actions with pain?
Infection and infected are the witness, not the conclusion,
After the discovery of antibiotic patriot to attack the specifics,
When we are in pain, still we say what we had done to be vain,

Once we are cured, the pain is gone and we always thank the God,
What a mess we are in! Our rational and religious thoughts,
Not match with each other to prove a point!
We are in a mess! Don't hurt someone when they are in pain.

Dissecting their souls to retrieve the karmic acts to blame,
We have to die one day and we go off with moderate or severe pain.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Crooks In The Mlm..

Money can be grown,
The drops of sweat flow,
Not on the roads with no signs,
But from the master plans,
With love and vision,
Money can be grown,
From the plantations of mind,
The saleable can be sought,
The dead leaves are swept,
And can be the manure and compost,
The new plants grow munching the taste,
The money can be grown,
From the hearts of weak raven,
And the ambitiously pecking hen,
The heavy head stone at the top,
And then they build the pyramid,
Pushing the weight down to the glamour,
Need more supporting pillars at the base,
Millions of people have lost their money,
The age old tactics of MLM,
Believe, if they can make money many fold,
Why can't they use their own and get profit,
Why do these vultures come to your nests,
To pick up every chicks and eggs you have saved,
Greediness is not nested not only in their mind,
Ours too, we like to be rich overnight,
Invested ours in their crooked scheme,
Look, the children are hungry and,
Have to go to school in confused thoughts,
They start to talk in the loudest voice,
Man, we are the reasons for their fraught.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Crowned And Alone Carrying The Heavy Load

Stone me right at my forehead,
Stone me right through my heart,
Stone me for what I speak,
Stone me, till the last drop oozes out.

You will be left alone as the open wounded lepers,
You will be ignored the moment you lose your power,
You will be accused by those who praised you,
The moment what you speak hurt the hearts.

He traveled uphill carrying the heavy cross,
Not even one soul raised its voice to support his cause,
The meek sheep always follow the crowd to be slaughtered,
Speak the truth, you will stand apart and shine as the star.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Culture Shock!

Nude windows scantily clad,
Rays of light and shade are glad,
The erected containers on the road,
Nothing is hidden from the visual load.

Men and women are openly locked,
Adolescents are inseparably glued,
The elders are lovingly bonded,
The kids are left to be confused.

Books are kept to avoid eye contact,
People are plugged and closed eyed,
Everyone is busy as the angry birds,
Infants and toddlers are under arrest.

Dead are silent in the old graveyard,
Human are calm and quiet as the world,
The trembling and tremor can be heard,
All are happy and feel good in new clothes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

'Currently' A Slave!

When you touch me, you get the shock,
When you read me, you get a dear pal,
When you control me, you get a true servant,
When you step on me, you may fail to breathe.

When I am with you, you feel cold and warm,
When I am with you, you are happy and strong,
When I am with you, you can play and seek fun,
When I am with you, you can see the heart and brain.

When I am gone, you may get stuck and cloudy,
When I am gone, you open the curtain to see the sun,
When I am gone, you are restless and full of fear,
When I am gone, you don't know how to live with fun.

You and I are inseparable, as you need me, not I need you,
You and I are in agreement, written for you, not mutually,
You and I have become the slave and masters,
For I have to run lovelorn millions of kilometer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Daddy, Your Brother Didn'T Give Me The Candy

As an young three years old,
I rode on my uncle's shoulders,
He showed me his rice fields,
While walking to his house and the barns, □
Another uncle was very pious,
And the product of English thoughts,
Neatness and discipline were the key words,
He didn't know more than money and comfort,
The eldest uncle had the eatery,
He used to feed me sugar candy,
All my uncles were normal human,
They carried me leaving my young cousins,
To cry and walk behind us in confusion,
The children of the man of wealth are always respected,
I experienced this cruel message and a lesson,
When I was put down to cry and walk behind them.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Daddy..

Every father has the unique smell,
every young and old child can tell,
a blooming father after the shave,
a caring father when he saves,

Leaning on his back on the bench,
rocking and noting how he doing,
shaving cream on the cheeks and chin,
He slowly shed the thorns every morn,

Since I was a child, he had been my slave,
doing all my works with gentle care,
he shifted my hair part from left to right,
always looked at me as the Kohinoor,

My father's hands were hard,
which I like the most, but sad,
Love for him still grows and is immense,
no other man can share this, except my dad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dancing Is Fun!

I like to dance in the rain,]
While there is some sunshine,
Let it be the drops of drizzles,
That will wet my heart to puzzle,
What a glorious gift of nature it is,
That rains and shines in the same premise,
I like to dance in the middle of the night,
In the roof top garden of my abode,
Where I can see the stars as my pets,
Twinkle at me regularly in delight,
The smell of roses and jasmines,
Mixes with silent evening breeze,
Begs me to validate their grade,
While I dance in the middle of the night,
The plants are still and peacefully quiet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Daring To Care

A little bit of it can make the difference,
A kind look, a gentle touch, a smiling fence,
Around the perimeter of the effervescence,
Let the world be filled with lots of magical moments.

A happy child has nothing to hold in the mind,
Fear, failure, abuse of many forms and injustice,
The men grows out of those children be the pillars,
Hold the world with loving hands of piers.

Let the love flows through the hearts,
Not to make them to palpitate and waste,
Let these territories be quiet with loving arms,
Disarmament is the right choice not to inflict harms.

Millions of hearts have forgotten to beat but palpitate,
At every signal outside their flimsy doors with no latches,
Love is the only key to maintain the peace at home and land,
A kind look, a soft touch and the loving words would do.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Darkness Only Holds Secrets? What About The Light..

If the light carries the stories,
All mysteries of life could be the series,
Of episode to play forward and backward levies,
Catching those light rays without omit and wastage,
Rearrange the shadows, that are virtuous,
The light can't penetrate through the opaque,
The secret of life is kept there as the coded,
Number, where the light can't be the monologue actor,
To jump as the ape and angel to be a contaminator,
Light is not a matter to own to inherit to infer,
Light is not the liquor to gulp to fill to be intoxicated,
Light is not an adulterer to kiss to sleep to be the liar,
Light is not a mother to love to hug to be the dependant,
Light is freer than a meteor to travel around the universe,
Light is as fancier as the rainbow, as elegant as a woman,
As stronger as a man, as warmer as a human,
Once permitted it happily pierces through,
With refracted respect or reflected gentleness,
Once not permitted, it minds its own business,
Here at this juncture, the secrets of the universe,
Are recorded, not yet decoded,
Waiting to be invented,
Imagine, the mirror tells the stories,
Of all visuals, the mirrors in the white house,
Where the sun raises in East and West,
Where north and south are not around,
Planets are in perfection collaboration,
This humble human tries to conquer in celebration.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Decision Made Not To Live!

We can't be carved, programmed and displayed,
As others expected for their dreams collapsed,
Carving done at every part of our life without informed,
Programming updated every stage of our life that intended,
Displayed all over the world what they have achieved,
By political carving, economical programming,
And the display as the developed on going,
When our time is not in our hands to enjoy,
Pawned for monthly salary from the bosses,
Every activity is scheduled when and how to do,
We are not free to do what we like,
Kissing our spouse has to be stopped,
When the alarms ring, blare and repeat,
Caring of our kids unintentionally transferred,
cooking of the meat, dead for many seasons,
gulping of supplements with no reasons,
carrying the tiara of pride on our noses,
Wearing the clothes of herds days after days,
Time passes very fast, half the time drowsy,
When we lived as we liked to remember and cherish?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Declaration!

Let us not bother who they are,
What beads they hold and tug in, to roar,
What places of worship they visit to declare,
What kind of robes they wear and fare.

Let them be of the distant past speaking Hebrew,
Let them be of the man who talked about the love,
Let them be of the man, who gave up the life to be a monk,
Let them be of the people who live their life as a religion.

Whoever they are, let us not bother, they are our siblings,
Whatever they do, let us not bother, we are their meanings,
We are the human, decoded many secrets of our past magic,
Let the old religious tactics be the bygone, Let us not live in tragic.

Let us be with our loved ones, who actually need us,
Let us speak the language of love now and always.
Let us have the faith in the capability of our abilities,
Let us chase out the evils that destroy our tranquility.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dedicated, Not Blinded..

The distant stars may be beautiful,
The nearest moon may be pretty,
Thousands of mad poets may sing,
Thousands of songs on them,
But these two star in your face,
Just below the crescent forehead,
On either side of mountain nose,
Glitter, twinkle and shine as the sun,
I may not look at your face straight,
The brightness of your face blinds,
For those two little stars in your face,
For they to glow and twinkle day and night,
I may do anything in all my births.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Demarcation! !

How long we can live,
In this desperate world,
Lies and tricks are the trade,
Mountain out of mole is our choice,

How long it gets to saturate,
In the world of heaven and hell,
Calling brotherhood is an act,
Every heart has its own demarcate,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Demo Crazy. We Are Fools..

What is hardship, when it has the degree,
What is that degree, which we have to agree,
I say that I work hard and suffer,
you may say that you feel better,
someone say that their life is a misery,
sufferers keep quiet and it is Irony.
Those who are homeless and penniless,
left on the road sides to be vagrants.
These vagrants have no idea,
that they have the right to plea,
thousands on the first world and
millions on the third world, but
churning stomachs prevent them
from executing their rights.
How docile they are,
to suffer in silence,
They are better than a silent lamb,
for they endure their entire life.
As long as we follow Adam Smith,
As long as we believe in demo crazy,
As long as we are ignorant of pain,
That our fellow human go through,
this world may belong to the rich and powerful,
Let us make sure every man on street,
has the right to live his life humanly.
Let us be the human to understand
this sickness of ignorance.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Depression..

Cyclic nature of it,
Really mysterious,
When we are alone,
And think repeatedly,
Of the unsettled disputes,
Suspicious doubts and
Turbulent days,
When we were busy.

When you become moody and sad,
When you feel like lonely and mad,
When you start to cry for nothing,
Just call someone to talk and cling.

Hiding the feeling,
Makes it worst,
When you are depressed.

Taking the medicines,
Can do any good,
I have some doubts.

Lack of confidence,
Lack of self respect,
may push us to the hole,
that is called depression.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dharma..

The beginning and the end not known,
the path ends in destination unknown,
robes of Dharma strong and sewn,
every actions, the reflection of old form,

Dharma is simply the rules of nature,
in which none has the right to torture,
the own self or the phantom departure,
in unstable life, why these black caricatures,

all these bonds and their nomenclature,
Dharma is a vibrantly young cosmic teacher,
Dharma is real and it is the rules of nature,
always returns with jovial and vengeful gesture,

events in life no one saved in any pen drive,
Dharma remembers them for many half lives,
every action is noted with detailed sketcher,
Believe, dharma is real and it is rules of nature.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dhukka (The Feeling Of Suffering)

Please don't tickle my head;
a prison with two eye pieces,
two microphones, a loud speaker,
a toasting spade and two mood swingers.

Please don't show me your styles;
the feeling of suffering already in head,
can't roll over on bed and then wake,
the feeling of suffering is not dormant,

scared of tomorrow's unknown,
worries of yesterday's known,
a child in me put on a new playground,
playing is done with a membranous knot,

Leave me alone, Boy, I want to scratch;
the old wound has to be nursed with nail spray,
the feeling of suffering in many faces and phases,
no one has been liberated since the world's birth..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Did I Harass?

I am a master gentleman with a stellar heart,
That Beat with rhythm in nonmetallic notes,
She is here in my room with the computer bag,
Listening and preparing the speech through dialogue,
When looking at her beautiful face under the dimmed light,
Man, yes, the young man in me arouses from the depth,
A man and a woman is just enough to do the act,
The flame in me starts to glow as the famine of Bharat,
I offer her a glass of wine to finish for refill,
I gulp a few glasses in haste to change into the predator job,
The prey is clever and it gets out of the trap,
Either men are the evil or the women are the weak,
Given the opportunity to have the access to an apple,
A man picked it and shared it with a female,
Whoever stands undisturbed, during a very tempting encounter,
He is the real man and his chastised virility is sacred,
While I run after the deer through the elevator,
To send her home for Christmas dinner,
A few minutes of temptation all that matter,
To destroy my reputation I have shrived for, all these years,
It is like a dream, in which I have become a villain,
If my mother, wife, sisters and daughters know of my action,
I am threatened with fear of shame and unforgiving conscience.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Difference Between Something And Nothing

I wander in the commercial market,
And have something in my coat's pocket,
Splashy vehicles from the continent,
Cheap movers from the islands,
Dirty tactics to split and multiply,
The More, the heavier, people are born,
The more, the wealthier, people have the dreams,
Signals through the telecommunication cables,
People communicate to accumulate someone's wealth,
Boards of mother start to rule the world,
New houses are built, homes are demolished,
Human have the clean look, their innocence is stained,
I wander in the market having something in the jacket.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Difference In Growth.

Eating the flesh of another and others,
To have two percent per year muscle boomer,
For the past one hundred glorious years,
Only less than dozen wars were invented to reach the pier.

Someone's soil is always planted with mines.
Someone's children appendages are trimmed,
Someone's sovereign is held between the pruners,
Of the gardeners who gather around the bon fire.

You are too transparent, America, you are not stagnant,
As the old civilizations caught between the thighs of human,
You are a loving parent and taking care of your happy go lucky children,
Your economists live through the numbers to chase away the destiny.

The capital, the labor and the productivity are the important factors,
To metamorphoses the eaglets into the observing vultures,
Wealth and savings are the secondary non essential sectors,
Where the individuals keep the future of the nation,
in the safe useless lockers and their nations remain poor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Disorder.

Thousands of years I roam around these regions,
Where I no more find my darling pigeons,
I stand here at half past three at night,
Behind me is the esplanade empty in delight,
Gone are the human to have their rest,
Come back to disturb me again at eight,
I am the soul of this oceanic earth, under hallucination,
Dumped are those wastes on my plantation,
Gardens of corals gone forever, on the sea bed,
Companions of fauna seldom visit to feed,
Human dump their waste as if I am their bin,
Barges and boats threaten us, who are in,
Not enough having our own hot and fast currents,
Ignorant human test their weapons in forefront,
Thousands of species sick, unhealthy and mutated,
As far as unseen, nothing happens to these half baked,
Scientists and politicians of the new world,
I am the soul of the oceans, chased into the deep water,
Once in a while I, too visit the shore of soil not to trigger,
The tsunami or hardship to the children of my breast,
Who wandered naked in the virgin jungles and forests,
These human not only dress themselves with attires,
They expose all my curves in bright xenon and neon glamor.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Do I Have An Issue To Address?

Seeds of the parents,
are the children.
Needs of the genetics,
that produced.

Don't produce the seeds,
that are mutated,
the habits of the parents,
are that dictate.

Habits are the actions,
that we do repeatedly,
Let those habits be,
good and refined flawlessly.

Have a stick in the mouth,
carry the glass in the hand,
Sniffing, injecting, gulping of,
drugs are to be avoided.

Elders told us not to do,
as they have seen,
many such pathetic cases of,
early death,
untimely death,
sickening death,
cancerous death and
self seeking violent End.

Rehabilitation is the only solution,
as the chemical needs chemical
to neutralize and come clean,
Self help and determination just enough.

Pick up the courage to address the problem,
the problem of having a bad habit or two,
Check out the website and get the help,
as the human always like to help others.

Just show your hand,
we will pull you out,
no need to suffer in silence,
and waste away in prime.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Do It! .

Not a carelessly drifted wood,
Travelling from east to west,
Not the harvested halogen mist,
Covering the dust laying the web,
Not the impregnated ovary of the female,
To deliver then and there with no reticent,
The might of the knowledge emerge from you and I,
Surpass all boundaries to remove the bread crumbs,
Those are left behind on the table, once drifted log,
Man, you may not know what you can do, but do what you can.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Do It..

Everyone does it and everything does it,
During the day and the night, silent and quiet,
In the trees, on the trees and under the trees,
She does it, he does it and they do it,
Floating through the mountain it does it,
Rushing through river everything does it,
Piercing through the space radiates on the face,
From the hearts to the hearts in every cellular souls,
The world is still alive, arising up to the sky,
When the ordinary man on the street does it,
The presidents and the Prime Minister does it,
The academicians and the humble being does it,
Even the criminals may do it for a purpose,
The nuns and the priests do it unattached,
The beggars and the millionaire do it attached,
The birds and the animals do it; genetically coded,
When they wake up every morn to greet someone,
When you wake up after doing it to do it again,
The sacrifices you have made, transpire you to be a gem.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Do We Have Option?

No one knows me and my feelings,
They smile at me as if I were happy,
When I smile back out of courtesy,
The burden of the mind is gone easy.

No one knows me and my feelings,
I am worried about everything,
That I can think about and feel,
Drowsy I am, with punishment conventional.

I'd want to do what I like,
For each of my likings, there is a hurdle,
I have been confused since young,
With lists of good and bad, long.

When I try to buy a hand phone,
They ask whether I want original or cloned,
When I try to buy the car tyres,
They ask me whether I want imported or rethread.

When I pour the oil for the engine, brake and steering,
They ask me whether I want synthetic or recycled,
Wherever I go, whatever I do, I have options,
Even when I pray, they ask me which God I pray to.

when I was born, I think that I didn't have the option,
when I am ill, I don't have the option to choose the germs,
when I lie on that bed, I don't have the option of,
picking up the right time, after many years,
after fulfilling all my desires, dreams and duties.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Doctored Profiles

Doctored are the people,
Who May be fourteen or in nineties,
like to change their age and sex in profiles,
Certainly prove their disrepute,
Of not believing their own ability,
May think that their cloaks,
Can be changed as fast as the clouds,
With the designs of sun peeping through,
From dark to white, always on the run,
Below the predictable moon and stars,
Leaving the message to the debt collectors,
That the father is not hiding in the barn,
The fruit cakes on the plates,
Definitely carry the same 'nuts' and fruits,
Be happy for who and what you are,
Cheating is not a game but a shame.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be A Tree!

Not a planted tree to stay at a place,
Spreading the roots in underground space,
Looking for the sun to beg for the light,
Photosynthesis, reproduce and rot.

When the wind blows, to shake our heads,
We are not the trees that have no leads,
During the storm, to get uprooted and fall,
We are the trees that are too rigid, not flexible.

For the fallen leaves, the trees never cry,
For the fallen human, we have to voice and try,
We are the human, the rulers of the earth,
Not the trees of the soil that has no mirth.

Let us not lick the feet of anyone for our survival,
Let us not get tickled with someone's failure,
Let us not be the fools to get hoodwinked and cheated,
Let us be the survivors conquering the thoughts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be Afraid

The mother of fear matures,
The father of worries cohabits,
The relatives of devastation arrive,
The friends of low self esteem chatter,
The boss of the crumbled mind dominate,
The maids of calamity decorate,
The workers at the fear factory replicate,
The much needed sun glasses to deceive,
The mist of unworthiness around the eye lashes,
In the deep caves of the trembling gouts,
The mother of fear gives birth,
Millions of living to live the life of dejected,
Afraid of just going out to face the elevated,
Stay in the cocoon of comfort,
Fail to grow the wings to have the free life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be Afraid To Be A Blade!

The moon hides her face with the cloud,
When I come nearer to you with love,
Just to avoid and to put me in despair,
The sun removes the veils of the shroud,
To burn my hearts with hatred fraud,
When I go nearer to smell the scent,
The burning of the meat in the desert,
Carries the cold musky wind in nights,
Where shall I go to find the solace?
When the heart of you, turns as a stone,
Hard to keep the aching head on the pillow,
Let my heart turns into the carbon,
Pressure exerted by you, may turn,
That into diamonds, though has no value,
Still the diamond can cut and hurt,
The hardest things in the world,
So I can cut you into pieces to rot.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be Sad..

stand up on your feet, taller than ever,
wipe off the dust, cleaner to be brighter,
dust of worries and tortures,
dust of confusion and failures.

we are born to live happily,
whether we have money or miseries,
we are born to live safely,
whether we live in a house or on the alley.

Be brave and courageous,
Don't behave outrageous,
love yourself gracious,
love everyone contagious.

Don't cry for the petty things,
Those have made you to fling,
We are the human with the willing,
Wipe that tear that is filling.

The whole world is ours, you believe,
Even the stars, moon, planets and the Sun,
Nurture the worries makes you a coward,
Nurture the strength will make you a brave.

Stand up on you feet, taller than ever,
we are the human, born with the sense the sixth,
sharpen that sense with your experiences, the vast
Send the discrepancies and the discrimination to the dark.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be Shy..No One Has Seen.

Keep quiet. Let us make love,
To produce one more kid,
To send to the foreign land,
To work as the plantation slaves,
The buildings in the Middle East, □
Awaiting for the cleaners,
The lands in those countries,
Have itch to have the sky scrapers,
Let our young adults go there,
Work as the expatriate laborers,
With no boots and protective gloves,
Their hands and feet are full of sores,
Let our educated professionals migrate,
Get accustomed with that free culture,
Let us pound and chew the betel pan mixture.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Be Sick! Get Well Soon

As long as I call myself as a human,
I am all right...

As long as I call myself as a nation,
I am all right...□

As long as I identify my blood group,
I am all right..

As long as I pick up the size of my undergarment,
I am all right...

As long as I go to the book of the face and chat with friends,
I am all right..

As long as I go to the competition and mingle with other competitors,
I am all right..

As long as I visit the houses of worship, color and culture,
I am sick and always look for the victims to get,
My confused mind to be doctored,
With hallucinations that are,
At least two thousand years old.

The glands may give up and no one can rescue,
From the ills of all these evil rogues,
When we fail to see another human,
As the fellow resident of the soulless planet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Change The Hearts To Stones!

Stones are everywhere,
As hard as diamonds, not gold,
When hit, broken into pieces,
All soft tissues turned into stones,
at the side of evil endeavors,
Not a majestically golden hearted,
To accommodate in mixing,
With metals and get embedded,
To decorate the necks and ears,
Slender hands and fingers,
Laced in the microchips
To stay on the laps,
When put in the fire,
Emerge as victoriously glorious,
Leaving all those impurities,
Don't let the hearts to be the stone,
Of diamonds to cut the thoughts,
Let them be subtle and soft,
To resonate the hearty love,
Let them be vigilant and strong,
To disperse the seeds of love,
Let them be energetic and humble,
To cohabit with the waste of CO₂,
Let them pulsate day and night,
Chanting the love, emitting the smoke,
Let them have enough reciprocal Oxygen,
emit the fragrance of love sandal incense.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Chase Them Out...

Don't chase them out, Girls,
They look very haunted and pale,
Sitting in the road sides coffee shops,
They talk about you, as if their queens,

Folded are their hands, teary are their eyes,
Not even know how to keep a false smile,
Holding a single beer bottle,
They are in your world, staying apart,

You may need to watch a sitcom,
As you may like laugh to shoe off the boredom,
What is wrong for them to stay at a happy home,
though they may not have what you have expected,

Slapping them for their inefficiencies collecting dollars,
And memories, Girls, please don't chase them out,
Showing your fierce catty eyes to those little mice,
Let them stay at home with you and the children,

They need not come back home after you all slept,
Be a mother to your sweethearts who are deprived,
Longing for mother's love and for this unique love,
They will bring for you the whole world.

A mother wants her child to stay with her every minute,
A husband is the child of another mother who needs love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Do This To Me!

My soul is hurt with multiple wound,
The wounds that ooze as the punctured pipe,
Tapes of therapies, the sealants of love,
Spiritual plumbers, cognitive healers,
Arrive as the breeze to coagulant the leak,
Superficial layer on the deep rooted cut,
Start to bleed profusely from the heart,
Whenever the sword in thoughts slash.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Fast For Nothing!

Grow up and I have no time,
to bear with all your climes,
When hot you scald me,
When cold you freeze me,
When autumn you stripe me,
When spring you betray me,
When rainy you soak me,
When stormy you swirl me,
During thunder you scare me,
During lightening you blind me,
Change your attitude and be confident,
That we are the human and have won,
Those feelings, when we decide,
To air condition our home,
To feel what we want,
Just pressing the remote,
To feel hot, warm and cold,
The climes of emotional need
Be gentle in understanding,
And tolerant of the feasting,
Do not fast for nothing.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Hurt Your Neighbors..

Don't long for your neighbor's wife,
Don't yearn for your neighbor's servants,
Don't steal your neighbor's oxen and donkeys,
Don't harm the peace of your neighbor's yard.

Sitting in front of the computer screen,
Looking at the daughters and sons of neighbors,
All their external skin shed, human have become whores,
In the quietness of their homes and congregate with fumes.

Human are vulnerable when predators are around,
Predators are in the human cloaks to steal the servants,
Oxen and donkeys to cultivate the wealth trees,
To calm and pacify a few, neighbors are slaughtered.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Ignore Me!

Don't ignore me,
A simple weeping toy,
that is in your lobby, □
Of heart that is shabby.

Don't ignore me,
When I look at you,
Straight into your thoughts,
Of well kept notes of secrets.

Don't ignore me,
When I search for the answer,
From the mouth, but partitioned,
The truth is stored in a vault.

Don't ignore me,
When you are busy with your work,
Not have a minute to turn to smile,
You are tied down with your tasks.

You may see me walking,
You may want me to bring,
The solutions to your woes,
When I am gone with no clues.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don't Kiss!

When I kiss you, my dear,
I have never realized this fact.
When I have kept you so close,
nearer to my heart, I was dumb,
thinking of you most of the time,
and make sure that you are there for me.
When I love you so much,
why did you do this to me?

My lungs are congested with tar,
My odorous skin is pale,
My heart has to work harder,
as the fat clogged the vessels,
persistent cough make me dumb again,
I have to be mended for the love,
that I had upon you.
Why did you do this to me?

How many thousands smoked,
for me to get this return?
How many fights were fought,
for me to end up this way?
Though I read and saw sick people,
I thought I was an immortal.
When you completely destroyed me
it is already too late.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Run Away, Turn Back And Look Eye To Eye..

Keeping quiet silently, storing the clouds safely,
Never breathed out loudly, the picture is visible vividly,
Running away from it mentally, staying alone tremblingly,
The victorious laugh heard clearly and continuously,
The mouse minds are in the burrow not knowing of the world,
Where the sunshine and moonshine are different in intensity,
Never turned back to face the tormentors boldly,
Justifying the actions foolishly: Turn back once to instill the fear.
Those who chase us will get shocked, the moment we turn back,
Those who torture will get worried, the second we turn back,
Turn back: fellow friends, Turn back. Let them get frightened.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Trust The Hypocritic Dog!

The dog looks hungry, as it is a stray,
A piece of meat and some food to make it gay,
Shakes its tail as fast as it can,
Stands near the gate for fun and bun,
Runs to and forth rubbing the fence,
The human at home becomes its friend,
Then a group of its relative stray arrives,
The kind hearted person goes out to feed,
On seeing the human coming towards them,
All start to bark and the first stray is one of them.
The same People who have kind words to share with us,
When we are alone with them at home or on the roam,
May backbite and act like a stranger,
when we are with others in a crowd,
where people gather for a function or a gossip.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Waste The Food..

Dusty roads are many, where gutsy people walk,
Muddy paths are countless, where trusting lives live,
On the embankments of river, ravine and monsoon canals,
Millions of babies formed, born, grown and give birth,
We are the tough species to conquer any other species,
We have come a long way not to make it a short exit,
Let us celebrate our victory with the mother earth,
Where her treasure are being stolen for our mirth,
Diamond cuts a diamond; a heart wounds a heart,
We, human, hurt our fellow human for our greed,
Millions roam on the urban jungle for the food,
Millions throw the food into the bin as a fad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Don'T Worry..

Don't worry, rain,
Air is not wiping your tears,
When you weep in vain,
But pushing you all over,
To drop you in drizzle and thud,
Pouring out is good to the hearts,
Letting you clear all your heavy thoughts,
When you finished crying,
Realized your own mistakes,
Get composed to hide away,
Air comes in to dry your wet clothes,
On the ground, dirty leaves seem to be fresh,
After the ritual baptism of the souls,
Sun will be out and we get back our path to walk.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Doubts Are Mirages, Sometimes..

The success not many miles away,
Doubts confuse the minds sway,
The life is full of adventures,
Sorrows and tears are mirages,
When the pursued illusion dislodges,
The ability of you and I emerges,
Show the signs of weakness nowhere,
Acquire the skills of evolution, hardware,
Apply the tactic of intelligence, software,
Never let to be thrown into dumpster.
We have one life that is confirmed,
Let us live this life with enjoyment.
When we think and do everything good,
We will not be left alone in wet shroud.
When we keep the welfare of others in our mind,
We will be there in someone's mind to bind.
The success not many miles away,
Doubts confuse the minds sway,
The life is full of adventures,
Sorrows and tears are mirages.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dream Comes True!

The hills are the status,
to the rich and powerful,
so I wanted to live on a hill,
with spacious garden and guard dogs.

If I stay on a hill,
I can touch the clouds,
be closer to moon and stars.
I wanted to stay on a hill.

The hills always belong to people,
who possess the hard cash and metal,
so I am put in an apartment,
that is built as high as a hill.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dreams And Desires Of An Ascetic!

O breeze, the gentle breeze of dreams and desires,
Come to my door steps and knock the door in whisper,
When you try to climb through the balcony to surrender,
Hold the creeper robes, not hurt those flowers,
When you sneak through the windows of wisdom,
Make sure you have the facts and figures as audience,
You may not have the password to open my heart's website,
Stand still in attendance, you may be summoned to exit.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Drive Safely.

Behind the wheel, you have to be safe,
Not intoxicated with vagrant laugh,
Fiddling with the phone to sms on the run,
picking up the things while holding the steering,
Pressing the modulator for the favorite songs,
Jumping the red light in lightening speed,
Trailing the vehicles with vengeful attitude,
Your loved ones are at home, waiting for you,
Young blood may boil for the rushing of youthful current,
Young are at the peak to take the risk without any thought,
Driving on Saturday night for a movie or to meet a friend or a party,
the safety is more important than the pleasure being naughty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Drought And Famine..

The drought here is intolerable,
Find no water in few weeks,
The desert is cooler at night,
Moving reptiles water slight,
Power suit human talk climate,
Change and the glacier afloat,
Hearing that feel thirstier,
tipping of cigarette buds, hotter,
Throwing the cover of sweets,
Arrival of tiny pests, uninvited,
Drought in the middle of the mall,
In the middle of the town and hall,
Where the Chinese pots are kept,
All in a row in soil are the plants,
Silent roots dig no more for water,
Drought is declared in the pots,
Where human find no time,
To water these pitiful shrubs,
Where human fail to see the living,
Waiting for water with hope,
Where human throw the empty bottles,
Those collect the trash keep the pots clean.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

During Eve Of Next Moment...

Let my gratitude be poured as the rain,
To feed the needy who alleviate my pain,
Let my gratitude be shown as the sunshine,
To retrieve each dew from the midnight sojourn,

Let my gratitude be grown as the plumage,
Those appear before every nostalgic holidays,
Let my gratitude get infected with replicating virus,
To spread the actions of love, thus the peace,

Let me hang my gratitude as the priceless locket,
Just beside my springs of generous mind and pocket,
Let me enjoy the days and of course the nights,
After rewarding my own soul with the sense of thanks.

Let me be grateful for the next bloom, still in bud,
Let me seek every opportunity to nurture it with whims,
Let me reason my fancies with no more tears and heartbreaks,
Let me have the life useful to others and myself.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

During Viva

When I am with you,
My world revolves,
My heart beats the notes,
My knees jerk and tremble,
Your eyes look very sharp,
Pierce through my memories,
You sit quietly with your colleagues,
You are not bothered about me,
You are not worried about my feelings,
You do not look at me to observe my thoughts,
You are calm and sturdy as the pillars of the institution,
I am a naïve young human,
Waiting to be questioned,
I am the scary young beating heart,
Placed on the table to be dissected,
By your point blank scalpel,
That touches the part, which is not studied.
The forceps tongues are great,
To repeat the same lessons many years by now,
You sit there as the God,
While I wait for your instruction,
To be sacrificed on the altar with a few other sheep,
I have burnt mid night oil to burn my virtual desires,
If I knew this moment feels as this,
I could have nibbled all those pages,
As the meat from my favorite outlet,
And faced you as the lion to scare you,
With the roaring of the answers,
To score the highest grade,
And would see the shocked face,
Of your ignorant self,
When the students do better than you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Dwarfed Human

Give me a small bundle of yarn,
Silk, wool or thread,
I will make beautiful attire,
sweater or loin cloth to cover you.

Give me bricks, stones and cement,
A comfortable house will be built,
for you and your children's children,
My tireless sweat may be hidden.

Give me a mother board, some GB memory,
I can use the buses to drive,
You can view the visuals on the monitor,
Speed the fastest, there evaporate my tears.

When you source my labor,
Have you ever thought about my tear?
Cheaper is better, we, poor are always poor,
May be not at your door steps, but in far away lands.

Ignorance of our politician is an asset to you.
How do people lose their voice, when they are penniless?
The oil pumped out from middle east,
The rich get richer. The Poor become terrorists.

Does the labor have different values,
in different continent?
Do the emotions have different intensity,
in different citizens?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Earlier Or In The End

I was looking at those Holy men,
They are as human as anyone,
White loincloth and the holy ash,
They, in a group, have a vision,

They have nothing to call their own,
Even their body they surrender to someone,
Chanting the names of the soon to meet king,
The sacrifice of them is merely out of kind,

Men and women may renounce earlier or in the end,
Men and women may love to hate earlier or in the end,
Men and women may be wisely foolish earlier or in the end,
Men and women may understand earlier or in the end..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Earth Whispers

I am cooler than cool,
I am peaceful,
I am not licked,
I am unreachable.
I have a hardened skin, still
I can have the blues,
I do not want the veils,
the greyish and blackish veils
to cover my white face.

I am hotter than hot,
I am not peaceful,
I am licked,
but I do not have the blues,
I want the veil,
to cover my face,
to cool me down,
to bathe me,
I need a swirling fan,
to wipe my sweat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Earthquake At Indian Ocean..

The sudden movement down the buttocks,
very unusual, but scary to jerk up,
if earth rocks wild in Indonesia,
sometimes we feel mild in Malaysia,
Watching the news gives no clue,
a message through sms,
from the man in an important meeting,
'tremor felt in Penang',
the pearl of orient,
heart stops a minute,
searching for the buttons,
in the phone,
shaking hands fail to cooperate,
trembling legs hesitate to move,
relatives in southern India, chennai,
Tsunami hit Nagapattinam,
called everyone to check,
and found the mother ocean,
has become calm, though not sure,
Then, then only think of people,
who are in the area,
where earthquake actually hit,
Then only start to pray,
O God! please save the people,
wherever they are!
whoever they are!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Earthworms And Their Declaration!

We are the worms, eating lifeless leaves,
That are juicy and lost buoyancy,
When the knees are making noise,
The air can't lift these to take,
To the dance floor of the atmosphere,
Where the lighter things of living,
And non livings find the temporary solace,
Swirling to make their pin heads,
To be filled with giddy toddy, just,
Brought down from the palm trees,
But we are the worms, hiding in our rooms,
That are furnished with airy holes and damp,
Munching is our game, with our toothless mouth,
Moving around quicker with our legless segments,
What we have created, that exist for ever,
As the compost and then the earth of the globe,
Where the knowledge sprouts from peas and honey,
While our homes are demolished in human colony,
Test tubes can make a zygote, not the progesterone,
Protecting uterus, that should be fertile,
we can't leave our own fossils,
On the face of the running water,
But below the surface of lies and truth,
we still work as the hermit,
Expecting any other benefits,
But our kingdom of earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Easy Life!

He was a man,
with muscular arms,
Went to backyard clinics,
to be wrong,
Injected hormones changed him,
into a different human
He bloomed as a woman,
to wither as a flower.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Echoes!

The gossip echoes through the hall with no curtain,
Where the essential furniture are not kept for comfort,
In empty space the silent sound echoes a lot, scary a bit,
The more you whisper the wrong; it echoes the wrong, not the right.

When the knowledge furnishings are done,
When the curtains are hung with decorative tie back,
Foundations of carpets are laid on the floor,
The hall gets humbled, what we speak, can be heard clear.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Effects!

The rain returns after a long holiday,
From the terrains where the greens stay,
A cooling breeze touches the hot skin,
The consummation of water and loam,
Emanate the smell of the soil and the soul,
Congested noses cleared, farmers thrilled,
Emptied brooks are bare and naked,
Frogs with tired legs not started to croak,
The thirsty coconut trees still have young,
On the banks of river, where their roots hung,
The villagers are out on the red soil path,
Looking at one another with gleeful thought,
dropp by dropp the rain showers their heart,
To fill the catchment and then run to dissolve the dirt,
To wipe the tears of our hungry farmers,
The rain of water spray on their face,
As the wind hugs the wind,
The fire calms down the inferno.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Election Day Wishes!

At last the day has come for you all to decide,
Whom you like the most and want to elect,
Republicans speak the theory of convenience,
Completely forgot the cause of their creation,
Democrats also in the same vintage car,
Painted anew with policies of their own and desire,
Left or right or in the middle, the notion is the one,
Poor should be controlled with the wealth of thin lollypops,
make them to suck more to extract the holy tax,
the rich and businessmen have holes to hide and escape,
the poor are exposed to day's sunlight and night's xenon,
Dreams are left for them to dream to get rest and relax,
On the shores of tiredly uniform low cost vision fares,
Extra size for extra fat, if lead sedentary life,
Extra drugs for the weak, who are strong to get the kick,
As long as children are safe and grow up to be old,
To follow the dream of the ancestral traits,
Not to look before you leap, you are the guardian,
Angels, holding the batons to threaten the world.

Happy Election Day to all Americans! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Emerge..

Roaming around the forest aimfully,
To decode the worries fearlessly,
To anecdote the youth permanently,
Weaving the beliefs endlessly.

Carnivorous evil hiding behind mulberry,
Soft silken worms covered in treasury,
Craving minds never escaped from treachery,
Herbaceous mind completely soaked in gluttony.

The crickets have the throat which can screech,
The sandal less sole can't escape from the thorns,
Border less views can't be confined in the bamboo,
O the energy that gives us strength, emerge.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Emergence Of New Ideology! ! Socialistic Capitalism

Evolve babies, this land and oceans are ours,
the satellites and nuclear plants not theirs,
the windows and monopoly are the threats,
Evolve kids, who are confused with credit cards,

why do you mortgage your youth for stress,
repetitive works and the after work loneliness,
feeding your lifeline with hard and soft liquors,
Evolve kids, the Economists are really crooks,

Once they told interest gained is good,
after they corrected interest is too bad,
Free money for the economic growth,
reached the junction of teary crumble,

Ideology is nothing big, when you have dollars,
sharing of the golden chariot as the reward,
the chameleon mentally of the rich and the famous,
Evolve kids to say loudly that this land is ours

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Emotion Is Our Slave..

We may be peaceful, when there is noise,
Clattering sound of monstrous machines,
Rattling fun of relatives of choice,
Seldom affect the peace that defines.

Toil soils our body and tires our limbs,
Spoil not our peace, but our emotions,
Unknowingly every individual climbs,
Into the secured dwelling.

When in silent, secured becomes insecured,
When on our own again,
Memories make the lullaby,
Such a vicious villain that we nurtured.

Where to find the peace that Buddha looked for,
Under the tree leaving our loved ones,
Up in the mountain for a month and a half, or
In the caves that have bats and stones.

Love ourselves is the first step,
Love those who depended on us,
Love those who live beside and far,
Love everything that love and hate us.

Life begins not only when we are born,
But in every betrayal and abandonment,
Take the charge and rule the emotions,
As it is always a slave and we are the masters.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Emotions Are The Waves

Let our hearts have the peace,
When each day passes with ease,
There are many things that can soothe,
we have to go to them for the comfort.

The frankness of innocent kids,
The blabbering language from their mouth,
The sweetness in their smell,
The kids are the real healer of our aching mind.

The colors in the flowers and the friends,
The reassurance in the day, night and the words,
The feelings of the peacock feather on the chest,
We can laugh for a while, after the loud cry of the weep.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Endless Offing..

Leaving the newly married wife at home,
going for the green pasture all alone,
after a month he hears the pregnancy,
happy at heart, but no urgency,
return home to share the joy,
birth of the child arrives,
through the cell and internet,
happy father still at work,
shares the news with his friends,
connect with home every night,
to see the baby and the wife.
She looks like a moon, far away,
lonely man drools away.

lonely woman has lost the luster,
lonely nights have made her a pitcher,
dried tears hardened the pillow,
burden in the mind so sorrow,
Time flies and the baby is five,
return home to be alive,
as a man and a wife on the bed,
an over worked man and
an over stressed out woman,
made the next baby in a day.
As the man has to provide,
and the woman has to protect,
millions live life in pretext.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enjoy The Morning

The dawn yawns to greet the sun,
The dreamy brains just cuddle in the stream,
Of flowing thoughts, never get stagnant,
To collect the moss of worries,
As the happiness clearly bubbles out,
The want of extending the peaceful minutes,
Always interrupted by the calling of duties and job,
When the alarm bell rings wagging its unruly tongue,
Until it is touched to pacify, otherwise reminds us,
Nonstop and sometimes a short period apart,
The day light pierces through the curtain installed,
The melodies of singing from the birds,
Heard occasionally in this abode,
Can be heard from the prerecorded CDs,
Winter is here under the comforter,
When the air conditioned is switched off,
The hot summer waiting outside the door,
The rolling on the bed with clear mind,
Is the joyful act that one must experience,
Instead of running to wash, robe and rush,
Make our alarm rings ten minutes earlier,
So we can enjoy the early morning for a while.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enjoy The Nature..

The sun shines; none bothers,
The moon grins; none has time,
The breeze blows; the leaves enjoy,
The rains pours; the meadow bathe,

The stars bloom on sky mother's scarf,
The river runs to look for its friends,
The clouds gather to facilitate the thirst,
man has changed; no more enjoy the free stuff,

the bowed rainbow already become the candy,
the rain pours straight on the head under the shower,
noiseless thermostat can make you hot and cold,
man has changed; nature is minimized,

Every heart is pretentious; no more defeated,
Men are handsome; dependent of gadgets,
Transfer of fund and emotions in a click,
when the last second strikes, New Year born.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enough Of It!

Rain may be generous enough,
to pour the water freely,
The clouds may be cunning enough,
not to choose rightly,
People may be smart enough,
to store and share cleverly,
The underprivileged may be quiet enough,
to tolerate the inconvenience tearfully.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enough Of War! !

How many ears could have been punctured,
during the bomb blasts in the legal battle field?

How many hearts could have been geared up,
to palpitate and shiver during their sleep,

How many mothers could have lost their peace,
and walked as the robots doing their maternal tasks,

How many brother's limbs could have been amputated?
How many sisters could have been widowed?

How many children could have been orphaned?
How many human could have been living in fear?

Enough of it! Big Brothers, we are all too small fish.
Enough of it! Big Brothers, you are all too selfish..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Entwined As One...

During spring, our young hearts sing,
to the tunes of the undressing blooms,
the strings of the hand held instruments,
create the sweetest melody to rest in the memory,

Many years have passed wearing four dress,
each years filled with our twelve desires,
each month attired the seven colors in four,
directions, where our happiness radiate,

we have lived as the word and its meaning,
inseparable; quondam thesaurus, never misleading,
entwined legs of our thoughts covered in disguise,
every second feels the pleasure from our cruise,

"Let me pick up those star flowers to adorn your tresses;
Let me procure the soothing sky materials for your skirt",
"Let me order the great warrior who dwell in your brave heart,
to be quiet for a while, when you return back too tired"

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Envy Is Dangerous..

For the shelled turtle, it is the pleasure,
when it retrieves its head into the enclosure,
The envious nature in the hearts of human,
always pulls its head of ignorance to be alone.

For the south west wind, it is its lowly duty,
when collecting the trash to make the streets empty,
the rational mind clears all doubts of ill and evil,
when it passes through the junction of wise and tactful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enzymes To Digest The Sorrows...

If there were an enzyme,
To digest the worries and forlorn,
Many hearts wouldn't have been broken,
Barren feelings can't be adorned,

Wrinkles in happiness can be ironed,
The pulling of the cheeks and chin,
Downward looking greasy vision,
Tattered organs may have hairline torn,

The worms infested mangoes skin,
May show many grave signs,
If there were an enzyme of time,
To digest all worries and forlorn.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Enzymes..

Demolishing the barrier,
That separates two different warriors,
We may not need the sludge hammer,
To raise and low that we act fiercer,
We may not need to bomb and dropp missiles,
To display the grandness in our trajectory,
We may not sign the pact and agreement,
To prove that we are democratic clients,
We may need some enzymes as the microbes do,
Though tiny, with no teeth and weapons,
They demolish the barrier with simple enzymes,
Once the barriers are broken and the path is open,
Their rule is established for infection and fermentation.
Any man of any position can be intruded,
When the immune barrier is dissolved,
Any problem of any nature can be solved,
introduce the enzyme of love in the thoughts.

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Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Essentially Yours!

Wake up, kids, we are traveling back,
Please, don't remove the blankets,
Lie down comfortably and open the window,
Golden rays may try to peep and shade your lens,
Wear your sunglasses to protect your eyes,
We are flying above the Ocean of Pacific,
That connects the old world with the new,
The cute little boy on the aisle seat jumps
On the laps of his mother and pushes up,
The window with all his might,
The sun warrior travels in normal speed,
But splashing the glittering pollen dust,
Look down on the cloud beds,
That is covered with yellow quilt,
He conquers every other color,
That the earth shows him to irritate,
Displaying his color of yellow and orange,
Everywhere these eyes can see,
All flaws on the face of human,
Hidden, everyone shines as new born,
If the rays were the golden mesh,
That can be put in the furnace to melt,
And can summon all gold smith of the world,
To work on their benches with bent back bones,
To make the golden armor to every human,
In three different sizes with star diamond buttons,
When the sun rises on the Ocean of Pacific,
Atlantic, Indian, the sea of Arab, Mediterranean
And many and on the land of organic and inorganic,
He helps to produce vitamin D for the scaffolding,
foundation is more essential than protective coat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Everyday Loves...

The love birds on the fantasy land,
Tweeting and twittering non stop,
Fluttering their wings in top speed,
Mapping every nook of love world,

Visual communication does the wonder,
Facial expression is the mediator,
The natural perfume is the catalyzer,
Thousands of new image dispenser

,
The marvelous whip of the conspirator,
Pacify and cajole the hearts of dancers,
What a lovely display before it rains,
When the colorful peacock prance in trance,

The world of love is very quiet and calm,
Where every living thing seeks the asylum,
Such a mystic place is a noiseless home,
The rocking of cribs continues to chime.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Everyone Wants To Be Loved!

When the hearts are drifted apart,
One becomes too busy to call and chat,
When the minds are engaged with new visitors,
The formers become the old to be left as the loners,
When the muscles are too weak to correct the nightwear,
The fingers are automatically sluggish to dial the numbers,
The life is simple when we understand to understand it,
Expectations are too harsh to keep and have to be discarded.
Not expecting is the final state of a fragile mind,
We are called as strong, when having such deplorable one.
when everyone expects and wants to be loved and cared,
everyone has to love and care to fulfill their own desires.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Everything Is For Good..

We stand in front of the deities,
Kneel and prostrate holding the rosaries,
Countless worries to push the days away
Before the invention of sms, mms and emails,
The communication between the 'superpowers' and the fleas,
Stuck to the chapels inseparable, murmuring the hails,
Mastering the Gospels of prophets and disciples,
When we turn back what we had done all these years,
We say that we are blessed, forgetting the intermittent 'showers',
We may be afraid of reprimand as we will be sent there,
With our tabs written with our normal deeds,
Which are classified as the ills and evils in Godly codes,
We try to be good and repeat everything is for good,
I think the houses of Gods are like our mother's house,
In which innocence of the mother child relationship exists,
While the scheming fathers always keep quiet,
Either they may be too poor or too busy to part,
With the gifts of answers and the kids are ignored,
Keeping the faith in their miniscule minds,
They always wait for their daddies to arrive with the answers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Everything Is Provided To Me..

Everything is provided to me,
The pleasure of enjoying this faded leaf,
That is scribbled with silent radio nuclei,
Dormant, still waiting for the shopping spree,
The shower of water falls below the eye brows,
The clueless fiction that extends its suspense,
The thorns poked sneakers and the heart,
The pack of sticks that is called as the brooms,
To sweep away the dirt and look for the diamonds,
The pearls of tears sprinkled as the rain drops,
To cleanse the karmic acts yet to be settled,
Everything is provided to me from the decree of thee.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Expanding Hope...

I am the wind, but you capture me in the balloon,
What a smiling face you have, when I am held in your hand,
Up I fly and you pinch my tail, we are the happy pair,
Laughing of you can be heard, carried by the wind affair,
You prance as the mare and chase after me as the shade,
We roam near the beach, where I have the salty taste,
Up I fly looking at an eye, the tears roll down from your cheek,
I burst into laughter, after enjoying a flirt with your hope.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Expectations!

Before you bloom, you are the pleasure to the eyes,
Just like a few days chicks beside the mother, clustered,
When you open in the middle of the night and at dawn,
The fragrance spreads to reach the enjoying human,
When you are in full bloom with the scents to the hearts,
Even the cynics of the world may turn and have a look,
Before you wilt and fall, you have done so much of work,
Given a lot of visual enlightenment in the altars of abodes,
What have I done compare to you in the gorgeous world,
Where everything is provided and taken care of,
Still silent as the vacuum, waiting for the light,
to pass through my stone heart and opaque mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Experience Is A Strict Teacher..

I would like to say to you something,
O you are too tired and sleeping,
I would like to inform you something,
O you are too busy and not listening,
I would like to remind you one thing,
O you are too trapped and maneuvering,
I would like to warn you about one thing,
O you are already self learned with scars
Ready to knock the doors to warn and preach..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Experienced Human

In every stage of our life, □
The experience strike our flesh,
Many shape of our heart and mind,
Men of experience are hard to be fought,
Hard to learn the new lessons,
As the old scars always shine and remind,
Man of experience may succeed,
Or fail, but they have the secret for life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Experiences Really Matter! !

A little human wandered around the thoppu as she liked,
The clusters of banana pulled the trees to slant and strike
Tall and wide badam trees sheltered the squirrels and mynas,
Thousands of fish having their swimming practice in the school of pond,
Fast growing egg plants and lady's finger looked at her lovingly,
The diet trimmed asoka stood at the perimeter elegantly,
She was just an adventurous girl, walking on her own bravely,
Grandfather's coconut started to bloom and fruit recently,
The areca nut colored the trees with deep red hue, brightly
The companion betel leaves climb to show its green creeping,
The river was filled with water only six months a year,
The rickety bridge had lost few planks during last storm and thunder,
She saw the people walked and gathered on the other side,
Four people carried something on their shoulders and cried,
then they placed the stretcher of palm leaves on the pyre,
Flowers were strewn on the thing that was kept in there,
Someone lit it and it started to burn from small to big,
Everyone turned to return back to live their dreams,
that little girl ran back to inform what she had seen,
loving crowd at home shocked to listen to her summary,
that little girl recorded that clearance in her memory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Experiments!

This play ground is filled with puppets,
Holding nuggets of metals in their throat,
The words can be made of the precious metals,
To make worthy of the spoken and the heard,
The words can be gilded with fancy gold,
To camouflage the bile to be the salivating nectar,
The words can be molded from molten iron,
That have to hammered again and again,
To release the enthalpy of insecurity
The words are mixed with numbered Lead,
To numb and rot the living to be dead,
The words can be coated with silicon,
That can pass and spread the unicorns,
The words that are not released,
Not laced and coated with any other metals,
But as heavy as the radioactive isotopes,
Fission and fusion of incoherent illusion occur,
The energy escaped will burn down the tower,
The chain of reaction can't be controlled,
It will be settled once the demolition is successful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Eye Can'T Lie!

Non verbal signals, Understand the pupils,
When these are bigger, smaller and normal,
One is attracted to another, the iris open wider,
Black grape balls in the white eye balls glitter.
Look at the eyes and the eyes don't lie,
When the pupils are shrunk to the beat,
Of sorrow and sadness, though have a false smile,
Eyes speak thousand of mute words,
To show the expression of their minds,
When we are happy these are dilated,
When we are sad these are constricted,
When we are intoxicated and feel happy and sad,
These are either dilated or constricted,
As if the iris controls the light to control our emotion,
When we are lifeless, the eyes still speak the truth,
Pupils are dilated as if the Iris found the truth in light.
When we are dead, the pupils are big,
As If the happiness is found in that last breath.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Eyes.....

I captured your frame the moment I had seen,
I draw the fence around to keep you, mine,
I strengthen the security painting the lashes,
Coloring the boundary with reflective bases,
I close the entrance whenever you are noticed,
Safe in the pupil and comfortable in my heart,
I will not let you to see other naked tiers,
I will not let you to drown in the well of hot tears,
I will not use foreign materials to make you drowsy,
As you are there in my eyes, I never behave flimsy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Face To Face With A Terrorist! !

A calf at the entrance after the banyan tree,
The elephant face and the peacock on left and right,
The belled door made of teak lead to the womb,
The eternal treasure holders dwell in silence,

From left to right, anyone can go for the rounds,
One hundred and eight is the favorite number of all,
The pond filled with holy water is a must,
Here none has compromised their will for wits,

The replica of such abodes house a man,
The elephant, peacock, eagle and calf are torn,
The ruins of Avodhya speak thousands of strains,
The roots of banyans hung as the proof in quietness,

Four headed Brahman and elephant faced Ganesh,
Still adoring the roads of once Hindu ruled Bangkok,
Erawan is too powerful but not known about the bomb,
The Gods of Hindus are not fierce, as they count the crimes,

For the actions of good and bad, they have the chart,
Nothing is forgotten and forgiven from their mind map,
Believe it or not be responsible for the actions of corrupt,
They will return in multifold but the eyes can't hold the tears,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Facing North

Facing the destination of north,
My mind is in mirth,
The Direction is aptly worth,
To get rid of all these dirt.

The new attire of silky soft,
Millions of miles of travel afloat,
When stripe away this torn rug,
I may escape from the cage of tarts.

The duties have to be done,
The struggles have to be won,
The desires have to be neutralized,
when one chooses to face the north.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fake Happiness!

We are all gifted to have our scrolls,
That say how we have to live and roll,
On the streets of urban jungles with no flowers,
Women paint their face with vibrant colors,
Men have the starched ties, hung to their necks,
Modern cultures, trends and technological seasons,
Human change their appearance with no reason,
Target is set to push one to the limits of exasperation,
Shrouded are our eyes, when we bargain our lives for isolation,
A few are happy to play with themselves,
A few are drowsy with the games of party,
Floating in the air with over working hearts,
Weekends are spent to end the woe of muscles,
What life it is, when one, not know their neighbors,
What life it is, when one blindfold and lead others,
Believe me that real happiness is there in your family,
Where we don't have to cry and sleep silently,
The spouse and the children are more important,
Than the 'work', enjoy them when we are alive,
Relatives and friends are like pickles,
Use them when we need for emotional support,
Otherwise keep them safe in bottles, not get fungus,
Life is a joy to see the children the grow and mature,
Life is a joy when we get old ourselves to replace the elders,
The ancestors who leave properties will be remembered,
The ancestors who leave the loving human will be more remembered,
As they are the reason for the continuation of love and harmony,
The lost wealth can be obtained; the lost humanity is a bad destiny.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fake Keys To Fake Happiness! !

We are busy, clutching our fake keys,
To open the kingdom of prosperity,
Let the bubbled life shine under sunshine,
Just for a while that takes one's life cycle,

Let the breeze be formed out of the storm,
To blow on our face to have the unkempt crown,
We are human, born from a tightened cave,
Not from the dust, but to bloom; ripe and rot.

We have liked to communicate soft and fierce,
Wearing the leaves and now the power suits,
We want our voices to reach the ears of unknown truth,
With Hypocritical attires, symbols and the patriotic oaths,

Border less territories are bordered with me and mine scheme,
Silent stress starts to build up, in the folds of the brains,
Everything is converted into the self inflicting bombs,
Visit pass is time framed; man, who do you want to hurt?

Are you so clever to snatch the food of the weak?
Are you so weak to tell your children to go on fast?
Are you so hungry to make the manna out of the flesh?
Are you so thirsty to drink the wine fermented from the blood?

We are busy, clutching our fake keys,
To open the kingdom of prosperity,
Let the bubbled life shine under sunshine,
Just for a while that takes one's own life..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

False Expression!

When people smile and come to you and I,
we may think of angels in rear view,
The weapons are hidden in their cloaks,
Mind, actions and thought may check you and I.

When I was betrayed, I remembered their smile,
Then an innocent expression suddenly changed into wicked,
When I was stabbed right into my heart,
I remember that they never looked into my eyes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

False Life

They didn't know,
About the snow,
When they followed them,
With no question to ask,
When they held their little fingers,
With no doubts and fear,
When they circled around themselves,
As the satellites of the earth,
They did not know,
About the snow,
That is too cold,
Chilling the bones,
Silence is brutal,
Slicing away the soul,
It is only a part one's life,
While they have many things to pursue,
When they return with old wounds,
That can be seen as the visible scars,
Actions and reactions go together,
Pointing fingers and blaming others,
How far it is true in the congested affairs,
The lies and secrets are barriers,
That separate the hearts to be wilder,
Many hearts have become meeker,
The signs are signaled falsely merrier,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Family Gathering In Recent Times..

There is a group of people,
Gather after much persuasion,
The faces are not yet fierce,
But unpredictable,
When one starts to speak,
Another interrupts,
Justify the doing with the past facts,
Before going to the next sentences,
A mini squabble is heard,
Flaring of fiery words,
To torch the hearts,
Pouring of volcanic lava,
To burn down the emotions,
Everyone thinks that they are right,
And believe that they work hard,
Not received the due appreciation,
The heads of these family units,
Have lost their voice,
Once their children have started to earn,
No peace is found when they gather for a while,
As everyone distance themselves from one another,
The friends of face book are more important,
Than the old people who sit in front,
Many things can be shared,
To make another to be respected and rejoiced,
When the hearts are locked with tough passwords,
It is very hard for the owner to deliver the message,
Of that they love their simple parents,
Who want the love from their loving children,
As the parents don't have no one else to call their own,
Except the children they reared through hardship.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Family Values!

Yes or No Questions are dangerous,
as you can be accused of consenting
or declining the questions framed,
You may be disliked and hurt,

For telling the truth,
why I have to be scared,
even called as a gossiper,
I am not worried.

People are connected with threads,
which are called as love and hate,
when you love, you can come closer,
when you hate, you may get tighter,

Threads are life lining for the hearts,
Stand alone post are still linked,
Family is the smaller unit of internet,
let us hold our hands to spread the peace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fascination!

I am fascinated with these sheep,
Those wear the uniforms of pants and caps,
Doing the repetitive work from dawn to dawn,
In the manufacturing facilities and offices,
Well fed with non nutritious canned and fast food,
Gulping the multi vitamins and minerals as supplements,
Eyes not wide open to see the world and fellow workers,
Face is kept stern, as if stand in front of the dictator,
Walk in group, but not communicable to share the wits,
Their furs are sheered as the taxes to be naked,
To go merry around, all around the year,
Doing the same repetitive task at work and home,
I am really fascinated with these sheep,
Have we travelled this long distance,
Since the Lord made a man out of sand,
To make ourselves to be the sheep, well obeyed,
Ready to be slaughtered for the welfare,
The economy of riches and potato chips for the poor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fated...

When I take a step forward,
Rightly rest on the thorns laid,
When I take a flight upward,
Strongly crushed to stay as ever,
When the targets are very visible,
What is the glass barrier in between?
When I dive in the ocean for the pearls,
What is that always suffocates me to float,
Beautiful wings of mine with the cues,
Persistently folded to be in the rue,
Sieving of the reality out of true,
Maddens me to be a bird on a bull,
Easy ride on the back, pecking is my job,
Who has glued my claws on the furry thorns?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Favoritism Vs Corruption!

When the uniform is worn,
Be proud to be the servants,
Of ordinary people on the run,
You are the pillars of administration,
Where men may come and men may go.

Favoritism is wrong in the name of color,
Favoritism is a mistake in the name of culture,
Favoritism is punishable in the name of name itself,
Favoritism is destructive in the name of Gods,
Favoritism is a crime, when eligible are neglected,
Favoritism is a sin, when people are left in hunger,
Favoritism is a spoiler, when the transparency is deleted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Feed Them!

Plenty of fertile land,
In every host and guest,
Plenty of much needed grains,
In every other country,
We have enough food to feed,
But People are hungry.
One billion in total,
Seven tenth of them in Asia,
People have no money,
People have no man created money,
They sleep in hungry,
People have no mint created coins,
To buy the food to evade pain,
To fill their acidic stomach,
Every six person on earth,
One person is skeletal,
With haunted look,
One hundredth of them,
In the developed world,
shame on the hypocrites,
who hold back and destroy the food.
Gods of human, Feed them.
Gods of heaven, Feed them.
Gods of hell, Feed them.
Singular God of the desert,
Please feed them.
with the food to the poor
and the knowledge to the ignorant,
who are recalcitrant in nature,
selling the Gods to human.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Feelings Felt

The foot prints bloom as flowers,
When you come closer.
The merry thoughts loom as shower,
When you speak sweeter.
The earning heart beats in pleasure,
When you look sharper.
As the needy has found a treasure,
the loving hearts found theirs.

After the rain, things look clearer,
as the dusty confusion cleaned.
After finding theirs, people may wonder,
Whether the gift be kept.
Enchantment of everything disappear,
as the two doves in the window.
Just the two set off into the blue yonder,
as the elders have done earlier.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Festivity For The Demise Of A Demon!

The streets are crowded with festival customers,
Who hold their precious torn currency and the polymers,
No difference on these roads as rich and poor,
Every one of them walks side by side not in despair
To buy something to celebrate the festival of lights,
Each state has its own tale as a proof to celebrate,
Mostly the evil was destroyed by the good,
And the wish of an evil person is being fulfilled,
As a festival, having the oil bath and firecrackers,
Wearing the new clothes for the demise of a wicked,
The old and young, healthy and sick, men and women,
Children and adults group together as families,
To wake up before sun rise, to follow the same rituals,
Our ancestors have done on thousands of new moon,
Of the specific month, though we chased away the terror,
The demons are found everywhere on the streets,
Which haunt our souls and weak bodies with no fright,
We are happy in our hearts with what little we have,
As we are proud to be bonded with lights of love,
That light up our mind to witness suffering of others,
As we always share not only our love, but also the woe.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Find A Good Person..

Don't strike that pose, that hurts any feeble heart,
Hunch with drops of tears make the cheek dirt,
Wipe the dirt, that saddens your young soul,
Betrayal is not new and struck with that tool,
Heart bleeds from the wounded thoughts,
Woven out of love, hope and trust,
Betrayed you are, it is not the end,
Just the beginning to stop the errand,
Understand that the lust of the bodies,
On the floor of the stomach, butterflies,
Don't think this is love and everlasting love,
Love should be cultivated with tender care,
Where two hearts unite for now and ever,
Stop crying over the brute that left you,
As a human, you deserve to have another human.
Don't strike the pose,
That shows your weakness,
Be brave to face this cruel world,
Where you still find a good soul.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Floating Love...

Floating as the detached iceberg,
Trekking in the sky with shifting of shape,
Permitting the light through the tiny holes,
At times transparent with gratifying bumps,
Who are you? I wonder a lot with my infernal,
Heat that explodes as the quake to,
Shake the hearts to put back in their places,
Who could you be? Looking at me covering your face,
Here, I feel hot and cold: windy and quiet,
Drought and flood on my facial mask,
I see you playing with the wind and the moon,
Hiding the shine of the sun, mostly pale,
Sometimes dark traveling on the chariots,
Searching for someone to knock,
'Who are you? I may not reach your block,
Which is beyond my reach and I am lame,
Wingless and tied to the shaft',
Hearing all my anguish,
Why do you weep, pouring on my surface,
Gentle breeze at first, then small droplets,
The trees start to vibrate their trunks,
to invite you to my abode hot and cold abode,
The sparrows are making happy music,
everything return to their homes,
hives, nests, caves and burrows are the names,
The human hide below their umbrellas,
And tried to escape into their houses,
Doors are shut, blinds are drawn,
Windows are closed, we are left alone,
Let them be shy enough not to see our union.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Flooding

Unwelcome Ascending water, ,
Stopped running, but filling up,
Not only miles of land,
But also force our eyes to shed.

Acres of soon to be harvested crops,
Annihilated within a day,
A violent bath in the massive Jacuzzi,
A colorless massacre that is easy.

Have no floats, have no dry clothes,
Have no blankets, have no peace,
Is the current under and above, suffice,
to cook the food without a device?

Loans to pay, responsibilities to fulfill,
Young children to wean and infants to feed,
Elders and disabled to care and make them calm,
Worries to worry and flood from the eyes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Flow Of Love!

My heart is not sculptured resembling your face,
Still it says your name seventy two times,
A minute, the love flows through the four chambers,
Looking for your heart that is safe as the deposit,
That is kept for life time and will never get matured,
To get back your heart with my interest accumulated,
Let our love get compounded, not be the simple,
To mature and collect the debris of good memories,
Let our love have the memory in maximum bytes,
To remember the good for many more births,
The bad can be gone to day itself. Let our love stay.
For ever, in your heart and in my heart not desiccated.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

For The Love Of...

When I met her for the first time when I was young,
She was a cute little young woman, who cared,
She was a daughter in law of the house that could hold,
A dozen people of all ages, who were too bold,
An obedient wife, who prepared endless meals,
Called everyone with loving names and gestures,
I saw her growing old, frail and bed ridden,
Visited her many times to show the gratitude,
For showering the love of an aunty,
To her loving husband's nephews and nieces,
Where shall we find this kind of love,
Except in the hearts of all loving women,
Who love their husband's family as theirs.
Millions of women all around the world,
Who have worked hard tirelessly,
For the love that they have upon their husbands.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

For The Sake Of! !

When you have the following for me,
I have the same for you to love me.

the heart to occupy as the landlord,
the mind to swing and smile,
the canvas to play with the paints,
the fridge to keep my raw things,
the path to have the stroll,
the flower pots to have rose,
the home to snug and love,
the spring to dip and get thrilled,
a few words to write long love songs,
the silence to have peace and harmony.

Do you have any?

Do you have any?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Forgive To Calm You Down

When you take away my spine,
I can be the slithery worm,
To squirm on the ground,,
To taste the crystals of sands,
The tasty sweet honey of mud,
That dissolved thoroughly in the pit,
Jointed limbs at the shoulders and the hips,
Kindly dismantled with twisting tongue,
What is left is only my pumping chest,
Where my heart beats to love your more,
The pelvic bone tangle and dance,
To the music of the love beat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Forgiveness

When we step on a heart,
to flirt with another,
and then get forgiven:
the process looks simple,
the souls that have love,
traumatized a lot,
to have the courage,
to keep the head high,
pretend to be happy,
to make the perfection,
out of us, the waywards,
are the reasons,
for the existence
of Happy families..

The process may look simple,
for the need of it,
thousands years of obedience,
those men and women,
are the reasons,
for this earth,
to have the human nests,
that procreate generations,
of level headed individuals,
who have had harmony at home,
enjoyed the peace,
at the expense of these victims,
who have the courage,
to forgive, but suffer in silence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Forgiveness!

I feel very sorry,
to make your hands to bleed,
When you shattered,
my heart with your fist,
The broken pieces,
accidentally punctured your skin,
With a weakened heart,
I regret for my action.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fortune Teller...

When they cry, I may not be there,
to embrace and wipe their tears,
the feeling of someone nearer,
makes me safer, it may be a soul,
who may be in the state of spirit,
not want someone to be sad,
guard me as an angel and whisper,

when my material body weathered,
and wilt, I will be a spirit,
not want to have a rebirth,
I will help people to avoid the dangers,
providing them with intuitive airs,
walking in front of them to clear the roads,
They may hear the soft voice and be blessed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fortune..

Look at me once with your succeeding eyes,
Not even have to turn your generous head,
Swiping your eyes on my feebly weak limbs,
Brushing and polishing of my conceptualized mouth,
Striking right at the left where the noise of life is heard,
Just lift your sight to reach my stubborn thought,
Where I incubate the best and the waste as the cache,
Swirl and prance in front of my selfishly clouded vision,
Slightly shaking of your bravery embedded trunk,
You are not afar, but very near, waiting at our shores,
Get up, darling, come and hug us all to be the being,
Well worth living on this planet with great respect and liking.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Fraudulent, Ffair..

This place is secured,
A few are allowed,
They come for a purpose,
Simple sharing of cooked food,
Who has stolen the master key?
To make the duplicate,
To enter when none is on guard,
The owners are not asleep,
Rolling on the thoughts of free will,
A duplicate key is used to open the chest,
Where treasures are kept, but not accounted,
The lights are off for a while,
The blackout blinded the eyes,
The winners are lost,
The losers are on the throne,
A duplicate key is used,
To steal the heart of a nation,
A duplicate key can be used,
To steal the hearts of you and I,
When our parents are tired,
Of delivering nonstop sermons,
And they need some rest,
To get back on their toes,
The neighbors are quiet,
They are not pressured with the gossips,
Let them have the news,
That you priced open my heart,
Using the duplicate boxes of keys,
That is brought into the polling stations,
After the black out of unknown earth hours,
I am still yours, you can enjoy,
And rob from my restored virgin vault,
To build the skyscrapers from the scrap metals,
To replace the brick wall with glass,
Made of broken and salted sweaty sand,
To manage the globalized citizens,
Who have the dollar and pound pensions,
They can come to your shore,
And eat your young village chicks,

That is tender to the alcohol ironed tongues,
The torque is duplicated and the teeth can bite,
We are free sovereign nations yet,
To be spoiled and polluted with chemicals,
Let us dance for a while, forgetting all troubles,
Don't wear the skating boots,
To pierce through my heart,
While we dance in trance,
Our hands are clasped for the stolen millions,
Of celestial stars that flick in our minds,
To say the story of replication that Is duplicated.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Free And Easy..

They never sucked our lips,
To collect all those words,
Those are saved in our stores,
The way we shake our feeble hips,

When we are excited and unavailable,
Behind the firewall, at the brim of hot tear cup,
Enigmatic is not our tensile thought,
Where they hang their planks to sway to enjoy,

Thousands of miles of vast oceans and land,
The other side they sit to read our rococo mind,
A few think that it is too decorative,
Not at all nice to their flat taste bud,

Taste may differ in different circumstance,
The same mouth once we kissed and loved,
Not tasty any more as we have picked another taste,
Tasting of the mind can't be kept in this mortal porch,

It is very different and may melt the souls to prolong,
The journey can't be unperformed, have to board,
Not the cargo of others but of our own, back packed,
Wishing and hurting are two different balls,

Which one we choose, is all in our reflections,
let us Keep our pages open, golden letters are shown,
Years of hard work, easy to get legally and digest,
Let us like the lips of the pens and tips at the fingers,
Millions of beautiful angelic designs on our framework...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Free Flyers..

These free flyers at everyone's door,
Carrying the messages and waiting quieter,
Safe in the envelope, sometimes in disguise,
Stapled and wrapped for the sticky eyes views,

Printed in thousands for the small discount,
The free flyers are around to persuade and sell,
Without uttering the words with intonation and squints,
Colorful on the glossy apron, flowers may regret,

Many have picked up and never opened to assess,
Thrown direct into the dustbin, not collecting rubbish,
A few may take these and gaze at it as the weeds,
A few will open these and compare from A to Z,

Go for shopping spree, sign and pay for trolley full,
The flyers are meant for a few, who have chosen to choose,
The cost is always included in our daily account sheets,
Whether we like it or not, the free flyers all around,

Pass the free messages in a single verse or in volumes,
The eyes of the free flyers have the eyes at our wallets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Freebies Bring No Smile

Our politicians used to say,
Let us see the God,
in the smiles of poor and destitute.

I ask them a simple question,
How long we have to be poor,
to see our Gods in our smiles.

We do not need subsidies,
we want opportunities,
to prove ourselves,
to prove our qualification,
to prove that we are human,
to feed our children,
to provide our families.

Take away the subsidies,
Give us the opportunities,
to toil on our own soil,
instead of digging,
the opportunity of another,
Who may be as poor as we are.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Freedom Fighter!

What is the use of having too much freedom,
When one fourth of you can't survive without a job,
After fourteen days in the western countries?

Liberty of having shelter, food and essentials are at stake,
One has no job and qualified to be cared and fed,
You are left to do whatever you like,
But your dialysis patients are faster to rest,
One dollar medicines are sold in many money fold,
Health care system is a scam and swindle.

You are rich, but indebted to every money lender,
How can you sleep peacefully with so many doubts,
You have sacrificed so much to get this freedom,
Sacrificed your freedom itself as you are given a timetable,
When mortgages, money and worldly things so crucial,
You have sacrificed many of your obligations essential.

Your children are still young at eighteen, but chased out,
In the name of freedom you showed them the path to hell,
Foul languages abundantly used even with parents and elders,
Parents are equally good at retaliation, if not the best,
Your women abandoned many of you to seek the solace,
In the bottles of alcohol and the road side mistresses,
What freedom are you talking about, when your mind is not free,
In certain places, people are happy and smile, as they are debt free.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Freedom Of Speech! ! !

What a secretive world it is,
where the freedom of speech is,
at stake, when one gets old,
not crossing the boundary laid,

Once young they are secretive too,
as they are too afraid of the odd,
never told their loved ones,
in advance, asked their fathers to be quiet,

freedom of speech is denied, when old,
listening is the only option still untouched,
any one crosses the line, left as recluse,
no advice needed as everyone is smart,

successful human are not a few, but many,
the economy controls the bonds of household,
here freedom of speech is controlled,
If anyone is smart, they must ignore the young.

Let them travel on any road that desire,
as the roads are well paved with sign boards,
The young know where to turn and maneuver,
The guided youth are the treasures.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Friendship

Let us have the friends, who knock our heads,
When we do something wrong.

Let us not have them as friends, who flatter,
And backbite at our every mistake.

Let our bond be strong enough to anchor our friendship,
at the time of troubles and misunderstanding.

Let us understand one another not only through the words and gifts,
But also through the emotions that connect us as one.

Friends don't hurt, so we have to be truthful,

Friends may lie as they don't want us to be tearful,

Friends are sweet and they encourage what we do,

Friends stand on our side when we cry for support.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Friendship Never Sinks

A good friend is a catalyst,
As he lights up the mood fast,
Listens to stories with interest,
Laughs to the same old jokes funniest,
Shows the best smile day after day,
Feels sad, moody, vibrant and happy,
As to the mood of the dearest pals,
Friendship is an emotion,
That is easy to flare and douse,
A friend will be a foe,
A foe will be a friend,
As the minds see another,
As a human or a fiend,
We have many friends around,
For whom We will speak aloud,
For us once a friend always the friend,
Our wishes to all our friends,
Who have known us since we were small,
call us in different names,
trust us that all our secrets,
never been shared to anyone else,
because you are our friends,
and value your friendship,
in your presence and even in absence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

From The Love To The Love!

Dust is full of mites, microbes and earth,
When we smell it we may sneeze and get flu,
When we blow it, we may spread it near and afar,
What vertebrate could have come out of it?

Dust is the dust that can hold water and minerals,
To feed and nourish the plants, thus the animals,
Man retrieves all goodness from these two,
And proclaim himself as the savior of the universe.

Constant changes in our bodies define us as living, getting old,
We are vulnerable to various threats, but we are protected to be safe,
We are what the dust can hold, the water and minerals,
But we are not from the dust, as the myth and missionaries told.

From the womb to the dust, we progress day by day,
From the clean slate to the scribbled souls, we get stained,
The story of dust should be dusted out and rewritten,
Evolution of human from the love to the love, be ascertained.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Futuristic Ambition...

Amble of the stationary objects,
Regurgitates the foam near the edge,
Ancient soil left to cover the details,
The treasures hidden hold the secret,

Lumbering and lurching of its inhabitants,
Neither disturbs nor disorients its promenade,
Time of birth of Time unknown and concealed,
The circling dance wearing umbrella skirt revealed,

Recorded Incidents are a few, but laced with deceit,
Not decoded facts are many, but not amalgamated,
Pure as the Platinum and any other elements,
Let the days emerge after drowning during the nights.

Day after day, week arrives to accumulate the years,
Moment after moment memories creates life experience,
Every wrinkle may represent the collapse of the collagen,
Every past year carries the knowledge of futuristic ambition.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Gaslight! !

Have nothing to disagree, when you want me to agree,
Have nothing to disobey, when you force me to obey,
Have nothing to say, when you continue to say,
Have nothing to share, with all your displays,
Have nothing to complain, as you like to complain,
Have nothing to think, as you think for me,
Have nothing to argue, as you conclude the argument,
Have nothing to be clarified, as you have the clarification,
Have nothing to seek, as you have been sought,
Have nothing to contemplate, as you look perfect,
Have nothing to gossip, as you are good at commands,
Have nothing to be me, as you have gaslight me,
You are a perfect person, while I am too bad,
When you keep the house in order, I have the doubts,
When you work hard overtime, I enjoy tending,
What a perfect person you are!
I am at fault! ! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Generation Of Apes And Angels...

Our distant cousins are the apes,
And our future cousins are angels,
Two different species: absorbed and reflected,
The borders that we have created to separate,
As long as we look at the race, color and the evils,
We will be selfish to guard and protect our land piece,
When we look beyond the borders the skin and language,
We are just the inhabitants, stranded here,
Not during the time of piety and pilgrimage,
But with every temptation that exhibit it's,
Manicured nails to hook our feeble hearts,
Suffering is not felt here, as everyone welcome,
The terrible period of sickness and the drought,
We are the best bothered species, voluntarily,
Get hallucinated with the love of touch and chemicals,
Let the ills are hidden behind the curtains,
Tranquilize them, so we can continue with our tantrums,
Our grandmother was an ape with beautiful lips,
Our great grandchildren will be the angels,
with filthy mouth and inherited diseases,
their heaven may be lost during our pursuit,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Generations Of Life

Who had thrown all those rustic attires,
Now worn by these old miss and master,
Who have dry cleaned all those silvery flowers,
Now worn by these young miss and mister,
Who have abandoned all those petty toys,
Now picked by all these infants and toddlers
Who have lost their age to remain with memoirs,
Now edited and reedited to be the perfect travelers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Get Rid Of Your False Cloak! !

The tentacles of horrid obstacles,
to the destination of peace and harmony,
Our people are slain and maimed,
but alive with no voice to be heard,

Thousands of them are in fear and tear,
when the tentacles of the powerful,
tightened, deserted soil have no water,
babies are still born, not aware of the trouble,

the hurt developed in the hearts is the bomb,
that will explode with no warning and sign,
the tentacles of the unwise thought are villain,
thousands of women widowed in a split second,

tentacles of belief and faith are the noose,
these will not let anyone in peace,
hurting is not the medicine to treat the hurt,
killing is not the remedy to save the life, ,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Get Up Dear

Get up quicker dear,
Before your friends take,
Notes of your fall and despair,
The longer you stay there,
The more you send your status,
To the visibility of the face book,
More harm you may do to your welfare,
Good news always spread slower,
As the bad news energizes the hearers,
These news disperse as the wild fire,
Your circle of friends may be of a few or many numbers,
They all get excited at the expense of your status.
Get up faster, dust the dirt and join the crowd.
Falling is normal and it is in the nature,
how fast we recover really matters.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Gifts Should Be Kept Safely...

Someone in the family got a puppy as a gift,
For the celebration of the father's day, the best,
It was entrusted with me for its upkeep,
Though upset, remembered the fable,
Once grandfather told, when young,
Walked on the sand that was new,
feeling of running river water, tickle,
Looked at the sky that was fresh and blue,
Trekking in the forest for the waterfalls,
Listening to the singing birds and insects,
Running after butterflies with laughter,
Swimming in the sea before sunset,
Loitering aimlessly in the paddy fields
Scared of coconuts that were dropped,
Bouquet of flowers that we smelled,
Everything was new, when we have, at first,
Everything Mother Nature has, is new to a child,
Such gift of nature was given as a present,
To our generation to enjoy and upkeep,
Take care of the gift to pass on to,
Many generations that will arrive.
I take that puppy in my hands and
hope to have the great grand puppies, vigilant.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Girls Are Beautifully Fresh!

Picturesque girl, when you strike a pose,
In the middle of the road, office and house,
Who has painted your shining face with rays,
Who has polished your hands and legs so smooth?
Who has erected their sovereign flag behind your back?
Who has instructed you to be so sweet and innocent?
Who has blessed you with so much beauty and talents?
Who has guided you the way of light to be prudent?
Picturesque girls, whenever I see you somewhere on my lane,
I have never failed to turn back to have your look again,
For the fear of this natural make up would fade away soon.
Though the picturesque girls are always fresh and newly bloom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Girls, I Have Seen You..

Girl, I see you near the river,
Flowing down is your tears,
The heavy breathing of the running water,
I have seen you there after every affair.

Girl, I see you near the valley,
That is surrounded by the tall trees,
You are always afraid of shades of folly,
I have seen you pushing your heavy trolley.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Girls, The Choice Is Yours..

What is wrong with us being born as the girls,
What is wrong with them having the equals,
They want a mother, wives and daughters,
To hide from the eyes of the strangers,
They cloth their female in black attires,
Covering the aurat of rotting flesh and hair,
What is wrong with these women's status,
Always under the spell of suspicious desires,
The internet exposes every other race's color,
Many have watched something that triggers,
Does this region really ban too much exposure,
Had those messengers taught the human to be wiser?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Girls..

Girls, we are not fools to live on our beauty and youth,
Offering to everyone that desire to have is not worth,
The heartache and emotional baggage that we carry,
For the moments of stolen pleasure and then worry,
For the mischievous acts which make us ill and sick,
Taking protective pills that make us huge and big,
When there are hundreds of in and outdoor games available,
Why do you choose this game over the other? ☐

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Give Me Your Hand..

Give me your hand.
Male the right hand,
and the female the left.

You all have three lines,
which are major,
the rest are minor.

You have strong head line,
you have long life line and
a deep heart line.

Give me your hand,
Let me predict your future.
At first, about your family.

When your head is free of fear,
you may live long with few or no kids.

When your head is full of fear,
your longevity dwindle, but have many kids.

Now about your nation,
When your head is full of intelligence,
you nation will prosper with your tax money.

When your head is full of ignorance,
you will prosper evading the tax to the nation.

Give me your hand,
Let me predict your love life.
Please, do not run away.

Give me your hand..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Glamorous World..

I am living in a glamorous world,
Where the instincts are spread,
The touch of the feet on the earth,
Sliding, gliding, soft, hot and smooth,
The touch of the skin to the air,
Titillating, inspiring and refreshing,
The scent that each and everything emit,
Enterprising, elevating and pleasant,
The striptease during stagnant autumn,
The blooms and foliage of the spring,
Singing companions with wings,
Royal assistance from the canine kings,
The clamorous place is still glamorous,
Where I can find the food to my nerves,
Supplements to my ambitious thoughts,
Antidote to my ferociously venomous views,
If not for the engaging punctual sunshine,
Glamor of the world infested with hallucinogens,
as the human who find the happiness in dungeons.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Globalized Chocolates!

Extracted from the seeds of tropical climate,
Unearthed the remnants of sweet beverage,
The drink of Natives for many thousand years,
Imported to the Europe as cocoa seeds and solids,
When the dark cocoa solid and cocoa butter,
Emulsified with white milk, the recipe found,
In the continent of Europe, but in South America,
Natives were slaughtered, their notes burned,
Their temples, culture and identity ruined,
Their women were separated and raped,
The chocolate was born in the continent of white,
where white, dark and mixed chocolates are sold,
recipe exported to every nook and corner of the world,
the globalization of a commodity before the chips.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Go Against The Nature Is Fun..

This universe runs on its own for millions of years,
Following the law of nature without any fear,
The sun never rises from anywhere,
The revolving earth makes this funfair,
The ever changing seasons allure,
The millions souls to meddle and appear,
Nothing waits for anything, events occur,
In constant repetition in tune to the nature,
Nothing waits for anything, never retires,
We, human, are the ones always in despair,
As we wait for the events to our own imagine,
As we wait for the events to our own convenience.
We, human are in despair and pain,
As we are taught to keep vigil and in vain,
We are taught to be scared of unknown,
As we go against the law of nature for fun.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

God And His Plan

God, my creator,

When you had created a woman for a man,
In the garden where the river flows underneath,
Where the dinosaurs do not exist,
Where the snow is an unknown word.
I think that you have decided that
one is more than enough for another.

Otherwise Lord, my merciful,
Benevolent and Almighty,
so kind enough to Forgive
the sins of male,
and a stern judge,
to punish and spank the women
for their misdoing,
You must have created,
at least Four Eves for an Adam.

Amen.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

God Is Love.

God is a good Councillor,
as He knows the psychology of love,
the elixir for youth and old.

God is a good magician,
as He makes it appear and disappear
the illusions of love.

God is a good pharmacist,
as He mixes up the estrogen and testosterone,
in the right proportion.

God is a good director,
to enact the drama of love,
to keep all climaxes in secret.

When in love,
everything looks
beautiful and pretty.

when in love,
even the pungent air
smells fragrant.

When in love,
everyone becomes puppet
to the tune of love.

When in love,
God wants us
to procreate.

Once His ambition is fulfilled,
we may come to our senses,
to see each and every storm,
to feel each and every turbulence.

Then,

He becomes a teacher,
not only to evaluate us,
but also pointing out
our mistakes,
without any compassion of,
adding marks,
but deducting,
for every error,
small becomes bigger,
by converting to,
out of hundred,
then graded,
to the smallest number.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

God Loves Us

God's love should not be questioned,
When He tests us,
with heart breaks and troubles,
and the solution to all our ills,
ills of body and soul,
illusion of unknown,
God loves us a lot,
when the questions are tougher.

God's love should not be debated,
When He knows everything,
that happened, happen and will happen,
but keeps all these secrets,
away from us, to live and realize,
enjoy, suffer and be confused,
and end of the day to say,
everything happens for good.
God loves us deeply,
when session is longer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

God, How Long This Pain!

Wars of hearts fought in the world,
Not only twice but on daily basis,
Occupied our home land,
Called themselves as the bosses,
Tactics of natives employed,
To take back what little the natives had,
The stones from Edinburgh paved the roads,
Of London, the royal jewels from the distant land,
Still safe in the vault of the crown,
Suppression, oppression and destruction,
To build the houses in Europe and US,
Suddenly they have become the teachers,
Lecturing us what democracy is!
Teaching us how we can progress,
Using their time proved blue prints!
Preaching us the importance of energy,
Having built their portable nuclear plants,
These teachers from the land where sun sets last,
Never realized that sun rises here first,
To feed the milk rays from the breast,
Then they suck from the salivated pods,
What is the use of having the wisdom of poverty,
When they have extracted the prosperity out of it?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

God's Leash! !

You hold our being and walk us around,
the leash in your hand not seen or bound,
just we are following where ever this leash leads,
why Lord never seen our cry and laugh,

a few dreams may come true, the rest are the dust,
tears from the wells never failed to spring,
hearts are loaded with baggage of the past,
why Lord never seen our dried sweat,

Birds are free until their nests are ransacked,
Brutes can still hunt and live as they like,
in the glass jungle, where everything opaque,
why Lord never seen our trials and verdicts,

we are lonely everywhere with loaned time,
haunted are our thoughts with spirits of dispute,
clouded are our memories, not trusting our own self,
why Lord never seen our new face in the new age.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Going Out For A Picnic

Going out for a picnic,
Nothing to worry and panic,
When the adult children accompanied,
What is there to be distressed?

Mummy prepares the food,
Daddy buys the snacks with good mood,
The children take their net books, I phones, PDAs,
All go for a picnic in Putra Jaya.

When daddy switches on the radio,
The children close their ears,
One with the hands and the rest with ear plugs,
Mummy watches the brood without any clue.

The angry daddy looks at them,
Expects them to speak what he wants to listen,
The son talks to his girlfriend through sms,
The daughter plays the CG

None look out as they used to do,
The parents of unpredictable adults are confused.
Another son watches the movie in the net book,
The happy family is on the way for a picnic.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Good Luck..

You are a seed and wish to be a tree,
To render shade to the tender skin,
To adore the altars with fragrant garlands,
To decorate the hair with fancy colors,

To enjoy the breeze during sun rise,
To dance and jeer while it rains,
To bear the fruits in cluster of fun,
To be eaten by the beasts to be dispersed,

You are sprouting with two leaves and roots,
The hands have mistaken you for a weed,
Pull you out to dry on the hot rock,
Poison your soil with strongest coke,

Dream of you to get lost in the fog,
Never wait there to witness your luck,
The gushing wind pushes your down,
Your roots are on the way to your dream..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Good People May Suffer..

As a human you don't have,
To make mistakes and then regret,
You don't have to taste,
The forbidden fruit to get wasted,
You don't have to pretend,
As if You were wise and flawless,
When you are the one,
Though you are tested,
with so many cruel questions.
Good people may suffer,
but you have nothing to answer..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Growing Children!

He is playing with himself, just running around,
When his mothers is busy with shampoo and the heads,
His father is engrossed in coloring each strand of hair,
The saloon is noisy with the music of a woman mewing,
Blowers, dryers and air condition send the decibels as roars,
The smell of ammonia and scents of soaps betrothed,
Where the owner's little boy was conceived in a room,
Though he is five, he is as small as three,
The Mother has to wash the hair of people to feed,
The Father has to dye and blow to earn a living,
Both pairs of eyes are at the entrance,
To look for the arrival of the next customers,
That little is growing in the saloon attached,
With a room functions as living and bed room,
He is inquisitive of each and every object,
Touches the switches with no fear of threat,
Hides under the table to remove the rubber suckers,
Wears the boots of the mother as a fun seeker
Walks around the chairs as roller coaster,
Puts the hair clips to the dull banners,
Bored of doing these, he runs to the parents,
A scream is heard, the walking is stopped.
the weeping of a child under the dark clouds,
Millions of little children are growing in hardship,
With no one to love, hug and say words of sweets,
While their parents are at work, thinking.
Of bright future for them and their families,
When their children are left unattended psychologically,
Reading the world through the cruel examples,
Of negligence as the way of life to continue.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Growing Up..

Yesterdays might have crumbled me,
For I was soaked in the unknown medium,
To burst open my ignorantly rigid shell,
Today is very different, as I pierce through the earth,
The legs are getting longer to keep my feet rooted,
Thousands of shades of winking greens,
Every ray of the celestial sun should be seduced,
To glitter my layers of skin with sparkling wines,
The sweat from your body has to escape,
To nourish my desire to see you in good clothes,
Devoid of the pungently fermented illusions,
That is fitted with colorful buttons of harmless lies,
Embrace the hopeful thoughts to live and love today.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Grown Up Kids..

The city full of neon and xenon,
Vaporizing old mercury,
As the inert gases are the best,
Not to feel the love of electrons.

Cozy malls and slippery tiles,
Protective sandals, shoes and chapels,
Gliding along the pretty petty stalls,
Glass barriers along the staircases,
Elevators, lifts and foyers..

Fast food chained the stomachs,
Of hungry crowd, where roasted,
Imported coffee and teas,
In tall white cups and glasses,
Just to taste and the rest to leave,
Branded shops hold the tagged garments,
Just to buy and keep unwrapped.

Sales is everywhere, but dollars is ours,
Can spend it as if have no more dawn.

Joyous grouping in the loneliest bars,
Gulping the happy hours, To return to be scared.

Happy is life and we are living a loving life,
When we fail to take care, We will be taken care.

Joyous nights always young and we never grow old,
stopped growing at teen, not only the body,
also our mind. Toys are our hobby,
and we play with our toys day and night.

We are grown up kids...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Guppies! !

The pairs of eyes have no shy,
there is no reason to tell why,
first float, in the closet of water,
guppies born from their mother.

A dozen guppies would be digested,
gulped by their water confined mother,
had I not taken out from the despair,
they wouldn't have ended as swimmers,

When I see them through the magnifier,
they are happy with growing flippers,
their pair of dark eyes are the wonder,
the translucent entities are not rare,

neither the mammals nor the predators,
they have no breasts or claws to decipher,
Guppies are the fish which give birth,
classified truth await to be unearth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Half Of Her

I am shocked, looking at your half face,
When I water the plants on the roof top,
Where the roses get toasted under hot sun.

Lemon basil has the great smell, beside,
Odorless pretty hibiscus, the jasmines,
Are yet to release their buds, the palms are quiet.

When I gaze at the sky, you look at me with your one eye,
The other half nowhere around,
Ditch or which side of the shadow,

Cover your reflecting fragment notes,
Always borrow and steal from someone,
And You are too smart to call it your own,

I am desperate to find your other side,
I am worried it could be kept in the dungeon,
That has the tasteless smell, strewn with fast food,

Boxes and not cleanly licked plastic spoons and chicken,
I am too exhausted looking for your other half,
that hides the secrets of your tired soul,

I would want to remove this veil,
And keep you in the strategic pail,
To collect and refill the elixir of love,

But you face someone mouth to mouth,
On the twenty eighth day....
Unashamedly return to me,

Gradually showing your faithless face,
with borrowed and stolen reflecting lights,
to steal the hearts of human and brutes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hangover..

When the hang over pesters me as a child,
To stay on the bed with heavy head ache,
Pouring of lemonade into the esophagus,
The dried tongue pelt with the messages,

The hangover has made me to be truthful,
For a minute, until the next session on the pavement,
Of downtown and up market embankment,
Where knowledgeable and intelligent men like us meet,

We have dreamt everything that is gendered and neutered,
Neatly tied removed and tug in shirts pulled out,
Where we gather to celebrate the night after twilight,
Our women are at work and on the other side at risk,

They too have learned to gather to vent out,
We are the new group of civilization, like to prank,
The autumn leaves are shed to show the twigs,
When the new foliage erupt piercing through the scar,

We forget many of our troubles, not like to remember forever.
Hangover and Mondays are enemies and these met regularly,
Resolution and promises are just a waste, but life has to revolve,
The drunkard earth is uneducated, never has had a hangover.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happiness..

Happiness springs out as Artisan
Leaps and bounces for many reasons,
Joyous bubbled emotions trespasses,
Amorphous idealistic plantation,
Feathers of the minds pick up the momentum,
Lifting up the dense heart to float on the stardom,
For man of a few or a million dollars possession,
The event is the same, not much different,
When one is happy and feels ecstatic,
Wandering in the streets of momentary static,
Thousands of granular sugar clouded to be the fondant,
Covering all the tribulations as the tricky merchant,
Happiness is too sweet to savor in isolation.
People gather and celebrate in congregation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Birthday To You.

Christmas mass at twelve,
To mark the birth of a kid,
When Mary bore her son,
Joseph was so gracious.

Took her son in his hand,
Wiped out the body fluid,
Cleaned Him, not bathed,
The arrival of a messiah untied.

Calves and the cows looked after Him,
Chirping birds and insects made the lullaby,
Mary, the mother, was too tired,
While the cute infant was taken care.

Let the baby boy has his good sleep,
He has a duty to do on his Father's Instruction,
Let the infant feels the warmth of His mummy,
He needs to endure the shocking reality.

An infant who has been adored since young,
He has a crown and a cloak of white and red,
He stands on the globe with His kind look,
Happy Birthday to you., Jesus of Nazareth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Chinese New Year..

The hooves from the troves of distant dream,
Arrived on the door step after a eleven counterparts,
The warm, cold and hot blooded brute, □
Having good sense of fight or flight instinct,

Very huge in gesture, but having distinct odor,
The sand made, sometimes people choose,
To ride through the roughage of fortunate clime,
They may be stranded, after it absconds,
The gallop of it can be heard in the rumbling river,

The majestic prince chooses the one,
Handpicked and reared by his father the crown,
Always get massaged and learn to neigh to the ears,
Fast and furious with big thighs of sprinters,
Mount on it and see the world with no fear,

The collar less brute gauges our speed,
With the majestic collar and the sixth sense,
What we have achieved, to measure,
The animal instincts in human behaviors,

Always we chew the past to get the best juice,
Of worries to nurse our wounds,
The New Year has arrived with fire crackers,
Blasted for hours to chase out the evil spirits,
Mount on the horse, gallop and trot as much as you like,
Visiting all the gambling dolls and dens,
Not sacrificing your family's peace,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Labor's Day..

Tilling the hard land and the hearts,
sculpturing the moments in the thoughts,
straight solar light may many times bend,
but the bends in you, straighten the faults,

connecting the continents with the flights,
stationing the satellites as the slaves,
spreading the news through the signals,
wiping the tears of the weak and the desperate,

competing with the birds to reach the skies,
comforting the air with pacifying temperature,
clothing the human with colorful fabrics,
chasing away the poverty with a little finger,

Collecting the water to generate the power,
laying the roads for the smooth traffic,
assembling the machines to be our servants,
creating the robots with absolute precision,

Tying the flowers and arranging the bouquet,
operating on the table with scalpel and pliers,
Cleaning the roots to avoid the extraction,
Binary number kingdom has the vast podium,

The chalk held fingers have the marker and the mouse,
Slate laden laps have the laptop and gadgets,
Anxiety surrounded mind already get cleared,
the ten fingers of the human are the lighthouse.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Labour's Day!

Behind the men on the street,
responsible for cleaning and hygiene,
Behind the men on the site,
who work under sun and rain,
Behind the men in the factories,
who work with machines and maladies,
Behind the men in the fields,
who sweat and dry that with dirty rugs,
Behind the men in the conditioned offices,
who have to slouch and repeat the diction,
Behind every professional and politician,
who have to do the particular work and prove,

there are few mouth at home,
earnestly waiting for them.

To keep the food on the table,
to provide cloth and shelter,
to educate and medicate,
to love, care and cherish,
Most labor goes for love,
Love that we have,
Upon our loved ones,
our friends, society,
and our dear nation,
That energizes us,
To work tirelessly.

Behind the millions of housewives,
who work all day and night for the whole year,
there stand a family,
to prove that the toil of these women,
not wasted and the labor of these women,
connect the hearts through the stomach and mind.

Everyone of us is a laborer,
who have to serve the Gods,
who, are the laborers themselves,
for they create, protect and save us,
throughout the year without any rest.

Happy Laborer's day!

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Moments, Yet To Arrive..

The seven colors of rainbow seem to be thousands,
Gather to form white and then blackened,
When the light of your love diminishes and absconds,
Leaving the cloudy heart to rain for a few to many instants,
You are the gem, yet to be polished to keep on the crown,
You are the fine silk, yet to be woven, to make a beautiful home,
You are the rays of hope, yet to be cherished, to store in a heart,
You are the future, yet to arrive, to show the courage and spirit,
Get over as if struck in a lift for a few second due to power failure,
Get over as if got in the rain for few minutes due to no cautious umbrella,
Get over as if stepped on the spit of someone, who is reckless, not you, ☐
Get over and throw out all these seeds of sorrow you try to sow in heart.
Throw out..Throw out once and for all...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy New Year 2014..

The papers in the diary get fresher each year,
With a new cyclic symbol and the next number,
Four seasons impersonator, bubble tea confectioner,
Freshly painted elevator, with wet and dry sign barrier,

Billions of hearts merrier, expecting another good year,
Confidence and happiness are twain and a ruler,
To measure the linear dimension to be calmer,
New dawn and twilight may make one to be stronger.

Resolute my heart whether you follow or break it,
Think high whether you have the wings or the legs,
Strive whether you invest your brain or the muscle,
My heart, you are the winner in your own circle of warriors.

You may shine as the gold in the hardship crucible, with heating elements,
Your impurities are cleared and evaporated leaving you to glimmer,
All these troubles are meant to grade you to focus on the shimmer,
Another good year arrives here holding unwrapped gifts to treasure.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy New Year 2015

When each year arrives,
It brings loads and loads,
Of happy and prosperous,
Moments to boom and thrive,

Treasure those pretty moments.
As the pleasant memories carry,
Golden Wings lighter than whiter,
Snow flakes to move us forward,

Happily, cheerfully and calmly,
To the destination of our,
Well drawn achievable plans,
Which are called as dreams.

Happy New Year 2015..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Happy Pongal!

The paddy in the delta region,
Not yet harvested, thousands of hectares,
Of young plants never matured,
To yield, to be harvested and stored,
In the food corporation of India,
Our harvest festival arrives as usual,
But no new paddy is found in the barn,
We have missed the short crop,
But planted the following crop,
That will be harvested next month,
Our farmers in the villages are in worries,
The government distributes the hampers,
Give us the new rice that is harvested in December,
We have to thank the sun God for all his blessing,
We have to appreciate our cattle for their hardship,
We have to marry off our young daughters, who are dreaming,
Where is our new rice that has to be put for boiling?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Have Desire To Have

Have money,
Plenty of money,
or little money,
Have appetite,
Have no time,
we are hungry,
and then become angry.

Have appetite,
Burning appetite,
Churning appetite,
dizzy appetite.

Have appetite,
Have plenty of time, but
Have no money.
People are hungry,
and they are hungry as always.

Angry are hungry,
anger for better things,
Better fast food,
better service,
better facilities

Hungry people are angry,
anger for basic food,
Just to fill the pit,
that churns day and night,
not knowing,
What is available to a man.

Hunger is the turning point,
when insufficiency is pointed.
Hunger is an insult,
when inefficiency is noted.

Let us have the desire,
to have a better world,

where no human,
go and sleep with hungry.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Have Desire To Live Happily..

The eternal goal to reach the sky,
Holding the truth clouds as the float,
Many hearts mostly suffer and are deluded,
This world belongs to the brains, molted.

The molted infants are born after every generation,
To lay the ideas to be feathered and then to be aged,
Desires are not evils to cling upon it as the cocoon,
Wise people shouldn't be the ascetics, but to be the fathers.

Have desire to live this life, not begging around,
Have desire to be happy, that is assured here on the ground,
Have desire to look at our fellow human as the rich,
Have desire to face the challenges as the sick to be dead,

Desire less should not have had the desire to preach,
To confuse the normal mind out of reach,
The desire only has created so many philanthropists,
They have laid the path for the opportunists.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Have You Been There?

What is so great about the blue,
When the God decides it to brew,
In the kettle pot of our gingerly hearts,
Accomplices are around to induce the might,
Is it the vision or the olfactory nuisance?
Sometimes we are happy without any reason,
When young human prance in the season,
Simply something makes us to feel good,
With no visual observation, trance at stance,
Horses in the hearts start to gallop,
The doves in the mind sneak to a gap,
That is warm and happy to twist our nerves,
We giggle for a while, collections of sickles,
When the blue brewed to show in the offing,
We have to gather based on our schedule,
Can't be cut and pasted, has to be felt,
The blues of the oceans and the sky in the horizon,
Seemed to have met at that pointless dimension,
No one has found that destination,
And name it with their wisdom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

He Doesn'T Want To Be Nagged For Petty Things!

The prayer of bringing up to the clouds,
The invention of airplanes by the wrights,
The plea of knowing the welfare of kiths and kins,
The holding of tablet in both hands to see and appease,
The request of having high abode, good salary and fine clothes,
Granted in excess to strive for better and then sloth,
The desire to have good food, drink and health care,
Available in abundant in various branded fair,
The super powers of the world blessed the selected,
To have all these comforts for not to be nagged,
But taken away the peace from them for them to go back,
To kneel and cry for the peace they have lost in Hammocks,
That tied between two trees of lust and greed,
Up from the ground, in the middle of the air,
With the foundation of flimsy materialistic desires.
Now peace is the only request, plea and the dream,
With which Gods of Heaven may be comfortable with,
Not to be disturbed with multiple confusing begs and beseeches.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

He In A She..

Stand straight child,
You are not a fault,
Thoughts have shortfalls,
Nature plays the baseball,
You are not alone in tears,
Your straight siblings are aware,
The magic of deformities scare and scars,
With the springs of wrong nectars,
You are the flowers,
Those have the gold dust,
Sprinkled at the horizon,
During dawn and twilight,
That can't differentiate,
The Night and the day,
Once wake up from sudden sleep,
Move on children,
You have every option,
To excel in life through education,
Ignore all those who have partial vision.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

He Is Crucified By You, My Friend..

Morning chapel visits for the mass,
Prayers before and after every meal,
The reading of stories of saints at night,
His name was mentioned as a comfort.

During the month of Lent,
Purple was the choice of color,
The altars were decorated with candles,
That were made using wax and thread.

I used to see my dear Nuns crying at the church,
When he carried the cross on the shoulder with a hunch,
He fell down thrice drenched in sweat as the exchange,
For the love he has upon his disciples who ravage.

When the crown was adorned on his head,
When the vinegar was given in the bud,
When he talked to the two criminals on both sides,
I used to see my dear Nuns weeping in distress.

Seven stations to stop to remember the past,
Seven colors of rainbow visible at the top,
A rebel in a man, who talked the truth,
At last crucified and then resurrected from the tomb.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

He Is Too Great But His Is Secretive

Water is the elixir to run through our reactors,
To pick up the dirt as the universal solvent,
The bigamous oxygen needs two spouses of hydrogen,
The hydrogen is the first element and it was created by a genius,
Before He picked up a handful of earth to blow with His breathe,
Why hydrogen has no neutron was the secret for many years,
The Omnipresent knows the answer, when the nuclear reactors,
Are protected with running water, among the fission products,
The neutrons are one of the major concerns and initiate further fission,
The spreading of neutrons can be controlled,
With neutron less hydrogen in the piped water,
Someone is too great but not beyond our comprehension,
He has the secrets and lets us to find the clues in slow progression.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

He Or S He!

If someone is full of love and constant care,
He wouldn't have given the human the tests,
Tests of various kinds, a few without food,
To check how they stay calm hiding their weep,
With acidic stomachs, torn clothes and top,
Sometimes He shows His only eye wide open,
Torching all greens and makes the beasts thirsty,
Tests not only for the human, even for plants and animals,
After testing He may be sad to cry loud,
Changing elixir into the stormy waves,
When He is in a very bad mood,
He punches the mother earth with all His might,
Our earthly mother suffers not in silence,
but Vomit the lava with regurgitating movement,
The way He plays with the air, water, fire,
And earth may be fun to Him, but not to us,
We are the only species in the whole of universe,
Worship the tormentor, who test us with hard lessons,
Every second of our life, when He is quite and happy,
She provides everything what we need as a mother,
Asks us many times whether we have our meals or not,
Makes us to wear perfect attires for her amusement,
Gives us luxury to plunge and then go back to her lap,
As the kids, Let Her learn the secret of how not to let,
The He out of her to torture and test us day and night.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Head Counting Hiv

The waterless nerd,
You are a fraud, □
Recipe has to be found,
To cook your soul,
You choose CD4 to replicate,
Your own kind in fast speed,
A tease spoon full of the blood,
Can hold millions of you,
Silent as the village before storm;
CD4 cells, a haven for the living host,
The signal station of immunity,
Where you wink at our teeth,
To bite our own tongue to bleed,
And severe, when you knocked,
All doors of the cell walls,
Nothing opens, except the immune cells,
Very sad to the human kind,
Who blabber about morality,
Monogamous hypocrisy,
Holding the rings and robes,
To catch their victims,
In the presence of their witnessing,
Eyes, Glorious human; destroyer of nature,
Get grumbled with the entry of your omen,
They forget to realize and be cautious,
When they touched the deepest part,
Where you are decorated to get hooked,
At the tip of the needles and the motherly breasts,
On the poverty stricken road sides,
Behind the back alleys of rich and itched,
You are spreading everywhere,
Another cousin of you born from the monkeys,
Who are infected by you, HIV1
And he, HIV2 is stronger than you,
Men have short memories,
So they write the History,
So far you can't write another,
Story in the memorable Heredity,
The irrational fire in the human body,

Help this wild fire to grow in numbers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Healthy Hearts! !

The fist sized bird settled in a cage,
Chirping day and night happy and rage,
Fluttering the wings to the sight of the page,
Those have the gender and beauty gauge,

Looking for the right fruit to fulfill its shortage,
Protected between the cushion of water vintage,
The bird is safe and its throat not choked,
The chest is not held during the moment of laughter,

The steps are not checked during the time of leisure,
The shiny wings of it may glitter and waltz during the old age,
The bird is kept out of thorny nest of stressful spillage,
The bird is young, vibrant and profound,

Despite the decades of experience slap and haunt,
The bird is free of nostalgic sorrow and hallucinates,
when it is nourished with pellets of love,
if it is fed with large doses of kind words.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Heart That Rots...

Stuck between the frames and the doors,
Stuck between the frames and the windows,
Stuck those lizards to die and decompose,
Sometimes not even noticed,
Sometimes not even smelled,
Sometimes the skin and skeletons are found,

Stuck between the life and responsibilities,
Stuck between love and commitments,
Many hearts face their early death,
Just like the lizards stuck between the doors,
Not even noticed, not even understood,
Not even cared and left to rot for life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hearts Can'T Be Serviced, But Taken Care!

Living is a skill, not to kill,
A heart while it is not still,
Beating in the rib cage for love,
Change the numbers and frequency,
Perception in the mind, induce and not alter,
The rhythm of the heart to beat regular,
When the loving words are heard,
When the kind eyes are met and collided,
When the chastity is maintained,
When the faults are not to be hid,
The condition of the heart,
Shows the validity of a life,
How it has lived and is loved,
Maintain that heart that loves you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Heat Theory Of Emotions!

Emotion has the temperature,
That can go higher and lower,
In the presence of the loved and the loving,
The temperature and pressure are regular,
The palpitation gives the pleasure,
The legs floats softly in the delightful air,
All mistakes of any kind look pettier,
The love spring is active with sprinkler,
The noisy atmosphere may be quieter,
When the emotional temperature is higher,
A small provoking will increase the pressure,
The hearts pound quicker than ever,
The emotion will reach the boiling point,
To whistle not stop if it is kept in a kettle,
To spill over if it is kept in the open container,
To scald the human mercilessly with the steamer,
Dissipating the heat and pressure,
will save us from being an abuser or a loser.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Heavily Tinted

The heart has the tinted glass windows,
Through which we observe what one does,
No one knows that we have behind the tinted windows,
As we, too, behave normal in front of other shadows,
When we see from one side, everything looks good,
When we see from other side, everything needed,
To be freshened up, contaminated with grey and black,
The tint makes it worst not let us to pick up the best from the heap,
What we keep in our lockers not known to the bystanders,
Who always speak with innocence with our covert,
It is a great secret of the nature that this arrangement suits a lot,
Just imagine our hearts are made of plain glass and visible to whole world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Help Is Not Available On The Streets..

Manual is sportier than an auto,
as there is no kick in the auto,
When driving, press the clutch,
Change the gear, push the accelerator,
The car runs faster than the heart,
Further than it reaches, to meet,
A lonely lady at the pedestrian bridge,
Swinging her legs as the bells that hung,
Looking at each and everyone who stop,
At the signal with haunted look sharp,
Well maintained lady with slender legs,
Wearing shorts and loose T shirt,
Black painted around her big eyes,
Torture, abuse, depression,
Chased her out to find the solace,
By looking at the ongoing vehicles,
I smiled at her for a while,
she was puzzled with no smile,
she might think that I would hug,
wipe the tear, wash out the worries,
I could smile at her to ease her pain,
no one dare to help when she was in vain,
I kept on smiling to soothe her heart,
Until the signal changed,
Gone was the lady behind,
Press the accelerator hard,
To mind my own business told,
Reach the destination on time,
To pick up the trophy sold.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Help Me...

I am tired of knocking the windows and the doors,
Using my mighty limbs and legs and feeling the sadness,
At my heart, pushing the window as hard as I can,
People never hear my calling as they dip in their own,
Problems of puzzles that they have and I do not want to give up,
As I want to go out, then a hand pulled the knob to open up,
The closed window for me to fly out,
I am a butterfly, whose home is not a house.
I am lost in a house and trying to escape,
Just like this butterfly, we knock the same windows,
When we are clouded with worries and sorrows,
Not knowing that we need a hand to free us,
Banging again and again on the same window,
Blindly wishing for the window to be permeable,
Not knowing the needed help is available,
when the emotion is lost and the love is expired,
opportunities are erased and scarcity is established,
We do behave like this butterfly,
thinking the wrong as the right way.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Help..

The howling from the hungry dogs,
May disturb their sleep,
After the heavy dinner,
And late night dance,
So they feed the dogs earlier,
To appease their spirits,
For them to have,
The good night sleep and life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Her Heart Couldn'T Believe..

The tree she has planted in the yard,
Started to grow tall and wide,
Many cute sparrows came and stayed,
she saw the squirrels played through the branches,
Chasing after one another while she pours the water,

It is too shady and she would like to stay under it,
Whenever she leans on it, she scratches her tiny body,
Not knowing of the reason, she scolds the ants and insects,
Years have passed and she waited for it to bloom,

Butterflies are too scared to go near to the flowers,
The fragile bees adventurous enough to suck the nectar,
They dropped as the drunkards on the tiled floor,
The sparrows are reluctant to nest in the trees,

The stinking wasps are happy to drink the honey,
The tree that she has planted, turned out to be venomous,
She has never realized that she cared the poisonous tree,
That was bought from the world class nursery,

Nurtured it with utmost love and care,
Not having the heart to chop it to be the wood,
But trims and prunes it not to produce another bud,
implanted the bird repellent and she doesn't need the shade..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hi Lady E,

Your permed tresses not at all dull,
When you emerge from your lull,
Night, forced to invite every guest,
To your tall abode barren and still,
The wind shrills and the waves grills,
The cars roll and the tanks are full,
Clean inhabitants with hygienic habits,
Lost their smiling pearls to the dirt,
You are too modern and cropped, □
Lady, you may look strong and elegant,
Clutching the purse full of fraudulent frills,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hi, How Is Your Garden?

Are we born with a pouch of seeds to sow?
Are the seeds picked up on the way to show?
Carrying the bags of seed to disperse through the winds,
Of gossip, water of weak mind and agents of great,
We create the garden of trees that may produce,
The fragrant flowers, useful fruits and poisonous,
Leaves, that may be elevating us to higher level,
Or pushing down to the deep hole to stay and dwell,
Checking the garden everyday is our crucial duty,
Removing the weeds of ill thoughts in the sprouts,
Be careful with the habits of diseased willows,
At every stage of our life, this garden of good and false,
Get swayed with time and experience,
As there is no difference between the human,
Of all generations, as they have felt the same,
The many generations yet to come and enjoy,
What our primitive ancestors had experienced,
Keep your garden of mind, devoid of hate,
As the hate seeds spread the message fast,
Though the love seeds are slow, once planted,
The trees of love give shade, food and comfort,
To everyone whom wish to stay underneath,
When we are blessed with good or bad events,
We should have sown the respective seeds,
Somewhere at sometime in the past,
To enjoy or suffer and regret later.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hide/Unhide The Names Such As Daddy, Mummy And The Rest..

The hard earned house is quiet,
When two people are left,
Nothing to share to be frank,
Thoughts are clouded to be dark,
Both may think of other's deeds,
Deeds not really misdeeds,
Sometimes merely doubts
Ego keeps them apart not to disclose,
How they really love each other,
What they want, why they are mad,
Pride of having the bank account,
Make the people very independent,
The interference of state in family welfare,
Separate the parents to be dysfunctional,
The state should protect the family,
As it is unable to provide love, but care,
Human are conveniently alone,
Escape from the duty of burdened crown.
each of us have different names,
in a family as daddy, mummy, children,
aunties, uncles, grandparents,
cousins and many many titles,
don't hide it to be dormant.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

High Heels On The Muddy Roads...

Imported car, just delivered,
to the door step, but splashed,
with mud and the colors of ignorance,
of people who live in tolerance.

Take a drive on these roads,
full of pot holes and dust,
with the foul smell of decays,
worse than the shed of animals.

Having a presidential palace,
Having a palatial parliament,
Having the generous politicians,
doing nothing to this appearance.

Poor people walk day and night,
having a destination in their mind,
at least a meal for the family,
at least some peace in harmony.

Open your eyes, stupid politicians,
of all third world countries,
wake up from your self made slumber,
of having that complex attitude.

How much you earn,
How rich you are,
You, rich and powerful,
still live in awful.

breathing the dirty polluted air,
traveling on the rickety roads,
your imported cars of million dollars,
decorated with spit and mud splatter.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hip Dance

I would like to dance while it rains,
for I have no umbrella.
I would like to dance while it scorches,
for I have no slippers.
I would like to dance while I am hungry,
the music from the stomach compliments.
I would like to dance while I am sad,
for my mind has gone insane.

While we come out of our mothers,
we do the head dance.
While we grow up and understand the world,
we do the dancing exercise just by copying.
while we are adult and have become wild,
we do the hip dance, mostly on bed.
while we are sick and have become destitute,
we can do the dance of the wind.

The head has the brain,
which receive the false signals.
The heart beats with different rhythm,
sometimes fast and otherwise slow,
The adorned diapers become heavier,
The perfect dance floor is set with fragrance.
What a world this is,
we have to dance such a long time.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hit, But Stay..

The balloons of economy are full of splinters,
Coated and glazed by the greedy and vicious painters,
One side the balloon of the stocks hoisted,
The other side the balloon of precious metals,

This side oil shot puts travel on the helium pads,
Billion vehicles and machines hung to the nodes,
Let us keep all these above our intelligent heads,
Toiling and sacrificing our human spirit for the comfort,

Let us keep all these monsters above our vulnerable heads,
Let us blow from all sides to hold all these above our heads,
Let us raise our hands to hold all these above our heads,
Let us have the strong hearts to withstand the forces of hit.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hold My Hand!

I would like to scream,
That you are my dream,
I would like to have fun,
As a green leaf with the Sun,
I would hold you tight,
Not to leave you out of sight,
I would like to fly,
Hoisting you high,
I would let you to float,
On my pure body as a float,
I would never let you to drown,
How tempting affairs are shown,
I would like to scream aloud,
That my dreams are delivered.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Home Grown Pasture..

Searching for the guidance, clearing the rubbles,
Looking for clues, removing all tiny and big obstacles,
Longing for eternal love, feeding all those bees,
Voyages and journeys done, weathering to the life,

Construed stones turn to be the dazzling diamonds,
Shiny metallic luxury metamorphose into calamity,
Separated body and the soul have their own mind,
Oceans in between, peeping through windows for comfort,

The sweat that feed the roots of intellectuals, dried,
The tears that shed to grow crops of best tools, lost,
The hope that lay upon the young mind, gone,
The distant pasture looks very green, many left,

Salute those who still stay with the piercing eyes,
Seeds of greed and pain not yet planted to cry,
The great will power that nurture our hearts many years,
Though we are poor, still in dirt, never give up the faith.

never realized while searching, we lay the path,
never realized while looking, we hold the torch,
never realized while longing, we satisfy the needs,
never realized while traveling, we spread the truth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hope Mirror!

The high sky of once decided unreachable,
dreams fall on my feet with still face,
when I walk on the hopeful mirror bridge,
that change our lands to be in peace to prosper!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hope..

Give me the thread, thin and long,
I want to play with the kites, fun and strong,
Kites of hope can fly a few furlongs,
Touching the victorious clouds along,
The branches of confused tree may prolong,
The determined kites will travel through all oblong,
crossing the obstacles may make it weak,
The drops of rain may soak it, the beating wind,
May tear it, but will of it still in it,
The kites are flying, trusting the hands,
Those hold the thread and just guide them to swing.
Up in the sky, nearer to the blissful sunshine,
Every night evades the dark to be in radiance.
Every hope evades all despair to be the champion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Horn Bills In Pangkor Island

Horn bills on the beach roads,
Pecking the leftover in groups,
Black and white are their hues,
The majestic beaks really fast.

The colorful horn bills with huge body,
Flying through the rain forest canopy,
Who has made so much pretty,
Each part may be tardy, together a beauty.

These birds sit on the high trees,
Watching the tourists with no fright,
Swaying down as the Indian summer kites,
To take what is fed to them in delight.

Walk beside people as the house chicken,
Not bother of the motorbikes that go with them,
Their land we possess to build beach resorts,
Alas, they are too lazy to hunt, but resolve to scavenge.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hospitality Of Modern Human..

The children in the malls,
Beautiful and handsome all,
Holding the hands of mom and dad,
See the world of display and false,
Polluted air and the shimmering light,
Very cold to play with the dolls,
Nicely fitted dresses and the shoes,
What they need can be got,
Not in a few months or years,
But in a second, from the counters,
Swiping the cards, mom is relieved,
Of guilt and the dad has the smile,
The happy family roams in the halls,
Shop after shop, aching legs pester,
Them to stop and need to go back home,
a call from the mutually benefiting neighbor,
The visitor from their village already left,
Leaving the organic gifts at their door step,
The hungry man from the tranquil village,
has waited for the host all day long
Has his tea and snacks at the stall and board the bus,
To tell the story of modern hospitality,
to his still innocent friends and relatives.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How Is Your Blanket?

When you remove the convenient blanket,
I cover my entire body and mind width,
I am agitated and fused, not having the desire,
To throw away the blanket to be frank and happy,

This blanket is very precious during the moment of,
Awkward situation and I take it immediately,
And cover my face; the world will become dark,
I feel comfortable, spurting emotions hid,

Blankets may be in any form of self conflict,
Continuous talking to be a big dot and discredit,
Exposing all those read and regurgitated,
With technical terms can't be understood,

The open mouths look very awful,
When the blanketed human starts to speak,
Fails to stop to spread the spray of balm,
To the aching joints that need to be repaired.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How Much Is Enough?

Is insufficiency a reality?
To tunnel our mentality,
To seek the better commodity,
A ring with blue sapphire continuity,
Sold in London for one pound and fifty,
Pence: satisfied is the curiosity,
We feel insufficient and are down with syndrome,
Knocking, seeking and chasing for → fandom,
Is insufficiency a catalyst?
To strive further to be fulfilled,
Or left with scars of wounded efforts,
Insufficiency has been the reality,
In poor part of the world,
But it is created in the rich households,
Thank the entrepreneurial spirit,
For making us all to stand on our toes,
Our minds are clouded with insufficient masks,
our ancestors lived beside the springs,
but we are left with a water tank,
that has to be refilled not to be empty,
we will be insufficient all our life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How The Cat Was Out....

All those butterflies flutter on the stomachs,
Change into the moths to hatch the silk worms,
The young and old of this beautiful world,
Have had the silk shawl to wrap on their shoulders,
Multiple colors and the perfect designers hand work,
Eye catching attractiveness, drooling at one another,
The airy spirit, come out from the compressed bottles,
What a place it is! Everyone in trance as they sleep,
Sleep is the only process where all things are treated equal,
If at all sound sleep is attainable, a few blabber the truth,
Not knowing the confession confessed and heard,
Clothed in the drunken mode, hearts can be broke..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Be Prosperous

Wearing your beautiful veils of vapor and haze,
Restless, agitate, hyperactive wandering lass,
Hope of reaching the groom, the sun, stagger,
The villain gravity keeps you close to the earth,
Angry maidens grouped tighter to moan,
Their crying dropp down as the elixir to the seeds,
The Mother Earth is not cruel to punish the vapor,
For it evaporates, believing the Sun as the suitor,
What belongs to Mother Earth must return to her,
Sucking those drops of rain to keep safer,
The battle for existence severe than ever,
Where the pain is felt, those places prosper,
Where people strive harder and smarter,
There, the country blooms bounty and fresher.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Come Out Of Depression?

The day the lightning struck my brain,
I could still remember the flashes in the mind,
The ground opened up for me to faint,
The thirst constricted the throat to find,
The water to drink and from the eyes,
The excruciating pain in the middle,
Of the head and the left of the chest,
The vivid memories of events that hid,
Replayed, rewound, replayed without rest,
The episode of maniac depression,
Germinated to a small plant,
I looked normal except my mind,
A word could take me to that playground,
Where I was bullied and beaten up,
An incident could draw the curtain,
For me to view the scene, one after another,
Before I entered the tunnel of depression,
I did have the feelings similar to the first event,
Memories danced mercilessly to captivate,
My feeble mind to think about the negative thoughts,
I was under the spell of this evil for a while,
Then I decided to destroy the evil that destroyed me,
As the psychiatrist wanted 400 ringgit per hour,
To listen and counsel me, the physician hovered,
The witch doctors were ready to chase out the devil in me,
I had decided to treat myself on my own,
I did not take any drugs or weeds to drown,
My fear, that I nurtured deep in my crown,
I involved with interactive activities to use my brain,
Learned a new language, read varieties of books,
I did not give any opportunity for my old memory,
To escape from the prison that I had built,
Though it was not easier to do than to preach,
I managed to evolve as a human,
with the healed wound, almost no scar.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Cook A Poem?

I have no script or a book,
To copy down to the brook,
To run over all those minds,
Squeezing the subtle thoughts,
Rolling of the wet muse,
Simmering the wild ideas,
As the raw is bad and tasteless,
Frying in the fat less oil to be crispy,
Healthy salads of adjectives,
Sauce made of rebellious chilies,
Mixed with neutral salt and sweetly,
Sugar to be tasty, lemon of vitamin C,
Garnishing has to be done,
To be more attractive to the eyes,
What is tasted well in the mouth,
Will be validated in the brain,
To go for it again and again.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Enjoy Life?

We are stuck as the lizard on the walls of rules,
Sucking the fluids as the leach in the jungle,
Pecking the grains from the lawn as the birds,
When'd we become human to enjoy the life?

We are finely tuned to like the best of the worst,
Maneuvering in the ballroom as the conspicuous snakes,
Most of our notions are simple, but wrapped in cocoons,
When'd we become human to enjoy the life?

Our thoughts are flying high as the fleets of swallows,
Our wishes are swimming at the school of whales,
The enthusiasm mostly has grown as the weeds,
When'd we become human to enjoy the life?

We are stuck as the lizard, on our imaginary bed,
Vacuum of ignorance, which disguises as the trend,
Keeping us on the same dot or at the best spot,
Gone is the youth, what is left with this empty shell?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Make A Fist?

Could you make a fist, not to box,
the faces of the suspicious characters,
from the middle eastern and tropical shores?
Could you make a fist in the wee hours,
Of the morning to pick up the tooth brush,
To clean the tiny utensils in the mouth,
Could you make a fist without feeling the pain,
That pokes as the thorns in the flesh,
Before making a fist, stretch your fingers apart,
Keep your hands together and look up to the Lords,
Say the prayers whatever you desire,
Then move one finger forward, now right thumb in front,
Followed by the left thumb, slowly clasp those fingers,
Now you can look up to the sky, searching for the signs,
You may see the cross, crescent moon and the holy trinities,
Keep those fingers in the same position and flip as the fish do,
Don't pressurize the fingers and the points where they touch,
Slowly twist your hands as you do when you hip dance,
Do it for a minute or two, now release your hands,
Keep your fingers apart and then slowly make a fist,
Is it still painful, reduced or the same?
If it is boring clasp the hands of your partner,
You can spread, clasp and flip as told earlier.
What was easier once may become tougher,
But the hearts always soften it to be subtler.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Measure?

Is weeping, a hobby that people like to do as a pastime?
No, it is a revelation of pressure and hurtful reminiscences,
That plowed their heart and mind to prepare the growing ground,
Those who succeed seldom shed tears, as they reaped,
The good bounty, out of the softened soil that produced,
Those who yet to succeed and have failed, always weep,
For the hurt is not only healed, but also become septic,
By constant poking that stops the wound from drying.
The success is cultural in nature and it is in our mind set,
Are all the people who have more than enough money successful?
Are those who have obtained the highest qualification, successful?
Are they, who have the power over people's life very successful?
Yes, they are really successful, if they have helped and are useful,
So, stop weeping. Think of those good actions that you have done,
Everyone of us is successful as long as we have touched another heart.
Success is not a yardstick to measure the happiness,
that is shared among various hearts that beat in synchronize.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

How To Undo?

when my oil well is almost empty in middle east,
she thinks that hers is only half empty,
while her neighbor in Canada sieves,
others dig the holes in the poles and oceans,
Are the oil wells the springs,
to gush out the oil to our dreams?
Is the nature a fool,
to adjust herself to our abuses?
Is the Earth so magnificent,
to tolerate our quest for energy?
Let us plant nuclear plant all over the world,
to see the end to the ruthless mankind.

stop pumping out crude oil,
as we need this oil for other purposes,
by products that are organic in nature,
Lubricants for our machines,
soft gel for our cleansing rituals,
the painting materials related,
plastics that have insulation,
save the organic oil for future use,
as the Earth does not end in 2012,
What shall our grandest grand children do,
when we mess up the world beyond undo?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hug Me, Please...

Please hug me, I like to feel your warmth,
addressing me with words of love and affection,
giving me the best of the world,
as far as you are concerned,
Looking at me lovingly with your eyes,
that are perfectly colored as your dress,
beautiful dresses that you wear to work,
you really look pretty and beautiful.
the long nails that you have,
sometimes scratch me,
the ornaments that you wear,
poke my face and body,
when you bend to show your love.
Mummy I am your child, please take me,
hug me, play with me and teach me,
the meaning for love,
how mummy birds bring the worms in their beaks,
to their baby birds through out morn,
and at the evening, merrily and happily.
No birds let their babies to be bird sit,
No animal let their young to suffer in cold,
they always hug their babies,
and their babies roll on their mothers.
I will not spoil your dress and make up,
please hug me mummy, I am your child,
You can put multiple layers of diapers,
and I would like to wear the heavy guard,
for your love mummy, only for the hug,
Please hug me, I am your baby, mummy.
I will not soil your blouse mummy.
I will not soil your shirt, Daddy..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hula Hula Girls..

Hula Hula girls at the harbor of Honolulu,
Shake their hips wearing the grass skirt,
Adoring the garlands of pretty orchids,
Showing their flat stomach,
Entrance to the new world,
The plane stops at Hawaii,
Where Hula Hula girls shake their hips,
To invite the guests as the Thai do.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Human Behavior!

Collected water in the pitchers,
Prophets changed that into nectar,
To serve and satisfy the people's hunger,
Resources are limited to be safer.

The biggest container holds water,
Only two elements bonded stronger,
Reactions are not different from yours,
The products are the same with same factors.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Human Prefer To Be Sad!

The tears that we shed today,
Will dry up ultimately one day,
Thinking of our cries of yesterdays,
Has no meaning to worry and dismay.

The troubles are there to wear as ornaments,
People may turn and look on our emotion flare ups,
The same can be worn as shoes to keep under our feet,
Step on those sorrows in every available moments.

Wasted is our life, when we are not bold enough,
To wield the shield against the oncoming sorrowful arrows,
When so many options are still available to prove,
We do want to be sad and lick the wounds self inflicted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Human Races..

O Sheep, Don't bleat,
and look for trouble,

Graze on the mowed lawn,
and keep your eyes down,

March in the starched uniform,
and shake your head in submission,

Your coats are shiny and clean,
calcified pineal enlarges the bosom,

Herds of emerging continents,
sing the same broken notes,

The barks from the authorizing dogs,
may turn your direction and the cloaks,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Human Rights And The Hypocritical Society.

Human have become murderers,
by killing their own fetus,
in modern theaters,
with the assistance of,
imported medical crew.

Human have become murderers,
by killing their own fetus,
in the women's clinic,
where it is done,
under the pretext,
of delivery.

Human have become criminals,
by poisoning the fetus,
dispensing the medicines,
without ethics,
consuming that with out love,
stubborn fetus,
grow into a handicapped.

Millions of handicapped children,
conceived through the lust of,
two irresponsible selfish individuals,
Have lost their birth rights,
before their birth,
are living pitiful life,
with the hypocrites,
who are called as their parents,
and the society.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Humants..

March Forward, Ants,
in a perfect row and column,
wearing the ties and,
holding the bags,
hiding the eyes,
shutting the ears,
picking up the bits,
from the enormous plates,
your third eye is opaque,
your tongues are mortgaged,
your freedom is shrunk,
you have found the peace,
after consuming the nectar,
mixed with insecticides,
Forward March! Ants,
either to eat or to mate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Hunger! !

When a person is hungry of flesh,
he may always look for bed,

when a person is hungry of food,
he will always look for work,

when a person is hungry of knowledge,
he may always look for books,

when a person is hungry of truth,
he may always look for mistakes,

when a person is hungry of cleanness
he will always look for dirt,

when a person is hungry of love,
he will always look for love, not hate..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Farmer..

Let this land be ploughed by your feet,
To loosen the hard clayed earth,
To add up some thought provoking manure.

Let the mind be ploughed by your words,
To irrigate the canals and the nourish the signals,
To remove the obstacles unseen by the eyes.

Let the hearts be ploughed with words of love,
to remove the plagued clogs and debris,
to lighten up the mind and let it fly, humming an anthem

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Fool, Not To Be Selfish

A fool may look for happiness,
Outside himself, but from others,
A bottle can't change his mood,
A bottled woman has no magic wand,
The host of relations has nothing,
To do with the happiness of oneself,
It has to be nourished and nurtured,
Day and night since young, not to fling,
Perfection is the best state of mind,
Where none has the pen to scribble,
What you want to taste,
Not to be controlled by the feeble mind,
What you choose to taste,
Has to be determined by the rational upbringing,
No one has brought anyone up to be good and bad,
It is the state of mind that dictates,
One to follow or flout the rules of love,
Where the laws have no place to dominate,
Only the rules of love have taught many,
The search of the happiness is,
from the rubbles of calamity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Garbage Collector.

In the hills of your want not,
hidden are the most want,
I am the lone garbage collector,
to pick up all those treasure,

torn are my clothes and the sack,
stitched with the needles of hope,
flies are here and they are the friends of,
the rats, where the crows of opportunists,

encircle with sensitive and hungry beak,
I am a lone garbage collector,
and do not want any detractor,
The Litter of mine are just five,

sluggish hubby finds it easy,
idling and beating are his hobbies,
the trees in the jungles are not watered,
still they grow by themselves,

everyone calls me too careless,
when I think of the hidden rice,
in every object you throw as the waste,
which place is the best to go for the hunt,

which area is ideal where people are generous,
with discounted housing and the food,
people can't understand what we need,
They look at us as the dirt,

They chase us always with,
so much hatred in their hearts.
Whether We are the recyclers of the third world,
or the first world, our eyes already dried.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Humannepali@666

We will rise up, how hard we are hit,
We will build back; better than the lost,
We will stand closer; tighter than ever,
We have prayed to the Lord, the same destroyer.

On the banks of river the lighted Pyre,
Taken all the fragrance from our thought,
The Lord, the destroyer is our only savior,
To Him we surrender this nation for its future,

We dig these rubbles to save our kith,
His souls are suffering underneath,
In the human wraps, He, the best,
Thirsty, hungry, wounded and sick,

Show us the way to speed up the rescue,
To save up you dwelling as an atom in their hearts,
Let the land no more get trembled and showered,
The Lord, the destroyer, please forgive our faults,

We have stolen your treasures to call as ours and Mines,
We have messed your garden with the toss of poisons,
We have rocked your bed with mind blowing explosives,
We have contaminated our hearts with all kinds of evils,

We will rise up, how hard we are hit,
We will build back; better than the lost,
We will stand closer; tighter than ever,
We have prayed to the Lord, the same destroyer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Smart Girl...Are You?

The wind is too naughty to lift my skirt,
While I walk in the open air of the playground,
I have to wear the under pants,
That looks like the skin or other colors,
So the lust of the wind is satisfied,
And my modesty intact,
The rain is tempted to see my curves,
So it thinks of pouring down on my head,
The scene is set perfect,
The place gets darkened,
The cool breeze starts to kiss my skin,
But the rain is shocked after pouring of water,
As I am in the rain coat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am A Warm Worm...

The intensity of this feeling,
Not same as the dribbling,
Over the food clothed with icing,
The strength of this feeling,
Not strong enough for sustaining,
Over the economy covered with cheating,
The power of this feeling,
Not powerful enough for questioning,
Over the system manipulated with corrupting,
The desire in this feeling,
Not desirable for developing,
The fellow human are in tears and weeping.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Addicted To Them..

God may be kind enough,
To delete all our flaws,
In the name of forgiving clause,
But the hearts will curse us,

As long as we are alive,
And dead to be born in new body,
Man created God may be full of love,
And this perception is out of man himself,

The Gods created nature will not forgive us,
Accounting all our actions in the note books,
And the record would go in front,
Fast and furious, but slow and steadily,

To affect all our actions in future,
Which we may call as fate,
With unknown answers to known events,
Stop hurting others, they are the Gods,

To lead you to the next birth,
Do you want to be happy or sad?
Do you want to be a prey or a victim?

This birth is hopeless and unpredictable,
But I am thinking about the next birth,
Praying to the Gods, who are soothers of hearts,
Up lifter of my weakened spirit,

Consoler of my worried evil mind,
Booster of my latent and potential energy,
Blessing all my works, both good and bad,
Benevolent in nature to protect everyone,

With no negotiation, praises are their needs,
Prayers are their wants and they hallucinate,
To such Gods, those are created by these human,
I pray every day without fail,

As I have no one else to trust and confide,
These Gods in my mind would listen,
And they are the secret keepers for a while,
Until the truth rises as the sun to be shown to everyone.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am An Indian! !

Rich are the ones, who are happy in their hearts,
Poor are the ones, who rear sorrow in their minds,
Where do I stand in the catalytic horrible world?
Here my people suffer not knowing of their might,

Helpless males, harvesting dreams, stand on the roads,
Aiming women scheming to get few grams of gold,
Rows of schools to churn out the future unemployed,
Where do I stand with a voluptuous scream unheard?

Barren land with thirsty gland not filled with nectars,
The offing painted with yellow, brown and black ash,
The men and boys booze while the women on fast,
Where do I stand with a lone voice of the need?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am An Insane..Aren't You?

What is owned on this earth, not ours,
though we have the titles to disown and deliver,
In the whole universe, where do we belong,
as the earth shines as a dot in the celestial venue,

Is the happiest, the sage without clothes? Then,
The saddest are the ones who have the most when,
firecrackers have made so much noises and tear,
the filament that connect the hearts of men and martyr,

Our doorway is clean and guarded by the canines,
no one will bother until it comes to our dining hall,
the closets where we keep our treasures are looted,
the soft heart that speaks in a very voice, can't scream.

Day by day our children grow taller, picking up,
the words of wonders and scenes of blunders,
the hills are abandoned, so no one to sermon,
what to get out of Cards filled dignity and its insanity..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am An Untouchable..Stay Away..

I am an untouchable,
Touch me, not to scribble,
Touch me not, to dribble,
The truth is always bitter,
Touch me not dear,
All these mess in front of our eyes,
We are very comfortable,
To live with the discomfort,
All my degrees with distinction,
From the reputable institutions are fake,
As I have no guts to keep my backbone stiff,
I have bent too low to touch the feet,
Of the comfort, my God, I am an evil,
Not empathetic towards all my siblings,
Who scavenge on the streets of neighbors,
A few may wear the ties and hold the scalpel,
I have failed in this birth not loving my mother,
A second of weakness was well abused,
When I think that I am all alone in this world,
Suddenly I see many think the same way that I do,
We are untouchable, once we speak the truth,
The friends pretend to not to know us,
For the fear of being reprimanded left and right,
We are untouchables in our own mother land.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Being Watched..

Wherever I go, I am watched,
even to the loo, I am watched,
While driving the car,
crossing the signals,
Walking in the malls,
Talking in the halls,
I am watched.

When the smoking alarms go on,
I am watched.
When the traffic tickets issued,
I am watched.
When the bills are not paid,
I am watched.
When the bills are over due,
I am warned.

When my accounts are watched,
when my status is watched,
when my orientation is watched,
What freedom do I talk about?

When my finger prints are stored,
When my eyes are photographed,
When photographs are safe kept,
What freedom do I have?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Blinded...

The veil in front of me,
Changes its cosmic colors,
I am always misguided,

The veil in front of me,
Changes its habitual texture,
I am always misled and misguided,

The veil in front of me,
Tainted with 'glamorous karma,
I always disobeyed and accumulate,

The veil in front of me,
Neither natural nor artificial,
But I am blinded not aware of the future,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am In Pain

I am in pain, excruciating,
Throbbing the limbs and the mind,
Gulping of pills may kill the pain,
But it has to be addressed and eliminated,
What is the use of having insurance,
When half of the adult population in pain?
Suffering in silence, mimicking with alcohols,
The deficiency of micro nutrients in food,
The deficiency of certain hormones in blood,
The deficiency of love in the hearts,
The deficiency of concern on the streets,
I am in pain and searching for another stripe.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am In Shock..

I wanted to do it as my fellow passenger had done,
Lowered the glass screen to do it at least once,
Pressed the button in the whimsical dream,
The tropical sun magically glisten these young skin.

Hundreds of cheap LEDs hung on the inviting doors,
The light from it may hurt the retinal floor,
But the facial is done beautifully on these once flowers,
sold as the tasty fruits from the road side stalls.

These juicy little berries have no manicured finger nails,
I wanted to do it once as my fellow passenger had done,
When the skin is removed, everything is visibly edible,
I couldn't throw the seeds and the skin out of the car's window.

My hands are not tied, but my body listens 'only' to my tied mind,
A simple action of littering can't be executed in free spirit,
A dozen times my hands reached the open window,
but couldn't throw out the rubbish even for once, I am in shock.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Inquisitive!

Has anyone become a saint,
after having spirit and wine?

Has anyone become a soothsayer,
after having weeds and smoke?

Has anyone become an elevated,
after choosing spinster ship?

Has anyone become an efficient,
after marrying more than one?

Has anyone become a mighty,
after conquering money market?

Has anyone taken the first,
and the final breath differently?

Has anyone remained free of guilt,
after committing crime to heart and court?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am On The Street, Protesting...

If my fear is fed with luxury,
It will explode when luxury is removed,
If my doubt is led with a trajectory,
It will expand many fold with no direction,
If my mouth is gagged with money,

My mouth will scream with no munching cream,
If my thought is congested with guided rules,
One day my mind may force me to take the stick,
Prepare the cocktails and break all the hard work,

What I have been taught as a child,
May guide me for a while,
My irrational mind works as the devil,
When I am faced with slight confrontation,

My eyes are popped out while my tongue flutter,
My crazy heart jumps as the squirrel,
I am on the street, yelling, shouting,
Rummaging, gathering and destroying...

before every storm there is peace,
but lessons never been learned,
how to survive during the storm,
not in the well served dorms...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Responsible For My Own Actions..

You are here sitting beside me,
Caressing my hair confusingly,
You are around but invisible to me,
Updating my actions diligently,

You are all here, observing me,
Silence is the tongue of your kingdom,
And it is quiet, neither cold nor hot I have felt,
The merging of evils holds some facts,

No witnesses and no evidences,
No bad name and no accusing eyes,
When your calculations are tallied,
The effect of it immense for me to bear,

You are here to take the notes,
Though I am aware of it always,
Each reaction is based on my action,
You are the good mathematician, never fail.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Am Very Fearful! ! !

I am fearful of the day and night,
I am fearful of the life and death,
I am fearful of the anger and the threat,
I am fearful of the animals that bite,
I am fearful of evenings, when foxes howl,
I am fearful of the shades that appear,
I am fearful of the trees where honeybees have hives,
I am fearful of the oceans, where I can't swim,
I am fearful of the ladders that take me up,
I am fearful of the human, who have cunning schemes,
I am fearful of the dark and light,
When I hesitate to explore all these with great might,
I am not really fearful of the days, yet to arrive,
Let those days have the courage to face me eye to eye.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Can'T Do

If you were my treasure,
I can't leave you unattended,

If you were my sorrows,
I can't just wipe you out,

If you were my happiness,
I can't let you to be idled,

If you were my intelligence,
I can't let you to be infested,

If you were my love and a pillar,
I can't let you to suffer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Do Not Want To Be Sick..

You are not evil,
but you are sick,
when you do it.

You are not potent,
but slowly become impotent,
when you do ti.

You would not destroy the bad feelings,
but destroy your brain cells, when you do it.

Lucky human may escape
from the notoriety of hallucinogens.
Unlucky ones suffer
until become paupers.

Do not do it in secret,
as none see you.

you may feel good,
you may feel strong,
you may dance whole day,
you make love whole night,
but when the day arrives,
to warn you,
to drown you,
to mess up you.

You will be left in pain
you will be left alone.
as no human like to be related
with drug addict like you,
who have misunderstood,
the drugs and substances,
for medicine.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Envy Upon You, The Master Of Universe...

I envy upon him as He arises routine,
Without any mundane quarrel and fun time,
At non existing nights, fresh as the fire from the match stick,
Glowing as the charcoal pits that burn the meats,
Shining as the millions of neon lights in the same place,
The Sun always sneaks from the alley of East,
How is he able to be so generous to spend from his vault,
That is full of unstable gases that change their coats,
The unresolved tunes from the drum of the not weathered,
Vessel, that anchored the host of guests to spin in the distinct,
Paths, millions of years have gone and yet to arrive,
The Sun, the master of the universe, still handsome and potent,
The glorious spot on the forehead of universe, I envy upon you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Have Forgotten To Giggle..

I would like to giggle as a girl,
Blinking the jingle bells of the shells,

But shrouded with clear blue sky of night,
Exploring every past pages of delight,
Stand tall, but not lean as the tower Pisa,
Walk through the congested book fair for the snack,
Paddled in the oceans of libraries for crisp ideas,
Waiters are planted in every depot to hand out the treasure,
What else do I need as a girl, who has stopped to giggle?
Paper pad and pen then; I pad, the mouse and the selfish drive,
I am too happy to be associated with the world of mine,
Where the love for self never get fused with the surge of emotions,

Sometimes I would like to giggle as a girl, next door,
Swiping the father's credit card in every store,
A small grandmother's tattoo near the shoulder,
Chewing the gum bought from the old bus stand, Thanjavur,
Wading through the playground, after the monsoon;
Observing the inattentive statues in contemporary sons,
Holding the hands of girls until the corner to depart,
Praying to the Gods in every temple hundred yards apart,

I would like to giggle as a girl, who has gone older,
When I do, everyone get shocked, questioning my status,
Advising me not to do too artificial and be normal,
Giggling is meant for people, who are real,
For the people who are made, it is too strange and bizarre.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Have Reason To Love You..

When I was a small child, four and naive
You were shown to me in the picture,
You look very cute with sharp chin,
I touch you with great affection,
Though the family was in conflict,
In the north and we children felt the pain,
My love to you has grown wilder, but strong,
As my bones became longer and firm,
You are the topic of my conversation,
When others tried to flirt with me in person,
I smelled your fragrance, very unique to your roots,
You are my first and you are the last,
Knowing the fact, I was brought out,
The love plant never wilted nor dwarfed,
When they taught me to treat everyone,
As siblings, I treat you as my love,
You were the first to make me,
To have the goose bumps,
Let those Indian butterflies,
To play on my stomach,
Let those flashes of lights,
Criss cross in delight and dream,
You are the one, I love the most,
More than the welfare of my heart,
I let it to pound beyond its capacity,
When never forgetting thought of you,
Strike my mind again and again,
Even while I sleep and am awake.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Have The Heart To Barter

The freshly printed money just comes out from ATM,
Smell too great to fulfill all the needs and the freedom,
The thumb and index touch them with ponder,
Sliding as the touch screen of the monitor,
Billions may be happy when sucking these pacifiers,
Extinguishing the frequent stomach fire,
Stopping the droplets of emerging tears,
Money is too good as we no more barter.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Like Perfumes..

The flowers that secreting perfumes,
May not want to smell the dirt,
In which the plants are rooted,
Underneath, the decaying process,
Never stops, the plants have the juices,
To keep them afresh and ablaze,
To make others to look at them with love,
Turn their heads to visualize,
From where the pleasant flavor arises,
The beautifully dressed flowers,
Emit the fragrance to hide their natural odor,
And not to like to smell the odor of others alike,
Freshness has lost the meaning,
The moment we have extracted the perfumes,
To spray on the soiled fictions of curtain,
That are knitted permanently to our sense of fashion.
Let us keep the bottles in our piggy bags,
Spray on us and others not to know of the real facts,
Camouflaging is the best act,
When we grow from a child to an adult,
Changing of varieties of natural coats,
Spraying of perfumes available at that time,
I like perfumes and these aerosol clouds,
always match with my fickle atmosphere.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Like You!

I simply like you,
Do I like your innocence?
I like your ignorance,
I like your intelligence,
I like your simple smile,
That makes me to be cheerful,
I like your beautiful eyes,
Those look at me with shy,
I like your gorgeous attitude,
That makes me to be more beautiful,
I like your lies,
When you hide those butterflies,
I like those calls and SMS,
That forces me to reach you as sight,
Bars of chocolate and a single rose,
i bring for you to taste and show off,
that I am the only one, who can hold,
your lovely hand now and ever to grow old.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Love India.

We are assisting the dreams of others,
who have actually dreamed the dreams.

Those who dreamed about the network,
Those who dreamed about the computer,
Those who dreamed about the laptop,
Those who dreamed about the gadgets.

To assist the dreams of dreamers,
we are educating millions,
we are training the millions,
we are the tools, anyone can use us.

We are fools not knowing our strength.
We are dreamers, dreaming
other people's dreams,
are our own dreams.

Wake up, India.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Love My Spouse!

I have the routine jobs to do,
It is too early for me to burst.
Tiny human have the hope,
They struggle with the dope.
Man made hills are around,
Thorn less roads are laid,
Where they walk in sneakers,
Merry men love themselves,
Diseases are fought,
With deceased microbes,
The secrets are decoded,
As they are intellects,
Magnetic waves are spread,
Micro waves are detected,
They have come closer,
Destroying the barriers,
When the Children of mine,
Can stand dry when it rains,
When the children of Mines,
Send the patriot to diffuse arms,
When the children of mine,
Pray and pester to be divine,
I am their mother, not a lonely mother,
Have to revolve steadier and stronger,
When my spouse shines and shimmers,
The beauty of mine can be better,
After every season round the year.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Love You, My India..

Another day in my life, seeing of hoisting flags,
Outside parliament and the school huts,
Little souvenirs sold by the peddlers,
Something small, but feel good as the dwellers,
The three colored flag with a wheel at the center,
The respect it holds to fly high in the yonder,
Whenever it is folded with fragrant flowers,
The moment it blooms with raising wonders,
The salutation from the kids and the elders,
The warm feeling in the hearts of the viewers,
You are our pride and a hope to be the winners,
Though you are stunted with the symptoms of dwarf,
You are our only love and none can replace your place.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Want To Be A Good Forefather!

Praise be to our forefathers who toiled hard,
On the soaked infested soil to flatten and build,
The dreams of what they thought specifically apt,
to their children of their children to relax and rest.

Visionaries were our ancestors, who have planned,
The neutral policies to benefit the people to thrive,
What thought they needed, that were appropriate,
to have a happy family with money and sweat.

People have luxury as they have had the adventurous ancestors,
People lead prosperous life at the intelligence of their elders,
People have the voice to speak and force others to listen,
As they have had the adaptable forefathers who have the vision.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Want To Live Pain Free Life! !

Pain is an issue everywhere,
It cradles everyone without fair,
Day or night, it has no preference,
Anytime, anywhere, when someone is in pain,
Something touches the nerve, we feel the pain,
Anything presses the nerve, we feel the pain,
Pain too has the degree of acute and chronic,
can the pain be relieved without pills and tonic?
who would take away this pain,
Even if we cried aloud in vain?
Pain makes us to be handicapped,
As our posture is changed and altered,
Sometimes we hold our stomach,
Protrude our tongues and feel tired,
We have the pain of insufficiency,
Hunger, thirsty and fatigue are their names.
God given pain is alleviated with pills that opiate,
Suppressed pain takes multiple arrows to poke and pierce,
Address the cause of the pain and remove it,
We may live pain free for rest of our life.
To find the cause is the real problem,
arrogant among ourselves we have become,
When we start to dislike our own people,
when we start to live on our own as a lonely planet,
when we start to bottle up the stress day and night,
when we look for the bottles after work,
when we ask for the drugs from the street pedlars,
when we fail to have enough rest and peace,
when we always keep our body in fighting mode,
when we live our life without specific direction,
Our body reacts painfully for its dose of affection,
Be kind to understand one another without reprimand,
We may chase away the pain in our flesh and mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Want To Pass The Exams..

Stack of books, the contents should go into the brain,
Strings of assignments, the professors are on the hunt,
To fail who are weak, the battlefield in the university senate,
The gangs of doctored clowns discuss for hours to find,
The ways to flunk those not so strong, affirmed,
Decision to convert the methodology of evaluation,
I am living as a chicken, scared of everything,
Your sms and call make me to feel not be focused,
You know what I did to you, when you flunked twice,
That time I was too young not knowing of the outcome,
The vulture like lecturers already wiped their spectacles,
I would like to escape from their claws, let me pass the exams.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Want You To Enjoy What I Have Enjoyed..

How many loaves of bread and fish you have,
Keep on the desert sand, we have to do the prayers,
To multiply and fill the baskets to distribute,
To the hungry hands those have the flexible fingers,
Yet to be hardened with the routine work,
The stomachs of many millions murmur the songs,
Of Beethoven's, sometimes Mozart's,
Recite the poems of ancient valiant Tamil Poets,
Who never sung flattery to fill their shrunken stomachs,
Still the acid secrete with vengeance to break the stubborn mind,
No one has ever broken the spirit with tempting popcorns,
That evaporates the sugar in the verandah of Cineplex,
Men on the roads with the visceral fat deposits,
Men on the paths with loads of worries on the back,
Men are everywhere, while the women liberate,
From one ignorance to another mistake,
Take the loaves and the fish; let us form the enterprise,
Appoint someone with a 'power' as the chief executive,
We shall mint the money through food business,
No one will go hungry as long as we have the initiative,
Let their flexible fingers get stiffened and feel the pain,
Let everyone on earth enjoy what we have enjoyed here,
With enough amount of wages, taxes, diseases and despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Will Have My Fan.

If I am put in a cage,
I will sing the melodious songs,
to make my oppressor,
to accompany me,
listening my music day and night,
even in his dreams,
He may be outside,
in the cage of earth,
but his mind belongs to my music,
and I caged him.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Will Not Repent!

my countless sins are man made,
not self made with all shades,
printed with dark colors of codes,
I will not repent in this birth.

waving the swords of holy verses,
millions have lost their peace,
evacuated millions on the pilgrimage,
to find the meaning for the doctrines,

many have failed to have comfortable sleep,
calling the names of the holy ones.
while awake and alive during dreadful sinning,
of gossiping and plucking the heads of foes,

the kids are called as orphans, unattended,
the crying baby's rights of having teats,
replaced with rubber nozzles and stamps,
the raping policeman in the clog of justice,

the rain, thunder and snow are confused,
mixed and match to show their despair,
the unforgivable sins of man can't be washed,
with any crucified blood or the merciful formless,

O Mankind, sin as you like to get your vessels clogged,
sin as you like to get your credit cards invalid,
your clean home be decorated with worries of all sorts,
but don't cry in silence to hold a warm hand.

I will not repent in this birth,
as my sins are countless to count.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

I Would Not Have Done, If I Knew It Earlier..

When you called me other day,
and told me your sad story,
I should have listened to you, not have done it.

When you called me middle of the night,
and told me that you had given up all hopes,
I should have listened to you only, not have done that.

When you came to my house,
cried your heart out,
I should have listened to you ONLY, not have done that.

When you made a hell out my weak heart,
pestered me to part the hard earned money,
I should have listened to you, not have lent the cash.

When I call you now,
You already changed your phone number,
several times.

When I come to your house,
your neighbors have become old,
and you shifted to a new house.

When I manage to get your new number,
and call you, you do tell me,
that I called the wrong number.

If I knew it earlier,
that you bargained my affection for money,
I would not have lent you the money,
at least I still have a friend or a relative intact.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Ice Cream!

Leave me in my dream land,
Where I can swim in the ice cream ponds,
The vanilla is the sweetest of all,
The smell of chocolate keeps me in spell.

□

The nuts are there cracked and roasted,
Hazel, almond and cashew are the few,
The grapes are preserved to be the raisins,
All these settle on the emulsified milk and sugar.

Let me dive in the ice cream pond,
Where I can smell the fruits of the orient,
The durians, mangoes, bananas and lychees,
Pleasantly melt when mixed with pistachios.

Let me take the stick ice cream made of water,
Mixed with sugar and color that is sold in our streets,
When ice cream men ring the bell and wing at the girls,
We have milk, pulse, and cut and fried ice creams in our stalls.

Let us gently paddle in the Magnolia boat,
After the dip in the huge Magnum pot,
Home reared kind cows and clever buffaloes,
Fill our dream ice cream pond with milk and butter.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

If I Were?

If I were the Iron and left by the teary ocean,
I would rust and lose my strength with the passion,
the love and affinity for the burning deceitful Oxygen.

If I were the carbon and left to burn in the fireplace,
I may help to heat up a few cold hearts,
But I would be burnt down to be the wasteful ash.

If I were the gold and melted in the hot pot,
How much tempting firewood is used to collapse my spirit,
I would glitter and shine leaving all my impurities to the flirting flame.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

If People Meet Often...

Meetings are for the people, who are in trouble,
Otherwise they wouldn't sit around to meddle,
Look at them; they are in deep self conscious thought,
Where their welfare never been touched and caught,
Issue less people is few and they mostly may not have the greed,
For money, they are free as the spy ware, ,
Not as the soon to be impotent James Bond 007,
Answering and attending every other typed word,
They may not like to meet anyone to gossip,
They are happy to be alone with their muse,
They are mostly writers, the intellectuals and inventors,
Let us understand their status, not disturb them with our truce.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

If They Can Do It...

My dogs are stronger, stouter and smarter,
When I am holding their food nearer
They look at me kinder with drowsy eyes,
Try to lick my feet softer, which I dislike,
when the distance between us farer,
They observe my movement wiser,
The moment I open any of my doors,
They rush there to greet me cheerer,
Wagging the docked tail swifter,
Panting as if they have got a friend dear,
Nikko Tracy and Leo are the Rottweilers,
They are the slight brown in pitch dark in color,
Quiet as the night, but bark as the thunder,
The strange obedient dogs, trusted pals of the owners,
Jackey is the spitz and means the guard business a lot,
They know the musical language of barking,
Different barking tones in different situations,
If God has made them to be the abler,
They can be smiling at us broader,
The smiling dogs may be everywhere,
They may greet us with grateful giggling pleasure,
What life it will be, having the smiling dogs around,
In our houses, to make our days fairer, brighter and funnier,
I am getting sick of looking at these sour human faces.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

If You Have The Will,

If you are treated as a ball,
And thrown here and there with a laugh,
Get yourself inflated for them not to hold,
Stuff yourself with knowledge metals,
Travel through the periodic table,
To pick up the one that is identified with you,
Uranium is what I meant, that has the Isotope,
The reactor rods are the best to spank them with sticks,
You are too smart to hide what you think,
Running water from the disinfectant mouth,
Full of praise to douse the fire in one's heart,
Learning is the long process, in which,
You always have the option of flying high with might.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

If You Throw Peanuts..

Tax rebate,
subsidized fuel,
Hand outs,
of few hundreds,
subsidized food items,
stamps and welfare system.

In some other places,
Grinder, blender,
out dated black and white Tv,
mass produced defective,
electronics and electromechanics,
and pretentious concern,
at the last minute.

Remember,

We are not monkeys,
to throw the peanuts at us.
We have the power,
at our finger.
If you, corrupt governments,
of the world,
do not decide our future,
that prosperous and healthy,
We will decide your future,
showing the exit and then,
the illegally acquired wealth,
may have to spend for your health.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Iin Human's Terrace

There are so many smiling blooms
The moment we approach them,
Those may say not only touch them not,
But also close their lips of the leaves,
Sometimes when we touch the spiky dream,
We may start to scratch and scream,
When we are careless, not wearing,
The cautious sandals or the shoes,
We are poked with words of pins and needles,
Certain stems are jovial and dance the trapeze,
Engrossed in their own and others affairs,
The shrubs are small, neatly cut with,
Budget and financial loads of brain full,
Stand still as the window and door frames,
Weeds of variation have to be mowed down,
The garden of human is lighted with xenon,
The heart of them repair on its own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Imported Goods At Our Ports And Us

Major two ports, through which we import,
All necessary fuels and nutrients to burn and support,
Gaseous exchange done at one, an element and a compound,
When puffing and sniffing, hundreds of poison prelude,
Confusion at the air bags and the capillaries surrounded.

Fixed deposited tar certainly produces interests,
The budded swelling may bloom into cancerous flowers,
Nectar from these may make us cough persistent,
When we do the 'work', we may gasp for air,
These gasping and wheezing may chase away the partner.

Offspring born are unhealthy, as the sperm is deformed,
With the head and tail and the uterus becomes a dungeon,
Not a proper place for fetal growth and the vengeance,
Of insufficiency shown in the deviant behavior when born,
The unpolluted port will circulate the fluid of good fuel.

Another port does the work of absorption of ingested materials,
anything excess is not good, strain the pump and the filters,
coded message from the memory maker receives signals,
from the numerous zigzagged puzzle and send to process,
bulky cleanser shrinks, over ripe to spew the red.

after a heavy meal of lards, the fat float in the tunnels,
that get narrower and struck on the wall to clog and,
constrict the flow to increase the pressure and tension,
every disease is the invited guest of what we import,
and healthy people are the human out of what they eat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In A Click Of A Wink!

So near they are, but very far their truths are,
One doesn't know that the other would scheme, hurt and tear,
The little nest that they have built with sweat,
The loving harmonious family unit, their project,
The 'planning' head was just besides, pretending,
The unaware soul just peaceful, sleeping,
Careful eyes always at watch to have a slip,
Perfect acting enacted at every scene,
The perverts are born in human in a click of a wink,
A stroke at the butt, the hit at the breast,
When one knows it very well,
The other will be left in peace for a while,
when the rules are broken with many opportunities,
the hurt can't be healed with repenting sincerity,
When the sin of one known to another,
The hell enters into a house with big flare,
to burn each and every innocent heart,
as one heart has made the mistake.
In a click of wink, a pervert need not be born,
Let us not be fooled with the rush of hormones.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In A Clinic...

The clinic is full with patients, holding the numbers,
Waiting for their turns, hearing the announcer,
Mostly recorded voice of a woman, whose vocal cord,
Still perfectly the same as few years back, □
The funny nurses in white uniform showing the fringes,
Repetitive works never bored them to screech,
A pregnant woman, carrying two young children,
Who make noise and tantrum to seek the attention,
A cute little girl befriends another girl, not of her color,
Both pick up the educative pamphlets from the counter,
To make the paper boats and name that as ships,
Elderly human in crutches and wheel chairs,
Helped by the young relatives or the friends,
Though they are ill, they look cheerful and vibrant,
One after another the patients go into the consulting room,
Return with prescription to collect medicines from the pharmacy,
The human in white coats wearing the face masks,
Walk around once in a while. The patients may be dull,
The patients may be exhausted, as they are in the clinic,
When the masks are removed, I see the sad faces of doctors,
Who are over worked and tired of understanding the troubles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Dark And No Lights In Black Holes

Where is the destination, when walk in the pitch dark,
Up and beyond the solar system in the black holes, □
No light is shown and no stars are near and afar,
Walking through the dark with no destination displayed,
Souls accustomed to the shine and heat, suddenly feel the cold,
Just a few light years away from the house of nine brothers,
There must be something beyond this confused black,
There are many cousin complexes beyond the barrier,
The souls pick up the speed to run away from the claws of ravens,
They want to face the light to identify them as real,
Waves follow them as the wind to take the account in a second,
Whether in dark or in light, everything is calculated,
The same soul has the different bodies in different birth,
In the same of the different solar system,
All these are not beyond human's knowledge and intelligence,
But they have to be alive and not to be sick and ill,
Due to inappropriate contract and cession of projects.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Doubt And Trouble

Are you not at all bored,
For having I tested on daily basis,
With antics of unkind and abuse,
Emerging from every pointed angle,
Holding the pins and needles,

If my tears have had the hues,
It would have painted all white blooms,
Into cherry red: red gardenia and red jasmine,
Or it would have painted the deserts of the world,
Into the green meadow, pouring all what needed,
Or it would have filled all those dried rivers,
Brimming and rushing to reach the master, YOU.

Have you ever thought ones,
When your lists of tests prolong,
How you would have felt,
When the same test is used,
To evaluate YOU for future promotion,
Whenever I cry, you would fail, my God,
Whenever I am in distress, your points,
Would get reduced for being a cruel caretaker,

Should I have to trust YOU?
Is it still necessary to propagate?
The seeds of God things,
In young mind..I am confused,
But I have grown stronger than YOU..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Icu

The ventilator is fixed,
The positive pressure is set,
Oxygen mixture is decided,
Anesthetic is mixed,
The prayers are told,
The cries are heard,
Duties are unfinished,
The kids are too small.
The wife is too young.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Modern Internet Age! !

Come in boys and girls,
This hive is not the worst,
Where all find their best,
Soul mates to fly with no rest,

Chirping of birds in the nest,
Where a single Rose masts,
To proclaim the need to whistle,
This place has no bad pest, but good,

To infect and eliminate the youth,
Come in boys and girls of all age,
Find your own dove that hides,
Somewhere in the green bush,

Waiting for you to take you in arms,
Move around the wind to swirl to faint,
To immerse in holy sky juice that drop,
Don't be scared of opposite shy angels,

Whose wings are tied with work of login signs,
Use the right password to enter and reign.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Take Should Be Moderate! ! !

In take should be moderate,
Otherwise our body can't tolerate,
Ballooning fat cells are desperate,
Over sized human numbers elevate,

In take should be moderate,
Our waist and bust are beautiful,
Sagging flesh hills are real nuisance,
Bulging butts, wagging feet are very innocent,

In take should be moderate,
Stuffing everything in is not the good task,
Our stomach is not the garbage bin,
Donate the extra to the poor,

In take should be moderate,
Whether it rains or famine in our life,
The tiny engines are hard to be replaced,
Caring is the best word to avoid disaster.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In The Drowned New York And Chennai..

The floating cities above the water,
of Chennai and New York cities,
those visage of heritage gulped,
High Court at Paris corner dissolved,

Towers of York still have silhouette,
beneath the rubberized land scape,
filled with air and float on the sea water,
the guards stand there with binoculars,

not to let anyone to pierce their life boat,
with the needle; the UN Head Quarters,
all able bodied swimmers and fighters,
wearing the flippers discuss with survivors,

no money to trade, only the hard labor,
from where they can procure the sand,
to restore their castles. All of a sudden,
there is a quake, what they buried,

as the rubbish near the drowned New york,
emerge and rise for the scavenger to pick,
Beside the Chennai, only a few survived,
bribed their ancestral propertied to the dead,

Those who are alive may still cling to the raft,
don't know to fish or collect the sea weed..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In The Holy Month Of December..

In the holy month of December,
The snow silently settles in slumber,
in the north corner of the universe,
where our Lord Siva stays as our dear,

Praise our Lords singing of holy hymn,
stand on the two feet to regain our rights,
none born, taught and suffered with no might,
Our Gods are here forever as the dark and light,

Come on, kids, let us please our Gods,
They are no one else but in many forms,
as Mothers, fathers, children and friends,
Declare yourself as a Hindu to love them all,

Speak the truth and not cheat your partners,
to play in the display boards as the truant,
Don't spoil the family unit for the gold dust,
we are all Hindus to be with our masters.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In The Street Of Equality..

What a good party in the middle of this town,
The food is so cheap and it costs a few pounds,
People are very friendly but the crooks look for the meek,
The precious stones, silver, gold and the greediness in the weak,
The human are at work, carrying the small basket and the burners,
The street food has many colors, flavors and the values,
Where in the world people are offered the delicious meals,
Along with their beautiful girls, the brokers have the claws,
Those can pick up the right prey to exchange their woe.
Who is the predator here? Everyone wants their share,
Who is the victim here? Everyone brushes their mare.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Trance!

Millions of you can sing songs,
That can take the hearts to bang,
Audible to the ears, who own,
Can stick the wings to the points,
Where it can lift up the body,
To the height, full of green grass,
Where the souls dance in trance,
With happiness and feelings known,
To the participating minds, not same,
What one thinks of the other,
Eternal bliss rules the domicile,
Where the kids are born and growing up,
On the vineyard of tomorrow's grapes,
The creeping days very fragile,
And temperate to see the blooms,
The distant music is always melodious,
Though the lyrics and notes are maimed,
Traveling through this vast treeless forest,
We are satisfied with what we acquire,
What we conspire may satisfy our desire,
The endless silent vacant universe,
Our hearts yearn to conquer its every corner.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

In Trance..

Between the dark green mountains,
I saw the shade of the giant man; :
equally black showing the back,
of His head; and then turned,

the ball of fire either in his mouth,
or in his hands, which I couldn't see;
in a fraction of a micro mega second,
The sun is out, shines as the jewel,

whenever I close my eyes, I am in trance,
the same lighted yellow wick appears in front,
neither I have the open physical eyes nor,
the sleepy brain, but the wick enlarges,

not on any drugs or on any mission,
to bundle the nerves to be the pen drive,
I am awake as the child, who refuses sleep,
whenever I close my eyes, the light appears..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Inbuilt Fear...

The fear clouds engulfs me,
with ravaging noisy silence,
bolts of thunder brightly shines,
the axis of my own earth, stops,
The disabled rain pours in my mind,
I am left alone in the world as a lone child,

No strength can brake the fear car to nil,
when it chooses the top dangerous gear,
accelerating as the whimsical silly sneeze,
popping of the nerves in the bamboo cluster,
stand alone as the weighing bridge in the customs,
I am stranded in the land where love is not found,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Indian Jasmines..

Indian jasmines, very soft but extravert,
The pinkish borders around the buds,
In clusters from the old to the young,
With single petals outstanding and shine,
With multi petals, they resemble the rose,
Not having the thorns to prick the fun seekers,
Indian jasmines have the esters, unique in gesture,
Always stand tall and never bend down,
Even they have to face the hot sun with no water,
They get browned and drop on the ground,
To be the manure, O, Indian Jasmines,
When you are created, what the creators think,
Fragrance of you is the mind boggling torture,
The texture of you very silky, not velvety as the sister,
You are made to bloom spraying of emotional mists,
Indian Jasmines, Be safe as you are,
Not to change your pattern of the blouses,
You are too cute not to get neglected,
Copying the traits of others sometimes not good,
Be safe as you are and you will be worshiped as the Goddess.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Indian Kitchen..

The smell from the boiling rice,
Knocks and enters the nose,
Not covered with the secured lid,
To collect the stressful steam,

The smell from the boiling dhall,
Mixed with wonderful Hing,
Pulls the nerve buds to scream,
A plate full of delicious meal,

Roasted potato with chili and spices,
Boiled guards with moong and peas,
Oiled brinjal with onion as companion,
The fritters and pickles to savor and enjoy,

Hundreds of plants and their toils,
May rest on my banana leaf as food,
How many best dressed fauna arrives
I will not let my queen plants as the salad..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Indian Tea Party! !

a cup of tea at the railway,
platform stalls costs five rupees,
the same costs a few hundreds,
at the rich man's branded shops,
both may taste the same,
the disparity between,
the haves and have not,
have become two wide,
the tea is brewing,
in every other young,
poor and chance less heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Information..

When you jump through the sad and happy clouds,
To reach my heart as the news, don't you feel tired?

When you fight with the troubling waves,
To reach my internet port, don't you feel exhausted?

When you pass through the printers,
To reach me as the paper, don't you feel suffocated?

When you climb into the mind,
To reach me as the gossip, aren't you ashamed?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Inheritance

Don't blame me,
for staying alone.
Don't blame me,
for abandoning you,
in the Garden.
Don't blame me,
for crucifying you,
with my words and deeds.
Don't blame me,
for the sacrifices,
that you have done for me.

As I resemble the Creator,
who created me on his own image,
I have inherited His characters.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Inheritance..

I am too tired, wearing all these shrouds,
To accommodate all these hearts,
Those long for a link within me, as their kin and kith,
When they wake up from the work,

After a long silence, that is too cold,
As if walk near the esplanade before dawn,
No one is around during the wee hours,
As if the whole world is against us in vengeance,

Standing there and witnessing the brewing of oceans,
Suddenly all these excited human ring my door bell,
The home is made up to suit their needs,
My feet mount up and float in the air,

The heavy stones seem to be the cotton pod,
The varieties of dishes on the plates,
The colorful stories repeated for the ears,
The longing of the heart for this moment to extend,

Zippering of the bags, spraying of the perfumes,
Wearing of shoes and the waving of the hands,
Again the house is quiet with a few hearts palpitate,
Open and close the curtain for the arrival of their loved ones,

The eloped illnesses arrive with their off springs,
These 'old folks' start to grumble and long for attention,
They are discarded of their shrouds for the safe keep,
Someone must inherit to be the beneficiary of their sorrows,

I have inherited one and lacked my sleep and peace,
I am tired of these attires, those have different name tags,
these attires don't belong to me, even after years of use and abuse,
simply fresh as newly sewed and waiting for the new owners.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Innocently Ignorant...

Is the beginning and the end the same?
Is the light hidden behind the slate in the game?
Is the heart, weak for the flesh, smitten with love?
Is the truth speaking mouth, gagging all those false?

When I am trying to douse the worrying fire,
With the heavy dose of alcoholic butter,
Would I be too clouded to be called a fool?
The sarcastic smile on dude's face not their fault,

Velvety meadow of conspicuous future,
Seeded with wasteful minuscule lumps,
Not seen through the single or two lens,
When magnified as these bloom, my life will wilt,

The fabulous pillow covers all those dangerous secrets,
Which I bathe everyday with liquid and perfumed concoction,
Not a single mirror invented yet, can reflect all swells,
The tainted car seat not worth a cent more than my health.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Interdependence..

Many times stripped down to be the bones,
Gender address leaves in pacifying silence,
The glowing skin and the cushioned muscle,
The feelings running electric trains,
Have thousands of junction and the flags,
Bubble less liquid system in the tubes,
Can identify each and every gaseous element,
And their friends, interdependence is the reason,
When everything feels the true happiness,
Before the removal of the satirical attires,
That fools the mortals to think as the immortals,
Tomorrow will come without delay,
Today is going off slowly to say good bye,
How the life is lived in harmony, not in vain,
Interdependence is the key word to open,
The world of happiness, before we are stripped,
To be naked to show all our bones to be the dust.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Internet

The whole world is in front,
in the pixels of the monitors, □
The larger the numbers,
Clearer the prose and pictures,
The feelings of achievement,
That set forth in the forefront,
The head gets giddy and proud,
The response posted on the board,
Once the system is down,
Once the electricity does not flow,
We are lost as if we lost a friend,
We are sad as if the sky collapses on our heads,
When thinking all our work erased,
Our heart may miss many beats,
What is life without internet?
What life is this with the internet?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Intersex.

Not staying here idle,
You are there to fiddle,
Walking through the street,
Of mud laden silvery pots,
The smell of jasmine and roses,
Mix together to be the aspirants,
The skyscrapers at this site,
Once termites were alive,
Munching of dead to be the compost,
The lightening streaks of brownish,
Lines on the walls and in between the shelves,
The dangerous liquid is sprayed with a hope,
To eliminate the natural creatures
the contaminants in the waterways,
filled with pregnant horse hormones,
help the female human not to be pregnant,
The new creatures are born in the houses,
Carrying the chromosome not of xx and xy,
Mixed, matched to show the effects,
Of the chemicals on the innocent species,
Everywhere on the earth planet,
Genetic mutation is on the rise.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Invisible Future..

Half the size of the golf balls,
Folded, holding something usual,
When I touch the corners of petals,
He catches my finger to show his love.

No baby is born with open fists,
As if carrying the gifts from God's shelves,
They may have the seeds of various sorts,
The DONOR recycles what He receives day and night.

A few remove the evil seeds from the God,
And plant the good seeds to germinate,
A few throw the seeds as they are given,
disperse the acts of good and evil as per instruction.

We are born with the pre recorded GPS,
Where and how to go, a few may crawl and the rest may fly.
The yellow sunshine from the God's eye,
May lighten up the heavily clouded hearts.

Let us sow, reap and send back the tax returns,
Let us have the happiness to carry forward,
Let us have the smile to stamp every page of our life,
This life belongs to us; wear the armor of self respect.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is Allah Woman Abuser?

Allah Says, "Women can be spanked"
so all scars can be hidden in the buttocks,
wrapped under the cloaks of purdah,
not known to other loved ones,
The whip of words are sharp and can pierce,
and these are from the Lord of love,
Merciful Lord, what mistakes we have made,
for you to be so abnormal,
treating your two eyes different,
the tears and cries of women not audible,
to the Omnipotent ears of the creators..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is Anything Wrong With Me?

You have chiseled my heart,
With the violence of your words,
Neither soft nor gentle, but spurting sparkles,
You are on the process to remove the dirt,

While I am clueless, going through the tests,
Wrapped my feeble heart using sunlight,
Stripped my untidy clothes to reveal,
What I have retained and hidden all the while,

Bathing in the pleasant moon's voluptuous pond,
The veil above me is colored as the blue,
The dashing of the white candy clouds,
Very orderly to knock me down, forgetting the duties,

Neither trance nor aware of the world,
The unfinished responsibilities hung as the stars,
To remind me to come out of the temporary happiness,
The humming of the old songs has never stopped,

During sleep and I am awake, what a mess I am in,
I don't like this territory, where selfishness professes,
The theory of uniqueness at the base of a great ocean,
Not many, but all hearts have been cheated to get drowned,

I don't like this tributary, where I am made a clown,
Longing for the white chocolates and the complementing,
Red roses, the candle lit dinner beside the,
Fishermen village, whose children are naked,

Or at the star studded hotel, surrounded by children,
Of slum dwelling brothers, what a fool I am,
Not thinking of another man who suffer,
Worrying about the wishes through the phone call,
Or the whisper of loving words nearer to the ears.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is It Possible?

When I see you all together here babe,
My heart never skipped a beat, tap,
One after another to feel the texture,
Silky, smooth, rough and velvety,
Gorgeous, you all my property,
Flowers bloomed for me to smell.
Checkered are you, later we drill,
Sizes are only three, strip the extras,
Laying you all on the table,
Spread my hands of fingers noble,
Hurting you is not my intention,
Here come the pieces of perfection,
Stay still for few more moments,
Let me join the bodies that lament,
Necks are folded and pressed,
Colored buttons make you finished,
You are individually wonderful,
When the girls pick to wear you,
You are the most beautiful,
Blouses from the tailors to the shops,
Uniformly same and no mishap,
When the women wear and walk,
The blouses acquire different shape.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is It The Hormone Of God?

women of portions, pleasant and attractive,
women of notion, free and enterprising,
women of vision, counting and galloping,
women of illusion, courting, and suffering.
women of innocence, birthing and lactating,
women of emotions, loving and longing,
women of pride, working and worrying,
women of gays, polluting and mutating.

Female are the reasons for the birth of gays,
as they dispose the hormones in the water ways.
Female are the reasons, for the men to be mutated,
for spiking the air and the land to be adulterated.

When you look at a man with a swinging hip,
when you hear a man with softened voice,
when you see a man with shiny cheeks,
when you glance a man with a tight pants,
Stop blaming them as if they are oriented,
blame these women who spiked them with female hormones,
even before they were born, during their growth,
blame these governments that want the profits,
playing with hormones in every useful female species.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is It Wrong To Fear?

I like to sleep quietly and calmly,
In the comfort of darkness,
The thought erupts as volcano,
With fiery fire and intense sound,
The fear of the future stands stagnant,
The scenes are different, but the fear is the same
The fear of animals with teeth and kidnappers,
who enter through the back door to grab my feet,
the fear of monthly quarterly, half yearly and annual,
Mark sheets that require parent's signature,
The fear of losing a friend over a lollypop,
The fear of our secrets to be spread as wild fire,
The fear of the opposites, who try to play,
The top on the smooth skin of our young stomach,
Sometimes they let the butterflies to stand and flutter,
The fear of future with good degree and a good spouse,
The fear of spouse strays on the streets of foreign land,
The arrival of children, their petty sickness and education,
their marriage, their spouses and their issues,
The arrival of grand children and their glory and glamor,
The arrival of great grand children and their pranks,
I want to sleep quietly and calmly,
In the comfort of darkness on my bed,
Where I have never slept without worrying of future,
As the future is the constant confusion that torture,
Though I have repeated thousand to one,
Backwards, the score of prayers forward,
Repeating the names and glory of God many fold,
The fear of future just sticks with me as my soul.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is It Your Dream Land?

The dream citizens in my dream land,
Have no color, race and religions in souls,
They are beautiful and handsome as the charts,
During the bull's ride, they have nothing to sort,

Except for the mundane tasks and the ordinary folks,
Get drunk with love to drive the night out with no sulk,
My dream land is full of green grassy trees and plants,
Where I invite the happiness and contentment to visit,

The migrating birds would stop to steal the food,
As there is plenty in every nook and corner of this world,
The greediness from the hearts elope with fear of failures,
The children of my dream land cared by their loving mothers,

who may rule every country, assisted by their duty bound brothers
Women don't have to work as the street side whores,
Women are relieved of wearing the blankets and veils,
Women are highly educated, but humble and loving in nature,

The responsible fathers barred from marry more than one,
Their chauvinism is arrested and sentenced to death,
They are privately tutored how to speak what they think,
Young boys are safe and theirs need not be sliced,

The pregnant horses would be released from the barns,
Where they have stood all their life for urine,
The factories and manufacturing facilities are run by the robots,
Away from the civilization in the remote islands,

No pollutant is allowed to escape into the air, water and land,
The recuperation and rehabilitation is on the process,
Suddenly we see all the children born are perfectly normal,
To call a boy and a girl, as they were created in the first week.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is That Creator In You?

Let their sun rise to them from our west,
Let the doubtful ignorance be cleared as the mist,
Let the program on every chip be our tips,
Let our people wake up in pleasant hand shake.

The old civilizations and new world in Pacific Ocean,
The same old genes of first generation peaceful human,
The chart of nomenclature with variant faith, dream and color,
under the great grand name of Human, the creator.

The creator of the fire for the food,
The creator of tools for the growth,
The creator of mechanics for the transport,
The creator of electricity for the comfort,
The creator of magnificent diodes,
The creator of tiny humble chips,
The creator of laptop and internet,
The creator of wars based on faith,
The creator of ignorance,
To destroy all these intelligence.

Let the creator of peace in you evolve,
to teach the destroyers who revolve,
to reach those hearts that tremble,
Let us have the peace that triumphs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Is Your Basket Full Of Love?

Those smiling stars gaze at us,
We have no basket to collect and save,
Looking for the place, where they shine brighter,
Fumbling even at the nooks to be cleaned,
Roaming around the stores to pick up the large,
Disturbed and returned with our hands empty,
Viewing our faces in the dark mirror near the desks,
The chests rise up and down in grief,
There we find the right baskets to collect,
After we keep those love for others in our hearts,
The mirrors get flashed, our faces show the smile.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Issues

Issues are abound and around,
Issues break the hearts astound,
Issues encourage being excellent,
Issues envisage the predicament,
Issues are the oars to push the boat,
Issues are umbrellas, get wet, not protects,
Issues issue the ticket to the ground,
Imitate the quality of the dew on the grass,
To minimize the issues as small as possible,
When the dew reflects the tallest building,
on its smallest surface without illusion,
When the dew on the grass can reflect it,
Upside down in same proportion,
Why are we, human, afraid of issues?
Make it small and solve it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Always Hurts...

The needs vary drastically during time travel,
The morning's needs are different from evenings,
The afternoon's needs are mostly not compassionate,

The needs at midnight and dawn slowly get absconded,
The need to find the meaning for love get swindled,
The need for one another not needed and avoided□

The needs of children and the old are the same,
The needs of the young, the youth and middle aged may coincide.
The needs of the greedy have multi faces and never dwindle,

The needs of the hermit are the size of the alms bowl,
The needs of infants are the pacifiers and the bottles of milk,
The needs of the Pastors are the arrival of devotees,

The needs of the earth is the water, as it wants to cultivate,
The needs of one always harm another in disguise,
The effect of it may be observed during the time travel.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Arrives Again!

When the sun arises, after a few hours,
The year starts with the ringing of God's bells,
In the capitals of every glorious revelers,
Burn away the past obstacles in firecrackers,
The flowers of flicking stars rain on the on lookers,
Every year arrives with same pompous,
Wishes of expectation better than previous,
Resolution of decision taken to break later,
Joyous are our hearts to wish happiness for everyone,
Ecstatic are our mind in want of miracles to happen,
Rational are our thought to expect what can occur,
Another day starts at midnight to welcome a New Year,
Peace is upon each and every one of us to treasure,
Let us be safe with quiet nature and without any wars,
Let our sibling's rivals be friends with them ever,
Let our hearts be filled with joy and contentment to spill over.

Happy New Year to all of you, my dear friends!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Doesn'T Have The Tag. Completely Free! !

I am looking for it in the drawers,
Of bank and home to discover,
Where I have lost it to take to the future,
I know I have lost it somewhere.

When my eyes are down looking at my CV,
As decorative as the corals and pearls gravy,
Delicious to the eyes of the vie wee,
But I have lost something in my reverie.

It is abundant in those things that are free,
Which I have failed to obtain and give as freebie,
The free good niceties from the world library,
The book of money is picked as the sole commodity.

What I have lost is stored tight in my heart,
When I priced open it to reveal to your heart,
The free smile, the free listening ears and the free,
Councilors in every man and woman as friends well as foes.

What we get free, that give us happy,
The free sunshine never asks for dowry,
To drench our bodies to soak with sweat,
Our true happiness lie in the things that has no tags.

The things that are yet to be tagged,
put on the show to display for profits,
The things that are free give us happiness,
The things that are simple that give us good memories.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Goes For Ever..

The bonds of love pulls me down,
not letting me to fly as the balloon,
The web created by me create all illusion,
when I look at my feet, I see my old shoes,
These look similar to the ones as my father's,
sometimes I had seen them shone as the back,
of the beetle, fluttered as the morning rays,
which could find every nook and corner,
through microscopic maternal eyes,
The bond created by me create all illusion,
I would like to be the feather,
to drift away with the softer wind,
lifting me up and up to the clouds,
Humid clouds may be thirsty,
but I am not hasty, enjoying,
the free ride for a while as a gypsy,
Oh, the nectar of love makes me heavy,
I can't fly as high as I could wish,
landing slowly on the helipad of worries.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Better To Fail Than To Pass...

Those who have failed in the simple tests,
Are retained in the same class to take rest,
And they can try again to do their best,
Those who have passed the tests of good and evil,
Are promoted to the higher classes of tough and toil,
To take the tests of challenges to prove their tolerance.
Have we passed our tests to have been promoted,
Step by step, grade by grade to reach the top,
Have we failed our tests to retain at the same level,
To go through the same comfortable papers,
Many times in our life, as we haven't proved,
That we are not eligible even to pass the first grade,
Of notorious evil multiplication tables, hard to memorize,
We are retained in the same grade until we pass.
Those who have passed the tests of Gods, suffer the most,
Those who have failed the tests, may live in comfort.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Coming! !

Jolly gestures with evil desires, □
Smiling faces with cunning thoughts,
Piercing eyes with stealing charts,
The mind misses the truth for a second.

Two or more people and a victim,
A perfect stage set for the intent,
No one knows the plot, but the masters,
Many have lost the peace for the worst.

It feels good when the balloons are blown,
The horses are ready to race and be in a dream,
Castles built using greediness as a tool,
Collapse slowly and steadily to be null and void.

When the milk is churned, we will get the butter,
When the money is churned our lives will be bitter,
Everyone here wears the tags of the money,
Churn the hearts of many, for the illegal economy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Easier To Love...

If you had loved yourselves,
You wouldn't have got so many hearts,
To teach you the lessons of love,
Calling you always, sending you gifts,
Praying for your welfare,
Crying when you are in despair,
Keeping you as their treasures,
Saving your memories in their soft ware,
The person they pass by may resemble you,
The deeds that have to do have your imprints,
The thought they have stored have your own room,
All these are possible,
When you have started to love others,
Reaching their farms and rearing their happiness,
Sacrificing all superficial smiles and glamor,
And they start to love you as the wind,
the universal trespasser.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Enough For Me!

When the air is calm,
Not spread with screams,
It is enough for me,
When the plates are quiet,
The glasses not broken,
It is enough for me,
When the calm music from the gadgets,
Is not interrupted with sudden shriek,
It is enough for me,
When our joint account is flooded,
With your generous kindness and love,
It is enough for me,
When the accidental smses from your vault,
Not reach my trusting Inbox,
It is enough for me,
When the working coat of you not stained,
With flirting coffee and creams of the cakes,
It is enough for me,
When the spare bed is not chosen,
until the acquired smell of breath vanishes,
it is enough for me, it is enough for me,
What else do I need? What need do I have?
You are my need and you are enough for me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Enough!

It is just enough for me,
To have three meals a day,
A few drinks to be gay,
Knocking beds that sway,
Everyone's roof that stay,
As Flooring of another's way,
The monthly salary that pays,
For food, fun and utilities,
Insurance for my illness,
Stamps for my weakness,
Taxes to support the sovereign,
Slaving this body as the carbon,
There is no tomorrow in my calendar,
It is just enough for my survival.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Free!

She has dressed up for the night,
Carrying two bunnies tight,
The bunnies breathe up and down,
The men, who see, salivate and drown,
She has a beast in her, the fierce beast,
But silenced, can be dormant for a while,
They want to fight with the bunnies to boast,
Barter trading between the money and the body,
Not knowing the beast in the trader,
They get it not even discounted,
But for free, the HIV, again accounted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is Only Fantasy, Not True!

Just imagine that earth is the size of a pinhead,
The universe may be the size of the earth.
when The universe is the size of the earth.
that earth may be the size of a pinhead,
The maximum time difference is less than a day,
Wherever we travel on the earth in pain or gay,
When we travel east or west, we either lose or gain,
A few of hours of the past and the future,
when the morning arrives earlier or later,
While the people, their age and their progress are the same,
But we gain or lose only less than a day on this planet of a pinhead.

When we travel in the universe which is the size of the earth,
How many years and decades that we need to go for a round,
When we travel east and west, we lose and gain in years,
Many years of past and the future that exists at the same moment,
So, when the time travelers return, they wouldn't be younger, not lament,
To look for their gone ancestors in the changed land scape,
As the human wherever they go and whatever they do,
They age at same pause gradually, not one age faster,
The other remain younger during the same period of roster.
I am a time traveler to travel faster to reach the future,
or dig the past, I am always the contemporary human to ponder.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Is So Dear!

The smoothness of it attacks them pleasantly,
It blooms slowly as the flowers that emit fragrance,
The shine of the borrowed light from the moon,
Gradually transferred to their already beautiful faces,
Neither her beauty nor his performance attract them,
What kind of bond that defines this pure affection,
Not the ionic to get separated by the passing current,
Their love is not over saturated to form the boring crystals,
They do not have the own identity with inert feelings,
They are too nascent when they are near,
They are dear to each other now and ever.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It Never Rests...

Time has gone very swift and pomp,
The dews on the feathery nylon,
The freshly oozed scent of a dream,
Everything here blooms and wilts,
Time has no antidote, but the silts,
Settled gently with no further thud,
Whatever those perished, suddenly,
Appear as the new buds and kids,
The dried canals cunningly flooded,
Supplement the rest with residual,
Alert, nothing here is durable,
Except the dust, steam and the streams,
Crying and screaming may console,
When time has scratched your heart,
Drinking and sleeping may mislead,
When the time has the sun shade,
Cheating and lies are the normal practices,
When the time is hallucinated with the booze,
Time is a bitter friend, but a sweet criminal,
It mimics, flaunts, haunts and never rests.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Its Croaking Shows Its Presence! !

The croaking echoes through the neighborhood,
the blasting croaking echoes as braying,
sometimes as barking, another time as whistling,
the sounds of croaking may crack our heads,
in the tropical region where it rains,
every other day and musical begins,
with the mono syllabic cricket,
house lizards join them occasionally,
The frogs repeats one day and one night,
as the Native American folklore says,
brother sun agreed and the bear hibernated,
the frogs repeat one day and one night,
it may not be alive the next day,
unnecessary croaking,
is being heard by something,
that slithers and hungry,
its croaking showed its presence,
right to the mouth of that reptile.
In the middle of the meetings,
some of us croak to show our presence,
Croak the wrong information,
out of our peanut brains,
sometimes we croak in the viva verse,
mostly something the invigilators unaware,
fail us then and there,
keeping quiet, sometimes good,
people assume that we know many things,
Politicians croak,
clergies croak,
our teachers croak,
our parents croak,
our children croak,
you and I croak,
our nature make us to croak,
most of the times we get caught,
because we croak a lot.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It's Feeding Time!

When the bowl of porridge,
Dug and stained the apron and the face,
And then pasted on the pretty dress,
Of the elegant mother,

The soft porridge with vegetables,
Mixed with two little hands,
And then fed the mother,
Who held the spoon and the bowl,

The erosion was found beside the cute mouth,
No kerchief could clean it to be smooth,
The babies tried to catch the food,
The mothers were surprised in delight,

The handful of porridge that went into,
The mouth of the father,
he was in the heaven to look at the stars,
Those twinkled in his spinning head,

While his wife had the ecstatic wish,
Shared of loving message in silence,
The babies are the reason for the couple,
To go closer and nurture the tree of love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It's Raining And Pouring...

Stop nagging gently, telling the same stories,
Splashing on the door and the driveway,
Wetting the green carpets always left outside,
Every fall has its own noise to irritate and enjoy,

Stop pestering loudly, blowing the cold and odorous breath,
All these metal benches need my but's warmth,
You can dance on a spot, but sway as the leaves,
For me to pull my pants just above the knees,

Stay away from me for a while, as I have no shelter,
I am drenched with your over ambitious love pour,
You have wet my head after snatched my umbrella,
I walk on the road totally unaware of my presence,

The hot drops slowly pick up the speed to land on my cheek,
Which was just polished by robotic human who have no feels,
The soft dough can be kneaded to make a good bread,
My cheeks are too slippery for you to have a good ski,

My eyes are tinted, but my hands are occupied,
You are everywhere and play with body and feet,
Two minutes difference did make so much difference,
The pleasure of soaking in you, rekindles the past effervescence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It's Raining..

The joyous music from the open air,
may Reach the inaudible ears, when the leaves,
Rub with one another, shaking their mighty,
Branches left to right, the trees dance,
In the uniform patterns from here to there,
The honey from the cloud dispenser,
Drip and pour on every sharp and sturdy corner,
Those who can fly try to hide in slumber,
The fascinating imagination sprouts the feathers,
When I am shocked in disbelief,
Someone winks through the windows,
Showing the sparkling white denture,
I mistake it for the torch light to show me the path,
Winking never stopped for a while,
Even the shouting of my name is heard,
The thunderous applause vainly quiet,
The winking now reenacts in my brain,
The trees stand straight, look clear and clean.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

It's Very Hot

The fluffy clouds gone, not seen,
The clear blue sky barren and inviting,
The land is split and the grass is dry,
Fragile and golden as the old human,

Multiple finger nails from the rays,
Thirsty is the lips to soak with moisture,
Haunted are the plants, not enough water,
Shed the leaves, to send the precious,

Nectar to the stem to bloom to save the gene,
The sweat from the sky not salty,
But the water from the skin is salty,
The glass of water may quench the thirst,

The harsh summer arrives with the hammers,
To slash the will power of the flora,
The faunas hide and seek shelter,
Drowsy is their strong mind,

Pungent is their body scent,
The summer arrives with the harsh weapons,
The sand dust comfortably settles,
On every available space between,

Any two things, deserted countries,
Have the oil well to procure aircon,
Where shall we do from this sub continent?
The ruthless sun is at the worst reign...

The summer thirst never hits our heart,
people can be easily cheated with evening breeze..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Jolly Good New Year! !

Another year arrives; with bouquet of surprises,
or with single stick with bunch of fragrant roses,
the shades are many; capture our heart's destiny,
subtle and flexible to all these minds dichotomy,

anklets of the young kids may giggle,
on the walls of the silent and holy house,
the healthy roosters will wake up early,
to knock the heads of alarms that sleep,

We, the kids of earth mother, play our role,
not showing our attitude direction as the best,
The valiant men have to protect: let us all salute,
The tender women are as shiny as the melted gold,

The youth of the world are in the right path,
marching towards the goal with consistent spirit,
Let the full moon emerge to see the peaceful universe,
Let the ocean cajole within its premise; not to trespass,

Jolly good world with lots of good apps,
we have more time to do what we have missed,
Let The sun wakes up to witness the brotherhood,
Let our hearts be blessed to be filled with nectar of love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Just Alone On This Day!

Ceilings are high,
dealings are nigh,
dialing to none,
fueling no fun.

No sweet bought,
No roses ordered,
No poem written,
no one to meet.

All alone after work,
open channels play tricks,
Beautiful lasses with lads,
Happy hours and ceremonies.

Call the forgotten loved ones,
to make them happy as they may be alone.
We do not have to be alone,
we do not have to keep the secrets,
we do not have to be sad,
we do not have to be modern.

Talk to your loved ones,
who are always free to talk,
to their loved ones,
under any circumstances...

ceilings are high,
Let it be. Don't look at it.
Dealings are nigh,
Let it be. Can finish it later.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Just Orientation..Many Can Be Straightened..

A few are shocked, young and old lads
With your despicable preference,
Empty guts and improper views,
Are you in blues behind the curtains?

Many are bewildered, maturing and matured lass,
With your fruitless selfish choice,
Dashing of the sissies with gay eyes,
Mounting on the sandy saddle less ponies,

Guilty is the feeling, hiding from everyone
Suicidal thoughts reeling, still preferring dungeons,
The life of lies and betrayal beneath the carpet of dismissal,
Chasing out the partners not reprisal, but do wonders.

Loosened hip may be tightened with stem cell belts,
Radical hormone can be rehabilitated with mix and match,
Youth is the chick, soon to mature and get slaughtered,
What will be left with, except the scam and shameful adventure?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Justice For Sale..

Millions of us stand on the roads,
not waiting for the transports to board,
just searching the peace that is lost,
opportunities missed and the destiny tainted.
rugs are cleaner and not with punctures,
in certain place, but looking at these juncture,
why are these people let to wear such attires,
Why aren't they cared and seen as equal?
When sugar, grains and spices are procured,
value their sweat to value these commodities,
Why do the rich want to buy these necessities,
at the price of these poor countries?

The beautiful blouse that we wear,
the elegant shirts that covered with the coats,
branded ties, meticulous belts and shoes,
believe me, might have been made,
with 25 cents per hour petty salary,
their children are alive half empty,
while our children are obese and naughty,
these people do not have to go to hell,
as they already live a life of hell,
where they drink untreated water,
frequent power cuts, clogged drains,
herbal remedies, god given diseases,
entertained by the music of mosquitoes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Justification!

When ruthless justification is done,
Even every evil becomes a saint,
To make their own mind, a field,
Full of colorful roses holding thorns,
Choose a long scissors: to cut those roses,
To decorate our own yards, leaving,
All those needles of thorns to the plants,
To struggle hard to pierce through the thorns,
The shoots will emerge to deliver the flowers,
Of beautiful bunches of roses for someone else,
As the offspring don't belong to the scorn,
And not wonderful, when left in the bush,
Let us pluck it, wear those on the garlands,
Dissolve aspirin in the vase to make the roses,
Drowsy to last longer; Let us pluck those flowers,
And let the justified plants suffer in silence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Kabaa Leeswarar, The Destroyer.

The mask on YOUR face, my Lord,
just printed out from the thoughts,
YOU are not fierce, though likes to punish,
O our Gods, when The desert land finds its peace.

Kabaalee, the master of Sun and the Crescent,
witnessing the crowd of His repenting worshipers,
in silence, the nectar of Ganges of Zam Zam,
all of us are YOUR kids, but a few are too playful,

in All those prayer halls carved out of YOUR abode,
each pillar speaks and hears the chanting aloud,
the kneeling individuals visit YOU five times,
Lords, the creator, protector and destroyer, are not tired,

Allah, one of the names of YOUR only consort,
my beloved Shiva, Be merciful to all of us,
who have defaced and taken all your jewels,
and the beautiful form and structure,

and calling YOU nameless and then neutered,
YOU have never failed to teach the worms through hardship,
Please forgive all our bad deeds and wrong teachings,
Otherwise, Let us face the truth of a hand for a hand,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Karma Of Jesus Of Nazareth..

You were not spared of your karma Jesus,
When you were born as the son of a virgin lass,
Wrapped in the cold blanket besides the calves,
Your karma is still enacted during every Christmas.

though your karma was too bad, you had the smiling face,
a charismatic leader with a long stick to lead the herd,
a bold Jew in you was very gentle and hugged those poor,
you too never escaped from the effects of karmic order.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Karma..

To have a good son,
You should be a good father,
To have a peaceful father,
You should have been a good son,
to your worldly father,
so you will be peaceful father,
to your good son in future
all sons of all ages,
have taken their fathers,
as the examples in most parts,
of their successful and failed life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Kaveri: An Old Civilization Is Deprived Of Water..

When we walked beside the banks of Kaveri,
It was the evening; perfuming the fragrance of jasmine,
The night was lazy and arrived a bit late,
The sky was neither clear nor darker,

Hiding the pretty white moon under the cloud carpet,
The slanting coconut trees bore the bunches,
The mango trees blooms started to swell as the fruits,
The lilies escaped from the tubers and stood as the fairies,

The breeze from the fresh river picked up the smell of the sand,
When we walked on the banks of the river kaveri,
The river was full to fill up the awkwardly shared fields,
To show the equality in sharing of the ancestral assets,

The leaping frogs jumped from the mouth of the attackers,
The rodent's burrows were filled with muddy water,
Now the rodents are happy and their burrows are getting wide,
Our fields are empty, showing the bear skin of our hungry farmers,

People need to eat so they want to get out,
To find the work in the growing cities,
Where the roads are concreted; not suitable for the plants,
Our displaced farmers have become the beggars and servants,

When we walk beside the banks of these cities,
The selfless grace is being replaced with selfish attitude,
The money grows in these cities bubbling up the economy,
making crazy people; owners of the unique idiosyncrasy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Keep A Rosary To Avoid Pregnancy!

Girls, when you go to the fun fare,
Where Ferris wheels are round,
The aero planes circle with no noise,
The butterflies fly on the stomachs,
The drinks of heaven increase the heart beat,
The watching boys and men of,
Various kinds roam: most are married,
A few must have buried their spouses,
In the real graveyard or forgetful stone yard,
Where flowers don't grow, only the cactus,
That will prick everyone they touch,
Including you, when you have the innocent face.

So when you go to the fun fare,
Buy the rosary to keep in your hands,
The smiling boys have the smell,
The smell of you can recognize,
But they have the seeds,
They want to disperse,
Beginning of your crying episode,
With the kiss on the cheek,
They call it blue to camouflage.

Once done, they are gone,
Leaving you touching your stomach,
Checking for the discharge sign every five minutes,
When the seed starts to grow, you will try to throw,
Waist line of your school uniform shrinks,
Your heart weeps for the hurt done,
It is too late to regret and moan,
You will become a mother very soon.

This kind of worry is not worth that play.
Say 'hail Mary and Guru Brahma counting the beads,
Not looking at the cheats, they are not worth,
Your beauty, innocence and well kept chastity.
If you don't believe my words, ask your mother,
Grandmother or any other aunties, who speak the truth,
They would say that was what that they did.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Knock The Door And An Angry Person May Open It..

To seek the truth, the heart should be clean,
Not congested with clogs of fatty doctrines,
Open the eyes wide and not be afraid of the reprimand,
And it is as bright as the sunshine and as true as the breath,
We deny the facts to prove and safeguard the myths,
The mind is so weak and can absorb anything as the blotting paper,
Let the solute be the knowledge that stick on the paper,
What solvent we use is very irrelevant as it evaporates,
Seek the truth, run after the knowledge,
Don't get fooled with doctored money masters,
Who wear the robes, gowns and holding the stick,
To chase away the people who ask the questions,
Seek the truth and gain the knowledge.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Know?

When looking through the dark, tinge of light,
When looking through the light, tinge of dark,
When piercing through the heart, tinge of hurt,
When brain storming session, tinge of intelligence,
Those who writes a riddle, should know the answer,
Those who do the research, should know the hypothesis,
Those who work in the restaurant, should know to serve,
Those who represent the people, should know the misery,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Knowledge And Information Are Currencies..

Knowledge and information are currencies,
How we use them are our fancies,
A few leaves them in the boxes of proxies,
A few deposits them for the interests too petty,

They may look like the heaven sent fairies,
Or too worn out as the disciples dairies,
Knowledge and information are currencies,
Sometimes devalued, but mostly appreciated honestly..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Laborers Are Laborers Everywhere..

If I have no fear of mortgage,
I can keep my head high,
To ask these oppressors a few,
Worthy questions to seek,
The answer for which they,
Know the reference pages,
But they slave me in numbers,
I am suppressed to address,
The dreams of few, my mind,
Is calm as the cold stew,
Traveling through the tubes,
The poor rats are out of sight,
The roads are for the rich,
The sky is for them to reach,
We tunnel day and night,
In the same circle and colored rounds,
The spines are bent,
Hands are shaken,
The will is broken,
We are the democrats,
We are equal,
The curtains are not drawn,
Fear is instilled,
Knowledge is imported,
The profit is needed,
The land is leased,
In the globalized village,
Money can make money,
Through the labor of you and me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Learn To Lie

Tell me a lie that I am beautiful,
And I can be happy just for a while,
Tell him a lie that he is smart,
And he can be proud just for a second,
Tell her a lie that she is as busy as a bee,
Then watch her doing chores and teas,
Tell them a lie that their land oozes out honey,
And then watch them saving the Queen from malady,
Tell me a lie again that I am beautiful, □
And let me be happy for a while.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Learn To Pretend! !

The head full of trash which are called as facts,
is the reason for the wise people to get swindled,
of their own peace, when people start to avoid,
for being corrected, so the flocks have the same colors.

Keeping quiet is an art without telling a word,
even smiling is the best, pretending is the modest,
when come across the dogs which can only bark,
the silent wise people normally the victors.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Learning The Trade...

My home is small and nestled,
Mother had gone never returned,
It is very dark in the deep jungle,
The hissing and singing from the down floors,

My peanut heart gets trembled,
When the new wind arrives as the tornado,
At a distant, fly or fight is the situation,
My body is lifted with the parachute wings.

Just a few flutter, then slumber, no time left,
Spreading the wings to the maximum size,
To take off, my body is lifted through the gaps,
Of the dark and shadowed trees to the top,

What a spectacular scene it is!
This place is very bright and warm,
Above the canopy of my nestled home,
Early visitors have returned with tasty fruits,

I am a young bird, just started my flight,
I would like to wander around this place,
Floating at a place with my wings swing,
My eyes are sharp and can see my food.

I am not an Eaglet to look for the chicks,
To pierce their hearts to taste their flesh,
I am a singing bird, soothes the hearts,
I peck the fruits to have the nice throat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Me Be What I Am!

When I warn you not to steal,
You want me to be a thief,
So we shall be in the same pirate boat.

When I advise you not to smoke,
You offer me a cigarette and a coke,
So we shall be in the same unhealthy boat.

When I ask you to be monogamous,
You winked at me to be a polygamous,
So we shall be in the drowning boat.

When I request you to be generous,
You ask my purse to be zipped to be stingy,
So we shall be in the boat with no grace.

When I suggest you can change for good in economy,
You retaliate and ask me to be bad in philosophy,
So we shall be in the modern boat,
That is circling on the spot,
Committed and tied to the anchors,
To wake up to row endlessly and,
The satisfaction is guaranteed,
while the country may not be safe,
for democracy, them, you and me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Me Have My Own Cross! ! !

Let me carry my own cross,
on thy shoulder, not pause,
Let me have my own crown,
Lord, enough of that frown,
I am a soul, full of Karma,
on thy stage, no more drama,
everything visible very apt,
my ignorance and pride,
my evilness and wickedness.

I am a coward to pass it on,
I am a fool to believe it fun,
I am not innocent,
when my heart is dark,
I am not good,
when my mind is full of fog,
I am not sincere,
when my actions are deceitful,
I am a traitor,
when I betray thy rules.

Let me carry my own cross,
cross of my actions false.
Let me have my own crown,
an arrogant crown, full of poking iron,
Let me drink the soured acid,
acid to neutralize my weak base,
Let me have my own cross,
which is made of feather and floss.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Me Remove The Obstacles For You To Climb..

When we think that we are at the top of the hill,
Those who are at the tip of the mountain say,
'Hi, you are at the bottom of us.'
Then we realize that we have a long way to go!

Not an easy task to climb these terrains,
Where all obstacles pave our way.
Not an unaccomplished act to leave in vain,
When thousands made their hay.

When focus the top, the pain may vanish,
we may enjoy the journey, not that smooth.
When we imagine the victory,
we may enjoy the pain for its glory.

Do not give up half way for the fear of falling down,
as the falling is normal on earth's gravity.
Even it is for a few moments of our life,
Let us strive to achieve what little that we can.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let The Children Be Busy, When Their Parents Play! !

When I hear the noise of children,
a few floors down the residence,
people say that their parents,
are busy in their one room abode.

When I hear the screams of children,
in the mornings of every Fridays,
people say that their parents,
are busy in making another one.

When I walk on the dusty roads,
I see the shirtless children,
playing merrily with flower eyes,
no dews, no dews, only sparkles.

Let the children play! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let The Flower Bloom!

When the flowers are seen,
Thank the roots and the green,
That struggle hard in sunshine,
To water and feed the stems,
Expect nothing in returns,
But for the sharing of energy,
When the flowers are seen,
In the trees of the nations,
When the developing flowers bloom,
From the hard working roots of human,
Appreciate them for their concern,
Let the flowers bloom,
Let the flowers spread the fragrance,
Let the hearts be happy,
Let the people be healthy,
Let us all be worthy.
Let the flowers bloom..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let The Truth Be Out..

We want the truth,
Whoever may find it,
The spy satellite worked,
The ping from the engine,
The real twist in the path,
The `people' are jittered,
A few hearts are happy,
If the plane were hijacked,
At least there would be a chance,
For their loved ones to return,
Whatever transacted,
We want to know it,
Without the truth being detonated,
Without the truth being poisoned,
Without the truth being deleted,
Without the truth being deported,
Without the truth being beaten to death,
Without the truth being cheated with false tears,
Without the truth being censored and jailed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Them Go...

What is that, very beautiful in you,
Analytical chemistry that speaks of quantity,
When the quantified love is qualified,
That one person dwell in your mind is blessed,
The splitting lips touch and separate,
To speak the truth of nectar in the soul,
What is that wonderful, in you,
The hand churned butter looks whiter than,
Just delivered clouds, take a tease spoon,
Of it and drop a blackberry to be the eyes,
The eternal beauty derived through what we see,
Friend, your eyes can shoot anything point blank,
To undress the illusion of that multi colored rainbows,
What is that strong in you, none can demolish it,
With their thorny slots, you are born to be happy,
People come and go all our life, don't weep and be sloppy,
Hibernating with those gone may not balm the wound,
Forget the loss which is not yours or mine,
There are so many better things around,
We can explore it whenever we yearn to want,
Stop crying for those gone as they are too weak,
Not as strong as you, you are too great,
To plant the roses on the tomb of their graves,
Every time the rose blooms, it reminds you of your strength,
Letting them to go away from your life for your own good,
Give the blooms in bouquet to the person who deserve your love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Be Friends

Let us not be the clouds,
Darkened clouds,
To weep and pour,
At every collision,
As collision are meant,
To mold us,
Not to tear us apart.

Let us not be the lightning,
Electrifying lightning,
to flash the light
at the roaming hearts,
as the roaming is meant,
to discipline us,
not to waste us.

Let us not be the thunder,
Deafening thunder,
To the listening of others,
At the events,
That irritate us,
Either ignore or move on,
Or play the Beethoven,
To the stuffed ears.

Let us be the friends,
To one another,
As the hand,
Pulls up the towel,
When dropped or,
as the hand,
that takes the spectacle,
the moment we wake up,
Let us sort out,
The troubles,
That our friends face.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Be Human First!

We belong to the same race, higher of all species,
We practice the same justice; let all of us be equal,
We are cured with same medicines either herbal or chemical,
We are touched with same emotions, that are unique,
We feel uncomfortable when the laws have mistakes,
We shed the same tears when we are weak,
We make merry when our hearts are light,
We group together to console someone in difficult,
We have the same intelligence to fight off the ignorance,
We are children of the parents, who were the siblings,
We may have different color, features and culture,
We have the same hearts that feel sad when we are hurt.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Change!

When the heart is on fire, it loves,
When the heart is hungry, it provides,
When the heart is cold, it hates,
When the heart is frozen, it is merciless.

When the mind is on fire, it seeks,
When the mind has the appetite, it gulps,
When the mind is stagnant, it becomes wild,
When the mind is static, it is a hell.

The seeking mind has the loving heart,
The hungry heart helps the mind to have appetite,
When the needs are felt, the life is tastier,
When the new changes are sought, we are happier.

The changes that make us to be healthy,
The changes that transfer us to be more democratic,
The changes that quieten our quest to be tolerant,
when these changes are sought, we will be merrier.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Create Wealth For Me..(The Investors)

Creating wealth is very simple:
If you have three pay slips,
You can buy that expensive car,
Drive through the street on par.
You can buy an apartment in down town,
Where you can find people of your kind,
Electronic gadgets are inexpensive,
And you can change them as you wish,
Fancy restaurants are too many,
Where you can spend your hard earned money,
Creating wealth is not a problem to me,
As long as people like you around me,
I am an investor with huge oil money,
He is an accomplice to steal the honey,
We are the people behind the curtain,
Creating the wealth for certain,
Keeping you as indebted as you are,
We create the wealth,
Above the ground,
Creating wealth is very simple,
If you have three pay slips.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Dance!

The memory dances to the tune of the wind,
The energy elevates with hormonal scent,
Solo dancers start to dance in their dreams,
Climes change the temperature as the streams,
The souls have to follow the preset movements,
To the melody of musical notes enshrined,
Solo, Couple, Line, Square and circular dancers,
Express the desire in the strict rhythmic steps,
Dancing is fun and glamour to the tired mind,
As the cosmic dance is the pastime to the earth,
When it revolves on its axis, goes around the sun,
When the tiny moon revolves around it with no fun,
Stars, galaxies and even black holes on their toes,
Diligently follow the path of their own, away from foes,
When the trees synchronize to the force of the air,
When the dust swirl to the pressure of atmosphere,
When the drizzle follow the direction of the wind,
And the unborn dances in the fluid of the womb.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Exchange Our State Of Mind..

Let me face the ghosts of stronger species,
Let me have the strength not to feel the soreness,
Let me be where I am destined to stand to ease,
Let me extend the pleasure of taunting tolerance.

Let the stronger hearts try to weaken the soft hearts,
Let the firmer mind take all measure to suppress the mood,
Let the weaker human have the courage to face the strong and might,
Let us gain experience to teach our body the hard lessons.

Stand straight against the ghastly memories,
Stand straight against the human, who traumatizes,
Stand and pierce through their eyes to reach their hard core brain,
No one is strong enough to face their own evil action, when it resist.

The birth as the human be pleasurable to our thoughts,
Never let an intruder to spoil and mess with our life,
Even in the name of love, as the love does not hurt,
Many have been forced to taste their own fruit, when their places swap.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Love One Another!

Let us roam on the Snow Mountains,
Where not blessed with fountains,
Let our love not frozen, our Kingdom,
Be adorned with the hearts full of freedom,
At a distance, there is the same moon,
Not bored with witnessing every generation's,
Same love, when two hearts beat the same,
The melody of love in fast beat and rhythm,
It looks like worn out sometimes, but the same,
Beautiful shine from the face of the bloom,
Let them do the tip toe dance on the top of the dream,
Where they are hidden from the piercing eyes of clowns,
Let them have the blessing of the same moon,
She watches from above for many millenniums,
How many eyes have seen her with same trance,
How many hearts have felt that same feelings in adance,
Let us walk through the jungle when she glows through the branches,
Let us immerse our feet in the cold water, when she glitters,
On the surface of the ocean, lake and pond's water,
The beauty of her never stolen, though it is not hidden,
Let us shower in the moonlight to love and not to be love stricken.

Merry Christmas to all!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Make Peace...

War was not invented and fought
As it was the human instinct and sought,
To protect one's mate, land and rights,
Across the mountains and the oceans,
Man have invented the machines and weapons,
To hurt the feelings of opponents, not the friends,
With underlined names colored with dark red,
In every war, someone has been at the receiving end,
Wasted are the resources and the obeying hearts.
let us make peace hugging one another tight,
stabbing behind the back, only a few will survive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Praise The Lords...

Let us praise the Lords,
For letting us to live,
In the war ridden zones,
Where anarchy rules,

Let us praise the Lords,
For the nonstop fireworks,
At the distant horizon,
Where the sad people mourn,

Let us praise the Lords,
For the previous disasters,
Solved, unsolved and mysteries,
Where the hearts of many torn,

Let us praise the Lords,
For the ups and downs,
Of organic and inorganic weapons,
Where the charts decide the happiness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Say Cheers! ! !

when we grow grapes,
the bounty is huge,
what else be done,
brew it into wine.

When we grow barley,
the bounty is large,
what else be done,
brew it into beer.

When we grow rice,
the bounty is plenty,
what else be done,
brew it into vodka.

When the clime is extreme,
the fingers are numb,
breathing cold air,
can be hotter,
when you have a peg.

When the clime is extreme,
even the palms sweat,
breathing hottest air,
can be cooled down,
when you drown the chilled beer.

When you have moderate climate,
when you grow nothing in extra,
when you have hungry families,
why the liquor is sold
to the poor peasant?
for the revenue of the government?

Is climate a real reason,
for human to consume alcohol,
an item not food?

social drinkers,

compulsive drinkers,
addicted drinkers,
who ever we are,
we have the reasons,
to justify our actions.
in the name of liberty,
freedom and individuality,
without considering,
the welfare of the fellow human,
who may be strong and weak.

Holding a glass of water,
I say cheers to you, guys,
in the name of liberty,
freedom and individuality,
as I have no backbone,
to tell you not to drink.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Teach Them...

Let us teach them the rhythms of life,
How simple the monogamous lifestyle is,
Touching and kissing not permitted in the public,
To the eyes of the young ones, except during distress.

Let us teach them the culture of ours,
How effective the principles in the minds,
Though we are poor, not cognitively dissent,
Not looking at our prodigal brothers as the rivals.

Let us teach them the love in the joint family,
How strong the bonds between the siblings are,
Not to fell the trees for housing of lonely hearts,
Not have to blow the balloons in the charts.

Let us teach them the way of our humbled life,
Which is not coated with war procured blood,
Let us teach them how to celebrate the stages of living,
Not mimicking and mourning to recollect the ill feelings.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Thank Our Gods..

Buddha was a human and a Hindu,
And he worshiped the Hindu Gods,
Instead of worshiping Hindu Gods,
Why do people worship Buddha?

Jesus was a human and a Jew,
And he worshiped the Father,
Instead of following his religion,
Why do people worship Jesus?

These are the questions of logic,
We may provide the answers of magic,
If Religions were gate way to heaven,
Where our ancestors went in BCs?

I like the teaching of Jesus,
Who asks us to love our foes.
I like the teachings of Mohammad,
as he eliminated injustices.

We, the human, elevated ourselves,
From the hardship that Gods have created.
From naked human to today's technocrats,
We have evolved from ignorance.

Let us take the religion for guidance,
not to inflict hatred on another human.
Let us take the doctrines for consolations,
not to hurt another human with weapons.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Walk Together!

Let us walk, as these roads are not full of thorns,
No wild animals hidden in any corners and trees,
To bounce and taste our flesh, this place is protected,
Walk in the well lit parks or in the crowded Malls.

The Malls are good for physical, mental,
And 'visual' exercises, though air conditioned,
Don't sit on the benches every few minutes,
Continue to walk until you are used to it.

Our jungles are cleared to build these white elephants,
Which are not that busy in the morning and afternoons,
Walking in the shopping center is appropriate,
We are scared of the elements in the tracks.

Don't sit and circle around the dining table,
Look for the fresh loads of filling to the stomach,
Walk on the roads is good to our health,
Come on; Let us walk side by side, not holding our hands.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Watch Until The Dust Settle..

Could you hear the churning from your neighbor's yard?
They are not quiet and calm as you presumed,
Their brains are not filled with verses and tenets,
Their hands are not tied to the mortar and the pestle,
Their children are on the floor playing with the running nose,
Their adolescents are on the streets, learning hard tutorials,
While you play games of the sexes on the screen and in the dreams,
The churning is done without any utensils,
The automatic sensory and motor nerves on the guard,
The juice is secreted to pulverize and kill the germs,
When nothing enters through esophagus except the polluted air,
Could you hear the burping during churning?
They are the picturesque scenery that may make you weak,
For a second, then you forget and do your own work,
While your neighbor's mouth is gagged as the pitiful,
Prisoners in their courtyard, where rich families flourish,
As mushrooms, yet to be picked up, salted and eaten up,
Until then you stand aside and watch them suffering,
Or waiting for the war clouds to loom to sell your arms,
On One side of the bank you talk about the peace,
On The other side, you are busy molding guns,
Let us throw all those left over in the humanity river,
Hug, kiss and dine on the tables that are made of human bones,
The dishes are perfect for the cannibalistic feast.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us Weave..

The fabric woven with rays of the sun,
Can match with the laces from the moon,
I am a weaver, weaving my thought,
Out of the shades of bright and dull mood,
When I am flooded with serotonin and dopamine,
The brain is in the ecstatic state, playing with fire crackers,
The orange and red sparkle on the blue helipad,
The background noise is less and nostrils start,
To hum the melodious music, that soothes the heart,
To the core to take me to the next level,
In the pleasure chart, amino group has a nitrogen,
So nitrogen is the fertilizer to the cognition,
As it is too good to the green and colored Yes masters,
Which always obey the order of the colorless wind,
If these try to disobey, the swirling wind would uproot,
Or break their tinted branches to instill the black fear,
To the emotionless willow, that can only wilt,
To be yellow and brown to feed the microbes,
Miles of satin in blue spread on the oceans and human,
Light years long white silken thread covers the truth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let Us...

Not the hollow wood to be drifted away aimlessly,
Not the Iron pillar to stay at a place dutifully,
Not the rainbow that was born through droplets colorfully,
we are the human to explore the world courageously.

The yarn of spider may look thin and fragile,
but more tensile and stronger than steel.
The thought of human may be restless and weak,
but more useful when it is put into task.

We are not rotten wood to drift away swiftly,
we are the well built boat to sail through the storm gently.
We are not the scuff holdings to obey silently,
We are the smart human to think rationally.

Let the salt in our sweat,
maintain the salinity
of oceans and seas,
Not again our tears!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Let's Party Tonight

Let these refined human party all night long,
Slowly sip to gulp for steam ironing the hearts,

Let them be awake until the dawn breaks,
Touch to hold for racing the biological clocks,

Let them chat to develop the pharmacological labs,
One eye closed and peep through the slit of microscopes,

Let them be happy and dance in eerie holding the invisible cards,
No one has any right to stop them having fun of blocks,

Let them play with Lego toys in every part of their houses,
creating the holes and tunnels, where mites and cockroaches dwell,

Let these people shouldn't be called as the fools,
They are the pillars to the economy, built on many deaths.

Let us party tonight, wearing the body fits and tights,
mountains and valleys are alight, let us party tonight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Liberal Democracy...

Would you cross the borders of nations and oceans,
To spray the mighty waves of freedom and devotion,
In which, all are the same under the hammer and constitution,
Let us gossip about the possession of will and determination,
That emerges from the thorny flesh of the cognition,
As the bouquets and bunches of exponential vision,
That can predict the weather of wealth in calculations,
Man, they have done that in their backyard discussion,
They have kept their kitchens at their entrance,
Women are not at home to immerge in doubtful confusion,
The Gods are not petitioned, challenged and needed donations,
When they evolve from the innocence of tantric illusions,
Would you travel across the borders of nations,
To let us to taste your fruits of multiple variations,
Those grow from the good soil of truth and obedience,
but, we have to grow you in our own soil to see you in person,
As many have done and succeeded for many generations.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Lies Have Become The Truth!

Not easy to cheat someone,
When we try to hide the fun of an offense,
We have to be careful and alert always,
Our actions should be monitored and concealed,
From the scrutinizing eyes of the loved ones,
Or the friends or the authorities,
The same lies have to be remembered,
Must memorize the lies to repeat,
At no point can afford to make a mistake,
What a frightful and tiring life it is,
When we try to cheat and lie, wearing the masks,
Eyes can't be met. as Something pricks,
Words are hard to come, as our tongue twists,
Hearts start to race fast, sometimes sweat,
Lying is not an easy task, when the burden felt,
life of lies worth or not, it seems to benefit,
those who have the desire to taste the fruits,
acquire and keep those as heavenly secrets,
deep in the silence and rot as not refrigerated,
life of lies is not easy to live, must act,
immaculate to the eyes of those suspicious,
once secured the trust and confidence of the innocents,
life of lies is great and lies will become the 'truth'.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life And The Full Moon..

On the wooden craft,
Heart's melody is soft,
The waves are the mat,
The raft slides smooth,

The full moon just revealed,
All the blemishes gone and hid,
The plantation is freshly bathed,
The oars lost the task to the current,

The bluish sky with cultured eyes,
All are pearls with uniform stunt,
The boat is expandable to the limit,
The luxury seekers not have the leisure,

One precinct to another, all made by hard work,
One county to another, all made by sacrifice,
One country to another all replaced the dirt,
Million more full moon appear to view our growth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life And Work..

I am waiting behind you,
Watching what you do,
You have to no eyes at the back,
But my eyes can see your deeds and you,

Sometimes you lean on me for support,
Call me a pillar to your suffering luxurious life,
Sometimes you press your hands near my heart,
Not knowing it would hurt and suffocate me a lot.

You collect all those treasures for me to play,
Boarding on the planes and voyaging in the seas,
Signing and swiping the cards and the hearts of others,
I am waiting silently behind you with drops of tear in my eyes.

When I was beside you, holding our hands tight,
I was euphoric, wearing our skating shoes,
Frozen ice felt our heat and started to melt at once,
Those were the days, now you are one step before me.

Behind your back, life does not look very meaningful,
My wings can't be open, as it may hurt your repute,
Your attention not at the place where it should be,
Life and work are two different things, but you mingled them as one.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life Is A Game, Play It Safe!

I am the king of Black, surrounded,
On three sides, not let to surrender,
My queen is very slender and versatile,
When she moves and flies hastily, □
Whatever direction she chooses,
Straight and diagonal, keeping an eye,
On the lame king, me, who can travel,
One step at a time, I look in front,
At the white queen who looks fantastic,
In her movement, particularly when she slides,
With the cavalry officer as her friend,
She flirts with soldiers and rocky rook,
Not the Bishop spared, when he is the accomplice,
My black Queen struggles to protect my kingdom,
The King attired in white, stand in attention as a doll,
Winks at my laborious Queen, I can't punch his drooling,
Mouth, as I can move one step ahead, aching,
My heart, as I am made the useless King on the board,
Out of boredom, I wink at the white Queen,
She smiles and lets her dirty King to be cornered,
noticing the tactic of evil in our hearts,
the protective queen of mine sacrifices herself,
leaving me to face the truth of check out.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life Is Simple..

Life is very simple,
When you love yourself, □
Love is very simple,
When your heart is not driven by others,
Life is very simple,
When you are in control,
Life is very simple,
When you face the world without fear,
Life is very simple,
When you drive the hearts of others,
Life is not only simple, but adventurous,
Most hearts here go crazy longing for others.
Life is very simple when you love yourself,
and sometimes others whose life is not simple.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Confused Rural Indians...

Only a few stunning white horses left in my town,
Shockingly lean with the royal mane, tamed,
The cotton candy pink color feathers of chicken,
Once rested on the head, they are ready for the stroll,

Men are here and women are there, partitions separate,
The sword yielding protecting Gods at the entrance,
The terracotta horses there, hundreds of years old,
The field nearby have given birth paddy many fold,

Gentle breeze grazes the coconut's young blooms,
The hectic butterflies hum and steal to loom,
Hornets are there, but stay away from the predators,
The young man about to get married, tagged,

Tagged with yellow strings not let to go out,
From the house, from the village and the town,
The white horse from the descendant of an Arab,
Gets groomed to earn a living for its owner,

Hand loom saris and the dhotis have the stories,
Unpolished earthen wares collect their tears,
Most philosophies been confused and deported,
The young brides with alcoholic fathers have the dreams..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life's Experience!

When the ball is hit with a force,
it rises up to maximum without fuss,
the way we bowl the balls, it spins,
to hit the bat and the static pins,
Catching hands and the running legs,
When it runs on the field, we gasp for air,
When it flies in the midair, we fly as its pair,
When it enters to declare the goal, we are inspired,
To stand on our feet to rise our hands and fingers,
When the wicket is fallen from yet to be the ball sixer,
The hearts dance without any instruments,
When all pins are fallen with a spinning of a bowler,
When the ball escape the hands of a goal keeper,
When the ball is repeatedly beaten by the shutters,
This world seems to be the playground to roll over.
When we are hit with the experiences, not fair,
Let us still assume the playground is for us to run over.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Life's Lesson!

Life's lesson, always changing not the same,
Sometimes hard, Sometimes easy,
Sometimes confusing, Sometimes daunting,
Theories of life's lessons,
Lighthouse in the sea shore,
It is always flicking and hiding,
Why do we learn through our own experience?
After many hours and years of research,
Theories are derived and approved.
Though it is wrong or right,
Why are we interested in learning,
Though our own experience?
The fire is hot; still want to touch it,
The volcanoes spewing, still want to dive into it,
Though the Arrival of tsunami is visible,
Not run opposite, but run towards it,
Why do we like to learn the life's lesson,
Through our own bad experience?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Like Father Like Son!

My daddy has been busy all the while,
Holding the laptop on his dispel,
Sucking the milk bottle, I looked at him,
He smiled, smiled and smiled.
Daddy bought for me PS1,
I played with the joystick with fun,
Then came PS3, I fought not to sleep,
Daddy at his screen, still smiling.
Daddy bought for me a laptop,
To do the assignment of all sorts,
Then click certain icon,
My mouth opens wide and wide,
I have started to smile in shock.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Live In The Present

Always forget to live in the present,
Thinking of the past and the future since young,
Forgotten breasts and the milk bottle,
As the toddler, searching for those,
Below the blouse and shelves,
after become the child and able to speak,
When start to go to school in the school bus,
Not leaving the memories in the baby cot,
The young adolescents may be very quick,
A few too early to play the games of father and mother,
Futuristic in nature and invited all troubles of the old,
Surrounded by the friends they hold the string of happiness,
Graduated, employed, married and settled,
The bonds those created in the school and college days,
Are intact, the memories are skipped playing truants,
Bunch of kids and bunches of worries and responsibilities,
Worrying of the future, old age and diseases,
Who had made us all as this to suffer, not living in the present,
Though the present carries a lot of presents and gifts,
Many of us are the proven symbols, miscalculating otherwise.
those who live in the present and calculate accurately,
they are the most successful and free of worries and troubles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Live Your Life...

To live at home,
Millions work near the roads,
To live on the roads,
Billions struggle in the fields,
Life is always at a place,
Where the hearts are met,
Without any fear and grudges,
It may be at any place,
Where the happiness rules,
Mostly in our homes,
When our hearts meet,
With no other introduction,
Except the load of love,
Concealed safely in a box,
Sending the silent messages,
A home is a place where we live,
in other places we may work,
we may entertain and be entertained,
we may fool and be fooled,
we strive very hard,
to live a peaceful life,
at home. only at home.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Loaded!

The steep stairs leading to the wisdom,
Where the respected human and divine kingdom,
Walking up may make the legs tired and weak,
The lungs gasping for air, joints shriek,
Looking for something to hold and rest,
Railings look perfect not to get exhaust,
Heaviness of the body suddenly felt,
Carrying the bones and muscle to the top,
Thinking of the souls that are darkened and loaded,
How hard it will be for the souls to fly to the Lords.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Loads Of Bad Apples! !

We have no guns; only the fun,
We are not scared, but have good sleep,
Our windows are not shut to the breeze,
Our hearts are not coated with greedy lard,

Miles of walk under the sheath of hot Sun,
Laterite kisses the lips of the opulent earth,
acquires the pretty orange color to rest,
on our heads to run away during shower,

We can own gold and display to the light,
embedded diamond or the glass stones laugh,
men are not laden with logs of lust,
women are still quiet; a few are on test run,

The malls and evening Bazaars are the same,
where the human gather to sniff the hormone,
what is the role of the guns in the pockets,
what is the role of tears in the eyes of a president?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Loneliness..

Faced you one to one for the first time,
You are quiet, demure and present absolute,
Walked into your vast and transparent territory,
Where the things are so visible with horrible details,

I hold your hands my friend as I have had no one,
You and I are here witnessing me cry and smile,
Millions of sensual butterflies have flown out for the next life,
Billions of hope stars exist, sometimes twinkle and dark,

Walked beside the river of flowing memories,
Sometimes hot and cold with heavy under current,
You are always here to embrace me with your ice hands,
After every storm and rain, there are new sprouts emerge,

On the dry carpeted grass, where doubtful ants happily,
Have dug tunnels to rear the miserable young,
You exist everywhere where emptiness prevails,
I don't know how I have made friendship with you,
In the noisy world, where people scavenge for food,

Why do you follow me wherever I go with silence?
Why do scratch my scars with your unkempt sharp nails?
Why do sit on the podium to judge me with your hammer?
Why do you always make me weak, forgetting all my strength?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Long Way To Go...

The Earth is very big with seas,
We have never circumvented with ease,
The sea farers forefathers,
Built the boats and ships,
To voyage on the calm ocean,
Not full of mysteries, but with islands,
This water tanks hold the secrets,
On the comfort of their deep beds,
How many lives alive and dead,
We are small, just having a tiny brain,
What a desperate search it is,
To find a plane that has gone missing,
The ocean mother may know the answer,
But she is always quiet showing the signals,
Two long oil slicks on her wide breasts,
The billow of smokes from her breath,
Let the Gods of Heaven help those in need,
We are very small, yet to conquer,
Every inch of the land and the oceans,
a long way to travel, but we will do it with passion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Look For The Goods

The taste of insufficiency is bitter,
Can't enjoy the sweetness of worldly nectar,
The sourness in the hierarchical ladder,
People are hot and cold, if left as the paupers,
Search the materials that are good buyers,
To source the pleasure, not as the liars,
This world belongs to the temporary travelers,
Let them search the goods as the revelers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Losing Peace Is Not Worth...

I saw you tilling the land with hands,
I saw you tilling the mind with thoughts,
I saw you tilling the heart with love,
I saw you tilling the laptop with strokes.

Tilling is a skill to mill the will until,
The old will shrieks to be the new skill,
Tilling is a tool: let us till the sky until,
Tilling of knowledge conspires with tranquil.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Lost Moment

Let us sleep without,
thinking of tomorrow.
Tomorrow's certainty of,
things to sort out.
otherwise interests added,
Letters be sent,
again heart beats faster,
certain of uncertainties.

Let us sleep comfortably,
without the whims of tomorrow.
Days go as these have to,
but we go with pain and sorrow.
Accomplishment is our goal,
what have we achieved so far?
Take the life as it is,
and enjoy the moment as it comes!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Art

Love is beautifully meaningful
When we cry for others,
Love is wonderfully precious,
When someone weep for us,
Love is commercially profitable,
When people like a brand,
Love is profitably commercialized,
When one look at another's worth,
Love has different dimensions and directions,
From which chamber it flows to and from the heart,
To the lungs, it has to be cleared of dirty desires,
To the heart, it is full of vital nutrients,
When the hearts send it to other parts,
It burns down the organic matters,
To supply the necessary warmth to the masters,
Love is wonderful, when emerge from the pores,
Love is what we need, irrespective of the badges and caps.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love At Last Sight...

I am too sick and ill,
To keep my head still,
Brought to the clinic,
For the check up and 'tonic',
There I see the girl,
As white as snow white,
When she looks at me,
Lightening flashing in me,
When she lifts her head,
rolls her beautiful almond eyes,
I hear the banging of lion dancers,
In my mind and when she turns,
And yawns feebly, fire burns,
Up my sick body and she is sick too,
We meet today and at this hour,
In the clinic that cares,
I can't take the eyes off her,
Beautiful plumb face and body,
She coughs a bit,
As she can't cough aloud,
She has cancer and
The doctors have given up,
I hear them speaking,
I try to reach her, as she is shy,
I try to feel her paws and the nails,
she touches my paws too,
I keep my head nearer to her,
Before they separate us,
They are going to put us to sleep,
Today and after a few hours,
Love has bloomed at the last sight,
between a Husky and a Lab.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Can Save The World! !

Even if you are wrapped as the tamarind sacks,
Knotted at the neck to hold your clever head,
Women, you are the silently proposing warriors,
You can remove all these barriers to be the saviors,

When ideal society is needed, where the principles,
Are followed and sentences have upper and lower case,
Your sons are notorious majors and the minor daughters,
How fragrant your mouth after the fast, your eyes still masked,

Everything here drought of moisture, as the blanket shrinks,
Everything here so imbalanced, as the joint get rusted,
Everything here comes and goes off very quick, as the tears,
Everything here waits for the right time, as the patience fades,

Let the men rule the anatomy of the concrete jungles,
Let the women rule the hearts that do such tasks,
Let them be equal, not to abuse one another,
Let them have mind dispersing the fragrant love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love For Love At The Tone!

Different tones for different people,
Just not to waste the time supple,
At work and sleep, can recognize,
Whom for attendance and for avoidance,
Called them thousand miles away,
After many reminders of user busy,
Took the phones and blasted us,
As usual and we are excited hearing,
The lovely voices of nectar oozing,
saddened with many complaints,
Of vigilant superiors, disobedient,
Subordinates and burdening,
Responsibilities and tired bodies,
Pray to the God additional,
Many times and then log into,
The face book to find out,
How they enjoyed a lot,
During the weekend with friends,
And we are happy with their trend,
Because the parents can only love,
Whatever the children do,
This love is not superficial,
and it is not artificial,
The true love expects all days,
The love for love always.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Is A Magic!

A holy man,
who wears the talisman,
possessed with love;
may climb up the hill,
to spread the digital signal;
all these hearts feel good,
when they receive the chocolate,
blood red roses and the heart,
an unkind arrow and smiles,
No Valentine arrives,
sprinkling the magic dust,
candy colored tinge,
all these minds binge,
Looking at the entrance,
which is curtained with a door,
No Valentine arrives, ,
when a holy man,
with the worn out talisman,
professes the magic of love,
Yes, Love is a magic,
it is magical love,
magician's tools,
Everyone believes...
Love is a magic,
Don't believe it.
Love is an illusion,
Don't follow it,
Love is a mirage,
it will not quench,
your insatiable taste,
when you tend the flesh..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Is An Addict...

I'd like to harvest the hearts,
So I can make millions of tart,
Love is a great compulsory addict,
To make the people sick to the core,

Love thy enemies is the best of all diction,
Echoed through the mountainous cliffs,
Surrounded by the flowerless deserts,
To convert the people to be weak,

To find the peace in other people,
Not in their own, many in trouble,
Rearing the greatest addict as their pet,
Can't sleep at night, disturbed by this evil,

Can't do whatever they like to do,
Have to follow the rules of this pest,
Not to hurt the hearts of neighbors,
People have fallen into the deepest holes,

Crying pitifully for the hands to pull them out,
Love is the lousiest word to mention,
As it always hurts the people who love it,
They are on the streets, roaming as the beggars,

Have lost their precious valuables to this,
Mafia supported Lords, they kneel down,
For the grace, always scheme to be too good,
Love is the dirtiest word, for it makes a heart,

To be vandalized with scribbles and wounds,
Love is an addict and an addiction to everyone,
No antidote found to cure one from being addicted.
Love is too dangerous, when mishandled with hearts involved.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Is Not New! ! !

This is a new world and I travel through the new path,
I am the new freshly flowing wind and look for a new perfume,
These are the new flowers covered with new snow,
Those rays are new, just pierced through the deaf space,
The falls from the mountains and hills are new, innocent and young,
Every morn and night is new to go away to the empty galore,
Every breathe is new and every drop of tear is new,
Every minute is new and every year is new,
Every human is new; soaked, bleached and pressed,
Every theory is new; evident collected, experimented and approved,
What are not new that I found during the travel,
They Love to love; love to hate, love to irritate, love to irrigate,
Love to celebrate; love to repeat, love to respect and love to care.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Is Unavoidable...

The love message is sent through,
The eyes of the spinning top, circling on the spot,
Not deviating to any other side,
Looking in intense expectations,
The message is too lovely not to leave,
the firecrackers sprinkle the flowery light,
From that spot, attracted to the opposite pole,
the firecrackers sprinkle the flowery light,
morning breeze collects all those flavor,
of roses, jasmine, designer perfumes, coffee and wine,
They are in the pair; the invisible string is very elastic,
That holds them together, even when they are apart,
The game of chemical in the young and the old,
Love is too great not to avoid, can love the foes,
When loving someone, their hearts signals are all right,
The brains are sharp, the stomachs are quiet,
There will be peace everywhere at home and on the land.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Me...

Love, money and the wealth,
Love, good habits and the health,
Love, your neighbors and the peace,
Love, your spouse and the good life,

Love the children and the cared old age,
Love the work and the hearty satisfaction,
Love the nature and the predictable climate,
Love the knowledge and the prosperity,

Love me and the comradeship,
Love yourself and the happiness,
Love everything and the contentment,
Love the love and the enrichment.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Should Be Useful..

If we keep it in the closet,
We may use it infrequent,
Though we glimpse it seldom,
We leave it in the selfish boredom.

If we keep it in the shoe rack,
We may step on it with a smack,
To hurt everyone on our track,
Collect the dust of hatred a lot.

If we keep it in the book shelves,
We may leave it to be brownish,
Slow oxidation may lead to frustration,
Open those books of love and read often.

If we keep it in our hearts,
It flows and runs to every part,
To nourish the weak and needy,
Who are visible in every disparity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love You Grandchildren

Calling the grandparents,
May make them happy,
When calling itself a problem,
How to make them happy?

When the thorns were sown,
in the young hearts,
When the ill memories are planted,
in the young thoughts,
When the bacterial and viral words were introduced,
to develop immunity,
Children have become immune to love and affection,
when they are old.

Be kind to your grandchildren,
when they are young
so they will be kind to you,
when you are old.
Be neutral to your grandchildren,
when they are in the cousin crowd,
so they will be neutral to you,
when you are in the elderly crowd.
Be generous with love to your grandchildren,
when they are sick and troubled
and they will be generous to you,
when you are really ill and worried.
Be the grandparents to your grandchildren,
As they do not have any other grandparents,
but you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Your Enemies!

Should an enemy be in the friend's list?
Should an enemy be in the ban's list?
When the enemy is in the friend's list,
Either the enemy is dubious or a friend,
When the friend is in the Ban's list,
Either the friend is dubious or a foe,
When that famous enemy of someone,
Was listed in the friend's list of the same,
How many of you shocked and never asked?
As a vocal person, I never raise my voice against abuse,
As I am still confused with the traits of the artists,
Who are good at acting as predators and victims.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Your Heart! !

When you try to take rest, my heart!
Why do I feel very weak at last?
Mumbling from your tough machine,
Can be serviced with big amount,

Sometimes you fly as the aero plane,
Throb and crush the case of the wind,
Sometimes you are quiet as the ocean,
Thousands of action below your aqueous region,

Once you had mounted the rebellious horse,
Galoped everywhere without any fear and remorse,
When you tried to cross the bridges and the barriers,
Got knocked by thousands of free radical bouncers,

All your doors are getting flimsy, not as stiff as earlier,
The shape of you has changed as the clay of plaster,
In the hands of unwise monkeys at play,
You are here in the cage, making noise to plunge,

When you take rest at last, you may feel peace,
No more working for the hopeless as me,
I have not been grateful to you for a second,
Never cared you with my tender finger of love,

Forced you to work hard to get the benefit,
I have never realized, my dear, you are two in one;
The machine and the driver;
food and fuel; love and the pain:

All the while I wrongly perceived,
That You are under my control.
to use to abuse and then lose forever,
the heart of this heart never collapses..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Love Yourself!

the flowers bloom for me,
the wind blow for me,
the rivers run for me,
why I have to shun me?

the clouds rain for me,
the trees grow for me,
the birds sing for me,
why I have to hide me?

the buildings built for me,
the satellites spin for me,
the poets compose songs for me,
why I have to mask me?

this world, created for me,
these institutions work for me,
the cows produce milk for me,
why I have to stand aside?

the hearts long for me,
the love effervesces for me,
the pain evaporates for me,
why I have to stand lonely?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Lovely Life In A Garden.

Man make the garden pretty,
mowing, weeding and pruning,
Weeds are unwanted plants,
in between the chosen ones.

Who are the chosen ones?
Who are the unwanted?
When Hitler killed the Jews,
Pakistan army killed the Bengali!

We have come a long way,
May be 100th or 200th generation,
Who are these people to say,
Whom to leave and whom to stay.

We have our Identity cards and passports,
Not only to identity our nationality,
but also to identify our characters and
orientations whether to let or weed us.

Continents demarcated us, Water does that.
Mountains demarcated us, the height does that.
Other than these, what factor can demarcate us,
other than our greed and selfishness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Lovely Rain!

I hear your feeble voice from a distance,
Run towards you nervously in expectation,
Not so weak, but not so audible in expanse,
The loud cry for love and affection,
When you are happy, you dance and whistle.
When you are in good mood,
You spray the paint of kindness,
On our weak heart, that yearns,
But when you are worriedly sad,
Why do you slap us with violent thunder,
And drown us in your tears?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Loving Adhesives..

I was in a daze and didn't know where I was,
Might be a room with no windows for breeze,
I was alone and didn't comprehend the emotions,
Might be the mixture of confusion with no addiction,
I was awake, but in a fake dream land that haunted,
Cried as an infant that was newly born and got shocked,
I was desperate to find a way from this dark cave,
Time passed as the sun plays with the dirtied earth,
I heard the latches clicked and saw the windows with no mist,
I ran out to see what the commotions were about,
Waiting related hearts palpitated with joy,
Their eyes twinkled as the newly melted gold,
I felt very sorry for thinking of self as the sole,
So many loving hands with healing power,
I am awake though my mind is not the same,
the loving adhesives may diminish the damage.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Loyal Love..

Waiting is a game for you,
always follow me wherever I go,
Never disheartened,
Never get bored,
always waiting for me,
Whether I am angry or happy,
you are the same,
looking at me gracefully,
what a pair of beautiful eyes,
speaking the language of sight,
waiting is a game or a life for you.
when I give the food
you enjoy, still looking at me,
please turn away, I feel guilty.
Why you take care of me,
why you are there to protect me,
Am I in your mind?
even in your short nap.
Rush to answer each and every smell,
of the intruders, human or animals,
What did I do to have you as my dogs.
How do I reciprocate,
for everything you have done to me?
In next birth you be born as my masters,
but fortuneteller told me,
that this is my last birth.
Were you my masters in my last birth?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Made For Each Other!

Till the end, come with me,
I am a fragrant flower for a bee,
Head of intelligence to show you,
Let us have the garden, trouble free, .

Magic moments of eternal love,
Pass through many births of a dove,
Presence of you afar seems to be near,
Not even near, but in my heart safer,

You have made me to blabber a bit,
You have made me to rekindle a bit,
You have made me to dream a lot,
You have made me to worry a lot.

When you feel the same, what I feel now,
When you like the things, that is in my mind,
When you do spontaneously what I want to have,
We are made for each other to care and love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Made In 'The Lands Of Tears'!

Excuses can be given for non performance,
Overly populated and opulently cultivated,
Tissue cultured has the same characters,
Grown in the sterile environmental potters.

The wild are those, still left on their own,
Stunted in growth, as there is no modern,
Chemicals to treat in every stage of their life,
Looking at the sky for the juice that leaks.

Squat wherever they like, hygiene at stake,
Rich are unaware such human are awake,
On their home lands, shame on those fake,
Heads that are filled with vanity locks.

Hard to open: force open those vaults,
May rescue many hearts from ills and evils,
The worms are hungry for their share of blood,
The regular supply is still available from poor nodes.

The competition is very strife, who can offer cheap,
The empty stomach need to be filled at least half,
Thank you brothers and sisters, you are the customers,
when the middlemen reap profit, both of us get cheated.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Madness! !

no need to repent for whatever is lost,
while you sit as the praying mantis,
on the verandah of the abandoned hut,
where we had shared once, but for years,

the cobweb of the vessels decorate,
the simple dhoti simply outgrown,
you are alone, thinking the deepest,
thought; no one could ever predict,

once upon a time it was the house of madness,
all mad people have grown from the seeds,
we were in a mad rush, not seen our faces,
the hut is so small, but our hearts are apart,

noises were chased our while solitude,
arrives with a crown to rule the empty chairs,
once in a while the whats up beeps,
Skype is on and the made people are seen..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Magician!

Magician, I admire your dress codes,
Satin skinned but wrinkled beyond restore,
You have presented me the precious crystals
Dubious in nature and have the taste of salted egg yolk,
Fairies are your dear consorts and concubines,
With whom you travel through the thin air,
Holding the corns of those mystical beasts and petals,
To play with the three dimension perception of the viewers,
Full of colorful ribbons elongated as the rainbows,
Thousands of them at the edge of the floating ice cream sphere,
Sprinkle that tiny gold dust from the fireball canister,
Magician, you are too great to be small to end up in our hearts,
Let us jump into the aqua duck on the shore of Liverpool,
Rickety ride on the concreted roads, having the giant wheels,
Let us slide into the ocean of great fish and start to float,
Abandoned bridges are everywhere in the land of sea fearing ancestors.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Maimed Soul

Who has maimed you, sweet heart,
You are too calm and silent to be soft,
Someone used your wrong as the tools,
To lock your mouth to detain your soul,
To let you dry on the hot bed of coastal sand,
To bake your deeds boiling of watery participants,
Once evaporated, you may be the delicious cake,
Not to be eaten, but have to be cooled,
Keep yourself silent not moving of position,
Icing of kind rose petals, garnishing of witty nuts,
You are ready to be served, once you realize,
All your wrongs are taken as the tools,
To maim and retreat your soul.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Malaysian Bomohs@witch Doctors..

We were the animist, lived in the jungles,
Worshipped the trees and the spirits,
We can talk to the spirits looking through,
The betel leaves and we dream day and night,

By breaking the eggs, we can tell your woes,
By cracking the soil, we can 'unearth' the truth,
A few girls may be hysteric and they are treated with love,
And care in the middle of the night, naked.

For every ailment, we have the herbs,
For every ambition, we have the talisman,
For every rival, we have the invisible sword,
For every weak heart, we are the motors.

The rich and the famous are our regular customers,
The businessmen and political men are our disciples,
We are respected and people are afraid of us,
we are the bomohs, who are called as the witch doctors.

If a government contract is needed, come to us,
If a girl doesn't want to be your fourth wife, come to us,
If a man wants to overpower you politically, come to us,
If a signal disappears in the mid air, come to us.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Man Made Parks...

A quiet place where the fish are contented,
The swans paddle gently to look for their food,
The aqueous blooms are vibrant and gleam,
The tropical trees are calm, the footsteps heard,

Colorful human on their equally colorful sneakers,
A few are alone, listening to their ear plugs,
A few are weathered, making the small steps,
A few are in pairs, rubbing their shoulders,

High rise commuter makes the unnecessary noise,
Once every thirty minutes interval or less,
The thick forest was felled to create the park,
Handfuls human are conscious of their health,

Pebbled path and the stairs will take us to the peak,
From where we can see the mess that we have made,
The ideas are crisscrossed, hibiscus still smile,
The white elephants are everywhere, men are richer.

The vandalized equipments are vacated and gone,
The treated wood is porous to call them as benches,
Those who put the stripes on their fur to be the tigers,
Are left as the pussy cats to wander as ever...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Man, You Are A Warrior..

The world kingdom is dirtied and old,
Their UV protecting shroud has hole,
The pouncing invisible tiger is smeared,
Man, each time you are born, you are anew.

Each time you are born, you are fresh,
Each time after struggle, you accomplish,
Each time after those tears, you emerge as a winner,
Each time you are glorious, you become the creator.

Each time, you conquer the heart, with words, not with swords,
Man, each time you are born out of trouble, through wise orifice,
Man, each time you are born out of the battlefields, full of doubts,
You have proved that you are a warrior, not a coward.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Maniac Depression..

Whenever the storm shows its face,
With violent fingers to erase the surface,
The melancholic dancing of its huge steps,
Spraying the cues of irrational taboo,

The peaceful hut where the earthlings dwell,
Massacred within a minute, the hearts are hurt,
What a peace you will get, O depressive storms,
Not a medicine opted and hours of preaching wasted,

When this storm brewed with mixing of various emotions,
The ignition may be a word or a phrase with a bang,
All those learned forgotten for many hours,
Except the tears that roll down on the cheeks,

Neurologists are the freaks to count down the stroke,
Where shall we find the peace that escaped on its own,
The storms are very different every time they return,
O peaceful aliens, who may know the secret, please reveal,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Many Places In The World..

These streets are filled with pungent air,
The narrow side lanes are always sprinkled,
A few pinch their noses to retract,
A few walk straight with no hesitate.

These towns are filled with places of worship,
The Gods have already vacated to the better place,
The bells and prayers are regularly heard,
The cries of the deprived just ignored.

These states are filled with crooks and innocents,
Hills of money minted and dispersed,
The sticky fingers think of the old notes,
What once available not any more.

These countries have the ministers and parliaments,
These countries have the institutions to educate,
The Educated and the uneducated are the same, thoughtless paupers,
They are in their own small circle, unaware of the people's power.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Marital Status: Single.

The generations of celluloid kids,
And Black and white hippy brats,
Produced multi color monitor tots,
Who in turn give birth to laptop lads,
We are the modern people,
Learn the life through the cable,
Earn and live is our motto, simple,
Tomorrow really exists in our bible,
Thirty percent of us still single,
Looking for a spouse who can twinkle,
To make our body and mind to be thrilled,
The way we get excited in window sill,
None excites us as we excite none,
available have no suitable person,
We are the happy singles, playing,
Games in jungle, worrying,
Of the wrinkles once in a while,
Otherwise, contented with our smile,
Sometimes fake, sometimes real,
Generations of singles are, on the prowl.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Market Dilemma..

I have planted those seeds,
During dry season and
Watered those with vapors,
From my hot breath and tears,

Now the time is ripe after the shower,
And the fruits are everywhere,
I have to reap them for the profits,
So I do the charity during dry spell,

And I am not in a mood to waste,
Every precious second to be idle,
Seeing my juicy fruits picked,
By the early birds, those have clues,

I will go for shopping spree,
When no one not interested and left,
And the galleries are empty,
Nursing their deep wounds with tincture,

I will go for shopping spree,
When no one is around and all are alighted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Marketing...

Let me pick up that starry zircon,
Only two of them for each of your ears,
Let me scoop those misty clouds,
Only handful of them to feed your wish,
Let me sprinkle your ice cream dreams,
With Nutty, crunchy, puffy eye catching tattoos,
Let me be in your lists of wanted the most,
Devoid of shame, I am too naked to get the profit..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mathematically Intelligent...

What have I done all these years,
Counting the numbers down and up,
The number of push up at every thrust,
Radium laced hands showed me the dots.

I must know the numbers to communicate,
Shuffle it with my miniscule brain to dart,
What is punctured is not my concerned interest,
The numbers I nourish with my sweat always sweet.

Numbers have made me humbler many times,
Numbers have made me richer once and for all,
Numbers have made me matured with passing of hints,
Numbers have made me smarter with the violent handshake.

Numbers can identify me easily rolling the pin,
Numbers can satisfy me instantly holding the present,
Numbers are real and can feed every mouth with pain,
Numbers not known to someone never to gain.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

May God Bless You! !

Whatever those puncture me were,
The thorns and the pins, scattered on the way,
I wouldn't have regretted and worried in dismay,
But those are the words that are as sharp as the blade,
The wound and the scars can't be seen by you,
The feelings are felt and weeping from the souls,
You are stagnant, waiting for another weak,
Lessons are learned, though it is terribly hard,
Many useful experiences are sought through weapons,
Of words, so I thank you sincerely for your good effort.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Maya..

the beauty of you not be contained,
the pumping heart may not withhold,
sharing with the brothers, to multi fold,
the fragrance of you much more endured,

What can you show to seduce,
my galvanized thoughts?
How can you gesture to attack,
my antibacterial fortress?

The extravagance of you shocks me,
the height of you may place your blouse,
above me and I am in trace, but not fooled,
not trying to hold your dangling hips,

the rose colored lips open as the shells,
the pearls of shiny opportunist teeth appear,
ever working tongue arrested between jaws,
Maya, find one more tactic to fall on my shoes..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mc Crows@macroeconomics...

When the macros are micros,
The cables are hung for the crows,
The water is carried in the trucks,
The pots are waiting in the queues,
Oceans of people on the roads,
Waves of modernity never found,
The houses are kept as neat as the nests,
Who bothers about the ravines and mosquitoes?
The free mother tongue education is not desirable,
Men stand in front of the English School,
Colleges sprout as mushrooms,
Sons and daughters are pauper makers,
The dream to run away is seeded in their hearts,
The lonely parents fight and weep,
When the micros are macros,
Human have become the commodities,
When the Macros are Micros,
The governments of the nations are in poverty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Me And Mine..

The fire in me burning bright,
To added fuel to the false delight,
I have rolled on the ignorant sheet,
Of worldly might with no insight,

The fire in me spreading wide,
Touching every little dried weed,
The weak souls give up the spirits,
Attachment controls my every minute,

The fire in me rising high with intense heat,
Anything with and without water not sustain,
Children of others not mine, a coward and a swine,
The fire in me kindled with tactics of Me and Mine.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Meant To Be Something

If noodles have the mouth,
It may cry in pain,
For the process of elongation,
From the simple dough,

that can be kept in the oven,
to bake as the bread to feel the cut,
later when the cooling is done,
on the rack, the fillings are fixed,

the sweetest jam from the ripe fruit,
the meat from the well fed animals,
the sandwich go between the jaws,
get bitten bit by bit to feel the hurt,

without pain, vain and cry,
no one has ever experienced the pleasure,
when the nutrients go through the heart,
and the mind, these may know why the sufferings are for.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Melt In The Frozen Ocean!

My heart melts in the frozen ocean,
My thought freezes in the boiling season,
My legs floats on the fine soil,
My mind limbs in the tuned tunnel.

you have made it possible,
that I feel the impossible,
You have made me to see,
a woman in a mother,
pushed her to the next place,
find a man in a father,
kept him beside the woman
in the mother and then,
you have occupied the first.
you are the real, not a dream,
to enjoy at night and forget,
to enjoy at day and be mocked,
to enjoy once and throw out,
to flirt and dump as old cloth,
you have become a part,
we can't stay apart.

Our hearts melt in the frozen ocean,
the life in love, makes in possible.
Our thoughts freezes in the boiling season,
the affection that we share, is the reason.
The legs floats on the fine soil,
the hope in us, leaps and protects from evils.
Our mind limb in the tuned tunnel,
as we are alert to catch the trust angel.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Memories!

Wherever I throw the boomerang,
It comes back to me as the memory,
In a circle of happy and sad treachery,
The glorious life of joyful moments,
Even at the hands of full and empty,
The torturous episode of gloomy thunder,
That echoed in the barren mind field,
Blooming of each little flower and pollination,
Victorious visuals and displays at the podium,
Sprouting of seedling on the shore of peaceful ocean,
Unforgettable storage of memories,
Come back to me to remind what to do,
What not to do, as you are the ancient teacher,
With the stern stick in hand to beat my heart and head,
Stay with me, how cruel your presence can be,
Stay with me, how sorrowful your stay can be,
When you leave I will not be the person,
Whom I want to be. Let me witness the scars,
Trials, tribulations and the success,
That have molded me..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Men And Mothers Have To Be Rehabilitated!

We can't shout aloud,
That we are groped,
Once we are touched,
We are doomed,
As the filthy meat,
Full of maggots.

Our rights are denied,
On this holy land,
Where the cities are built,
The buses are run,
The tracks are laid,
The colleges are founded,
The education is sold.

The culture is spoiled,
The cousin culture is imported,
They want us to be pure water,
Boil sharp at 100 degrees,
Impurities increases and decreases,
The boiling point of our culture.

Women are blind folded,
When their sons are brutes,
A few are even happy,
When their sons have concubines,
Women are ignorant and impulsive,
To preach the notorious ignorance.

That they have failed to teach,
Their sons to be modern and modest,
To treat another woman as them,
As their sisters, not as the sweet meats,
When women can make the difference,
They are clouded with superficial imagination.

Thinking exposing is the women's
Liberation on the streets of nations,
Where the men have the problems,

With their genetics, when they are white,
Be careful with colored human,
that stand on attention with slight provocation.

Even the doctors have to be covered,
With white coat, helping their patients,
Not to get excited, when they are examined,
Women have to learn the lesson,
As sisters and mothers at home,
Covering all their treasures.

Men are men everywhere,
And they are vulnerable,
Rehabilitation is possible,
Habits have to be nurtured,
Mothers have to be blamed,
If a son or sons violate,
The modesty of innocents.

The state should be blamed,
When their citizens are under drugs,
Having the obscene scenes in the brains,
Forget the humanity as if it is the spirit,
That they have drunk and forgotten,
The innocence is butchered.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Men Are The Reason!

You are my dream, I am not lame,
Strutted thousands of cloudy days,
On the same spot in the same lane,
They have marched fast in jet planes,
I am not alone, there are few billions,
Thinking they are moving in vain,
They have gained the pain in the spine,
Don't crouch, women, expose to morning shine,
Shine and shower of knowledge that rain,
In the empty vessels of big mouth giants,
They have the pot belly to make you the grains,
Don't end as the sacrificial labor line,
You can grow to be the plants to fruition,
You can plough the lands with your root intrusion,
We are not lame to strut on the same lane,
Look at the Sun, it can send the radiation,
Just in eight minutes to the sleeping,
To wake up, to make the leaves glow and glisten,
We are not tied with anything to christen,
People with no future and prosperous vision,
You can do it, women, tie all these men,
In the comfortable costumes of domestication,
The world will be ours to rule and our children,
Don't have to suffer in silence and let these men,
That we reared in the absence of wild men,
Prove the world that women have the wisdom,
And let this world live in peace with no war and fighting.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Men Eat Men! Run For Your Life!

The Wild fire in the human race,
Thirty years of known disfiguring disgrace,
The infectious fire in human that spreads,
Across the borders of cell walls,
Already 33 million are coded and marked,
The path of painful journey started,
After ten or twenty years of silence,
Men to Men it sings the songs,
Needles of recreation and clinics,
Are the cause, no race is spared,
No religion is safe to stand against,
The contamination of conjugation,
The babies are cursed even before,
Their birth, the world is the place,
Where men start to eat up human,
The more the dormant carriers around,
The more the human get infected,
AIDS is an epidemic, brewing in the jar,
Of unsuspecting host, protect yourself,
Protect yourselves, Let us protect ourselves,
As abstinence is an old theory of mockery,
Please protect yourselves not to multiply,
This sinister that harms our trajectory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Men Like Dolls.

Work is crucial for living,
as work brings the shilling,
working beyond the normal hours,
toiling during uninformed holy hours,
pawn the conscience in angelic eyes,
freshly made up matrons on the streets,
bankrupted their chastity,
overspent and gone beyond the limitations,
invisible visitors in between temptation,
experience is good and witness none,
God made this body to have fun,
promises are meant to be broken,
Why do make the hearts shaken?

advised not to bring the remnants,
in the forms of body odor,
different cheap perfume,
the dyed and permed strand,
sometimes long and
sometimes short,
colored evidences,
that are shaped as lips,
the new found affection,
due to fear and guilt,
carry the gift,
to compromise the mistake,
hundreds of other clues,
that have been seen.

Having listened,
to all these complaints,
and never ending nagging,
sent the clothes,
to wash and press,
had perfect body massage,
to erase all evidences,
come back home,
as fresh as never.

Doubts not cleared,
how could a stingy person,
spend two euro,
to wash an underwear?

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Merry Christmas...

Someone has written His name,
On your trembling heart when young,
Now the carved Name has grown,
Bigger and be visible to everyone.

You repeat His name in your mind nonstop,
Rush to Him when you are happy and sad,
Seeking the signs of guidance from his book,
Help the street child when she appears in front.

The brand new clothes from the designer's shop,
Simple new clothes from the supermarkets and the malls,
The pretty dresses from the road side stalls,
Everyone gather here to celebrate the eve.

The cakes and gifts are there in the children's mind,
The booze, kiss and mix are there behind the matured blind,
He was born to tickle the happy feelings of people, not saints,
One more birthday is to add a new page in his book of love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Metal Door Of Your Heart! !

The gentle blow of sincere breath,
Can open the feathered door of a heart,
The tempestuous wind of affair in mind,
Modify the feather into metal, not to recline,

Forbidden fruits are too tempting to taste;
Once tasted, the guilt of remembrance to waste,
The rest of life; looking through the tarnish,
The stained past, not removed, garnish,

The thought of insecurity, doubt and ache,
The Life is in shock and the human still act,
rules can be changed as truth has dimensions,
the metal door has a security card with codes,

the painted human with high rise collars,
confused as ever; once they were on trees,
naked in groups with suckling babies; no they are,
too afraid not looking at the eyes of strangers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Milk, Water And Butter!

the sky juice gets the taste,
of things poured, put and mixed.
I am the milk: if pour the life water.
i may get diluted, polluted and contaminated,

the needed life water cant be avoided,
but I am the milk. very pure and delicious,
i decided to sit in a pot meditating with,
the yeast of everyday happenings.

the holy hands of my thought churned,
the pot of curd in the colloidal state,
the fancy cream in me started to float,
so no more get mixed and feel the faults,

when i mixed with water, i feel the pain,
when i float as the cream, I gain...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Million Years Later...

This world of ours that we dwell,
survived million years very well.
When the oil is sucked out of the wells,
the pollutants make the hole to swell.

The inconsistent Changes that happen,
in and out of the world and the human,
messed up the nature and modernized the livings,
million years earth may need a gulping.

The trash we buried under the oceans,
radio active produce stored in the deep tunnels,
may reach the core of the earth,
to get purified for a spring cleaning.

The living things have to be pressurized,
for the left over human's future need.
The earth will cover with fresh seedlings,
the rejuvenated earth may breathe the fresh air.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Million Years Old Water.

Water that I drink from the tap,
either chlorinated or just cleaner than clean.

Water that I drink from the filter,
chlorinated but not filtered appropriately.

Water that I drink from the stand pipe,
has lime residue and smell of the bleach.

Water that take from the well,
contaminated with pollutants of various grade.

Water that I scoop from the pit,
has the color and germs of its own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Millions Of Pleasure....

Millions of pleasures,
At every little threshold,
As tiny as the universe,
As big as a drop of nectar,

The fragrance from every flower,
The oozing sap from the distillers,
The grant arrival of the rainbow mentor,
The cooling breeze during dawn and sundown,

The first cry of the mammals after birth,
The first walk of the things that have legs,
The sleeping babies in the protective nests,
The millions of pleasures yet to explore,

The final bites of the red ants after tree fall,
The matured flowers soon to get withered,
The thread from the hearts tensile and a bond,
The millions of pleasures woven out of love,

the tender words that soothes our hearts,
the soft touch that heals our wounds,
the loving heart that does not see the mistakes,
the millions of pleasure yet to be found out...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mirror Image Of A Face!

You make me to smile,
Even in the pungent domicile,
You mold me to be strong,
Even on the table of scalpel and tongs,
You never let me to drown in the puddle,
When I don't have to know to swim to riddle,
You hold me tight with care,
When the life's tornadoes dare,
You never let me to cry and weep,
When I look at you in the mirror,
When I see you crying, I feel sad,
I stop weeping immediately, not to be mad,
When I see you laugh, happy and in full make up,
My confidence boosts up to touch you in close up.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mirror, Mirror On The Wall!

Man, you do look handsome and grand,
With those inspiring shoulder pads,
The double knitted cotton from Manchester,
Woven to suit your breasted chest,
The buttons from the Indian goldsmith,
Still hot and glitter as your mindset,
The fine belt from Italian calm cattle,
Tied your waist, saving your misfitting pants,
Slightly inflated stomach, gone are the six packs,
Stand on the sturdy legs and tickling calves,
The polished shoes and cleaned socks,
A matching kerchief in the pocket shelf,
The wallet is filled with American spirit,
The keys of organic cards have to be swiped,
The imported perfume from Europe sprayed,
Then why does your own face look so sad and tired?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Missing You, Mother..

I am searching for you everywhere,
But I haven't found you, though I am aware,
That I wouldn't find you, how much I cry,
And how hard and often I pray.
The warm body of yours became the past,
When you were separated from my life,
As the cold clouds disappear and
the scorching sun appears,
cruel destiny intruded in our life.
We are the clouds in everyone's life,
To protect them and shower them with love,
But you did not have that opportunity,
To shower us with love.
The bugs were eating you slowly.
You are the missing part during my growth,
You have become my guardian angel in a stroke,
Still I am searching for you in every mother, whom I see,
Sometimes I see you carrying the child with care,
Sometimes I observe you worrying too wide and far,
Sometimes I notice you protective of your brood,
But always I am missing you and searching for you until I die.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Modern Middle Class Human..

Within my boundary,
I feel very safe;
act as the Giant;
behave as the saint;
pretend as the bold;
though short of wild;
buy all out of curiosity;
discard some immediately;
have the mouth,
speak the foul,
boxes of shoes,
have the rotten smell,
Trespassers will repel.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Modern Third World Countries..

Everyone thinks no one can change,
the broken mindset of day's launch,
dimmed shirts, trimmed muscles,
shortening human and rising luxury,
at the brim of the growing cities,
where rich live in the new world,
carrying the brands on the shore,
of pacific and Atlantic,
western closets and the habits,
indian minds get confused for a ehile,
bells from the anklets and the music,
learning young kids, the rich live,
at the out skirts, while the poor,
stay with the rat holes in the old,
towns, perspiring under hot sun,
shivering during night while,
the crescent stays as big as it is,
on the head of the Great God head,
everyone says no one can change,
this part of the world,
not realizing, if horse manure ridden,
York of twentieth century,
has changed into New York.
wearing the light clothes,
how long will take for us,
to go for a total make over?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Modern Way Of Living..

The crying is heard when they are born,
The weeping has to be displayed when they are dead,
The smiling is not seen when they are alive,
They are adorning the lines of worries on the face.

Deep in the thought and worry about the evitable,
Doubtful about the relations, not aware of the truth,
They are rearing the rain clouds in their fearful mind,
Sorrow is not the salt, but the main course of the thought.

Their pleasure is skin deep, once attained, return to normalcy,
Sad faces are everywhere, getting into and alighting from the bus,
These sorrowful souls are growing up the cheerless kids,
The depressed family never gathered to share the smile.

They hold the hand phones to chat with non existing friends,
They hide the secrets not to discuss with their dear ones,
They are threatened as if they are going to be devalued,
They are the kings and queens of their own solitary kingdom.

not even a day has passed with out worrying about something,
not even a heart is spared with out the touch of hurt and abuse,
not even a man is as free as a bird, as they are tied with materials,
the world has changed a lot with emotionless high rise and hot tears.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Modulation

When we were on the comfortable trees,
Afraid of brutes with and without legs,
We mimicked the voices of the birds to communicate,
One from the banyan tree talks with another in the canopy,
Before we started to speak and peck,
We used to bark, roar, howl and bleat,
Sing the songs of cuckoo to court the weak,
Louder one shouted, we were very frightened,
The temperature made our jaws to move haphazard,
Nothing was kept as the secrets to lock in the wallets,
Men dominated while women were tied to the bed and fire,
We have cleared our throat to utter the words,
That is meaningful to the ears of the listening toads,
We have changed a lot, lied to convince and convene,
While these animals produce the same original sounds,
Ever since they have been created, millions of years passed,
With no formation of trade unions, interest groups and animal society,
our hearts are the ones that can be shattered with inaudible noise.
Let these animals have the peace, speaking of the true verse.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Money

Money is the best and the worst word,
Smells great when fresh and stale,
Rolling sound of it creates wealth,
Sleeping on it, really no use.

Money is the legally stamped passport,
To the prosperous, well kept fort,
Buying of the needs and comforts,
To stand identified in the crowd.

Seek it when you are young and energetic,
Save it when you have a surplus of it,
Drowning and burning it is a sickly waste,
Money is the real God in the real world.

Donate it to the charity, even if you have a little,
Don't let another child cry, snatching her coins,
Don't buy the toys to play the game of battlefields,
Money is the best and the worst invention of the mankind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Money And Humanity..

Thousands of years of life,
In the small huts beside the rivers,
The rain has no power,
The wind has no power,
The sun has no power,
The flood has no power,
The drought has no power,
To destroy our bonds,
The waves from the west,
Carrying the seeds of their culture,
Spreading fast in our lands,
Let us hold our hands strong,
To weed them out to save our bonds,
Of love in our hearts,
We have survived all those calamities,
That came from the East,
Though we sacrificed a few siblings,
This wave is very strong,
Come on boys and girls,
We are not going to be their victims,
We are going to be their teachers,
They will learn a few lessons from our culture.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Money And You

You look fresh with deep pocket,
Beware of the scams that suck you monthly.
You look old with good retirement benefits,
Beware of the scam that will drain you empty.

Money management is a skill,
Which you haven't developed,
When you are very young and naive,
Big money makes the retirees, heavy.

Vultures are around to hypnotize you,
With profitable business and hefty return,
If what they say is true and believable,
Millionaires should be everywhere to be your friends.

People suffer everywhere with meager salary,
Indebted with loans and commitment miserably,
Bad habits add the burden to push them down,
With nasty health and domestic issue,
to fight and lose.
with terrible financial problems,
to solve and clear.

When making mistake is simple,
Not making mistake is simpler,
Once the mistake is made,
It takes years to solve.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Money Making Money!

Baby, you are soft and sleek,
Wearing cotton and linen dress,
Attiring security thread, so clear,
The soil's water mark, run over,
Who make you so authoritative?
Every human falls for your eye wink,
The colors chosen to brighten you,
Every one of you worth to be adored,
When men's sweat worth your value,
Who make you so perfect?
How many master engravers work on you,
To have the perfect portrait and border,
Are you exposed to UV lights to get burnt?
After bathing, you do go for press setting,
Everyone work on you to make your mold,
The details of dots, fine lines, design and text,
Historical images on your face,
The signature at your hips,
Tight security at your birth place,
Transferred to the destinations,
In armored vehicles,
When you go on the streets,
With the siren on and blinking,
Everyone looks at you in desperation,
The children shouts, 'Money, Money', .

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Morning Experiences...

Whisked face gets reddened,
next day really gets darkened,
night bathed mister gets tanned,
snow rolled damsel gets sickened,

He, the Sun God has emerged,
chasing away all old spirits,
the house lizards always agree,
a few return home to change,

Birds voices are fraudulent,
the passing clouds are wonderful,
curtains, the marching cars,
are squeaky, while hearts are racy,

Dishes on the plates and in bowls,
gone in within few minutes,
tips of the straw are strained,
when ants build their own homes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Morning Rush At West

Have to wake up,
before the tiredness,
of yesterdays fades away.

Loving spouse still at bed,
exhausted as usual,
crying baby in the crib.

Mounting clothes,
in the dryer,
cleaned dishes in the washer.

Have to put back,
where these belong,
but I am drowsy for long.

Waking alarms irritates,
brush and shower in minutes,
instant breakfast suffice.

Arms carry the crying baby,
elbow carries the baby bag,
Heart carries the sorrow.

Three of us set,
for regular journey,
baby at nanny, we at work.

The first hour,
after we wake up,
festivities at home.

Sometimes it thunders,
and rains from the eyes,
Morning rush manifests.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mornings Are Not The Same..

The morning was still,
With empty vacant shells,
All the promises of a coward,
Implemented to witness the result.

The majestic harmonious trees
Fail to break the wind in obedience,
The clearly visible blue sky,
Smearred with cotton clouds.

There was a single star shone,
its gorgeous inefficient attitude,
Looking through the empty space,
There were thousands of them peeped.

Everything here is still, even the meadow,
Full of green grass, recently wetted with rain,
The single infertile palm tree possessed by the spirits,
Of the past ancestors and their deceived prayers.

Facing the sky and a threat to the lonely dwellers,
Everyone here is still, called themselves as civilized,
Everything here is labeled and numbered to be slaughtered,
Something is alive here, not the noises from the aircon.

Not the passing of signals through the repeaters and antennas,
Not the downloading computer and caressing motherboards,
Not the house alarms that are armed and in attention,
Not even the bank cards that are loaded with credits.

But the pounding hearts that long for love and care.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Most Puppet Spouses Are Goons

The perfect puppet spouses,
Who speaks in soft voices,
Warm as the summer breeze,
Calm as the silent Trees,
Obedient as the switch boards,
Caring as the window blinds,
Marketable as the sunshine,
Nothing wasted in heart sinks,
Until the reflection is seen on the moon,
And the hopes are shattered,
to be the dead wild stars,
The hearts are happy and contented,
with the perfect spousal time bombs,
who act as the puppets at home,
and they are the real goons,
wearing shirts and blouses,
with out any visible buttons.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Move On To Next Level..Love Yourself..

Yielding the sword to get the heart,
Never been ever succeeded in the world,
The bodies are different entities,
With want and need, not the heart,
Where the true love blooms,
Even to the trespassers of heaven,
Whose mind may be tainted with lust,
For money, emotions and hallucinates,
No one ever failed to have the inner peace,
Even with the broken shells of the tortoise,
Those are visibly plastered and bandaged,
Nursed with love thy enemies as your friends,
Vengeance seeds may sprout seedlings of disorders,
Seeds of love have grown to shelter,
many domestic and migrating birds,
after a long or short distance of flight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Move On! !

The sun and the moon,
Move on gently,
The air and the water,
Move on swiftly,
The thought and action,
Move on rationally,
The dirt and the filth,
Move on immediately

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Moving On With Life...

The path I have taken is not the voyage,
cushioned with unpredictable waves to age,
The path I have chosen is not the journey,
guided and protected with green and blue signs,

I don't know to fly and ascent to golden moon,
I don't understand the digital and analog spoons,
My wings are stuck between sternum and backbones,
My desires are imprisoned to a life sentence,

My closets have no keys to hide all my despairs,
I have ironed all my woes in between to look clean,
My designer' s shoes are made of tough lived hide,
My handbags are many; laced, zipped and latched,

The Unspent vault is filled with treasure,
armored guards are fixed to my flexible fingers,
How many alphabets I add to my name is my choice,
as long as my abbreviated desire show me the lucky stars..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mr And Mrs. Jones..

Hot air balloon lifts us up,
Distant our feet from the earth,
Fancy collections are the wings,
Fill up our piggy bank with songs,

Eighteen or higher, we rise up,
The little, human look smaller,
The sheets get heavier soaked,
And Transfused with red water,

we rise up, after discarding all the worst,
The waste to us may be the life of the beasts,
That dwell in the hearts of the greedy mum and dad,
The hot air balloon lifts us up to enjoy the good.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Musical Instruments..

The same air that goes through the flute,
May be beaten on the dead skin of the drum,
Fingering of the strings, it attires the tune,
That oscillate smoothly as the electron in the,
Paired orbital's shelter, one face up and another down,
The blowing pipes are in different shape,
Handled by the mouth that releases the air,
In intermittent breath, closing and opening of the pits,
And holes holding of the body as the python,
That starts to gulp the victim, who can't escape,
From its grip, pressing of the fingers of the hands,
On the board s of black and white shades,
The pushing and releasing of the legs,
The air is out with the music unique,
Supported by the implanted experiments,
Of additional roots on the side walk,
The human play the instruments,
Where they invest only their breath,
To lure the hearts of lovers of songs,
To make the crying babies, worrying of new air,
That enters through their young ears,
The old are possessed with the old theme,
While the young's hearts are beaten faster and louder,
The songs of prayer enchant everyone,
The same air travels through various aperture.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mutated Species..

Who has laid the dark blankets,
Hiding all good shine from the eyes,
Nocturnal animals are always here, ☐
Chasing every other weak in despair.

Who has nailed the opaque shroud,
Just above the goon's and saint's head,
Showering of the rain allowed,
The rays of hope, hard to pass through.

Who has cordoned the perimeter,
With the tapes of ignorant rulers,
The group of mercury less thermometer,
Hot and cold can't be deciphered.

Wingless birds and the scaleless snakes,
Venomous doves and toothless tigresses,
Mutated species and crippled ideologies,
Who has laid the dark blankets?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Muted Dogs Can Bite!

We are expected not to open when they speak irrelevant,
For the fear and insecurities of their inefficiencies revealed.
They call these behaviors as culture, manners and fine character,
Often we are ordered to keep the silence, wherever we hammer,
Many of us accepted to follow the norm and lead as we are told,
There is few, still, stand tall to fight against the evil that are bold,
You can mute the dog, though you need the dog to protect you,
Trained dogs not bark unnecessarily, but their presence itself scary,
Muted dogs may not bark, but they will bite you bitterly,
when you become the traitor to hurt them silently.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Mutual Understanding

Man not changed,
the aim of water,
through his invention,
by pumping it up>

Still help it,
to fulfill its aim,
of looking.
for lower ground.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Broken Brush....

I was his knee high,
He didn't see me cried,
And was busy to disperse,
The paint brushes He had,

A few were tall and stout,
A few were short and thin,
A few had the sweetest voice,
A few had the prettiest face,

He looked at those people,
Gave them the brush that suited,
I was his knee high and cried,
Held His calf and slept,

Suddenly He saw me,
Sucking my thumb,
Asking Him a small brush,
He had one with nothing,

To hold and gave it to me,
With a big smile and a hug,
I took that brush and
Looked for the canvas,

I saw the ones with,
the biggest brushes,
Painted the whole world,
With one stroke,

Changing the colors,
Voices and the news,
A few played with the brush,
And showed the magic,

The hungry people,
Waited for the manna,
From the heaven,
I have no canvas,

To draw and show Him,
I have chosen the hearts,
Of people to paint with colorful,
And colorless words,

Sometimes I touched the sore,
They have shouted in pain,
sometimes I touch the happy paint,
and I see them all smile..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Brother Is Doing Well...

The comforting soul that beats your hearts,
Caresses my weak thought to seek the truth,
The drying of the watery caves with right words,
The depressive mosses, fungi and algae are simply gone,
To rest, the garden in my spirit blooms scented roses,
Ready to be arranged to offer in the altar of those,
Whose minds are clear and communicate with me in my dreams,
Every heart remembers those who warm their cold hands,
We, billions of us, suck the breasts of earth's mother,
Who has taught her great children to be kind,
And never showed the acts of rubbing,
our backs with one another to remove the thorns and lice,
as these brutes of five sense know to do,
when I see the milky lens in your pretty eyes,
when you observe the dessert snow arriving,
in our land, let us take the right tools,
to clear and chase them out,
let the care taker angels emerge from our hands,
to hold and reprimand these selfishly suffering devils,
to metamorphosis them to be the heavenly Gods
prodigal sons excel once in a while,
but they have reached a great height,
after sacrificing all their needed peace,
normal selfless human have progressed this vast space,
you are one of them for me to cherish and snuggle with.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Dream Country..

In my dream country,
You may not find,
The people,
Who are holding, ,
Their painful hands,
And say in whisper,
That they have,
The poking trigger fingers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Dream..

The love has only one face, when the hate has many,
The love is very tolerant, but the hate is violent,
When the love sees through the bad to find a good thing,
The hate sieves the good to find a bad thing.

Many wars have been won by the pacts of love,
Many hearts have been broken, the detestation culminates,
The fragile stem of florescent flowers of kindness,
Having the love at mind is not the strongest weakness..

When we are filled with love, we don't see the faults,
When we are overflowed with love, we forgive all mistakes,
When we nurture a dove of love in our hearts,
We are very careful with the food of words and deeds.

It has crossed all borders to make the human conscious,
It will demolish all barriers of ruling elite's selfishness,
To unite the human as the siblings, a global village is in the horizon,
Where we may chase the country chicken for the recreation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Father...

I was on your palms, very small and quiet,
While you were too tall for me to ascent,
You were a cute playground with leggy slides,
The bushy chest where I crawled as the new moth,
Pulled your fashionable moustache and the,
Once in a while beard with all my might,
When we hit our heads repeating hit and hit,
Played hide and seek after the hard work,
You had woken me early morning to show,
How to be faithful to the holy faith,
After the bath in the cold running river,
Carried me on your shoulder in the festival crowd,
For me to have the great sight of real and surreal,
Sent me to the school where the uniforms were worn,
Taken me to the places, where only a few could go,
Fed me with the food, full of goodness for the health,
You were the born leader, led us in the right path,
Though the nature had made you shorter,
When we grow smarter and taller,
Appa, you are too great and I have no words,
To write down on the paper to reveal the meaning,
For the toughest action of sacrifice,
That was done with good will and love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Father's Bench!

Dad was sitting on the bench in the verandah,
Looking at the people who passed by the road,
He might have been searching for the children,
That he had reared and sent them to foreign,
As the wedded blissful young brides and grooms,
The silhouette of him getting bigger and smaller in routine,
Lonely he was, rubbing the hands of the hardened skin,
He was a man of few words, whom I forgot all of a sudden,
When my heart was newly occupied by few other hearts,
I wrote letters to him once in a while, apart from greetings,
when the scene has changed after a few decades,
I am Standing here alone and looking throw the windows,
People seem to be having only heads and shadows,
I may need the bench of my father to put near the sliding door,
Of the balcony of the apartment to watch the ants crawling,
Down the street, not even privileged to see their faces,
not blessed to have our village visitors to arrive at any minute.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Fellow Human Are My Saviors! !

I have gone to places, where the snow covers,
the breasts of the mountains, the modest display,
the glaring light loses all its salivating colors,
across the marble of Globe, there is no peace,

the grass lands serpents start to have bunkers,
ravines are strewn with litters of match boxes,
I sit as the yogi doing all written in the scripts,
there is no peace, where ever I walk alone,

in the dungeons, smoke hides the clarity of thoughts,
a few boast to have got beatified at the feet of frauds,
curves at the places where there is demolition soon,
wandering in the unknown heaven smelling disinfectants,

the cloud horses race at the height to pour as the rain,
the clapping thunders silenced to announce the pain,
I still roam in the streets of numbered and named destination,
the persons touch my shoulders, in whom my salvation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Greedy Neighbors Are Too Calculative!

O My Neighbor! your pretty palatial home!
the perfect lawns and potted plants,
the solar panels on the deserts plain,
gradient driven running water fountain,

your planned homes have a few babies,
left to cry at night to disturb our sleep,
our dozens of hungry babies and old taught,
to be quiet as poor need to smile while sad,

the dirt is scared even to touch your shoes,
the microbes are perplexed and having the conference,
money is printed to buy our sweat and youth,
still why do you look at our empty lots?

once you said we have hollow skulls,
once you said we have nothing but ills,
once you said we have big mouths,
then why do you need our poor labor?

My greedy neighbors are too calculative,
to sell us, all those obsolete..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Happiness And My Work..

When I had given my emotional key to my boss,
And the work, they always liked to play pranks,
With my heart, I couldn't sleep at night,
And then I retrieved the keys from these fools,
Of not easily satiating impulse and profit,
At the expense of human with flimsy hearts,
When return from work, I am not weaker anymore,
But wiser to live my relaxing time happier,
My emotional key doesn't have to do,
Anything with my work, that pays for the days,
My life is too long and I have to be strong,
I maintain this key with no more bangs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Heart And I.

When I was young I wanted my heart to beat faster,
Run as the horses, leap as the monkeys and kangaroos,
Jump as the frogs, dance as the peacock showing the feathers,
Be nomad as clouds to travel and discharge as I liked,
Lightening were seen in the head with rainbow colors,
Even Shakespeare had done a monologue in my dream,
Picasso had no enough paint on his wooden pallets,
I was glorious at heart, until one day that arrived,
When my heart starts to rush, run and palpitate on its own,
The vision is blurry with galactic cataract deposit,
the pressure exerted in the walls of arteries and veins,
clogged with fat deposit to disrupt the nervous signals,
two thin hands, two sticky legs, one fatty liver and a dull brain,
The imported wine glasses and ash trays are stored,
My heart just pumps and works hard for me to be alive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Heart Is My Responsibility

Could you take a minute to read your pulse,
As it says hundred stories about the truce,
Of many things that are kept in and sealed,
It can reveal the sickening odd and the good.
Just a finger enough to find out the truth,
Press it anywhere where you can feel the beat,
Sit down quietly and count for a minute,
If seventy and two, you are healthy and bright,
If more than ninety and hundred something,
And every day you read the same thing,
For a week or a fortnight or a month,
It is time to go for a check to find out,
the cause that increases your heart beat,
It could be anything ranging from,
Medical concern, consumption of alcohol,
Over reading of pulsating materials,
Over viewing of acting celluloid dolls,
over working under stress without any rest,
over eating of oily stuff with out any fruits,
sitting on the couch and let the heart to work.
Giving work to limb is good,
Giving work to heart is very bad,
As it is your heart, you have to maintain it,
No one can service and serve it other than you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Heart Never Fails To See! !

my heart starts to jump,
up and down with certain pattern,
when there is the breeze of love,
blown on me in any form,

a child in a mall with a lollypop,
an young couple gazing at each other,
high heeled young lass with flowing tresses,
may be the pride in her and him,

a devoted nun or a brother with a holy rosary,
the pious Iman with no idea of violence,
the shaven monks with a plate in the hands,
the butterfly kindergarten kids with broad smiles,

My heart never fails to enjoy,
every moment of happiness,
those are visible in every direction,
I have goose bumps seeing happy faces.

the rising and the setting sun,
the growing and the waning moon,
hugging and tingling breeze,
the fragrance from the blooms,

snow covered and barren mountains,
the milky lightening water fall in between,
half of a seven colored rubber band,
the sky splashed with cues of pallets of a painter,

the running river which is eager to fill,
every hole that are devoid of love,
My heart never fails to beat fast,
My heart never fails to profess its strength.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Heart!

My heart, how much pleasure you can bear with!
My heart, how much treasure you can store in!
My heart, how much happiness flows through you!
My heart, at how many junctions, you gasp for air!

My heart, you are so small, but mighty of all,
My heart, you are in vault, but free as a bird,
My heart, you are a fist sized, but keeps me in good mood,
My heart, you are a healer, you heal all my wounds.

My heart, how much pleasure you can bear with!
My heart, how much treasure you can store in!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Heart, Please Fake!

My heart, you are a fool, as you can't think,
These butterflies can survive for few days,
Praise their vibrant colors, but you talk about the dust,
That sticks to your fingers when you touch their wings,
Learn to run along the running river as the crows,
My heart, you try to swim against the flow,
As you want to reach the mountain to glow,
Not polluted with sluts of thought to row,
In the Jacuzzi of salted pit that has the distinct brows,
My heart, you are a machine, but organic,
Coenzymes are your tonic, cohabitation is not unique,
Even the worms do that under the ground,
Why do you stand as the light house that has windows?
Playing with light every other second from the borough,
My heart, play that fiddle to soothe and woo,
These hearts are weak, need some vigorous exercise,
Let them dance on the floor of the night lights,
Day time darkness may ease their anxieties,
Don't scare them with the drums to chase away the brutes,
My heart, you are a fool, as you are an organic machine,
Our men have become the robots, they need to be recharged.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Hell! !

I will not be sent to hell,
for the mistakes I have made,
I may have the rebirth,
to live the life of inferno.

On earth, the hearts may burn,
the thought may tremble and be torn,
the notorious highways have foul smell,
all these apartments drains are clogged,

Eating the fruits, not knowing of pesticides,
roaming in the beach, soaked in radioactive trace,
mutated cells multiply as the rocket speed,
Human have felt the hell after every encounter,

My Gods want me as pure as they themselves,
getting rid of evil notions and hidden monitors,
viewing the barren visuals and the hormone rush,
the hell is on the earth, nowhere else.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My India

I am looking at the sky, there is no cloud,
I am looking at the flood, there is no bund,
I am looking at the door there is no visitor,
I am looking at the calendar, still in the metal age..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My India! !

all these boys and girls,
have the same dream:
to work for other economies,
not for their own,
sky rocketing houses,
congested and polluted roads,
germs filled surfaces,
everyone talks about riches,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Indian Girls..

Thinking of the children all day long,
Since the day they were born,
They carry them in their heart's barn,
The birth chart of them clutch in their arms
Visiting the matrimonial website for the matches,
Old Indian parents are left alone with no brokers,
Perplexed are their memories at this juncture,
When their kids are working as the adventurers,
The lonely parents walk alone as the teary pictures,
Hopeful of getting someone, who is sanctioned,
In the ten important matches prescribed,
Based on the three categories of saintly,
Human and giant species, having the characters,
Of flora and fauna, longevity of their life and marriage,
Whether they have the chemistry to each other,
All decided and marked in our birth charts,
To name this Hindu civilization, one of the oldest of all,
In which unmarried my Indian girls are
still under the care of their fathers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Little Butterfly..

The butterfly I have released to fly,
Soared the great height with little shy,
Shifted its colors with the touch of light,
Changed its pattern with shades of objects,
Fluttered the wings at every news of bits,
Not bothered of bytes in mega or tiara,
Not worried about the water spilled and rained,
Befriended a kite, snapped from a child's hand,
Swaying gently side by side as the comrades,
My little butterfly never grown old,
Blessed with immortal youth stamp,
Endured the pain with the smiling eyes,
My little butterfly will live as the star in the sky.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Little Friends, Birds! !

Before they come with their case,
please fly away far with ease,
it is a matter of days, chirping birds,
please fly away far with ease.

Once the machine's hands shake your home,
O my colorful birds, you will be scared,
where can you go in the deserted jungle,
The Gods may show you the new homes.

Your home may be in the mango trees,
where the kennel locks the Rott and Terry,
when they are out for the midnight party,
Be focused not to make a song to their fury,

You may have the home at the top of the high rise,
The nails are there to pierce your soft claws,
Please do not go for the ready made food displayed,
where can you go to lay and rise your chicks?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Love,

My Love, when I had played on your lap,
I was young and a youth with colorful dreams,
superseding the angry reflection in the rainbow,
high jumping to the mountain of Everest,

The cacti in our land have pierced our mind,
The thorny seeds sprout into seed bearing trees,
My Love, your skirt's edge is decorated with a tech lace,
torn fabric is not even patched, left to the lights,

My Love, You are so beautiful with such a cute eyes,
the perfect teeth hidden mouth always has the smile,
never complained of any ills and evils in your fine hair,
What should I do for you to have a full make over?

My Love, You are always my breath and life,
I enjoyed you under shiny sun and cooling moon,
beside the roaring beach and behind the snow covering,
hill, where our stream of eternal hope originate,

to run as the wild water ways to end as tributaries,
My Love, who you are and where you dwell,
in every person who stay and run away from this land,
I see you, My love as a pauper and a prosperous..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Mind Is Not Without Fear..

As my mind is not without fear,
My head can't be held high in pride,
The fear of persecution,
The fear of losing the week end outings,
The fear of a zero during evaluation,
The fear of truth that may blast at right time,
The fear of a delayed pay cheque,
The fear of bidding goodbye to luxury and comfort,
The fear in me grows slowly with daily experience,
I can't keep my head high with pride,
As the tomorrows always add more fear,
In my strange rooms of fear,
Not visible to anyone, as everyone has their own,
But hides and daringly smiles on the roads,
Once return to their home,
It catches them as the claws of the crabs,
To their living room and then to their bed,
Human are redesigned to be the cowards,
The divided walls of their own home witness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Muse! !

Behind me there is a phantom,
munching some juicy sewing gum,
never noticed it when I was young.
Never bothered it when I was bold,

Behind me there is a phantom,
Armored with feathers of pins,
not my friend, but it says I am its,
pain can be coated: muse not,

when the feathers do the wonders,
the needles do the blunders,
the trouser pockets have no zipper,
the happiness is the silencer,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Name Is Gabriel...

The two matching wings, stuck with feathers,
Tied to the back on the white long gown,
I was Gabriel, the messenger from the Father,
Stood in front of Mary, actually my class mate,

I with open arms and she didn't look at me,
For the fear of smiling, in case if I winked at her,
I started in the loudest of my tonsil throat,
Hail Mary, full of grace and the lord is with thee,

For four consecutive years, I was the contracted angel,
The moment I walked on the stage,
My friends began to laugh and cheer up,
The same old message I repeated as the parrot,

Not knowing of the meaning and the consequences,
When I went to the Mother Superior,
To ask her how it was possible mother,
Mary had become pregnant without a husband,

As we are advised to be with the man,
In our arranged marriage to have the children,
The virgin 'Mother' was shocked, no more bespectacled,
And told me that was the secret and shouldn't be questioned,

And you, Subbu, no more fit to be an angel,
And you are dismissed from the annual Christmas affair',
I had become the chick that was drowned in the rain water,
Thinking and worrying for a few nights,

If Joseph sat beside the Virgin Mary,
They might be blessed with a child,
And they could collect it from the basket,
but The furious mother superior was puzzled,

And ordered the novice nuns to check my bags,
Whether I had brought any 'informative books',
From outside to the world of Jesus and his brides,
As I have seemed to have known the truth.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Play Pen...

My play pen is stuffed with toys,
And I can't move anymore for joy,
Up in the upstairs, the lonely moon shy,
After playing with clouds and the sky,
The night is passed with rocking and gasping,
Now the moon still wears the striking blue gown,
To show her pretty face to the western town,
As the sun head master carries the rays to spank,
Rights of celestial objects not upheld,
As they are happy with the reprimand,
My play pen is full of hearts and their expectation,
Everyone here wants me to smile in perfect posture,
Though they are harsh and angry thinking of dusters,
My play pen is full of mites, dispersed by the hands,
Mouths and atrocious and affectionate acts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Pleasure...

When I am drowning with faulty laughter,
In the evening when the lusty flowers,
Scatter the icy hot fragrances,
The high chair I have sat rises,
Above a few inches, floats with ease,
Not with grace, hours pushed with tease,

My galloping heart suddenly struts,
Morning duty pesters as the sick babe,
Wake up with puffy brown face,
Once it was bloomed as the pink rose,
Just another member in the herd,
Wear the ironed and starched shirt,

Everything in me either starts to crumble,
Or loosened due to overwork,
My holly laughter continues,
Until the early hours of the dawn,
To battle in the field of Methodological,
manipulators who need no pleasure at first.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Rights..

My parents take me to the Malls one after another,
Where I have seen local people and foreigners,
Young boys and girls hug and kiss each other, while shopping,
My parents did not bother to notice what I am watching,
Every Sunday we visit the Malls to shop and roam,
Until our legs are tired and then only we come back home,
Exam is nearer and I am grounded with books and tuition,
Outing, entertainment and TV all out of reach,
My father, a professional, wants me to excel,
My professional mother prays for me to succeed,
Both of them try to educate me as much as possible,
Even they may think of programming the brain of their child,
I am not as excellent as them and I want to practice,
How I was brought up. But they scold and curse,
That I am rebellious, not cultured and loose.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Silent Boss! !

During my monologue in the darkened nights,
when the house lizards have gone ans asleep,
The roads are deserted to be with xenon bulbs,
what do you think, hearing all those blabbers?

During the rehearsal as well as in action,
just in front of your altar, full of pinned roses,
sweet smelling jasmines gathered as the garlands,
what do you think, hearing all my pleadings?

The empty wall may have the pictures and the statues,
where you are glued with the affliction of mankind,
a born beggar, sourcing everything from the barn,
what do you think, hearing my complaints after the burps.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Spirit Roams In Their Rooms..

Looking for it everywhere,
In bright day light and dark night,
Above in the sky nearer to the moon,
Around me nearer to the earth,

No noise, no whistle, or the wink.
Those are quiet as the space,
And have the hearts of seasoned liars,
the truth not retrievable and not contactable,

Very secretive as if found the pleasures,
Never revealed to anyone,
Except the human have assumed,
In the pitch dark, the owls hoot,

When the sun sets, the crows fly in crowds,
Wolves are too innocent and
All these are unrepresented, but victimized,
The doors and windows are knocked by the wind,

The methane on fire, howling of animals in distress,
The steps taken nearer to the doors by the cats,
Man made fear to shaken my spirit while alive,
Man made heaven and hell are two extreme delves,

To suppress my spirit while alive and active,
My soul and spirit, you are safe and in control,
In this body that I have possessed with passion,
Don't be afraid staying alone with no lights,

My soul and spirit, what clothe I have chosen,
To wear on you once you discard this decaying body,
It is no one's business, but purely mine,
light Pink and light green with flowering patterns,

Pink and green with flowering patterns, just nice,
Not the black evening gown as if goes for the booze,
Not white and lace as if to receive a ring,
Not cherry red to come back to threaten,

The people who tortured me while alive,
Only pink and green in every beautiful rose,
Hibiscus, the single and multi petal eye catcher,
You can roam around the homes,

Wearing this beautifully frilled gown,
light Pink and light green with blooms,
Healthy, happy and visually not seen...
when you roam as a spirit in their rooms.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Sunshine!

I like to scoop you and fill my heart,
I like to unfold you and wear as a shirt,
I like to sew the diamonds in your frocks,
I like to roll with you as the papers in printers, □
I like to catch your wings to touch your flakes,
I like to make golden wafers out of your wrappers,
I fill the cones of wafers with your shining desire,
I try to add you in the programs of computers,
I may light up all my organs, removing all obstacles,
What are you? You are very unique,
Stand near my door steps day and night,
Behind the curtain as the hermit frog's silence,
Resting on my closed eyelids until open,
Who are you? You look very hot and cold,
On my skin, making it to shine and shrink,
You make my day bright and my night dark,
I like to drink you as the herbal ale,
To turn my mind enlightened.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

My Visitors And I..

When a person encroach my territory,
With his mighty and lean muscular tributaries,
I have never realized there are so many others,
Looking for me from the distance with eager eyes,
They are visible to me at night, when he is out,
To the other half in the west, I never felt the cold,
When chatting with the distant visitors with the wand,
Greens are at rest and the blues are up and its best,
Singing the song during the pleasant fireworks,
They hid themselves from the sight, when he arrives,
For the new date, many flowers get shrunk,
A few flowers bloom, my distant visitors not visible.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Name The New Gender To Respect...

The black bangles around the hands,
Beautifully manicured with colorful nails,
The forehead is clear and fair with decorative pottu,
The short hair is very unusual to a lady of this kind,

I was curious, when I met her beyond the shelf,
The displayed racks were in between her beauty and me,
No perfume could be smelled and,
She was standing as the peacock head,

I rushed to the other side to see her in full,
I was shocked in disbelief and sheepishly smiled,
and regret now for showing such a childish behavior,
to a weak human who had stood their for proper identification,

She didn't have the breasts, wearing plain T shirt,
The cherry red lips are the fake,
A young Tamil boy has dressed up,
As A young Tamil girl in full make up,

Where are we going towards?
Are we all killing our male gender?
Mothers, wake up and look at our kids,
They are born with no specific function,

Who are they? Who are they?
We have to choose a legal name,
To respect their gender as,
They are mutated and created by us,

We have become the creators of another gender,
We have to choose a legal name to christen them,
To respect this new gender with education and vocation,
let them not be preyed by the straight creations.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nap On The Laps..

Nap on the laps of a loved one,
As soft as the feathers of a good dream,
As warm as the best sweaters during cold,
Many laps of brothers, sisters, a father,

A wonderful, loving mother and a spouse,
As the dream such nap is the wildest dream,
Not the naps are short, but the bones are sharp,
Time tested human flesh and the weakness,

Keeping the cushion on the lap is the only option,
Little ones can have their dreams again and again.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Natural Instincts..

I pity the rainbow as it is not as colorful as you,
I scold the grass as it is not as soft as you,
I curse the clouds that is not as generous as you,
I shoot the sun as it is not as warm as you,
I pinch the moon as it plays hide and seek,
I twist the ears of running water,
For it hides the curves of you,
I warn the water falls not to jump on you,
I collect all those drops of water,
To tie together to garland you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Naturalized Straws..

The heat from the freshly baked oven,
Slightly radiate on the subtle skin,
Of the perfectly manicured hands,
We all say, the heat is the pain.

This part of the world, where the sun likes the most,
Licks our body with his scorching tongue,
Throughout the day and even at midnight,
Not to say it is pain, it is the life endured.

Looking for water like the animals in the jungle,
Travel many miles to get clean water, tingle,
Is our body and mind to get a pot of water,
Just To carry on the head, hip and shoulder.

Billions of men and women waste their prime,
Collecting woods and water to pass their time,
Millions of men and women may live in comfort,
Worried are they, with uncomfortable duties of the day.

Eagles and Ravens live on scavenging with futuristic vision,
They can be found near the precious waste, soon to be retrieved,
When the inability of someone is considered as the opportunities,
We spread the roots to suck their fluid through 'naturalized straws',
Then To call ourselves as policemen and champions of the world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Naturally!

You are my inspiration for what to do,
You also display me what not to do,
When you walk through the forest,
Collect the dead leaves to heap and rot,
When millions of workers stay underneath,
They Nurture the young with the tastiest,
Nutrient made of essential compounds and elements,
You are my inspiration to change the bad to good.

You are my inspiration what not to do,
When you rush through the civilization,
Sweep their habitation with no mercy and love,
Uproot their hopes with your violent yell,
Drench them in fear and tear until they are unwell,
Torch their heart with a glowing splint of nocturnal,
Dreams and desires, you are the reason and the cardinal,
For the factory of troubles, I learn what not to do.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Near Or Far?

The barking of dogs never changed,
The roaring of the thunder still the same,
The braying of the donkeys always sicken,
The calling of the peacocks do wonders,
□
The talking of the wild and tamed parrots,
The purring, screaming and yelping of birds,
The vibration in the throats never altered,
Except in human, who is near or far from the Gods,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Needn't See The Time! !

The pampered body you seek;
glowing as the fire of the coal,
still cold and shine as the moon,
where I keep my breath as the key,

to open and shut every cell of us,
my mind is as the sky, always clouded,
the intellect in me expires for a while,
the patted dress of mine peeled one by one.

What I see, is you; the only one I desire,
every other seed stick to this pomegranate,
glitters as the jewel; just out from the craftsman's,
talented fingers to the courtesan's naval,

peel me off; love, down to the core,
what you lusted for, never be found in any,
Time needn't be seen to take the minutes,
wrinkling and weathering are the fake.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Needs Are Different..

What I want from you is, only the love,
To call me dear, when my health is shattered,
I am an unpaid servant at your disposal,
Responsible house keeper to sweep and mop,
Wash away the stain from the green carpet,
Settle the smoke and dust for you to breathe,
Filter the water for you all to drink and grow,
Disinfectant salt water in the oceanic sink,
I always work to keep you all clean,
I always cook to keep you all fed,
I am a watch dog to keep your home safe,
Blowing cool fans and refrigerated poles,
I can conserve myself, if you don't disturb,
Heavy medical bills, when I am devoid of love,
Don't show your gratitude saying thank you,
Echo thousands times that you all love me,
I am your mother,
I am your mother earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Neutral Vision! ! !

Huge disparity as big as Indus's valley,
Either side the tall mountains and short hills,
Still the hole of insufficiency called as inefficient,
Filling and making some equality is imminent,

Thousands of rulers, who are called as governments,
Here people live as the paupers expecting,
Month to month pay checks, they are not robots,
Billions of manly machines exist and then exit,

The buds of communications have no fragrance,
The nectars from earth's womb may not be needed,
The tilling of soil to suck out incense of fire,
A sector has become vampires the rest are the losers,

Man has the heart to do something for the family,
Man has the duty to do many things for the society,
Man has the obligation to satisfy his own pure creation,
Man has the neutral vision to treat his brethren.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Never To Be Abandoned..

Parents, you want to abandon me,
As you find your love in each other than me,
You shouting at nights wake me up from my dreams,
Covering my face of tears from the commotions of scream,
Throwing of the pillows and the bolsters to the ground,
Grinding of teeth and yelling out of breath,
Accusing each other in indelible language,
Forgetting me having plucked of my plumage,
Shivering under the blanket, praying to the Gods,
To teach you both to remember me always,
When you begin to fight and fail to converse,
Parents, speak as you both have nothing to confess.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Bloom...

Seven wonderful colors of a rainbow,
Four fine seasons of the superb clime,
Twelve zodiac signs of the life and chart,
A cute nice playmate every fortnight,

Heaps of grains in our stores and hearts,
Wonderfully shiny yellow metal in our barns,
Overflowing crude oil to grow our high rise,
Let us prosper and flourish with loved ones around,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Dawn..

Come new dawn with new page,
Subtle and tender are those foliage,
Happiness needs these vintage,
Come new dawn with new image.

Come new dawn with single signage,
Colorful are these mind with courage,
Hidden is the blacked out spillage,
Come fresh dawn with fragrant autonomy.

Come new dawn with no cloud bondage,
Empty are these stomach for the food and beverage,
Greedy those who have the big storage,
Come new dawn with pleasant visionary.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Doctrine

The house has enough rooms for mum and daddy,
But the hearts have no space to keep them closely,
The Great Wall of China is erected in between the relations,
Stone by stone on the filmy foundation culturally plastered.

Worshiping something that is carved and made out of metal,
Prohibited in many doctrines to look through the fire,
To reach the eternal glory, guided by someone who is an agent,
Money, we prostrate in front of you, abandoned is the love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Generation Of Children!

No child is born with a frock and a mitten,
neither do they know how to play with a kitten,
nor they are aware of whatever hidden,
They are like fresh sunlight to pick the forbidden,

to Teach them how to speak is fair,
to teach them how to behave is better,
to teach them how to be kind is a wonder,
what is the point to teach them to be in fear?

An angry person who is not merciful and dear,
looking at people with the pH meter to monitor,
not letting them to enjoy the nature half naked,
what is the point to teach the children about such sacred?

Children are pure as the snow in Alps,
when they are born new with such hopes,
not to taint them with paints of false doctrines,
Leave them alone and let them have some peace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Girl!

The mighty crescent moon has become a sickle,
surrounded by the fancily dressed stars;
wants to harvest the hearts of the valiant,
to display on the banquet decor of unknown faith,

The trillions of cells in me are hungry and thirsty,
wagging my tail of foolishness to look for a Bakery,
where I can find some fresh breads, cakes and cokes,
one meal of mine is satiated, the rest are on the loose.

My hungriness has various colors and smell,
for which I can't wash away the satan in my nostrils,
the melodious songs from the throats of the living,
and non living always expand my hunger to be stronger,

My life is not around a person who has many passions,
I am a human with a revolutionized head and dreams,
why I have to be in inconvenience as the men can't hide,
I have to remove all these dirt of lies to shine as a jewel..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Market

Let our children be bold; removing all the barriers,
Let our sons be rational; shedding all robes of lies,
Let our daughters be sacred; cuddling our future,
Let our family be faithful; no more scared of one another.

Is there a beginning and an end to this universe?
Is there a start and stop button to the planets?
Does the moon really elope with our hearts?
Or is the Sun so cruel to kill the plants in the desert?

Underground caves filled with freshwater destroyer,
we may build our homes of hope on the rubble or piers,
the piling pits of our knowledge never anchored,
to the solid rock; just hanging in the quick sand.

The distance we have to travel is very long,
can only be measured in light year's furlong,
what is here to safeguard until one is sterile,
Loosen up your loincloth to get some fresh air..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Rain..

How many stories are told,
Without splitting of the lips,
Showing of the perfect teeth,
Hands are not lifted up,
To hug and kiss with warmth,
The soft whip of the breeze,
Strike the soul with mild shiver,
The body just gets warmed up,
When the eyes are met,
Thousands of tales are exchanged,
Not the signs of tears and sorrow,
But the gossip of natures bestow,
When the new rain drops slowly,
The door of the lonely heart opens,
The air carries the smell of the soil,
When the eyes are met without regrets,
To tell the anecdotal almanac,
In the hearts of people who are in love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

New Town

The fireflies gathered every night,
to decorate the trees very bright,
thousands of them at the great height,
where my heart had risen in mad delight,

The chirping little birds in my nerves,
could be seen flying singing as slaves,
picked up the twigs and golden hays,
woven the nest to breed the lives,

before and after every rain fall,
the croaking of frogs never failed,
though jungle lizards are too big,
the calling of them are still fresh,

monkeys and their suckling babies,
Monitor lizards walked as the dogs,
yellow, green parrots and the brown eagles,
marker sized centipede and pencil sized millipede,

where have they gone, leaving me alone,
hearing the noise of piling case and cranes,
making me to be mad and in need of peace,
the breeze from the jungle gone with no trace,

in the place of fire flies there will be pulps,
decorate the thirty two levels of greediness,
the babies will be born here in the enclosure,
the windows will be shut for ever.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Night Workers..

Night is frozen and full of dust,
Nocturnal creatures are out on lust,
Trainee painters colored the earth,
Using the shades of grey at the brush,
A few take the paint in the bucket,
Splatter the darker grey on the forest,
They think to color the rivers of blue,
Adding the grey to the blue, make it dark,
How hard they paint the civilization black,
The lights of men make it bright,
Bored of painting on the roads,
back alleys are painted with what they have,
Forgotten the painting of the sea,
They throw their balance paint and brush into it,
Before they finish the job and get paid,
The cleaner of the earth arrives from the Vacuum,
Sucked in all the dust from the horizon,
The perfectly visible earth emerges,
After the thawing of its all nightly desires.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Access To Fast Food, Branded Clothes And

The creation of nations,
that have passion,
for money and power,
is the absolute poverty.

Not having the access,
to shelter, food and clothing,
to have a healthy living.

Fifteen percent Americans,
fall under poverty line,
and they earn,
less than,
ONLY 22K American dollar,
per year.

In other parts of the world,
people live,
in appropriate poverty,
and they live on,
2 dollars a day,
six hundred dollars a year,
five people can eat,
have shelter and simple clothing,
still they are healthy.
slim and fit.

Europeans are clever,
to make the people to believe,
that they are poor,
earning only 800 Euro a month,
Which is above,
the average annual income,
of many developing nations,
where people have,
no access to any wealth and health.

All of us stay in the same earth,
but the value of properties,

and the rental acquired,
through the properties,
differ substantially.
Politicians of the poor nations,
have abysmal knowledge on economics.
To be a rich nation,
we should have values,
but these clowns are short sighted,
to look at the value,
of their own properties!

Do not say that they are poor,
because the term poor itself,
will be ashamed,
for using its credibility,
for wrong purpose.

Please do not call them poor,
when the nations are able to provide them,
the food, shelter and health care.
Find a suitable word,
and leave the poor alone,
who have no access,
to any of these comforts on their own,
and their nations,
are unable to provide them,
the access to the comfort.

Reason for writing this poem.

The feelings of the poor are the same through out the world, irrespective of the countries that they are staying, but the proper definition for poverty should be clarified before classifying the people as poor, which means the poor of one country may be considered as the rich in another country. Then what is the real meaning for poverty?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Edge To This Hunger...

Peeping through the glass wall,
That is not skirted with the blinds,
Running through massive collection,
To find the flawed delicate spots,
Sucking all the nectar to pick up,
All the treasures of life and the living,
Knowledge is what you acquire,
Through constant undying thirst,
This hunger can't be satisfied,
With adverbial eloquence of banquet,
Where everyone gather to choose the buttered,
Crispy cognitive dressings, showing of shades,
Of celestial light, objects and unknown meteors,
Hundreds displayed themselves as the 'spoiler of the mood',
These are the individuals, who help to find out the lavish detonators,
To burst each cell to bloom as the flower to spread the perfume,
Many may not know what they have and decorate in their shelves,
Stubbornly keeping those microbe infected closets, strongly secured,
Before it is released, let us keep ourselves get immunized,
Murdering the germs and mixing with our elixir fluid,
We can stand erect in front of the midday sun,
Claiming our podium and hoisting our flags,
Beaming with smiles and hugging one another spontaneous.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Fun Without Challenges!

I am a bird, flying in the sky,
Singing the beautiful notes,
That my vocal cord can spell,
Up near the cloud, it is cool,
Singing the songs of love,
Travel on the whitish cotton shroud,
Expressing my thought,
Without fear and freight,
Hearing me singing,
Someone wanted me,
To sing in his courtyard,
Ordered his subordinates,
To catch and clip my wings,
To put me in a cage,
For his own entertainment,
When I lose my freedom,
I forget all the notes,
Just shut my beaks,
Open only to eat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No More Fantasies, Face The Reality...

The falling sound of coins in the casinos gone,
The changing notes between the hands seen,
The thirst in the slit to gulp the plastic cards,
When machines disperse, man has lost the grip,

No one can sleep soundly on the bed of quiet volcano,
No one can shake their legs to the tunes of the earthquake,
No one can dance to the rhythm of trees in the storm,
No one can ever differentiate without any tests done,

When I was given ten apples worth of a dollar, I blew these big,
And sold those for ten bugs to ten different aspirants,
They worked day and night to inject all their sweat,
Each slightly bitten apple is now hundred dollars worth,

Every innocent is happy and in a very jolly mood,
Each innocent here is going for a good sale with a discount,
Each innocent here not aware, licking their lips,
The Steam not from the stew, but from the boiling dreams.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No More Get Excited When Have The Cakes! !

you think you're hiding, behind th leaves,
with trembling legs, just out of my sight,
as the moon hides behind the wandering,
shroud, but why do you make this noise?

My ears can hear whatever you want to say,
not through the waves, which may disturb,
these worldling slaves, who are all timid,
consumed lots of fear, scared to get the fruits,

sitting on the chair, always touching some buttons,
exciting is the rule; excited for the dreams,
diamonds are under the blades of the experts,
Why is tasting anything no more tastier?

With the beating hearts, many become waste,
pleasure is as the rain, has to stop the march fast,
there arrives the grand madam with the fake face,
all retrieve to the cases to where they belong.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No More Secrecy

The sizes of souls big or small,
Tinted in white or black,
Illuminating in the night or day,
Screaming as the waves of the bay,
The souls of dinosaurs absolved or free,
Catalyst the actions to go agree,
Screws at the joints strong and glee,
The souls of the living in eerie,
Shivering in pretending holy,
Keeping the secrets of life and its mystery,
Someone holds the remote to play and be happy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No More Tears! Watch Your Actions!

Newton's third law says that every action has equal and opposite reaction,
A Great Scientist, the son of Europe, opened the gate that was shut,
His theory is limited to chemical action and reaction, not to the human's,
If we show the other cheek, we will be slapped; don't let others to slap,
If we do bad actions, we will receive bad reaction in near future or far,
If we do good actions, we will be blessed with good reaction of peace,
No one can run away from their actions, as it is recorded in our fate,
Even we do not have enough time to receive and enjoy,
Even we do not have enough time to receive and regret,
We may have our subsequent birth to continue the same route,
If we hurt someone in the morning, we will be hurt in the evening,
All these facts are simple, easy to follow, when our actions are good.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No One Has Time..

You have beaten me on the thoughtful stones,
Beside the weak rivers of uninterrupted caution,
The rivers are full, floating are the emotions,
You have dipped me in, to strain your hands,
Beat me as many times as you wish,
I can't give up the old habits that stained,
Boil me in the selfless containers added with soda,
Soak me in the bleach to chase away the flower dyes,
Look at your hands, full of sores and these bleed,
Now you throw me into the machines,
Let it spin on its own, the holes are there to dispense,
Clean and cleared are pressed, the rest are thrown out,
The life has become simple, I lie in the dumpster,
No one has time to teach and preach,
we can become our own masters either to live or rot.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No One's Favorite...

I am no one's favorite,
To hide behind her skirt,
Holding her groceries,
To hold his sturdy hand,
Standing as the cute cub,
Lavishing on the tanneries,
I am no one's favorite,
To clap during their monologue,
On the empty podium,
Under the Tamarind trees,
I am no one's favorite,
Keeping my shoulder away from waists,
Looking up at their heads,
In the newly built shopping malls,
I am no one's favorite,
To get the invitations,
From the Facebook,
To exchange unidentifiable selfies....

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Other Intruders! !

no other man comes to you,
no other script writes on you,
no other weapon aims at you,
no other broth serves for you,

no other storm strikes you,
except our force of love,
no other lightening splashes on you,
except the glorious truth of our scripts,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Protest For This Shock..

Of all His creative emotional stocks,
God of universe loves the shock,
He had picked up the lightning,
And connected with neurons,

The one who gets shocked,
Always shock the other,
What a theory it is! !
Experienced and proven,

Beyond doubts and further teaching,
Everyone and everything during proposal,
has never protested and agitated,
None and nothing has ever disliked,

a few may choose, not to be a part,
The edible and consumer are the same,
On the fertile fields of the earth,
and the rocking platform of the bed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

No Rebirth At Last..

Each time I am born,
I have to carry my own soul,
My soul can't be recycled,
As my bodies in all my births do,
My soul is stained with karmic effect,
And I don't know where my soul stays,
While I am alive and dead in all my births,
Whether in my heart or in the brain,
But my soul carries the heavy weight,
Of good and bad karmic acts,
The unachievable can be achieved,
In a flick of a second, not due to good luck,
What the human always wrongly assume,
It is the result of karma, one suffers,
Though there is no other reason specific,
Theory of karma is not deep,
But It is very simple and straight forward,
Whatever actions we resort to,
We can't escape from the effect of it,
So my heart is stained, where the soul rests,
While I am alive and before I have had the rebirth,
And I haven't found the stain remover,
To clear the stain to be absolved,
To be with the super power as a pixel,
To be with the super power as a minute ray,
To be with the super power as the thread of magnetic wave,
To be with the super power, travel across the space,
To land on the galaxies, where the secrets of energy hides,
To dip in the diamond sea, full of gold flake and dust,
To pass through the nuclear explosion, intact and safe,
And never will I be born again to suffer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nocturnal Waves

The silver sands and the platinum beads,
Where the knuckles sunk to press the knees,
The waves smooches with the seashore sea shells,
Sometimes silently as the quiet road side puddles,
Waves get violent, on the beds of valiant warriors,
Taking away all the crusty crumbs that are left,
from the feasting plates, feasted are the hearts,
Billions of nocturnal stars look at them wide.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Noiceless Voice...

Are the razors sharper than your words?

No, your words are sharper,
as it cuts the heart,
without any incision.

Is the lightening the result of collision?

Yes, after every collision,
the electrifying lightening,
flash the mind then and there.

Do suppressed human have voice?

Yes, they talk to themselves,
with noiseless voice,
that has to be heard.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nostalgic Christmas..

When the turkeys are roasted in Indian ghee,
the fragrance of its melting fat knocks the nostrils,
The home made batter becomes the sweet,
smelling fruit cake, salivating the tongue,

The town dwelling baker's untiring oven,
gulp all those that put in its orange mouth,
what a wonder it is, whatever that is undergone,
a fire bath, turns out to be very pure and delectable,

It has become the common breeze, when the bells ring,
though the frequency is very different, not hated at all,
The morning middle eastern verses from the speakers,
rushed into our ears, mounted on the heads of our saviors,

The bell boys of the altar wear the starched frocks,
a few of them are my classmates, whom I admire,
They hold the candle stands and incense cans,
follow the priest as the sheep to be sleepy and yawn,

at every midnight prayer, the Harmonium plays,
my little heart breaks as ice as I can't be a bell boy,
Grand are those who stand in the middle as the alloy,
we are taught to love, not using any scripture as the tools.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Day Dream!

The slanting earth and the stationary Sun are too biased,
When they rotates on a monotonous speed,
The people flourish in numbers on the infertile land,
Where the partiality of the earth is shown as drought,
The people nourish their nerves in the fertile land,
Where the earth provides them with good climate,
Poorer are the people where the sun shows his smiling face,
Richer are them, when obedient Sun plays hide and seek,
When the flood washes away the cities in certain places,
The economy is revived through building better houses,
When the drain water flood need the life of pitiful human,
The water born diseases and mosquitoes are on the game,
When the sun is too prejudiced showing his intensity,
The earth is equally unfair with five weapons of massacres,
Be impartial and not to follow the biased natures,
We are the human and we will control all of these,
Keeping all of these under our finger tips and make,
These to do what we want, no more catastrophes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Dream!

Yes, I remembered that I had pestered you,
To catch and give me the stars of the sky, □
What stars are these in my trembling head
twinkle with smile, when you touch me in love,
You are right; you still remember the day,
I knelt in front of you holding your slender hand,
Looking into your eyes, those two shining diamonds,
Pearls of teeth just perfectly set in your bounty mouth,
The pure gold from the goldsmith not shine,
As glittering as the shoulders that exposed,
What have you to make me drowned in sea of pleasure?
What have you to make me fly in the stormy pressure?
What have you to make me to think the storm as the breeze?
What have you to force me to bring those stars for you?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Dream...

Sitting on the banks of river Thames,
Facing the West Minister hall of famous,
The eye of London on the right,
The muddy river carries the dreams of orients,

The silenced human at the back,
Quietly resting for many decades,
The transparent buildings are curtain less,
The breeze here is cold with no dust,

The faces here have no distinct features,
Most are foreigners with spending purse,
What we have acquired from this land,
Who called themselves as our Masters,

Men from this petty Island which is called as Britain,
Good at manipulation and clever at invention,
Built the boats and sailed to our lands,
To convert all of us to be non violent,
As we did not have anything to protect,

Men from this petty Island,
That is divided further into Wales and Scotland,
Had had the guts to conquer the world,
With empty promises and magical miracles,

The river Thames is the witness,
For it has seen all the events,
Drowned are those evidences,
Let the truth of history rest not in silence,

The ships are anchored at the distance,
The sea faring fathers have returned,
Holding the pounds and dollars in their hands,
While every other currency gets weakened,

One pound is fifty paisa: not our dream,
One dollar is forty paisa: not our destination,
One world currency is not the imagination, but the expectation,

We are non violent and we need not slaughter our vision.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Screen Play

The rays of light carry the load,
To fall on our lens, protected with lids,
Thousands of living and non living,
Tasted the texture of fine linen,
In the backdrop of retinal plane,
Many have sneaked into the heart,
Many have seated permanent,
Glory be to this gorgeous life of sweat,
As long as those pearls benefit the sweet hearts,
Congested are our dutiful thoughts,
Glory be to this marvelous life of mimicking task.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Secret!

Sit straight keeping the backbone erect,
In the position of the flower lotus,
Close our eyes half and look at the tip,
Of the nose, choose a quiet place,
To concentrate of what to think,
Are we hearing the knocking of beds,
From the top floor, or the cries of babies,
From our neighbors or ignoring the needs,
Of the families and friends, we want to seek,
The peace in the quietness of our mind,
Before we settle the bills, we want to taste,
We dream to build the sand castles,
On the life's shore, the peace we look for,
Is left with our loved ones and friends,
We have to love them to get it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Secret..

Let the dust be vacuumed,
To expose the polished beauty,
Not to be dusted with duster,
To spread the evil opinions further,
And make the people sneezers,
The dust is the dust, full of mites,
That can pierce the innocent fence,
To break away the spiritual defense,
Left in solitude to be quarantined,
Happy men may have sad thoughts,
The Courageous may have the weaknesses,
The weak may be stronger,
The gloomy face may carry good memories,
No one knows what hides where.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not A Story!

The needle sharp spikes can poke and puncture,
The subtle young skin, it entered quietly to adventure,
Below the blouse and on the stomach, crawling upward,
At The place of worship, where everyone was quiet and downward,
Hundreds of pins started to prick slowly and steadily,
Could not move and scream for help as It was the house of God,
Spitting the bitter fluid on its way, below the pinafore,
It made the victorious journey to the neck to smell and sneer,
When the warden dismissed and everyone was out,
She separated her hands that were clasped at the chest,
To retrieve the visitor from the back of the neck,
It was a green caterpillar with pins and spikes,
Everyone was shocked to see the trail mark,
From the stomach to the ten years old young neck's back,
She has learned the lesson of patience on that day,
And let soon to be a butterfly on the young leaves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not Clean And Clear

What route has to be taken,
To reach that heart smitten,
Now it is very cold and a vixen,
Dwells in the dark spinning stratum,
Glittering is that effervescence,
Stubborn is the stone of passion,
Throwing is the everyday's fashion,
Glowing is the desire of illusion,
The route through the river of intrusion,
Shapely arranged galaxies of conclusion,
Tempest knock, full of hails and storms,
The way is not yet known or never to be shown.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not Everyone..

Not everyone is called as weird,
Not everyone is called as fools,
Not everyone is crucified on the cross,
The half hearted people believe in suspense.

Not everyone is called as the mad,
Not everyone is fed the hemlock in the cup,
Not everyone is poisoned with arsenic,
The common sense understands the facts.

Not everyone is shot near the chest,
When they are in the crowd with the fists,
Not everyone is hung in the Tamarind tree,
The evils always attack the innocents.

Not everyone has the guts to say it loud,
Not everyone has the people's support,
Not everyone feels the way the chosen have felt,
The desire of the mass always chooses the best.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not Only Today, But Always..

The puffed sleeve of your blouse,
Extends to below elbow, the laces,
In your pretty gowns, the wreath in your crown,
The wide open eyes collect the dews of shy,
You are beautiful, still as pretty as the sky,
Carrying the desired kids for display,
Weeping is not your pastime,
Only sometimes shows the tantrums,
The cautious hen with spread feathers,
Sense the hearts using the thermometer,
Of intuition, always on guard to chase away the troubles,
Oxytocin is a chemical, is your love made of it? ,
Loaded with vials to supply unconditionally,
Your love never gets older, always rejuvenates,
To be younger, the young love in a mother priceless.
Even the mother less Gods may be envious,
At the sight of your gentle kind nature,
That strives and prays for your kid's future.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not Still But Under Control..

O my heart, why are you so plausible,
Flexible, passable and grandly adorable,
Traveling over the mountains for the preamble,
Voyaging across the oceans for the treasonable,
Tearing through the flimsy air for the noticeable,
Calm down as the motherboard with no beatable,
Swirling in the midair looking at the mild wearable,
Scared of the shadow that falls underneath not durable,
O my heart, you are so weak but very strong,
Bouncing between two beeswax mountains,
Armored around with pliable muslin,
Those are connected tensile bows of ribbons,
You are my love and life and I keep you clean,
No third person can interfere in our love affair,
Carrying the boxes and cartons of verdurous name cards,
You are my own: very humble and shine with no lards.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not The Calf Love..

As a bee buzzes around the fragrant flower,
My thought moves around you for the nectar,
At least the bees make noise to attract the blooms,
But I am forbid as a rational human and kept quiet,
With a chirping bird in my own head, disturbing me nonstop,
Roam around of the muse, that lingers and links
With your movement, passing all these moments,
A torture at this part, thinking of you is the only pastime.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not To Enlighten..

The vast sea where I was left,
as the tadpole with two big eyes,
swimming across the birth ocean,
with so much jest and intuition,

The sharks are too big with,
their arched jawed mouth,
The whales, their distant relatives,
sea horses, Squid and turtles,

on their slimy back I hitch ride,
they not aware of my tiny presence,
in the fastest speed to the longest distance,
to the surprise of the sight seeing spectators,

sometimes I pulled the fins of friendly dolphins,
otherwise played and taught the cubs of the giants,
cruised down to view the dark loving flora and fauna,
the light may blind them: anyone not to enlighten,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not To Me And Not To Us..

The virgin vitriol can corrode everything, but not me,
The rowdy rain can wet the earth and fill her cavities,
The rogue sun can scorch to burn the leaves and buds,
The monstrous ocean may wake up to rape the land,
Thunderous darkened clouds may send lightning arrows,
Brewed malt, wheat and rice may look like women,
Smoked cannabis and weeds may seem to be men,
This world's pleasure can accumulate itself,
And wait for itself to be scooped as a cup cake,
The evil fragrance of choicest flowers filled in the canisters,
To be sprayed and may be marketed as sinister,
But not to me, not to us and not to people with confidence,
To say no to the ills and evils of the societies and nations..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not To Rewind..

Why we have learned to speak, if the silence loves our heart,
Why we have learned to be kind, if the cruelty rules our mind,
Why we have learned to be polite, if the rudeness runs in our blood,
Why we have learned to be human, if animal instincts still control and collaborate.

If the silence is treasured in the hearts, the families are lost,
If the cruelties are dignified and glorified, the nations are destroyed,
If the rudeness step on the policies, livelihood are bargained,
If we try to hunt and annihilate, humanity is betrayed and nullified.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Not Too Positive!

They fiddle with the keys of the hand phone,
Sending the messages to people unknown,
Glasses of beer in front and a stick of cigar in hand,
Gazing look at a distant, searching of nothing in fact,
Their kind of human gather, seek fun in talking,
Pretend to forget all woes that troubling,
They have given up the families not to be the saints,
But to be free as birds with no 'yes human' badge of rings,
Lonely human are there everywhere on the streets,
After dark, searching the light they lost in haste,
Loneliness weaken the hearts, minds and limps,
Losing chastity is the work of the bandits,
As they touch what that not belong to their bags,
Always on the lookout, fear and in doubts,
When the victims would forget what they have lost,
The predators would remember what they had snatched.
Everyone claim to be the victims in the lonely world,
They are assertive and supportive of what they do,
Life may be bliss, when they can mix and walk,
Once fallen, sadly they would have none to love and care.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Now And Then

If these rays were as pleasant as here and now,
Those couldn't have scaled many hearts there and then,

If this breeze were as calm as here and now,
It couldn't have felled many hearts there and then,

If this river were as smooth as here and now,
It couldn't have flooded many hearts there and then,

If these hearts were as tolerant and loving as here and now,
They could have survived in the first relationship there and then.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nuclear Reactors

A ball at the center of the foot ball field,
The nucleus of the atom stands still,
Though positively charged protons are around,
These are held together with the neutral force,

The neutrally charged neutrons play a great roll,
To bind the particles those carry the same name tag,
The oppositely charged electrons circle around the nucleons,
In pair and alone to play the game of bonding soon,

Number of protons baptizes the elements to have the names,
The number can be changed during fission and fusion reactions,
Huge amount of alpha, beta and gamma rays escape in the reactors,
Our homes are lighted up in tune with the progress of our factories.

The future energy is hidden in the uranium 235,
That has the half life period of 740 million years,
The radioactive elements are here, since the earth was born,
But known to us through Marie and Curie, the intellectuals,

We have known these elements for the past one hundred years,
But burned the fossil fuel to create the green house gases fear,
Nuclear reactors are the only option to secure the clean energy,
Let us trust the Gods and start our reactors to seek the wealth.

The French have it and the British buy it,
the German have it and they use it,
the Americans and the Russians have it,
and the citizens of the world should have it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Numbers..

Numbers are cruel,
When the heart beats ninety per minute,
when pressure is, down very down,
High very high, fluctuating.

Numbers are cruel,
when wearing spectacles,
power can not be adjusted,
must buy a new pair.

Numbers are cruel,
when using Glucometer,
higher the reading,
must control the eating.

Numbers are cruel,
when one has thousand,
sometimes in negatives and
the other has millions.

Numbers are cruel,
when one is young and fresh,
and the other is old and in mess,
bigger the number, wiser.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nuts Have To Be Cracked To Reach The Truth

The cute and small flowers of Neem,
Taste as bitter as the bitter guard,
These drop as the yellow snowflakes on the ground,
In the month of April and May, making the velvety carpet,
For the poor not to feel the hard earth,
But to immerse in the luxury of the flower bed,
The sweet salad made out of Neem still tastes bitter,
Our elders whispered the life is full of ups and downs,
Sweet and bitter memories, so serve the food,
Those can trigger the taste buds to send the message to the brain,
Accept the bitter and sweet moments as the same,
The life is full of sweet and bitter moments,
The life has the hard and soft solutions to the problems,
On the banana leaf, we are served varieties of dishes,
To understand what the life trees can offer us,
Since we are young and it is sculpted on the stone walls,
Of our hearts, none can change or alter it,
we are as close as the thieves, not to reveal the secrets,
we believe our ancestors more than the modern psychiatrists.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Nutty Neitizens.

The pressure of work, projects and,
Urgently targeted unfinished assignments,
Vanished as dews, when get a call for outing,
Is the pressure due to things that we love and detest?

Is this an illusion to visualize that,
Something there is actually not here,
Something not here seems to be there,
What a hallucination, that is not smart.

Unseen emotional net is stronger than any
Other net that is tangible.
Nothing is new to human,
As generations repeat without fail.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

O Moon, My Love

I know a lovely moon, sparkles as the eyes,
When I looked at her first, the sky was clearly blue,
It was the day after our rivers were filled with muddy water,
The termites had grown the wings to look for the dead hearts,
The witch doctor in my village, started to have the visions to ponder,
The smell from him made me to dream and it did not belong to a child,
The leaves and flowers were dried at the backyard,
To play with the genes of the weak hearted chimneys,
The moon I know was met by me after a few years,
The clouds made the moon to gasp for air,
I held that moon tight closer to my heart, fed the Horlicks,
The beautiful round shaped face surrounded by the visitors,
They were at the shores of the oceans and the banks of rivers,
Millions of them look at her with drowsy eyes, offering her flowers,
Incense sticks, banana on the betel net leaves,
The soaked rice was mixed with jaggery and cardamom,
The flavor of Indian kitchen and the spirits,
The moon I have known slowly step down to me,
To be embraced and get tattooed as the autograph,
Now differently attired, freshly baked through experience,
Having the puffy face and the swollen legs,
The hands have the needle marks,
The blackened face for the new moon,
The hoots of the owls louder than the songs of the myna,
Too late, as the chimney cleaners are exhausted,
The 'anti' medicines start to boycott and resort,
To non cooperative movement in the courtyard,
the juggling of the souls from the living to the eternal,
the cries of the women are heard from thousands of miles,
when the moon I know, gone forever, take away our smile only for a while.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

O My Colored Soul! !

washing the clean linen in dirty water,
makes the clothes to be dirty and colored,
white clothe will invite the colors of contrast,
color of the water that it is dipped into.

white and black are two extreme colors,
with unique properties and characters,
the white reflects everything; good and bad,
the black absorbs everything; beauty to be void.

Thousands of colors in between,
spread on the wise and vicious spectrum,
blended colors of short living rain bow,
nurtures the hearts with love to glow,

Washing the clean linen of any color,
in the water of immoral dirt and sediment,
Where shall we find the clean water,
to wash our dirty souls of multiple colors?

When we think of the ills, and manipulate with evils,
the souls that are born white, will be colored,
when we wash the evil thoughts in evil solutions,
our soiled souls will be more colored and in illusion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

O My Heart!

Mended heart of mine, broken once, twice and many times,
Never thought that I could come out of it, forgive and forgiven,
Haze from the burning jungles, spread thousand miles,
The daze from the shock pumped through artery venous Niles,
Crumpled my dignity and respect and put me in dungeons,
From where I thought, I would not escape as pigeons,
Whether my heart mends me or I mend it,
The dirty fluid sent to be filtered and rejuvenated,
My broken heart received the nonstop supply,
Of love and comfort hormones from my body,
Worries of sparrows set free, confusion of butterflies,
Hatched from the memory cocoon flutters to dry,
Holding the faith of truth and goodness so dear,
I was emancipated as a free soul with no fear.
Hugging the truth of impossible, suck out the lies,
Tug in the reality of possible, I look handsome and wise.
Holding the faith and the hope as true goodness,
There flies my soul with great awareness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Obesity

Men are obese,
Women are obese,
Children are obese,
The hospitals are being built.
Men are not hunting, except with their eyes,
Women are not storing, except in their thoughts,
Children are not chasing, except in the play stations,
Evolution of selfish human from the humble predators,
The hunters are being hunted,
In their own yard of comfortable sinister,
When the whole world reaches to their monitors,
They are being grounded to be redundant.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

On One To One Basis!

How many people do we know?
Among the people whom we know,
How many people do we respect?
Among the people whom we respect,
How many people do we care?
Among the people whom we care,
How many people do care for us?
Among the people who care for us,
How many people do we like?
Among the people who like us,
How many people do we love?
Among the people we love,
How many people do we remember?
Among the people whom we remember,
How many people do we treasure?
For those we love and treasure,
We have,
The living shrines in our hearts,
And these shrines have to be maintained,
On one to one basis,
Whoever they may be,
How many of them they can be.

Happy Mother's Day.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

On The Verge Of

Though alchemists in every continent worked hard,
to change the cheap metals into the precious gold,
they had never succeeded as it was not the truth,
hidden in the electronic configuration and a myth,
myth of mummy's resurrection from the pyramids and a cave,
myth of witch's spell and poor women's haunted look,
myth of piped piper and the following of the rats loot,
myth of the split ocean that paved the way for the joy walk,
myth of human intelligence and its relation to the races,
myth of ether that found in the space,
myth of flat earth, myth of spirit,
all are not lies, but steps taken to find the truth,
truth hidden in nature, that has hundred more elements,
everything derived from these, even the love and lust,
even the diseases and wellness,
concept and convenience of communication,
We have found something to explore other things,
we cloned the new things to produce substitute organs,
We are one step backward to find that God,
Who controls us to be happy and sad,
Creation of life in a cell, then,
Man will be the creator, until then,
Would we be alive or would we be destroyed,
if Gods of religions like to keep the secret or,
the intelligence of human dig its own grave.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Once Dear And Near! !

Evidences are erased,
notes are shredded,
gifts are donated,
tears are shed,
cries are cried,
curses are cursed,
story is repeated,
shoulders are felt,
lesson is learned,
months are gone,
but the memory not lost,
the memory may fade,
faded memory will fade away,
once dear and near,
becomes forgotten and far.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Once Possessed With Ill Motives..

A spiritual preacher advised the girls,
To call the intruders as 'brothers',
When I called the snatch thief,
Who was violent and mischief,
He punched my left eye to be blue,
The blood clot in retina still a cloud,
He tore my blouse and lifted me up,
Threw me into the air to drop me as a rug,
When I pleaded with him not to violate,
He slapped my face to swell as a hot cake,
When he tried to pull my neck chain,
The chain snapped into two, scratched my will,
He picked up the half and tossed it into the air,
To show his waiting partner on the motorcycle,
After they left, I went to report the crime,
The policeman holding a cigarette between fingers,
Listened my ordeal and looked me up, down and middle,
And asked that was all, what else happened.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Once The Fruits Are Ripen..

Living as the pair,
With borrowed air,
The uterus of mothers,
The shrines of wonders,
The warm swimming,
In the planter box,
No need to work,
All day long and,
To get tired,
The generously lend fluid,
Keeping everyone placid,
When we started to take the first breath,
With the screaming of the dearth,
Knowing of all hardship we have to go through,
In the oceans where the sharks have the teeth,
To cut us into pieces to fulfill their mirth,
When we cried aloud, others had the broad grin,
That day we realized the truth we are left alone,
to the wind to throw everywhere around,
Carrying the odor of foul and pleasant,
Falling into the valley to do the errand,
Climbing up the mountains with noisy pant,
Jumping across the oceans to find the new grass,
There is breeze, yet the storms are brewed,
Passing by the hearts, whistling with winks,
The wind of authority opens a few,
The wind of love bloom the doors as petals,
Running with desires and passion to grow and glow,
When the growth stops, the ripening starts,
The delicious fruits have to be tasted,
The waiting of hungry hosts under the soil,
We have to give up the borrowed breath,
To where it belongs for it to be free and,
no more a slave to continue to gasp.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Once We Were Together...

When I had walked by you,
I saw you as the pretty buds,
I had no time to touch,
When I had passed by you,
I observed you smile at me,
As the beautiful flowers,
The perfume from you,
Reached my nose, felt great,
I had no time to hold you,
For a while to appreciate,
For what you had gone through,
Suddenly I have the revelation,
Someone has sent me during dream,
I am startled and I do feel weak,
Walk to your wonderful garden,
I see you gone, empty beds,
Empty closets, all are removed,
I pick up something from the floor,
There is a petal, but wrinkled,
Which I had never noticed,
Pursuit for the skirts, shirts and wealth,
Have ruined the hearts with immense wrath,
I take that petal to my house,
To frame and keep as the remembrance,
Once we were together as the father and the son,
Once we were together as the mother and the daughter,
Once we were together as the parents and the kids,
Once we were together as the wife and the husband,
Once we were together and once we were together.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Day Not Enough!

Flowers are beautiful when fresh and fragrant,
Flowers are wonderful before they are wrinkled,
Flowers are offered in the altars, when they are elegant,
Flowers not aware of their status until they are discarded,
Flowers are kept as show pieces, as few are rare,
Deep from the jungle of ignorance procured, □
Flowers can sway to the blow of the breeze,
Can't stand the slaps the hurts of the storms,
Flowers represent the ranks of the plants,
When the blooms are pretty and calm, the family is healthy,
Each little and big flower that opens at any time,
Each little garden and wild flower that blooms,
Has the only hope in their dreaming heart,
To be productive and loved a lot,
Hospitality of honey to the visitors,
Be the confidant home to the young dwellers,
Most never look at the stars the nocturnal suitors,
The life of the flowers is as aromatic as the perfumers.

Happy Woman's Day!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Fine Morning!

The splattering of water,
Wake me up from slumber,
The sun is as lazy as the tenants,
Rises late after seven in the morn,
The crying of three years old,
They are ready to go to preschool,
Uniformed youngsters on the roads,
Carrying the lunch box in the hands,
Walking and cycling to attend the assembly,
Buses filled with colorful college girls,
The young men with fresh face and books,
The nocturnal middle aged workers,
Get ready to go to office to rest and gossip,
Servants are everywhere to serve another Indian,
A few as cooks, a few as cleaners,
A few fetch water from municipal pumps,
The retired and the never worked, but retired,
Human read the daily newspaper,
In the halls, stalls and Hotels,
Cows are brought to home to milk,
The bulls drag the cart with bricks,
The hungry bitches whelp in the middle,
The goats and their kids walk freely,
With their cousins cows and calves,
A holy land of mine still holy at its heart,
We may look poor, but we have our duties.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Life. Let Us Live!

Average calorie consumption per day,
Just water, vegetable and carbohydrate,
Less than thousand calories, not to send,
Contestants for the world beauty pageant,
My countrymen as skeletal as bulimics,
Most of them mineral deficient and anemic,
Not muscular dystrophy, simply no muscle,
No breast reduction, underdeveloped glands,
The cleverest brains, fail to think and analyze,
Exported ones awake to compete always,
Insufficiency is the way of life and,
God given gift, the karma for past birth,
Who make us fools to suppress our desires,
Of having three descent meals and shelter,
Whenever look at the lesser privileged,
The last privileged feel not least privileged,
But feel better privileged and energized,
Continue the journey of karmic philosophy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Man Show! !

Drafting and correcting,
proof reading and approving,
All done in the Massive Mind,
A few are drafted and corrected,
A few are drafted and never corrected,
A few are drafted, not amended,
but proof read and approved,
A few are drafted and deleted immediately,
All drafted should be deleted,
either amended or let as it is.

What a Great intelligence,
that can deliver ignorance!
What a Great efficient,
that can deliver inefficient!
What a Great Mighty,
that can deliver mysteries and miseries,
What a Great love,
that can deliver hatred and wars of flaw.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Pay Check Away..

If our happiness is one pay check away,
If our respect is just one pay check away,
If our peace is just one pay check away,
If our confidence is just one pay check away,
If our identity is just one pay check away,
Let us seek it and Let us be happy.
not in our motherland where we have no bosses,
but in other land, grabbing their chance.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One To Be Rich! !

If businessmen amass so much wealth,
their products may not so much worth,
tallying the production cost and profit,
as the sky sucks the water from the earth,

when greed is nurtured with style and status,
all these women tighten themselves with body fit,
the fathers are on diet, squinting their eyes,
to check their seats and always on alert,

it is too strange, when the government does,
the businesses, the bureaucrats fail,
not mentioning their name with a secret pact,
money and resources of the public wasted,

The legal gambling tent with tied hearts,
sweet talk with the numbers to seduce,
every decade, there is a violent assault,
wealth is created through constant wipe out,

the desire of the needy is fueled with,
get rich quick schemes and frauds,
for one to win to be christened as the lucky,
millions have failed nursing their burned pockets,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Way Street Of Hardcore Love..

Please don't go into this one way street:
guarded at the both entrances with crooks,
one side the surgical masters with the scalpels,
the other side, the Mighty Lord of misdeeds,

once entered you are trimmed and psycho-ed,
with stolen doctrines of multiple colors,
either neatly covered with the black Saturn,
or with white Venus and golden Jupiter.

Every right of human is doctored and denied,
the peace has no place in those verses,
people are classified as the Fidel and Infidel,
One God can't exist, as everything here is in pairs,

In the universe everything has the form,
how come creators of these not have one and many,
I wonder what time of the day or night Almighty chose,
a human of such bad behaviors as the last messenger?

A cross dressed man he was to marry a child bride:
had revelation when he was with this nine year old,
killed the brothers and neighbors with no peace,
in his heart, to capture their wives to be the dirt..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

One Word Makes The Difference!

Not only the kingdoms are in trouble, we are too,
When we fail to say this word BOLD and TRUE,
When we stand face to face and fail to say,
What we have to, our relationship splits,
The little gap formed gets widened,
When we are sportive to say this balmy word,
From the deep part of our mind and heart,
Many conflicts could have been avoided,
The peace could have prevailed on our rosy lawn,
When we say sorry to someone hurt, we may mend the torn,
If we don't know the values, we have to be taught,
If we pretend with intelligence, nothing can be sought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Only For You, My Love..

I am the passing cloud,
On your territorial ground,
You have chased me out,
But I love you day and night.

My love for you never depletes,
Seeing you in the 'developing' process,
Though lame walk for the world diesis,
You are too beautiful to my restored eyes.

Cultural elements not the cowards,
To over speed and get summons in road block,
Cameral eyes are too sharp and precious,
My love, you still crawl as the child soiled.

How many nights I thought of you as my mother,
How many nights I fancy you as a demanding victor,
How many nights I worried for your pitiful status,
Not realized that I am the reason for all your aches.

Traveling from north to south,
Holy Mountains and rivers getting naked,
Democrats can't be socialists in business,
You come out holding the bowls of alms to receive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Open The Floodgate..

Looking through the thick jungles of greens,
My favorite yellow and blue birds not seen,
Mushrooms stopped growing their fans,
The clouds are seeded with misty steam,

The message from the Arctic and Antarctic region,
Pouring through our unprepared dams and floodgates,
To flow through our homes to increase our woes,
The low lined hearts are too weak to bear these tests.

The cup of our neighbor's are full reached the roof,
Evacuated before it overflowed, now at the shelter,
The invisible power of the electromagnetic troubles,
Strategically located eyes can view all these episodes,

Last month an unusual visitor who is called as a tornado,
Came to our East coast without the banging of the gongs,
Floods are normal in tropical forests, the mustache,
Of the river mouth, tears from the eyes are self expressive,

Hundreds of thousands are stranded and stationed,
Where the races of people still hold the eligible cards,
Allocated funds will be abused, crumbs for citizens,
A temporary stay on this station is a funny nightmare.

either opening or retaining of the floodgates,
will ruin the safety of our tender race,
we will open the floodgates to save the structures,
Let the strong survive in the safe places.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Open Up!

Are you too scared to open up?
Are you too timid to keep the face up?
Are you afraid of the content in the envelope?
Are you thinking of insulting the sender?
When the sun shines scotching, go out to enjoy,
When it rains cats and dogs, soak into it not to be coy,
When the wind blows your shirts and blouses up,
Hold them tightly to feel the force of the giant.
Don't be scared of the contents, which may not threaten you,
When you open your mind to look into the things,
You may have the surprises of what you think,
as the nature has the wisdom,
hidden deep in the heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Body Can Change Our Attitude

Buddha, you are right, when you were confused,
Diseases and Old age are not fun to delight,
To the ones who have exposed their nerves,
to all worldly pleasures to seek and experiment,
I have seen a few cycling in nineties,
Winking at the young human to ridicule,
Breathing the fresh air and drinking the clean water,
Wearing the glorious smile on the face and the hip,
Life is too simple to live, entertain and enjoy,
The aging body aches to deteriorate in grace,
The aging is fun, when surrounded with kith and kin,
When the body is neutralized and no more desires,
The whole world looks clear to the eyes removed of cataracts,
Buddha, old age is cruel and unavoidable,
We have to go through keeping our necks bent,
We are humbled and born again as the children,
When the weakening body made it possible,
The scrolls are kept to display and left to live on our own.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Body Is Our Only Asset! !

I can't stop loving you, my sweet body
As you are the only one I have, my rowdy,
I can feel your happiness on your skin's display,
When you shine as diamonds without any spotlight,

I can feel your calmness and strength,
When you don't struggle that much to climb,
To satisfy all my horrible needs and wants,
I can feel your firmness in obeying my orders,

When you run for miles with no cramps and limps,
To take me to my dreams and have fun all along,
I can feel your notoriously rigid tenacity,
When you dance, after every fall and victory

I can't stop loving you, my sweat body,
As you are the only one that I have, my rowdy,
To love me and force me to think in all advents,
Encourage me to grow the seedlings to serenity,

You have made me to keep my head high,
And run for my life to keep you intact,
Though have biological flaws and upset,
I can't stop loving you, my soul and my body.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Bread Values 30 Cents A Loaf Of 400 Gms..

The social values of the price,
Fluctuate as the angles of sunrise,
Somewhere it is hot as the hungry pits,
Where mushrooms are built as the huts,
Geographical location of hate and love,
Thunderous rivers change into ravines,
Where the flies and mosquitoes rule the place,
The social values of the price kiss the bottoms,
Where the children bloom as the stunted crops,
The notorious ideas of the forward thinking economists,
Erect their motherboards in the pith of spongy plants,
To suck the nutrients to count the prosperity in seconds,
Unsold inventories not the wealth, but the expenditure,
Value added packages are found in the fast food outlets,
Men have nothing to keep in their kitchen, all are dead,
Cleaned and packed in glossy packets with the codes,
Social values convert one economy to be splendid,
And the others to rot and dry as the salted fish,
The use of education is null and negligible,
If one know nothing about the neighbors,
Who are the good manipulators in bytes of messages,
Give us the shroud, so we can cover our heads,
Ignorant Emu are good at it with small heads and huge bodies,
Five billion out of Six have no values, let them rot.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Brothers And Sisters Are Terrorists...

I want you to wear my torn shoes,
And walk on the thorny mountains,
We are poor and nothing is ours,
Packed with anger to subdue your manners,

When we want to rehabilitate you all,
You all preach that we have to be corrected,
We are deficient, disoriented and armed,
Thank you for your generosity on our lands,

We have gathered when you celebrated,
We were in tears when you laughed aloud,
We are your brothers which you have forgotten,
Poor are not fit to be friends with anyone,

Good or bad: everyone is confused,
Profit or deficit: every packet is vulnerable,
Justice or injustice: sometimes injustice to justice,
Biased or neutral: all of us have our own rules.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Democratic Lips! !

Feeling giddy gazing at my democratic lips,
to kiss first and then drain out the saps,
palpitating hearts staring at the clear dreams,
to bring forward; resurrecting on the hot platform.

Rising hands have fingers of one and null,
what do you want to do with them except pull,
and push the earth plate's many platters,
hugging me tight does nothing better,

pluck one's own flowers early morn,
of anytime of the youth exits stubborn,
a human in you never failed for generations,
why do you still look at my democratic vision?

Thousands have never stopped to flee,
from the after effects of doctrines war riddles..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Dreams

The water vapor from the hydrocarbon,
Let the world float on what we dig,
The fresh water and the delicious coke,
Let the world hallucinate to get choked,

The souls of brutes have turned into Homosapien,
Let the world get cajoled to be naked at the instincts,
The papers create the wealth to wipe out the tears,
Let the trees of the nations be barren to make the tissues,

Come on, Let us sing the songs of merriment,
Wearing The new clothes out of sunlight,
The sun will rise up as usual from the East,
The newly whitened moon will arrive and leave,

The piled up plastics may rest on the seabed,
Poison from the black gold will ooze from the womb,
The hybrid human will think without any notions,
A few real human will struggle how to really sort out.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Fuel Supply Is Depleting!

The depth of oceans is known,
The depth of passion is unknown,
The fist size ravenous heart holds,
Oceans size illusions and needs.

Thousands of butterflies on the skin,
Hundreds of rainbow in the mind,
Angels of heavens alight with delight,
Mythical unicorn is on flight with no fright.

Wingless thoughts scale up the height,
Pass through the continents to the universe,
Gaseous balls and landed dolls afloat,
Nothing is found anywhere to greet.

Fuels of individuality finishes,
Other fuel of cheap kind scarce,
Learn to walk down the stairs,
Throw away the heavy gadgets.

The depth of oceans is known,
The depth of passion is unknown,
The fist size ravenous heart holds,
Oceans size illusions and needs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Gratitude..

Thank you Lord for keeping as sane,
On the volatile market driven lane,
Fragmented are the continental panes,
Lord, you have mercy upon us as the sovereign.

Life once our ancestors lived forgotten,
Lord, the holiday you declared still maintained,
The faces of the loved ones not observed and seen,
We wake up and return not during the working hours of the sun.

Lord, your knowledge is as big as the size of the universe,
What we know about the truth is size of the fist,
With universal knowledge you have ruled for billions of years,
The fist size knowledge has already ruined the health of the earth.

Lord, when you are myopic, astigmatic and have headaches,
You visit our land for herbal treat from the sweat of poor,
Lord, when you are energetic and filled with hormonal catastrophe,
You go to that place, where your robe not be stained with road side dirt.

Thank you, Lord, you are too smart to play with the flips,
Please visit our apartments; we serve you the compacted chips,
Roasted turkeys freshly roasted sprinkled with biblical love,
The loved ones are around to show our gratitude.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Happiness Is Within Us..

I have explored through the forest,
Listening to the silence to seek your feet,
I have wandered through the houses,
Looking for a friend, he may hide in cloaks,

I have worried day and night without sleep,
Searching for the missing pieces, misplaced,
I am wondered now that you are within me,
Wasted is half of my pathetic and generous life,

thought of rescuing you from outside,
Peace and happiness can't be got,
through the strokes of pen on the papers,
it is within me, but caged with unknown grills,

Those grills are very fragile,
can't be collapsed with self confidence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Needs..

The farmland once we have had,
Bloomed and fruited as was coded,
The farmland that we try to cultivate,
With pesticide and fertilizer toast,

Lost all luster to attract the underworld,
While the men grilling through the upper world,
Many hearts are drowned in the aqueous world,
Going back to the nature bring back the healthy world.

The designer food on the clothed and painted table,
Lure our mind to seek these crunchy and juicy fade,
Ballooned are our parts wherever we try to hold,
The life we need is lighted up with group of eight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Needs...

Is it the life, what we need,
Our sons, toil in the beds and fields,
Armored with homemade guns and hoes,
The land is too hard to till and sow,

The seeds of peace never have a bloom,
To plant it on the sovereignty emblem,
Hearts are weaker, tired of these maskers,
Our daughters are loners, tasting the bitter,

The kids are lonelier, watching at their growing feathers,
Our life is faster than ever, accumulation of despair,
Joyous people never shout, showing their emotions out,
When we speak aloud, people think of us as mad,

When the stomach is full, we can't think neutral,
When the mind is full, we can't digest the matter,
When the needs are satisfied, what else do we need,
To taste the life, we have to be on hunger.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Old Tricky Minds! ! !

When the evangelist's economists,
Know the weaknesses of the mind,
Milked the cow in the glass,
To cross the bridge to reach the camps,

Where the wards of Hard headed existed,
Technical analysts of the charts,
Talked a lot about the exponential growth,
They had invaded the communists,

And tried to collapse their empires,
Where the capitalists are shy to see,
The eyes of the socialists, clumsily crisp,
As the French fries, the focused human,

From the west underestimate the east,
Which is loaded with hunger and,
Overflowed with intelligence, culture,
And the patriotic spirit, blessing in disguise,

When they have shifted their machineries,
To the land of Yellow River which is,
Smart in copy and market with their,
Burning brains, in this region of Chinese they are not let,

To read the books freely, because they can grasp,
The points in minutes, the books are wrapped,
To be bought and the knowledge to be obtained,
How much the value can be added to the New York,

Apartments, Hong Kong and Singapore flats,
As if there is no limit to their wealth,
With fixed point of growth in economic calculation,
Money is made in paper and dumped in the buildings,

People are growing higher with no concern,
to their poor brothers in their home towns,
The rich and the educated migrate,
to learn the trade of tricks,

To hypnotize the human to think positive,
To earn a lot of money to buy things,
No time is left to speak the heart out,
Always suspicious of fellow human's talk,

Provoking and provoked are their art,
Their heart is sickened and the health is worsened,
The old folk homes are around to lick the wounds,
And they don't know to regurgitate the happy moments,

When the sleeping emerging markets wake up,
They may not do all these mistakes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Poor Nations!

A paradise stolen and kept under the fallen,
Subsidies and freebies given, but the houses barren,
The rivers are the maidens ransacked by the demons,
Lots of visions; a few and many yet to be our own.

Chased away peasants arrive at every station,
Hopes of heaven on the streets of the towns,
Crumbled attires show thousands of tattered designs,
Weeping eyes of young and old behind the curtain,

Thousand little butterflies flown for generations,
Beauty of them never appreciated; left to be the shame,
Thousand acquired inspiration never meant to bloom,
On the soil of the brave men and pious women,

Let us arise from the drowsy dungeon of hibernation,
The new fresh Sun and Moon emerge from horizon.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Scream For Nothing

Set the stage for us to dance,
The backdrops are real, but gone,
With winking of our long frown,
The changes are imminent and flown,

Ours scream not heard beyond the music,
When you bite my ear with all your might,
I scratched your back as the responding cat,
The wealth is grown in papers and metals,

The ants are there work as the human,
Who is the queen bee to have the treasure,
The belly full of eggs and the young lovers,
The stage here is so big, but we are not actors,

The new world emerge from the shale and crude,
Our kitchens are idle not getting the grease,
The funny kids are occupied and seem to be weird,
The city malls are for the people from the modern dungeons,

Wearing high heels, I walk on the streets,
Where the potholes are bigger and frequent,
Every time I slip, my legs really hurt,
Still I walk on the platform that has a brand,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Unique Way Of Living.

A guy took a comb from the pocket,
of the on coming guy, combed his hair,
and put it back into the owner's pocket.

A flicking of second, a friendly action
was staged and I was shocked

when a guy reads a news paper,
Wide open paper is shared by five.

People who have very little, are happy,
smile a lot and share jokes and toffee,

Sharing of bicycle, bikes and cars,
sharing of views and ideas,
caring of children of neighbors,
Extending free help during
the time of happy and sad moments,
maintaining the personal space,
in crowded festivals and cramped houses,
I can even proudly write,
that the most number of virgins in the world,
are living here, in this region.

Our guys are the reason,
as our father, husband and son.
You are all our pillars of hope,
and we will not put you all in slope.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our Village Gods Are Waiting...

All these big houses hold a few sad people,
At the most two, the rest have had new nests,
Just a hundred to many thousands miles away,
Once they sheltered dozens of happy go lucky broods,

Once a year they are returning to worship the village God,
The procession of relatives with lighted mind and heart,
Carrying the presents from the next village and overseas,
The hired cars have the emigrants, who can't stand the heat,

The women of the households, related to the men,
Pick up the flowers to tie the garland and gossip,
The men of the culture, the direct descendants of brothers,
Congregate in groups to discuss and fire the crackers,

The villages Gods are happy to see their next generation kids,
Who are ready to shave their head and have their ears pierced,
The biggest pots are boiling with choicest grains and cashews,
Home coming festival going on for many thousand years,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Our World Is Ours

I was sitting at an airport,
looking at the people's ramble,
as a wind mill moves with the wind,
left to right and then right to left.

There were gentlemen in coats,
pretty ladies exposed petticoats,
screaming toddlers in the prams,
unruly children on the roam.

People were checking in one by one,
Suitcases of dark pink, violet and brown,
Wheels carried them while the men pull the strap,
there was this guy with a plastic shopping bag.

Well dressed young man in twenties,
might have carried another set of cloth,
wanted to check in his belongings,
to the amusement of the regulars.

He was an immigrant worker,
traveling thousand miles,
across the oceans to find green,
that denied even for his dream.

What land was sold to dress him,
and provide him that plastic bag?
How much loan taken to pay the agent,
and for his air ticket?

He held his head high,
and I saw the hope in his eyes,
For a human whose immigrant Indian father is her Idol,
she saw her own father in that young lad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Over Toasting And Problematic Adults

The smell from the charred bread,
Can't be contained into a bottle,
With a cork, it spreads everywhere,
To the neighbors to declare, □
That someone has charred their bread,
Due to negligence and over confidence,
Not setting the temperature right,
Not standing beside it to watch,
Sometimes a few slices are charred,
We have the others from the loaf,
When the whole bread is charred,
We can remove the charred crest,
And eat the soft bread inside,
Charring can be avoided not to waste,
Caring can be done to rear the kids.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Overcoming Shortfalls...

Strange and unpredictable gluts,
The peculiar commodity of hearts,
At stake, the well made smiling face,
Is the torn mask to suture the tunes,

Everyone has gone through the stage,
Of weak and wicked voracious play,
The same diamond eyes which twinkle,
Lost their isomerism in a twist,

Joyous wind around turns cold and hot,
Thermostat of the feeling is at the waste,
Million minutes have passed, not shutting,
The closets which needed no more locks,

The stuff can't be discarded, but can be zipped,
And downsized using a simple program,
Of confidence and support, the magnanimity,
Yet to be known, when you overcome the shortfalls..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Overconfidence And Infatuation..

Once I felt the breeze,
And it was very gentle,
Not really with any fragrance,
Only the fermented sweats,
When I was at the bottom,
Gazing at the stardom,
It took me to the top,
Carried me as a day old babe,
Unlocked the folded wings,
Roamed around the jungles,
Played with lions and tigers,
Never scared of their roaring mouth,
Pulled the tails of the elephants,
Sat in the mouth of the crocodile,
put the hands in the mounts of ants,
but pulled the snakes out of it,
The gentle breeze made it possible.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Overripe And Sick

Commodity in you precious or cheap or both,
nutshell stored with no heat and the cold,
warmth held as secret wrapped earth,
Let us resurrect from the guiltless sound sleep.

Momentum picked spreader wings of mind,
searching for answers to unknown eclipse,
when diseased cavalries stand in straight line,
Let us hide all the whips weakened our domain,

visibly tired, weathered, gone rigid,
sunken cheeks, emerging arch and Grey dreams,
tightened hips, stiffened knees, emptied jaws,
Let us not be afraid, when facing chafe,

Old has to be recycled when the new arrives,
Let us not worry about unhappy days..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Painting Is A Trick To Hide The Flaws....

The background is clear and prominent,
Where the flowers of emotions are strewn,
A stroke of careless touch, that rosy bloom,
Out of shape: hide that spot using background paint,
the background can manipulate with that color scheme,
Now the blooms look striking and ready to face the airstream,
The strong background of knowing what to do and not to dream,
Always make our life painting perfectly glorious and calm,
The background sky make the celestial items to be glamorous and firm.
mistakes are not common, we don't do it very often,
don't let the mistakes to continue to make our life painting stained,
the background painting knowledge is handy to have our life back.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Parental Love

If I keep you under our wings too long,
warmth you feel, but not grow along,
you may lack the confidence,
need someone for guidance.

Love in our hearts,
want you to achieve,
Love in our hearts,
want you to be more matured.
Love in our hearts,
can bear this silence,
Love in our hearts,
made it tolerable.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Party Time!

I am going to a Saturday night party,
Where I can meet my primary buddies,
I enter into the closet to pick up a dress,
The dress I bought for my recent birthday,
Looks very dull and everyone had seen,
The Christmas dress got frills, not thrills,
The office attires too formal, not clamorous,
The one with spaghetti strap, gone too small,
The matching cardigans of all hues,
A few are embroidered, painted and plain,
The skirts are either too long or too short,
The chiffon, cotton, nylon and Chinese silk,
Tropical batiks where the nature is intact,
Laced Stockings with hot pants, may look odd,
Designer's gowns that are hung for years,
Never touched for once for Saturday night fever,
Walk through the closet third time around,
Still confused what to choose and display,
At last I decide and my decision is final,
I am going for shopping to buy a new one.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace And Silence..

Silence exists everywhere,
What human are not aware,
in everything, organic and inorganic,
in planets, space and
even in every atom,
where never ending,
vibration occurs, thus observe,
and release energy,
nonstop, nonstop in commotion.

Silence exists in the audibility,
Of organic, frozen silence,
Always flowing through audible,
A few can hear the frequencies,
The rest are disabled for life,
but peace exists in the hearts,
and exits from the hearts,
that feel the truth of emotions,
Nowhere else...
We can't find peace anywhere else.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Be Upon Us All! !

Underwear or loincloth with shirt and pant,
panties with skirt and modest blouse,
just enough to hide all ups and downs,
Throw away the rest and seek the peace..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Be Upon You, The War Mongers! !

Stop provoking and insinuating,
on the lands; river Indus dividing,
billions of poor hearts, here, pounding,
silent prayers are alerting and warning,

Our mother land uniting and nurturing,
all the ancestral inhabitants as siblings,
learned the lessons of sharing and caring,
hand shake will stop the blasting and hurting,

Don't flame the fire of faith and division,
to get the wealthy warmth out of it,
millions of faithful as the naturalized,
anything happens in this region, will affect,

India is neither the playground nor battlefield,
where you can disperse all your toys as merchandize,
stop bullying the minds of the intellectuals,
Millions of years have passed with many massacres,

still we survive on our own land with lot, s,
of archaeological proof to unlock the doctored,
history of the past: neither we are greedy,
nor selfish for you to use the old tactics..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Be With Us

Why do you want these animals to separate us?
The cow, the sheep, the pig, the dog and the cat,
Send them all to their own shacks and sheds,
We, human, can have peaceful earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Be With You, Rajapakse..

Wearing the lightening white,
To hide the blackened heart,
Sitting in the middle of the guests,
To respect another man of peace,

This man had slaughtered our rebellious,
Siblings across the canal, in the swampy fields,
The world had watched without spine,
Without any warning or sending the troops,

He was on the killing spree, massacred our innocent kids,
In the condoned battle field, no escape route,
Except got drowned in the Bay of Bengal,
This man has no shame and tells,

He is the follower of the prince of peace,
Invited to attend the memorial for a peaceful man,
Wearing the white dhoti and shirt,
Showing his whitened teeth to the crowd,

With no guilt and fear to be prosecuted,
The genocide in the land of Tamils,
In the north of Island of SriLangka,
The whole world witnessed and,

Never got disheartened to be sad,
We are not fair, but brown and black,
The Monkey God's descendants.
our life has no economic values.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Child..

The gun you carry to hurt me, in disguise,
my heart palpitates seeing your ignorance,
Our God resides in you thus you become my lord,
How can I harm you when we are all within them,

seeds of Hatred will have the blooms of poison,
acidic water molecule will shower the corrosive rain,
sneaked in virus will corrupt the system of life,
planting the love will definitely produce the peach child,

When intellectuals agree with the false and dangerous,
When the rational people ignore the truth to rear the lies,
When the humanity is buried to count the heads,
Alas, We are lost for ever with no trace of truth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace In The Battle Field...

The milk powder is for the children,
Someone has snatched in devotion,
Social welfare is a good intention,
Half of it has gone for hallucination.

Who has stopped the growth of a cow,
Preventing it to be a mother of the calves,
Who has drilled the holes in the system,
Selfish human has evolved out of excess freedom.

We have been in the vast sky, while learning to fly,
We have been in the deep ocean while taught to dive,
We have been in the space while gasping for peaceful air,
We are in the hearts of others while they are in ours,

Could we remove the mask, so everyone can see our real face,
Democracy and welfare are in our greedy wallet and purse,
As long as our debit and credit cards are usable,
Peace will prevail on our lands and in our battle.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Is Everywhere

Starless sky is my blanket,
when I sit in my roof top garden.
Still trees are my escorts,
Hiding me from shine, rain and intruders.
Flying airplanes with flicking lights,
yellow lamps at the streets,
red lights at the tip of high rises,
are for my visual pleasure.
Quiet neighborhood with barking dogs,
Clean roads with bustling vehicles,
Security guards calling one another,
while the bosses dipped themselves,
in air con noise and imported comforters.
How peaceful this place is,
when people have their rest.

Caged apartment and fumed air,
Down on the road, should I call it road? ,
Beside the weather and human ridden paths,
knee deep clogged ditches,
Men sleep in fetal position,
picturesque mosque are everywhere,
garbage collected using hands,
demand of men and screaming of women,
Yawning and shaking of beds,
Rickety trucks are on the roads,
Those rickshaws become their homes.
The men, thinking of wives at villages,
playing with their toys,
How peaceful this place is,
when people have their rest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peace Will Prevail...

The coarse inner voice changes into a tune,
Which fits perfectly on the notes to reflect on,
The wind from the desert and the storm,
Goes through the holes and touches all strings,

The mind gets softened and worries exit,
And not returns for sometime while calm,
Wrapping all those green leaves from the palms,
Twisting in the pipes of bamboo clam,

Sweating in the snow with no fire palm,
Thousands of wonderful chants and songs,
The muddy mind never settled with a bang,
Wrinkles found on the surface profound,

The rough inner voice changes into a melody,
Peace found the tract to reach the heart,
Time takes its own sweet interval shot,
Peace will prevail with well written notes...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Peaceful Sleep Is The Meditation...

Woken up from the sleep at five in the morn,
To do the meditation in the open playground,
The half slept gurus up with their sleeves,
To teach the seven years old how to concentrate,

Saddled with a degree and nowhere to get employed,
Sitting on the sands of beautiful beach of vagrants,
Looking at the sunrise for the energy to forget the troubles,
Deep in concentration, still not achieved the state of a recluse,

Lego blocks were bought to build the high rise in our neighborhood,
The necks are tied with the colorful ribbons, patterned and branded,
The shoes made from the hide of poverty stricken overworking cattle,
Meditation has been the goal, not yet reached, the pretending piety.

Roaming on the streets, holding the bowls for pilgrimage,
Collecting all those donated willingly, but with the rightful force,
To knock every head that extends its feeble hand to hug,
how to meditate is not a deal, but we do it during our sleep.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Penance, Fasting And Pilgrimage...

After forty eight days of penance,
of sleeping on the floor with no comfort,
Fasting and chanting the names of Lords,
are our favorites to go nearer to our Masters,

The hooks on the back and the chest,
can pull the mini Lord dwelling chariots,
the hanging lemons not really hurt,
the spear bridge the separated cheeks

Thousands of young, old and the cured,
carry the milk pot on the heads,
Kavadi carrying devotees on trance,
The Lord Muruga on the hills, smiles,

The infants in the cloth cradles, .
swinging in between the shoulders,
of parents laden with sugar canes,
millions in His house on this full moon,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

People In The War Zone..

The world is unashamedly,
Very slow and steady,
With the humble arrival,
Of dark night and shiny day,

The inhabitants have become
Fast and furious with commotion,
The preachers are the brutes,
To slaughter the babies heart,

Not ashamed of it the least,
Their life runs as the flit,
Let us take their olds and kids,
And ask them to watch the movie,

The fast and furious for half a day,
And half a night, not too long,
Let their psychologists observe them,
The poor children, sick and old of war zone,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Perception!

When I say what that flies in the sky is a joyful bird,
Someone says that it is a kite with glass and glue thread,
Another one says that it is an airplane with ambitious loads,
But the last one says that it is his dreams, not yet down loaded.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Perception...

The monk that she had met,
Complemented her soft,
'You look beautiful', he said,
she was shocked and felt wild,

He had a few books in his hands,
And a pony tail on his shaven head,
The colorless beads around his neck,
Tucked his waist cloth at the back,

The cotton man not made here,
He had the slang, native in nature,
she picked up a holy book from his hand,
Not because she wanted to be sinless,

As the pious monk was bold to call her,
Beautiful and fair as the snow white,
the cute little cousins around her,
automatically had become the dwarfs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Pigeons At Glasgow.

Why there are so many crippled, walking and limping on the yard?
Why are their joints ripped off, missing one in the middle?
How is she lost half of her leg, balancing as a ballerina?
Did he step on the mine's head, in the battle field of Afghan?

They are neither the enemy nor the friendly soldiers,
They are neither the arrogant nor the cunning creatures,
They are neither the noisy nor the clumsy scavengers,
They are the beautiful and humble pigeons.

I saw these mutilated pigeons frolicking in the lobby,
Where thousands of people walk everyday without folly,
To catch a train at Glasgow railway station in UK,
These poor little birds are wandering picturesque.

Who hurt these misfortune birds?
I looked up at the ventilators,
Where the nails are nailed,
That ripped the claws and legs of the birds.

May God save the Queen and her subjects,
including these limping hungry birds.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Plan Before You Do It!

At the whip of anyone's clueless thoughts,
No rain is scared to fall on their broth,
To enlighten their innocence of what they,
Know not, but it is known to the world,
That could differentiate the mermaids,
That needs the merman, not human,
To entangle their tail fins, full of scales,
which will scratch and wound the souls,
on the shores covered with open shells,
whose pearls are stolen and copied.

By flicking the magic wand of experience,
Do I have any right to teach anyone,
What to do and what not to do,
As the intellectuals are filled with doubts,
And the fools are brimmed with confidence,
At the expense of the tears of the ignorant,
Who act merely with instincts, with no datas,
Planned blue prints are easy to execute,
Unplanned efforts ultimately prosecute,
In the court of civil, criminal and life,
We may be left to live the sleepless nights.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Platform Ticket Please!

To sell your spoiled curd rice,
Don't use the Indian railways,
Half of our people are dirt poor,
And our government is even poorer,
Thousands of humble stations,
In various directions, millions,
Of passenger squat and travel,
Thousands of kilometers,
Using the filthy toilets
Regularly sanitized with cheap,
Phenols, our trains seldom,
Reach the destination,
On the scheduled time,
People may be stacked,
As the bundles of vegetables,
Mostly not misbehaved,
in the train or in the stations,
As the pride of the family,
Is the only ornament to the deprived,
If twelve year olds give birth,
It will be the national news,
Really not a everyday occurrence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please Acknowledge, Dear Friends..

All day you toil,
Get yourself soiled,
With responsibilities,
Worries and love,
Those dwell in your hearts,
Keep yourself occupied,
To rear your children to be adults,
Many nights you never slept,
Sometimes you are panicked,
Your manhood hides your miseries,
Away from your loving families,
Each golden stone you have taken,
to build your love castle,
in the hearts of your children,
you are too great,
you have made many king makers,
in your kingdom of affection and care,
To you my friends, who are already and yet to be daddies,
I send you, the cheerful bouquet of flowers.
Happy Father's Day.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please Identify Yourself, My Pet..

Sitting in my chest, as the wizard
making lots of musical notes with dots,

as a screwed monkey toy,
beating the drum with joy,
dispensing minute zigzag,
and heat from the stove's gaps,

sometimes as a master Mozart,
non stop singing from you, my Lord,
jumping as a young kid on the pad,
drowned me in the bottomless lust,

sitting at one place, taking me to many places,
how could a prisoner as you, set me this free?
Sometimes I feel the ice and Mediterranean,
Sahara is too hot; all I feel at my feet,

no two days are similar to count the blessings,
no two days match with each other in musings,
no two days have passed away in silence,
no two days will be the same as long as you chime.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please Remove Your Weapons!

The day before the actual action,
I was very excited with those visions,
Wearing the Kaki NCC uniform,
Holding a rifle on the platform,
Rested it on the shoulder and aimed the target,
This was placed 25 meters away at first,
Next morning before the sun woke up,
I was in my uniform and walked bold,
As the citizen of India, reached the field,
Met the fellow cadets, all in smile,
The rifles were given for shooting practice,
we could feel the momentum in every short.
shooting is fun when we hit the target,
Why do civilians need the weapons?

Gun culture of America is not unique,
As they are hunters not once, even today,
They hunted primarily Native Americans,
They liked to protect their properties,
They involved with revolutionary war,
They fought with themselves in civil war,
They flew to Europe to participate in world wars,
They helped the Vietnamese in Vietnam war,
They fought with Iran, keeping Saddam as a friend,
They fought with Saddam to rescue Kuwait,
They entered the innocent countries,
In search of a man and killed him,
Through the illegal strategies and means
They are the peace keepers and peace lovers,
They have the Great Spirit, can be seen in bars,
Having 230 million firearms, every adult can hold one,
They are no more hunters, very modern workers,
Many are the high rise dwellers,
Who are they afraid of and who threaten them,
When all their enemies are annihilated,
When the citizen is afraid of his own brothers,
No wonder people become stressed out,
Pointing the gun at the children and the weak,

As they have the access to this weapon,
Other weapons of love and affection are gone,
Let them not be happy playing with triggers.
Let them not trigger violence across the water.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please Stay Away, Our People Have To Survive!

A curd woman carries a pot of yogurt that drips on her moon forehead
The crystal white droplets drench the old soul, shouts, "yogurt,
Fresh yogurt, churned butter, anyone wants to buy?"
Vegetable man pushes his cart, full of colorful vitamin vegetables,
Shouts as usual, "Vegetable, Vegetable, Green vegetables"
Fruits seller and fish monger carry their bounties in the baskets,
Pots, pans, spoons and brooms are sold on streets,
Sweat, tear, longing and desperation in discreet,
What place do the multinational whole sale retailer hit,
On the soil of poor people, where people live as dogs and cats.
Please stay away from us and we are not the good market,
as the habit of descendant will not let you see the profit.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please, Don'T 'Dislike' Us..

I am fascinated with smart people,
Who need not know the facts and truth,
But they represent us in podium of the stage,
Where everyone think how he has the better page,
Where the letters are written in imitation gold,
When the guests come to our poetic huts,
To firmly press and click that they dislike,
Each time the button is pressed not to love,
The heart bleeds for the hate it secures,
To lead at the top the most disliked,
Person of the crowd, still shows the funny gesture,
To prove that the heart does not belong to an elf,
I am fascinated with the human,
Who is disliked the most number of times,
And has the badge in the attire to show us all.
I am fascinated with everyone,
Who have touched the number one.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please, Don'T 'Laugh '! Smile!

If people smile at us, we have to smile back,
Otherwise we may offend them with our disrespect.

If people laugh at us, should we have to laugh back,
otherwise they may think that we are worms.

We are not worms for anyone to step on us,
for them to have the feeling of stepping on us.

We are the tortoises or simple snails,
when we are stepped on, Let them have that feel.

Let us be safe inside our protective wise shell,
while they shadow themselves with guilty pride.

When people have every right to laugh at us,
we have every right to laugh at them. Smile, please.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Please, Trust Me..

The earth trusts the sun,
The moon trusts the earth,
I trust you,
for me to revolve around you.

Unseen waves that attract,
make the solar system intact.
Unseen bonds that attract,
make the human love intact.

Mistakes could have been made,
Fights could have been enacted,
Silence could have been kept,
The love will overcome all odds.

Look for clues may weaken our hearts,
clues of betrayal and infidelity,
Look for clues may strengthen our life,
clues of sincerity and confidence.

No flowers needed, but need a helping hand,
No chocolates needed, but need sweet words,
No pretend needed, but need a friendly heart,
Not one day just enough, but need a life of full of love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Poets, You Are All Stars!

Stellar objects in the sky,
Brighter and visible to naked eyes,
All twinkle and smile with naughty winks,
A few are brighter than other kinds,
Own luminosity determines its brightness,
Proximity to the observers can alter it,
Brightest star are at the first magnitude,
The faintest at the sixth magnitude,
Standard stars stays brighter always,
Variable stars have different brightness,
These stars change their magnitude as they wish,
You are all the stars in the sky,
Can be seen smiling at me with white rays,
Every one of you, have your own brightness,
Reigning the poetical sky in togetherness,
I may be the faintest star in the sixth magnitude,
Yet to be seen and mapped in your gentle hearts,
From that distance, I can see you all twinkling steep,
Singing the songs of love, sorrow, loneliness and hope.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Police Brutality..

Beat them not in the lock up,
Beat them not in the custody,
Punch them not in the stomach,
smash them not on the head.

Beat them not for they are colored,
beat them not for they are feared,
abuse them not as they are deprived,
corner them not as they seem to be suspicious.

Brutality at police custody,
is illegally approved offense.
Hundreds died and thousand live,
with the damages caused in custody.
Who can be charged for the invisible wounds,
in the soft abdomen and hard skull?

Hard core criminals are hard to deal,
but why the 'suspect' has to be punished,
before the judgement?
Do not beat them in the lock up,
and inflict life long injury to check up.

Reason for writing this poem.

Police Brutality is rampant in many parts of the world. The internal injuries caused during such atrocities, have made many human almost invalid and forced them to suffer in silence. The law should be passed to protect and help the victims at least financially, if the abuse is proven.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Polluted Rivers Around The World!

When the melting at the mountainous hearts,
Pass through the streams of tributaries a lot,
Merge at that elevation for the rivers to form,
Though have the comfortable bed and the banks,
Still it likes to run from the origin to the mouth,
Where the fine sediments are left in deltas,
The million year's journey is halted with pollutants,
Nitrogen in the Mississippi, acids in the King's,
Benzene in the Songhua, waste of civilizations,
In the rivers of Citarum, Yamuna, Buriganga,
Ganges, Marilao and yellow. Who has taught,
To throw the waste into the water system,
As long as the rubbish heavy and can't float,
It can comfortably settle and rest,
At the beds for thousand years,
Secrets of evolution hidden under the water,
But no secrets can be hidden forever,
When pollutants affect the health of livings,
Waste Management is another field of study,
That does not teach to dump the sewer into the steam,
Polluted rivers are everywhere as the polluted human,
Just waiting for the right time to explode and expose,
The truth. What are we up to when we do not know,
How to manage the beautiful giants of nature,
We have polluted the land and the heart,
We have polluted the water and the colored fluid red,
We have polluted the air and the hole in the crown,
We have comfort to live this life up in the sky,
We have let the golden goose to gasp for air.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Poor And Their Issues..

We are on the other side of the fences,
Watching you all through the tinted glasses,
Erected on alien hearts of the trespassers,
Interest of the 'well wishers' and perfectionists.

The hearts can't be tilled when no water of love,
The minds can't be mapped when no direction exits,
The eagerness in the eyes pierces every humble stranger,
We are not aware of the blueprint of the dispatcher.

Blame her not when she gives birth to every sorrow,
Blame him not when he is mercilessly cruel enough,
Blame them not when others of same situation excel,
Blame us when our people wear the tattered apparel.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Poor Judgment Among Middle Class..

Neither filthy rich nor dirty poor,
A class is created to behave as the actors,
Wearing of stiff attires, carrying the brands,
Which have the plants beside the backyard,
Where the drains, sewer and the river merge,
Holding of handbags and wallets from the hide,
Of fat and skinny animals and they like to show,
The name of the brand as if their dignity,
Flashing the smile, the shoes and the briefcase,
The perfume from the oldest continent,
China made products clips are removed,
They like to walk on the thin air,
Where they presume the rich stroll,
Noses are facing the north,
Anxieties are at the heart,
Where the false believes,
Are gradually seeded,
They have created the 'rich' middle class,
Who may not live as the rich or the poor,
To enjoy the luxury or poverty everyday,
They try to be the prince and princess,
in the pretentious hotel's seashore,
Their hearts are filled with fear and doubts,
the repayment to avoid foreclosures,
the democracy will prevail and it will not fail,
when the economic development is felt,
the democratic human are smart,
to live within their means with no prejudices,
false brands can't collapse their poor judgment,
of trusting overpriced brands and lies,
the middle class has emerged in many parts,
of the high end world and suffer in silence,
traveling through the worrying canals,
they have to go out and look for work,
otherwise the welfare stamp is slapped on their face.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Positive Attitude..

The tree was covered with dust,
And it least bothered about the dirt,
Stood still on the roads, never moved a bit,
As it had known there would be some rain soon,

After every rain of self realization,
These trees always look fresh,
Gleaming under the faithful muse,
Swaying gently with rational breeze.

Positive attitude is the one,
Whom we can be friends with,
Negativity is the real rascal,
Send it off with strong will.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Possibilities!

The home must be pleasant for you and me,
Cold in summer and warm in winter,
The heart must be windy for you and me,
Breezy in love and stormy for the evils,
The vision must be clear for you and me,
Focused to encourage and sun glass for mistakes,
The tongue must be pliable for you and me,
Admire in words or keep it safe in the box.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Poverty.

This animal is there,
Waiting with cruel claws,
The teeth are sharp,
Always hungry and vigil,
Eating all our flesh,
Leaving us in skeletal structure,
This animal likes the shout,
As our cries are the lullabies,
It never sleeps, but pretends to be quiet,
It sucks our blood for its thirst,
Our sisters grow beautiful,
Our brothers are handsome and bold,
They are disturbed by this animal,
Whenever they go out for survival,
Brains are the factories of sorrows,
Before we reach our rice pots,
This animal regularly eat the last morsel,
Millions of people eat a meal a day,
As long as this animal is happy and gay,
where the human are careless and weak,
This animal is very strong and in attack mode.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Preaching Teachers...

Preaching teachers, please teach me,
What is not right before I stumble,
The towns with buildings are the structures,
That I know since I was born,
Elderly People call those as new towns and luxury,
Please teach me what old is,
What hardship is, what discomfort is,
What the determination means,
Give us opportunities to learn our own lessons,
Not the lesson of ending as allergic and asthmatic,
By removing all pathogens using disinfectants,
Not the lesson of weak mind that seek for something,
That is called as the term love and affection,
Not the lesson of obeying instruction with no questions,
Being asked, are we creating a huge school,
Where the rules are set and the students obey,
In the universities, the kids are let loose,
To pasture the over trimmed grass,
The guiding lecturers are not as alert as the teachers,
Holding the strings of degree to support the spineless,
A few have emerged from this sector as the leaders,
To lead the nation as they desired,
But their hands are tied to the old rotten woods,
That neither sinks nor floats; the journey tires the hearts,
The teachers are stoned to be quiet,
In the name of humility and trajectory,
Voices are heard in the back of the head,
But no one around to prove that it is real or fake,
As everyone is afraid of being humiliated and neglected,
The teaching preachers, please teach me,
What is good in the world of internet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Prenatally Glad! !

I have gone into the jungle,
to look for the chicks to tickle,

the drops from stalagmite twinkle,
the upside down bats eyes never blink,

the teeth of the mother ape and the young,
the sucking of the breasts never lessen,

the kissing of the leaves with brazen,
circular alarms handle always in motion,

the chicks are getting younger and younger,
while my heart goes stronger and bolder,

the jungle is littered with cubs of disaster,
the moss coated stones get wetter,

below is the home to the black spider,
The chicks are in the dream canopy higher,

the rushing breeze struggle to straighten,
all my crumbled thought with hot iron,

They are still roaming in the virgin forest,
after every harvesting laughter, they forget.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Pretense!

Stoop too low for fame of famine,
You have called everyone but few,
Fiddling with courtesy of kindness,
The vapor of integrity gone with magicians,
The old slabs are weathered,
The young hunks are tendered,
The aged can't be tendered,
Whatever cats and dogs they play with,
Whatever clouds they pretend to follow,
The matured idea of the elders,
May not be that of a young and naïve,
Let us see how long they play with dolls,
To prove their ignorance of themselves,
And the innocence of the followers,
not to exist as good and bad as oneself,
to face the world bold and courageous.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Pride And Ego

I hide this in my heart,
for a long time and,
people noticed it,
friends talked about it,
though they do not know,
what that is hidden anew,
I nurture it day by day,
strengthen it say by say,
people noticed it,
friends talked about it,
When they know about it,
I do not understand what is it,
I boast about me and
let my friends to flatter about me,
For the flattering that I get,
I boast about me and
let myself to flatter about them,
My friends know about it,
I know about them,
To survive in this world,
we have to scratch one another,
but the truth hidden in my safe,
can not be shunned always,
from the watchful eyes of my friends,
a word, an action or a scream,
may bring out all the goods,
and evils that is kept in my heart.
as the old meat decays and
emits the repelling odor or
the sweet fermented smell,
from the dried flowers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Primitive Lord..

I am here, looking at Him with my childish eyes,
shivering and panting as the water escaped from the fire,
I am here, standing in front of Him with my hands tied,
accounts not settled on earth, but soon to be audited here,

He is mercilessly merciful: counting my sins non stop,
flutters His eyes and asks me, 'Are you an infidel? '
'NO Dude, I am a believer of facts and figure,
One God and His messenger are not the fact'

Immediately He orders me
to go to the first hell:
full of germs:
not disinfected with no walls,

He does not know anything
about bacteria and virus,
and gets amused when I spray
the earthy spray on His pets,

He directs me to go
to the second hell of fire,
which is doused
with the fire extinguisher and a bomb,

He becomes enthusiastic,
and comes towards me,
'I have created so many hell
to torture you all'

'Yes, Comrade! but we have invented,
how to overcome them, all,
The old messenger is there,
scratching his body less parts

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Procreate And Leave...

Procreation is the only duty,
Every living's entitled entity,
Xeroxed faces and qualities,
The rest are simply the fancy.

The kindness is a horrible lie,
That can't be sent through a mail,
The sympathy is a contagious mimicry,
That can't rub and wipe out the misery.

The world is full of liars, masters to speculate,
When tomorrow is unknown, we think of rainy days,
Either we can leave behind the fame or the genes,
Care for the fellow human who are in trouble.

The lies soothe my heart; keep me in temporary delusion,
Not have to know about the reality or the truth,
Those may shackle me with depressive hooks,
The comforting lies are too good: not to say the hurtful truth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Prosperous Immigrants..

never heard of giggling water,
never touch the tingling soil,
never breathe the whistling air,
hide between the rocks many decade.

well preserved, well nourished,
well protected, well kept,
I have life in me. I am a seed.
Waiting silently to sprout up.

An ambitious guy uses a spade,
I am released from the dark,
None can stop a life from growing,
I sprout up victoriously.

Hidden talents have to be identified,
When Ample opportunities are available,
Those who do not make use of it, may suffer,
but the life with real life in it, will prosper.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Protect Yourself Before You Speak The Truth...

Don't be scared to speak the truth,
When the voiceless are not in the mirth,
Life is too short to incubate the eggs of lies,
To hatch the lying bird to fly,
Millions of us here, voiceless, not dumb,
Fearful of speaking what is right,
We agree with what the powerful say,
We always clap our hands to their mischief.
Don't be scared to speak the truth,
When you are protected with power and wealth,
No one can snatch your knowledge from your vault,
The world has chewed all the lies,
What we have is not at all useless.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Protected And Safe..

If you and I were a ghost and a boy,
And you jump from the holes of joy,
To tickle me to enter to be your envoy,
I would say NO to you with no time of shy.

If you and I were a ghost and a boy,
And I run to my room while you chase,
You laugh as the cloud, I am not scared,
I would befriend you to change you to be good soul.

I would let you to laugh the most as you are naked,
Having no legs and the flesh, while I look for your hands,
You laugh with your friends and I am alone,
Building the protecting wall around my soul.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Protected Earth Lady..

Sheets of spheres,
Around your flyer,
Hard to open the buttons,
To reach and teach you,
The power of vacuum,
Where you float,
Fully armoured,
Gravity nails,
Fixed you at a spot,
To do the same,
Merry go around,
Nothing spilled,
From your tumbler.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Prove!

Safety not practiced,
In many parts of our life,
One billion people are the proof.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Puberty.

When my grandma told me not to go out of the house,
after the oil lamp was lit at six in the evening,
I went out to see the spirits of the wolves on the loose,
but heard the howling far away while she praying.
Grandma thought I was in the study, doing my work,
I was searching for the devils that scared my grandma.
When I returned to tell her that I found nothing,
She blessed me what an obedient girl, always obeying.

When at ten, I was told that there was a black devil,
comfortably renting a Neem tree beside our dwelling,
after everyone was asleep, I went to the tree at twelve,
to find nothing and I was confused and then not believe,
my elders any more. Told them many times,
I have found no spirits and devils,
in the trees, in the farms and the jungle,
They were too tired to teach me what they were taught,
when they had given up the hope on me,
I planted the seeds of awareness in them.

When my elders had the nap after the heavy meal,
we, the children, sneaked out of the house,
to play marbles, hide and seek kites and
snake and ladder. After play we used,
to go to the Garden our king built for his children,
where we found muddy water, fragrant trees and
the Lecherous males who tried to touch our budding breasts.
Then one day our wings were cut off,
by pouring the turmeric water on our heads,
tied the long saree on the slender body,
put the perfect jasmine on our hair,
decorated as the prettiest doll that they could,
We had lost our freedom and,
our elders are awake.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Publically Not A Republican!

If I had touched you a bit more softly,
If I had cared you a bit more craftily,
If I had wiped your tears a bit more sincerely,
If I had been there for you a bit more regularly,
If I had listened to your stories a bit more eagerly,
If I hadn't acted like sleeping, while you cried beside me,
If I hadn't sent your boys to fight, while you knelt in front of me,
You wouldn't have decided to sleep with him for another four years.

You have picked up my index finger to poke my eyes,
My arch rival had chosen the right color code image,
Anti slavery human might not have made the difference,
the elite in the urban, want the descent vigilance,
people are caught in their own trap of equal ideology,
how you speak the language, it will hurt someone truly,
Let the stock, currency and property market get stabilized,
you will change your mind, to have a 'warrior' bed mate,
I will be chosen to be yours for the following eight years.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Punching Bag..

Have a few friends, is good,
Be attached with our relatives, is the best,
because we can make them,
the punching bags.

quiet punching bags,
listening punching bags,
tolerant punching bags and
comforting punching bags.

They are just a call away,
call them with confidence,
talk to them,
we are happy and no stress.

They are just a call away,
call them with confidence,
share your thoughts,
only to people, trustworthy.

Stay alone not good,
be a punching bag,
to others. Listen to them,
there will no stressed out people,
loose on the roads,
tears in the eyes,
clouds in the brain,
betrayal in the heart,
looking for booze and drugs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Quick Downpour Everywhere!

A woman says,

The running water encroach my shack every year,
saving my 'new' newborn kid is my only fear,
feathering the children under my wings of hands,
escaped those floods and now I have nine kids,

A Tamil gentleman blabbers,

when I was drowned in government's liquor,
my buffalo better half yelled and woke me up,
I was almost drifted towards the sea of unforeseen future,
I saw the photo of Amma peeled from the index finger,

The middle class IT couple wonder,

from where on earth this flood has the string,
to startwith, and replace the low level dining,
a few branded jeans and gold still in the closet,
Let us escape first to get back the lost later,

The doctors and the businessmen mind whisper,

we have to see the opportunity from every calamity,
diarrhea, typhoid and other water borne microbes,
let our clinics get flooded with sick who are wealthy,
before the next flood, we may own another hospital,

in the state government building,

the wrapped up mother have the puffed face,
The husbands of brave Tamil women are invisible,
if CM sneezes, all these goons get the cold,
we have rested our life in their own petty dreams,

a common man explains,

these unavoidable could have been avoided,
had the shutters of brain of bureaucrat really function,

south east wind brings the man made water,
we shall forget all these trouble once sun shines,

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Quick Human..

The weapon you hold, sharper than the sword,
The passport to the materialistic mummified tombs,
The love between the hearts measured in seconds,
Poor minds are spoilt and rot, while the hearts still chase,

You get trapped on your own in the routine clocks,
Even if you want to escape, you are bonded with tricks,
The best brains of the world work out in the labs,
The gentle human have some bank balance and a false smile..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Ran Away To Be Free, But..

Attached with strings, which my parents held,
Timely schedule that had to be followed,
I decided to run away from home to a distant place,
Where I am not controlled and feel as free as a young lass (lad) ,
Started the journey alone with a bag and stolen money,
Good Samaritans were everywhere for a good price,
Called me baby with the sweetest voice,
Bought for me cans of beer,
as the ticket to Disney,
As a stranded puppy longed for love,
I had the good food and the spiked drink,
These men were not like my daddy, who scolded me,
Tortured me and insisted on disciplining me,
I felt very cool in their company,
They hugged me like the priest does in the chapel,
I stuck with them as the lizard on the wall,
When I woke up, all had gone with no trace,
I was alone on the wet bed, lost all grace,
Took the phone and called my daddy,
He rushed to the motel to find me alive,
He didn't scold and beat but hugged and wept.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Reality Of Life...

All those minding the attitude of multitude,
Aren't dragged into the den of solitude,
All those who are at the den of solitude,
Aren't minding the attitude of multitude,
All those who learn to read the mind of people,
Aren't energized to be useful,
All those who are energized to be useful,
Aren't reading the mind of the people,
All those who succeed are not intelligent,
All those who are intelligent are not successful,
All flowers that bloomed will not become seeds,
All those seeds not produce flowers indeed,
All those who succeed in life are not intelligent,
All those who are intelligent are not successful, .

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Reality Really Hurts, Man!

Reality hurts, in every soul of the men,
That belong to the Lords, reality really hurts,
When the qualified doctors work,
As the Hospital Assistants,
In the foreign land, reality hurts,
When the qualified professional painters,
Work as the white washers of the houses,
Reality painfully hurts. The state educated,
Graduate teachers toil as the maids,
The mathematically sharpened engineers,
Sweat as the laborers, reality hurts,
When over qualified is the barrier,
My sibling's educational status changes to lower,
To do the work to fill not the account, but wipe the tears,
When poverty burst from the breasts,
The hunger never diminish in the stomach,
The Lords are silent, taking care of a group,
Who assume that they are sin less and gifted,
As their three meals, robes and roof,
Are guaranteed for many generations,
Blinded with mist of injustice ignorance,
Reality hurts more than the poverty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Reap..

Days after days, Months after months,
Years after years, They sit in front of monitors,
Watching endless foot and base ball matches,
Immersed with underwear clad,
Wrestlers, Boxers and athletes,
The golfers are out clutching their clubs,
Have they ever thought once?
What their spouse would do in silence,
In their absentee presence in their own homes,
Flying their own illusionary kites in the minds,
When the spouses of the games addicted human arise,
Many hearts of homes are flattened to the ground,
It is sickening to see them engrossed with the thoughts,
Holding their hands close to their chests,
Occasional scratching of heads and other organs can be seen,
They look like the evils, possessed by the evil spirits,
Easily get agitated even with the slightest outside noise,
Hard of hearing to the cries of their spouses,
Once the game is over, they look for the life,
The life poorly watered and cared at needed strife,
Might have gone dwarfed, leaves of kindness wilted,
Flowers are stunted; no fruits of love are in the offer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Reflection And Refraction.

As long as we do not pay,
another human well,
we will not be paid well.

As long as we do not appreciate,
the intelligence and innocence,
we will not be appreciated.

As long as we are not aware,
of our own strength and weakness,
we will not be enlightened.

As long as we do not love,
and understand another human,
we will not be loved and understood.

As long as another man's face,
does not smile at us, realize,
his face is our reflection.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Refugees

Baby, please don't cry and shout,
as your brothers chased you out,
Baby, Please don't shed the tears,
when your motherland is in fear,

Baby, You are safe and sound,
now growing up on the peaceful ground,
Baby, Please don't take the war ridden book,
to the noisy speaker's corner to spread..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Regret

Where is my backbone gone,
When I squirm as the worms,
To please the hearts to get some,
Benefits, my minds split as the atoms,
To burn my will to stand against the evil,
When my selfishness interrupts,
I speak in different tongue,
To obtain that ladder to climb,
The sand mountain in economy desert,
Where desert roses of fortune flowers,
Struggle to smile to the radiating sun,
I look like the camel, with the heavy hump,
Filled with greenish aquatic fluid,
Not fit to quench the thirst of the porcupines,
The ants look for the tidbits under the dining tables,
Whatever the crumbs left, dutifully picked and stored,
I am worse than the animals, that work hard,
All their life, while I collect my interests,
Interests from the hearts of my loved ones,
Always longing for love, that make me an angel,
To the eyes of others, but to me,
I have the heart not fit to be fitted to any primate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Rejuvenated, When We Wake Up

You can do it without any license,
on the comfortable bed or on the streets,
none can stop you from doing it,
even someone does, you are at work,
with drowsy eyes, unintelligible jest,
throats are choked, the voice is coarse,
your neighbors do it in their slums,
where you hold your nose, whenever you cross,
the sages do it under the crow dwelling trees,
the babies do it with real peace and terrific innocence,
whether they suck from the flattened breasts,
or gulping the milk of cows added with additional nutrients,
I do it when I am too tired and not worried of the worries.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Relax Boy!

Believe Heart, you are as transparent as the space,
but not holding the secrets of billions of meteorite,
you are the flowing reservoir of love and truth,
not having inherited the taste of a forbidden apple,

Every heart here need not lament and cry,
for an unknown seed that may sprout,
since young until the lip of death kiss,
on crowned crosses many lives had lost,

Don't bow down for someone born and lived,
search for the spirit in every cell of the living,
Be responsible for my own deeds and misdeeds,
No one will arrive to sweep the dust to be the mount.

Believe Heart, you are as white as the white,
you are as pink as the pink; as fast as the river,
a sparkle of the big fire, where you have to go,
Just relax under the sky roof, closing sun and moon eyes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Relax..

No one has taught us how to relax,
Since the time immemorial that persists,
In our minds and our bodies to abide,
The rules of common man always dictate,

During bathing, talking to the Almighty,
While we eat, we may think of the fat,
And the deposit, when we go to the beach,
We are afraid of the water and the waves,

Fake smiles on our perfected face,
Thinking of nurturing the flowers,
When the ruin is decided in its genes,
The moment it has started to bloom.

Easy chair is on the verandah, facing the east,
Morning is too hot and the evening sun is out of sight,
Garden full of blooms, never appreciated even for once,
The squirrel changes its path to the fence, afraid of the canine friends.

The sparrows are hungry and looking for pet's food,
Sit on the telecom wire for hours, screeching to themselves,
The eagles and the crows go for rounds up in the sky,
While the snails hide their yellow eggs beneath the concrete vase,

The playgrounds are crowded with kids and mothers,
Both have the faces of merriment while they walk,
The children run to the sliders to slide,
The cautious mothers are always at the base,

The happy moments are hidden in many tiny places,
To reach those places may make us to be relaxed,
After the expensive vacation, people are tired,
As what they have expected, may have been misplaced,

are the people relaxing in the shopping complex,
breathing the polluted air, are they relaxing in the theaters?
punching a small hole in the credit card, dine in the restaurants,
just tell me how to relax in the modern world?

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Religious Views..

Don't take the double sided swords,
To hurt my feelings and the ward,
I am shocked, looking at your ignorance,
I am bewildered, observing your wheezing,
I am speechless, fixing eyes on your hand,
you have tried to show some tricks,
to distract the concentration to mimic,
When you throw the knife into the air,
And hold it tight not by the handle,
I am too sad that your fingers bleed.
and the palm too and you drop the sword.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Remembering The Wedding Anniversary..

The young chap with a tender heart,
Driven in the instant instinct to meet,
His future sweetheart, so charming and cute,
He was just twenty four and she fourteen.

He had gone to her uncle's house,
To see her in person in nineteen forty four,
A fair young girl, who was going to be my mother,
Served him a cup of coffee, while he looked for the bride,

He was shocked when he was told,
That the cute little girl was his bride,
At first he was reluctant, pointing the age difference,
They both got married, but fated to get separated.

A quarter of a page written with five simple sentences,
We have never compounded those to be the complexes,
Not only For every crow, their chicks are golden,
For every chick, their parents are gold and diamonds.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Remove The Names Of The Poets...

I didn't submit any of my poems to the contest,
So I am free as a bird not to worry of the result,
But I request the PH to remove the names of the poets,
So we can read and judge the content for the merit of it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Rent Free!

I am not a refined human,
As I think of the demons,
of the societies that torment,
I am not a sophisticated human,
To keep my nails cleverly manicured,
To pierce the spot where it hurts the most,
I am not a cultured human,
To have my birth from the oyster shell,
Having the dirty selfishness in my soul,
I am not a civilized human,
Not to talk of the despair of the affected,
But to affect and enjoy the fruits silently,
I am not an educated human,
My eyes are not covered with blinkers as the horses,
To look in one direction of the field of graduation,
I am a skilled human and can carve your thoughts,
Removing all those dirt of mutants cells,
Can sing a song without proper tune,
From the helipad of your heart,
Can change your clime as you want,
Sometimes make you to boil from the feet,
To raise up to the mind to look for the gun,
Luckily I am not in front of you, otherwise
I could have faced multiple deaths,
In your court yard, I am near with you,
Not very far, in your thoughts,
As long as you are alive, I live in you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Repossess What Is Ours

When I walk on the road, I breathe the odorless air,
Fermented and then decayed are our old thoughts,
No one sleeps on the road side, children needn't act,
They don't like the things that they can't afford.

Let our children have everything they need to savor,
Let our married youth be free in their comfortable rooms,
No one has to watch, whether everyone slept or not,
To sneak into a space where they can make quick love,

Our land is very big and our gardens are full of weeds,
We let the poisonous snakes to roam free, showing their fangs,
The rodents are everywhere and the cockroaches eat the leftover,
We live as if we are the squatters and let us repossess what is ours.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Respect Others...

When the eye of the sun is hidden,
The tumultuous clouds run for attention,
The utterance of abuse words to hide the mistakes,
People may shout as the thunders to spoil the mood,
The electric shock through the nerves of the old,
And the weak, the young calves always in attacking mode,
The freshness in the pressure must have the proper channel,
The rain water is salty when mixed with ocean,
The muddy water is the waste, has to be treated,
The clean water is used to bathe the heavens,
What we always do is, to pollute this with trash,
Polluted mind is not clear to observe the sunlight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Respect The Territory

We are not the same human,
as we get experienced,
day by day non stop,
and we are not stagnant,
but flowing with the current,
holding hand to hand,
collecting memories of,
new relationship,
forgetting the old,
hurt and be hurt,
happy and let others to be happy.

at certain part of our life,
our sweet presence,
may become unnecessary,
to the loved ones,
so we have to pick up,
the courage and wisdom,
to draw the gentle demarcation,
where everyone will be the king and queen,
in their own territory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Revelation From The Scientific Facts And Love..

The Lord has come in front of us:
The bright light from His loving eyes,
pierce our hearts and bloom the pleasure,
the giddy heads are in eternal trance.

The Lord slowly opens His nectar mouth;
calls each one of us by our sweet names,
pats our shoulders with peacock plumes,
hands over the humble serpent in our hands,

The crescent moon on His merciful Head,
the emanating third eyes between His brows,
The trident now points to the end of the universe,
and He says, "Sanctify Siva Ling in every prayer house",

and then He reveals further to be holy,
giving up all flesh to be Saivites and jolly,
The Destroyer never fails to punish mercilessly,
ascent from thy torpid and be the human truly,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Right Or Wrong?

We are taught to be patient, when we are provoked,
We are guided to use the low voice, when we are agitated,
We are reminded to use the harsh words, not the tone,
We are expected to be cool even if our pressure surges up,
We have to be perfect, whatever situation we are in,
We have to be pleasant to the eyes, even when not in grin,
What a manipulative human we are, in the name of etiquette,
The toll that we pay is in the form of pain and hurt.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Right To Own A House?

Affordable home is our dream,
but the price gone, up stream.
Buying a property in New York,
London, Frankfurt and Paris
is an up hill task, but,
buying a property in Chennai and Mumbai,
is an up mountain task,
to the less privileged.
What are we going to do,
to equalize this disparity?

Are these cities belonged,
to the rich and middle class?
Are these cities mortgaged,
to the Bank of Cuning,
that need to suck,
the human fluid,
in the form of rental?
A third of salary goes for rental
in the first world and more than
half the salary in the third world.

Every capital and other cities,
of the world has had the sudden boom,
in the property values and doom,
the dream of the lower income,
group, and force us to stay,
in the privately owned property,
the rest of our life and,
pay the rental as long as,
we are alive. What option do we have,
to make even this mismatch?

Reason for writing this poem.

In the developing countries, less than twenty percent of the population own the properties, While the other eighty percent either renting or illegally squatting on

people's properties..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Risk Of Losing Peace

I have lost it somewhere during the long journeys,
When thinking of one or more incidents and agonies,
I might have let someone to steal it from me,
I might have been careless to lose it to a snatcher,
Knowing the long arrogant nails adorn the fingers,
My heart had been kept too near to scratch and tear,
When the things were placed too high to reach,
I wore the ignorant efforts of high heels without any research,
Involved with unknown territorial business in red water,
I have lost it somewhere and don't know how it occurred,
Once it's happened, it is very hard to bear and solve,
Losing it will not be a choice, we will lose it to resolve,
The blunders that we have made and it may take many months,
And years. The hearts without peace create havoc,
The mind without peace is a place for hell's makeshift block.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Robbers

Robbers are everywhere,
titled with honors.
They live like kings,
Action of them stings.

When they rob in millions,
as commissions,
actually they let others
to rob in billions.

Those who talk about justice,
corrupt free nations at their home,
bribe our politicians,
to rob from our poor nations.

What you preach can be practiced,
in double standard?
To let your own country to prosper,
why do you let us, the poor, to suffer?

The honorable robbers,
are our politicians,
who rob our peace,
our future and the sleep.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Robocop 2014

The head and the lungs,
And the heart is not seen,
Can't feel anything, that surface,
Except the breeze on the exposed face,

Diodes in the gyrus, brain stem not protected,
Mocking of God's desire
What we may lose in the war,
All trimmed and chopped,

The machine with man's face is made,
The crime in town of Detroit,
Not needed the machine to stop it,
But the love for other has to be taught,

Me, myself and I have to be replaced,
Don't plant the mutant selfish virus in the thoughts,
Man can't live alone thinking of the criminals at the door step,
To stop the crime, treat everyone equal,

The colors and races need not to be identified,
When a human race evolve with no arrogance,
Of possession and look down to the non possessed,
when the greed ceases to be the mother of all evils,

No one has to sell the drugs to the innocent,
No one has to sell their bodies to the corporate,
No one has to gulp the pills for the depression,
No one has to design the security to protect their illusions.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sacrificial Love..

The sacrifices that you have made,
Never going to be the waste,
Not to be forgotten, but to be honored,
Sooner or later in your life,
The sacrifices of our fathers on the land,
The sacrifices of our mother's womb,
The sacrifices of our soldiers in the battle ground,
The sacrifices of the souls on the crosses,
Never been neglected to be rewarded,
Rewards may be put in the goods train,
Believe, it will arrive at your door steps,
Of your hearts and minds,
to feel the strength of sacrifice,
The sacrifices have never been deleted,
from the page of karmic slates.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sales Woman...

pretty woman with deep red pink lips,
a small hip and the round many pairs,
walking in front of me smiling to sell,
Their kids are alone at home waiting..

beautiful short skirts and the tight blouse,
tray of snacks and drink in the left hand,
running as the deer for the survival,
Their kids are at home alone and hungry.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Same! !

The earth is the same,
with light and dark,
the heart is the same,
with tears and fun,
the life is the same,
with famine and fame,
The soul is the same,
as born and reborn..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Say No To War..

He was just seventeen and four months,
The son of the humble peasant,
Recruited to be the cook in the barracks, but,
Given two grenades to destroy two machine guns,
Strong enemies with imported weapons,
His country fighting for freedom,
Instructed to throw at them,
He crawled to their destination,
The noise from the machine guns,
Deafened the ears of the soldiers,
Then there was silence for a second,
The young man threw one at the first post,
'allah' the call could be heard,
Mother land soldiers hiding and watching,
The action of the young cook turned a soldier,
Then he threw the second grenade to the second post,
The enemies were annihilated, so was the brave man,
Broken forehead spilled out his brain,
The stream suddenly changed into red saline,
The soldiers ran to rescue the body,
To confer the highest order,
of military honor.

Say No to war.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Say 'Yes' To Humanity

A multimillion dollar business,
that many prosperous nations,
involved in, thousands of jobs created,
and thousands of intellectuals displaced.

Many billion dollar entities,
owned by the developed countries,
prosperous it seems to be,
good income and happy they may be.

Inquisitive in nature,
innovative for the departures,
marketing can be undone,
with the blessing of UN.

when a business deal is finished,
maintenance and services are needed.
After the serviced services
the business starts and flourishes.

What business is so peculiar,
that dismantle the mercantile?
What business is so secular,
that disassociates the associate?

We have no slogans to shoot them.
We have nothing to underMine them.
Our words are not attackable,
in the jungle of weaponry.

Say no to weapons,
whether it is meant,
for short and long or
for friends and foes,

Say no to wars,
enough of saying,
good bye to the young,
and innocent,

who believed,
in the bluff,
of these people,
who have wanted,
to make a profit,
in hard cash,
but adorned the victims
with only the medals, the trash.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Scarry Moment..

The serpent was in front of me,
But a real king Cobra, so slim,
Sparkling with bluish tint,
Scales glittered with no attempts,
The eyes, piecing as the arrows,
Lifted the head for a foot, narrow,
Tail holds the ground in anger,
Shaking tongue protruded in despair,
The orange mouth opened wider,
The hissing whistle sounds higher,
My trembling hand took the hand phone,
Called the City Hall for assistance,
They told me to 'snake sit' for a while,
If run away, inform them at once,
I looked at the snake,
The snake looked at me,
My tied dogs looked at us,
They were angry with me,
For I prevented them,
From doing their duty,
I told the snake,
"If I let you go, you will be caught,
Someone may finish you,
Go with our officers,
They will leave you in the jungle,
And you can live happily"
As if it heard what I said,
The snake put down the head,
My dogs and the serpent were quiet,
That moment was so unique,
I stood just ten feet away,
when it was taken away.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Scavenging Ravens

I am so scared to close my nose,
as I may offend the deplorable souls,
An earthen pot filled with boiling rice,
comfortably sits in the middle of flies,
Everyone's waste is disposed here,
varieties of things in variant grade,
rotten, rotting and sale able plastics,
two human squat there to separate,
what other disposed, have some values,
when ever I walk by the dumpster,
at the sides of these main roads,
I try to walk faster, not to inhale,
the horrible smell of decaying garbage,
the other day I was forced to stop,
the traffic jam created by,
around ten rickshaws and a bullock cart,
I tried to take a deep breath,
and walk past as fast as I could,
Then I saw the bed that was laid,
between the dumpster and the wall,
just on the plank over the clogged ditch,
I was shocked, then I took off my hands,
from the nose and breathed the air,
that these poor people on the street inhale,
day and night and night and day.

How to change this country,
of over multimillion people,
half of them are dirt poor,
one tenth of them are the richest,
forty percent of them middle class,
How to change this country,
to have clean air for people to breathe?
How to change these countries,
to have clean water for people to drink?
How to change these continents,
to have ample work for the human,
to stand on their own feet?
Who is going to do it,

without being the mosquitoes,
that like to suck,
the blood of poor men?
who is going to do it,
without being the Shylock,
who wants not only a pound,
but also the body and the soul,
of the poor men of these continents?

I am scared to close my eyes,
as I may miss seeing all these lies.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sculpturing Of Air! !

The sky crystal above the earth,
get perforated with our humble hands,
The silence in the noisy air grated,
slowly; by not the trees, but our tenacity,

up and up, our hope and life go,
what not shared equally on the ground,
we share them in the caves of the space,
building the glass erectile aperture,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Searching

How many people pass by them all day long,
As the wind touch their skin to feel cold and warm,
To unknown destination they travel thinking,
They travel to the known destination of working and sleeping,
Planning for hours, to reach the goals on time,
Displaced using the available sources to release tension,
They have changed a lot from the dirty hunters, in appearance,
Habits of them never changed as their ancestors, who strive,
To seek the better of better always, will this search ever stop?

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Seasonal Affairs

The dry spell warn the plants,
To bloom faster to leave the seeds,
The once green leaves have acquired yellow,
Color, the fiery wind disperse the twigs,
Covered on the tables above the roots,
Not to evaporate what little love that is left,
To make the life line moist, while the sun,
Wears the hottest attire to scorch,
And ignite the bush fire in the secluded parts,
The garden full of blooms: beetles and butterflies,
Arrive with invitation from the saucy flowers,
The buzzing of mosquitoes hardly a day old,
The melodious mynas are on the upper deck,
Singing their heart out, announcing the betrothal,
Eagerly awaited spending the check leaves,
For the green pastures for the loved ones,
When the spring emerges with new foliage,
The hearts are happy here, paying the due interest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Security Guards! You Have Failed In Your Duties...

The sun can't melt me with his nuclear fusion,
The wind can't uproot me from his turbo function,
The moon can't show her rainbows with her refraction,
The oxide of Hydrogen has the ineffective electrons,
The microbes of miniscule kingdom have the tools of incisions,
The mirages in the desert work hard extra hours in illusions,
To catch and keep me as their pets, wag my tail when,
They wish, look at them in silence, and gaze at the hands,
for pittance, but how you enter my hut with no advance,
Booking, occupy my whole space, melt my heart to be,
The gold bar, uproot my mind to spread the wings,
Dissolve my thought in your humble and horrible opinion,
The vaccine advices teach the immune knowledge,
What to do during the mirages of worldly affairs,
The orifices are guarded and needed your identities,
How have you all managed to enter and mingle in my all cells?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Seek!

When I have a few minutes free time,
To not to think about the tasks of routine,
My thought jumps to the quiet home,
Where my parents, spouse and children,
Are around, I may need the pat on the shoulder,
The hug from the mother, a kiss from the spouse,
The affectionate grant from the kids, the heaven,
On the earth, a few minutes gone, reality sucks,
Work load on the table, in the site and the mind,
To mint the coins and print the currencies,
Loads of profits have to be repeated for the hearts,
To beat faster and quicker to get weaker,
What a life it is, in which I am a pawn,
Thrown everywhere with no happy sun,
My face has got the frown, eyes in the ponds,
Tired of thoughts and deeds that push me down,
Upstream battle until evening, before punching out,
I am in the heaven until next morning, when the love pumps in.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Seen You A Long Time Back!

Seen you long time back,
at the sun ridden Park,
on the bench of hard wood,
singing birds not quiet,

seen you long time back,
on the just cooled sand,
the moon was visible,
breathing salted breeze

seen you long time back,
at the glassed desk of a mall,
the geese dressed as the butterflies,
smelling the sweet caramel

seen you long time back,
when my young heart jumped,
my mind blind folded
dreaming impossible

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Selective Parenthood!

The scuff holding of the nest is full of thorns,
Which the birds beak pick one by one,
Up to the tree, away from rain and shine,
The castle for the young birds sways in elation.

Walk on the needles, the parents at work,
The claws are strong and toughly leather ed,
The new eggs are soft with no hard shells,
The hays and soft grass are laid as the bed spread.

Both of them are overjoyed, as no third party involved,
They work in pair and stay in their own yard,
The trees are full of nests, where the singing can be heard,
At certain trees, only one carrying the eggs, struggle to meet the end.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Self Created Invisibility...

You are just in front of me,
Munching and gulping my favorite food,
A knife to slice and a fork to pick,
A mouth to tuck and the lips to lick.

I am in front of you,
Not 'observing' you any more,
Trying to figure out the cold food,
The bonds are loosened,
Even a name is forgotten.

Looking at the stars beyond the street lights,
The trees are still, not shaking their leaves,
When the quivering minds learn to walk erect,
None is more important to it, except its experience,
Being invisible to my mended mind,
not just happened and it has been a long process..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Self Hurt..

Of all those terrible crimes,
Self hurting is the worst,
Not written in any books about,
Criminology and theology of sort,
No one is there to prosecute,
To seek justice for oneself,
The horrendous crime is self hurt,
Many are happily comfortable with.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Senility..

Before she sneaks into my safe home,
To take me into her multiple arms,
To feed me the poisonous ivies through the germs,
Disconnect all those interfaces with her dry kisses,
Summon me for the faults known and unknown,
Canals get constricted as she is very generous,
My crown may get clumsy dreaming as a baby,
Crying for long lost mummy and daddy,
Let my legs travel on the vast land to see the beauty,
Let my wings spread wider, before she tries to natty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Set Them Free..They Will Multiply..

Watching the birds is real fun,
no need dime, only the time,
colorful birds to colored birds,
chirping birds to singing birds,
flying birds to walking birds,
cunning birds to love birds,
Watching birds is just a lesson,
making mind to have a vision.

collect the twigs to make the nest,
one by one, they think the best,
choose the right tree,
just high and free,
Making the nest perfect,
without any single defect,
The birds toil together or alone,
all day long until it is done.

I bought two love birds,
that were kept in a cage.
Hung the cage under the balcony,
above the reach of dogs not felony.
chirping disturbed their sleep,
Nikko, the dog set them free.
Only two flew away,
but I have a few dozens now,
making their nests,
right in front of me, on the trees.

Watching the birds is real fun,
no need dime, only the time.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Shaded Heart

I am standing in the queue,
Looking at her with love,
Winking at her for a while,
Chanting the tenets in a second,
She looks at me with a smile,
That pierces my heart as a knife,
Thousands of days gone as the mists,
She still looks at me with a smile,
Not knowing of my little winks,
Those are hidden with a pair of sun shade,
I still stand with my love not reciprocated,
As I am shaded with the pride,
My true intention not known to anyone,
She still smiles at me with love,
Thinking that I am blind,
Sometimes she searches the white stick,
That I may have hidden in my trousers,
I hold a single rose in my secret chest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Shadowed Life!

Praying mantis strike a good pose,
How much they eat, they won't be obese,
People of this insect kind, clasp their hands tight,
Looking up in the sky to find the answer for their fight,
People wear the clothes of poor not by choice, but by force,
People have the empty stomach not for diet, but have no food,
Barefooted people walking on the hot soil and cold ice mud,
The hands with no rings open the containers to find the air,
Straining under the angry sun for feeding the mouths,
Obeying the rules of the land, people are tamed,
Various mortgages chained their free spirit,
Scared of their own welfare, they like to be in the crowd,
Though they know something wrong, they have no voice,
To shout and cry for help and the hostile world,
Have dorms, but they have no time to warm.
Wheels are tied to the feet with policy brakes,
That decide for them when to rest and relax.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

She Has Been Restrained! !

Then,

when she came, as a young lass, with gentle steps,
her bangled hands and ringed fingers picked the,
fallen stars; foam of her smelt very fresh,
as she became the woman to swell to deliver,

Once 'Mother, She has come' I cried out loud,
Everyone was out and rushed to the bank,
to witness the arrival of a beauty pageant,
sniffed as hard as we could; smell of our soil,

New water arrived without fail for many years,
who had made her new, restrained her with shutters,
our ancestors were shocked, not seeing her presence,
during summer, but she would come to hold us tight,

Now,

everyone here is angry looking at Cauvery,
At the junction of barren boundaries,
The stone dam built by a chola the great,
Whose leg was charred to be black,

Standing on the bridge, view a few mile long,
Cauvery, who was unashamedly naked and sandy,
Even mud flippers are dead to be the specimen,
The seeds of grass and pulses grown on her body,

The flood gates are open to let the wind pass through,
The eye lids are closed and open; those dried too.
The skeletal Tamil farmers' feet are hardened as the rocks,
of embankment; thousands of rusty years old.

The shrunken stomach and the shortened human,
Where else can you see but in the dries spots,
The cities may be full of nerds with nuts and bolts,
But the villages are worn out; farmers are in slums.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

She Is Desperately In Love With Us

When we go to weed in our paddy fields,
The safety boots and gloves not in need,
The bare footed friends of mine,
Gather in rugged wrappers to call it their dress,
The knee deep water has the hosts of rodents,
And water snakes, snails and tickling crawlers,
Paddy seedlings arrived in bundles,
Must pick up two or three as clump,
Using the finger to dip the hole for the young plants,
The rows of paddy seedlings found the new destination,
To grow and produce the bunches of paddy seeds,
Hundreds of years passed quietly in the silent villages,
Where our life remain the same in our dung tiled huts,
The roof made of weaved palm leaves,
Have hundreds of marbled apertures,
Through which our infants can view the moon,
They try to catch the dusty rays of sunlight,
That is very affectionate to warm and burn their skins,
Thunderous rain may arrive in drip dripping noise,
Where our couples coiled to demolish our economy,
The rows of women sing the song to entertain the mother earth,
Bending down to plant each stalk of paddy on the battlefield,
In other place human feet never hung at the hip of the mother earth,
In our place no place is spared, we are in close contact with her love,
She may not want to be neglected so she is keeping us poor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

She Runs Away As Usual..

My imagination never surpasses,
The boundary of the telescopes,
So vast, huge and immeasurable lots,
Never have the perimeter to compress,
The butterflies in me may take a flight,
With the addition of love and pure love,
All the tools and toys I have collected,
Are the waste and have to be disposed,
With the star dust seen in the sunlight,
The cool moon light may shy away in distress,
When she is avoided with big black hole,
The depth of it may be a few nanometers,
Still, she doesn't know the closeness,
Of our desire, so she runs away as usual.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sheep Of Yesterday, Today And Ever...

The herds of sheep very uniform,
As the designed muffler on the platform,
Sway in the same direction as the front,
Ready to be sheared and slaughtered at any minute.

The herds of these animals seem to be obedient,
Not known to anyone that their are such characters,
Following the instinct of where the grass grows fast,
A few may not want to be one of them to get fooled.

Feed them more to grow their muscle and call it mutton,
Feed them enough to elongate the fur to call it wool,
Feed them grant to dislodge the taste to call them citizens,
Herds of fashion and frills are ready to go up and down

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Short Selling..

I want to steal your heart,
As it is made of pure gold,
Not any metal mixed to be alloyed,
To carry the emotion bags with experience,
Of fidgety hands and shaking thighs,
Easily not to be ashed with burning fire,
That is kind enough to be gentle and never,
Flirts with any characters of compound,
Exist as pure as the thin sands of the soul,
That glitter as the stars in the land's depth,
Aqua regia is my powerful desire to dissolve you,
To lose your weakness of prestigious element,
For a while to take away from the fan fare,
Where you are treated as the whore,
To lure the punters to ride on your back,
Thousands of years have exited, thousands,
Yet to arrive, please let me steal your pure heart,
And dissolve you forever for the welfare of my weak thought,
And let me have the name that is named after your fame,
When your heart still pumps the elixir of love,
Think of me for a second, I will be there with a dove,
To break your bond of affinity to cling to the prosperous,
And paint you in the chips to reach the hands of everyone,
Who knows not that they own you in small layers,
On their laps, where you can feel the warmth,
Of the fathers, who are the kings in their homes,
You may have the little prince and princesses,
As the play mates and a loving mother to keep you safe.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Should We Have To Count The Calories?

The crispy fritters hold the juicy meat,
Of sweet, birds and sheep that bleat,
The smell from the fast food outlets,
Willingly enter the nostrils to salivate,
With the blinking of a few minutes,
The whole tray of food on our tables,
Guarded by the long glass of sweetened fuzzy drink,
The daily need for the body saving protein blocks,
The much needed fat that help us in secretion,
Are fulfilled in our first meal, during breakfast,
The rest of the day when we add lunch and dinner,
The supporting snacks, alcohol and ice cream,
We are laying the road to the port of blood pressure,
Where the diabetes is added as the free gift,
The cardiac vascular diseases may strain our breeze,
The culprits are only few and they are seductively nude,
The carbohydrate and sugar raise our triglyceride,
The saturated fat increase our cholesterol,
Which is named as bad and the other one is good,
These three grouped together to spoil our health,
Visceral fat is nastier, the floats in the canals,
The fixed number of fat molecules gets larger and larger,
Sand bags are found in the abdomen and the limbs,
The four padded full moons suffer with gravitational pull,
Men have become the toddlers, learn to walk slowly,
And steadily, once step in front and then balance for a while,
Gasping for air, looking around for the watching eyes,
Afterwards another step, the mass of muscles swing,
To the tune of our negligible speed of mobility,
Reduce consuming mountain size delicacies,
That is laced with excess salt and sugar;
Not only calories, also the ailments,
Cut down the salt, cut down the sugar and alcohol,
Cut down the carbohydrate, protein and lard,
Otherwise our fast life will be cut down short to suffer,
with known and unknown devils of diseases.
From the roasted mutton, the lard oozes out,
the smell is great, but eat the size of the mouse,
that we hold. It is mostly beneficial and good,

when we choose to eat what these animals eat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Show Off..

My ears were pierced in the temple of God,
And these got closed, once the studs were removed,
Another ceremony in another temple,
The new holes are still open for me to wear the ornaments.

The great granny had the holes hung with heavy bolts,
Almost reached her shoulders in the photo framed,
The rings have been there in every human's heart,
To wear and show off the discipline that one sought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Show What You Have!

Love him; love her, with no doubts,
Ride him; ride her through every moment,
Take him; Take her, with your heart blasts,
Touch him; Touch her, your wedded spouse,
Show him; show her how much she means,
Wrap him; wrap her, with kind memory tunes.

The gaze of you takes her to paradise,
The stare of you pulls him not to rave,
The kind touch of you, so pleasant,
To each other, both your hearts,
Speak language of care and love,
At constant sharing of what you have.

The beginning of a happy family,
Commences in your true ability,
That not obtained through ferment,
Juice of crushed grains and fruits,
Flowers of beautiful poppies allure,
The grave pain of insane sanity offers.

Love him; love her, with no doubts,
Ride him; ride her through every moment,
Take him; Take her, with your heart blasts,
Touch him; Touch her, your wedded spouse,
Show him; show her how much she means,
Wrap him; wrap her, with kind memory tunes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Show Your Concerns..

People may ultimately hate,
What they liked the most,
At a particular period of time,
The remnants of happiness,
Wiped and cleaned from the mind,
As that happiness reminds the hurt,
Whatever people like the most,
They will hate it with much remorse,
It may be a bad habit and a bad relationship,
But not at all the love of the loved ones,
They will cherish it, even after neglect it,
For a short and a long time,
Not notice their valuable presence,
People will realize their fault,
they already notice and feel their absence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Simmering Dreams!

The dreams simmer in the hearts,
The desire increases the energy in the heat,
The hope in the trance sometimes will be real,
Not let the Simmering hastily overflows,
With accelerated actions and quick reactions,
Control the desire of fire by disconnecting,
It may rain sometimes, when cloud seeding is done,
But the goal can be reached through hard work sown.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Simple And Straight Forward

Let us look through our hearts,
To find the loving pearls,
As our minds are not clouded with doubts,
To drag our heads down in guilt,
Let us hold our hands tight,
Not let any third element,
To intrude to mess our life to be wild,
The life is so simple, when truth is transparent,
To see our love for each other is clearly visible,
The doubts are the evils that spoil our mood,
Let us not groom it with lies and secrets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Simple Fun

We played with the rain,
That started as the stain,
Wetted our clothes with fun,
Soaked us in cool chillness,
We run with the sun,
That darkened our skin,
Sat under the tree to breathe,
Leaving all exasperation of heat,
We played with the sand,
That deposited between the toes,
And in the nails when scrapped,
Sand to build the home and dome,
We played with the fire,
When our young corns are tastier,
Roasted in our vast fields that is parted,
Even the neighbors chicken not spared,
Saw our friends drank the milk from goats and cows,
Paddy field rats were caught and dissected,
With simple razors to see the internal organ loads,
The heart was still beating in stolen chloroform,
The land is so spacious for every one of us has fun,
We treat the lovers of our friends as siblings,
Wives of the uncle like human as aunties,
Teasing and seeking trivial joke out of innocence,
Our life is great, not the games of genes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Simple Pleasure

When the dinner was ready, when I was five,
We sat on the mat in the Hall, half awake,
Varieties of food prepared, served and fed,
The daddies were at the center to watch,
We couldn't laugh and chat while eating,
We shouldn't spill the food on the ground,
We have had unwritten rules,
That has to be strictly obeyed,
Men and the children are in the first list,
Then the women of the house eat and taste,
What they cook, there is a pleasure,
In serving the food to the people we love,
Spoon after spoon, ladle after ladle,
Our love is measured many times,
Many thousand times in our dining halls,
Sometimes we feed our grown up children,
Out of the same bowl, for which,
The women of the houses are mocked,
Simple pleasures such as these,
In life make the living meaningful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Singled

Hands are full, when left alone to care,
As the duties call them to the fighting fare,
To the oil rigs and to the distant blooms,
Responsibilities rest on these petite shoulders,
Apart from the own career, two's work,
As the father and the mother, one becomes,
Thought of inevitable along with fear and tears,
Children act differently in front of their fathers,
Mothers are their toys to play the emotion with,
Married, but singled as their fathers at work,
The Female friends keep comfortable distance,
The male friends may come closer for attendance,
as the dirty flies smell the sweet jack fruits,
As the clumsy full moon gains attention,
These women are so bright under clear vision,
But they stand erect with their respect intact,
Treasuring the welfare of the family in every breath,
These women are the pillars for universal brotherhood.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sir, Should I Send A Memo? Today Is Father's Day.

If you are a corporate father,
Who seldom talks at home,
Keeps your distance away,
From Your loved ones,
Behaves as the boss,
Who has many helping hands,
In the corporate office,
Where you are praised,
When you sneeze,
When you tell the stupid jokes,
When you slam your subordinate,
With point blank sniper words,
You are all fools and your emotional IQ is abysmal,
And at home you are teased,
As the 'people' at home,
Are not as obedient as your,
Corporate clients and clowns,
On behalf of your families,
I would want to call you a name,
You are all fools and your emotional IQ is abysmal,
If your children called you once,
To wish you to have a great day today,
You are great, you should have done something good,
If not, please go back to your office,
Envy upon those simple fathers,
Who are wished by their loving children,
Whose mind are properly cultivated,
With right and encouraging words,
Throughout their life, the option is within you,
You have to change to be the human,
Before your horrible retirement,
Otherwise, you may not have much memory,
To recollect and rejoice except for those metal trophies.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sisterly Brothers...

When the hips are not fixed,
Swing hither and thither as unscrewed,
Hands are slender and very flexible,
Eyes are drowsy, move sideways,
O the neck lost its authority,
Brothers, What posture is it?
Your kind of brothers are growing,
On every soil of the world,
Soils of black, white, brown and colored,
When men were the hunters, they hunted the animals,
When men were the soldiers, they killed their enemies,
When men were the prophets, they preached the women,
When men are the loners, they mutilate their own gender.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

S'Laugh'Terly Flirting..

The perfect stage is set, let us flirt,
The globules of fried and floating lards,
Gushing through the tunnels of art,
The Almighty in the Gods is very smart.

Let us roll in the living solution of plasma mixture,
'Human are Gods', a sage blabbered while high on happy leaves,
Let us heat up and burn our breathing apertures,
With the incense of narcotic smoke that glorifies the Gods.

We have to meet and it is the decided fate,
Gasping can be heard while emerge for our episodes,
The overly added salt and the secreted hormones routines,
The masonry clogging of the arteries that are close to love's dictionary.

The perfect back drop is laid; the colorful fume can be seen,
The deposit of blackened tar in honeycomb fixture of the breath,
The fat, salt and the leisurely life style, the masons get the jobs,
Those have flirted a lot, never returned back to tell their sobs.

The iron can corrode and the bones can erode to be porous,
The life is not too short as the nights are always too long,
Dating is the athletic spirit, let this body falls for monetary profit,
Sunken are these ships, no curious captain with stethoscope can rescue.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Smart People..

If I am pushed down,
I will catch a cliff,
and climb up.

If I am robbed,
I fool the robber,
and will get back mine.

If I am cheated,
I learn from it,
I will not be cheated again.

If I push a person,
I make sure,
that there is no cliff.

If I rob a person,
I make sure,
I will not be fooled.

If I cheat a person,
I make sure,
cheating is never felt.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Smile Please!

Everything will remain,
As long as we are alive,
The sun may set for a new day,
The moon may rise for a new night,
The flowers may wither for the fresh fruits,
The path may be walked to curb the weeds,
The weeping rain may see the rainbow ribbons,
Flowing down as the water to support the livings,
Everything will remain, as it is and where it is,
Even after we would have gone and framed,
Even the memories have the cloaks of accounts,
Everything has remained here, except the,
Metaphorical doves, burdened with piggy bags,
Trying to fly high in the airless space,
Witnessing the heavy clouds, hiding the earth,
Banging at one another, with lightening fireworks,
The stars may clap and the sun may smile,
The moon may hide, man, you will remain.
To rule the earth and then the universe,
We have just begun to learn the truth,
Of how to live hundred years,
With no old age and disease,
But with smiles..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Smiling Culture

Should we have a reason,
to smile at people?
Should we have a reason or two,
to show the human spirit?

When our eyes meet,
we smile spontaneously,
and then move on,
to do our works. Nothing attached.

When our eyes meet,
and I smile,
The other mouth zipped,
but the eyes opened wide.

'He has made a cruel thing to me,
by not smiling back at me'.
'She has made such an act, smiling,
by not keeping the stone face'.

Is smiling an expression,
to invite the people to bed?
Is this friendly gesture,
an expression of corrupted mind?

We smile at everyone,
male and female
young and old,
educated and uneducated,
rich and poor,
healthy and healthy.
at any time, but
we would not smile,
the second time.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sneaking Body

Fluttering heart really uncontrollable,
Weakening mind totally unbearable,
Sneaking body works on its own,
When the rationality is disowned,
stealing of something,
belongs to someone:
someone's money,
someone's spouse,
someone's peace,
someone's territory,
someone's oil,
someone's toil,
And we do our first mistake in particular,
Everyone feels the same,
And we never bother that shame,
continue with lame,
thousands of documents,
to support the lying flame.
Documents of hard, hardcore,
Documents of soft, software.
Err is human and
not to err also humane,
but conveyed divine,
Divinity not gives such pleasure,
Unless one knows how to derive,
A deed in one region,
May be bad in another,
A good in one region,
Always good everywhere.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Snow Filled Notes...

Behind the windows there are green and blue,
The yellow sunshine mashes on their face,
Tilted crown look so erect and perfect,
The genes passing machines are at work,

The nested birds have many different feathers,
Grooming, dirtying and cleaning are the favorites,
Every second is based on the calculated cents,
The soul Carrying droplets are at the transit,

Where they go with their high heels on,
Where they look as the lost swan,
Where they end with the love as the pawn,
Where they get cheated with their minds gone,

Behind the windows there are green and blue,
Every little thing get puzzled as the scattered volcano,
Days come and leave as the snow filled notes of hot piano,
The genes passing machines never failed to dream..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Someone Asked Me

When you walk on the red carpet with shoes laced with corrupt cattle dung,
When you stand near the podium with forgotten script and in cloudy mind,
When you promised to be the leader with unfulfilled plans,
Before you realize, the same people who loved you, will ridicule you.

When you are the head of the learned with confused knowledge,
When you are the leader of the team that builds white elephants,
When you are the representative of super power with no power,
What contribution can you make for the betterment of existing humor?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Someone! !

Until yesterday you were no one to me,
But starting from today, you are someone,
Very special to transfer my thoughts in toy cannon,
Following you with whatsapp and SMS, ringtones,

Today's dawn was quite different with a long, happy sign,
Until yesterday you were no one, today you are someone,
Reign my mind and drive my heart to a very new destination,
Luckily Floating of my legs not witnessed by anyone.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sometimes..

Is he visible to you in your dark dreams,
As the silvery angel carrying the band and balm,
Lifting you up with the soft feathered snow,
Sitting on his shoulder is a beautiful dove,
Fluttering the wings as the eyelids of a cove,
The waves of feeling recede to the cave,
When the dark dreams try to escape,
Is she visible to you as the day light?
Has he garnered all the might?
The doubts are cleared near the twilight,
The hearts are united through the 'excess' rays,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sons, We Have Our Land To Plough!

When they put the thilak on your foreheads,
They hoped that you would return intact,
But you stayed back wherever you went,
Picking up the concubines of native tribes.

Leaving them, the single mothers back on our lands,
Raising the children in hardship with the help,
Of relatives and friends, shame on seafarer,
Tamils of Chola Dynasty, Shame on you.

And the descendant of your ill bred notoriety,
In all countries of South East Asia and in India,
They had bred the sons, who like to forget,
All woes and troubles in hard liquor and whores.

Still don't know how to tame the poverty,
Bulls that ruin our hay less field of hearts,
Still don't know how to pull the fangs of,
Insufficiency to be sufficient and happy.

Still don't know how to get water,
From the falls that are not very far,
Still believe that their ancestral fathers,
Would return with ship loads of golden feathers.

As we are the descendant of the single mothers,
Who were abandoned by the cowards,
Who called themselves as the valiants,
Children of slum, huts and poverty.

Wake up! we are too late already,
To catch the fast train of prosperity,
We are too slow to look into nasty,
Ideology that helps the hypocrisy.

We are too drowsy to identity,
That we have almost lost my modesty,
Pick up the loin cloth and tie it tightly,
We have no time to remain on the laps,

Of weeping mother and sweet talking spouse.

We have to plough our own land,
To grow our own prosperity plants.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Soon To Be Extinct..

The smoke billows through their sky,
Their souls leave with haste suddenly,
The cries heard and the victory may be claimed,
They hold their mythological books tight.

Wearing the robes and clutching the wounded,
Sieving the rubble to find the peace they are taught,
Unshaven beards full of itch ridden scars,
They hold their mythological books for support.

Doves are there, released from the pacific,
Carried the message to poke and bandage,
The skull caps are multi colored to hide the patches,
They hold their mythological books for guidance.

These books are too dangerous, as these release the devils,
From the hearts of angelic human who are visually impaired,
Limbs are scattered and the heads are swallowed,
They still hold their mythological books to prove to be extinct.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sorry Sisters, We Have Let You All Suffer...

The phantoms walk on the roads,
Just two windows for the eyes,
Covering all ups and downs from the views,
The women protect the chastity of men's world.

Men of the western world are not bothered,
As they have matured earlier, not as their cousins,
Men are at risk everywhere when over exposed with meat,
Discipline is not in any culture, but cultivated in the mind.

Nakedness is not new, as our ancestors were nude,
Homelessness is not new, as they had done 'everything' in open,
Making money out of vulgarity is not new, as they were the pioneers,
Dusty human have always sought fun out of their springs and wells.

If they force us to wear the sewn blanket,
When we go to their sandy land, we will not wear it,
Even if they send us to gallows, we will not wear it,
Not disobeying their rules, but to upkeep our dignity.

If their men are weak to get erected at every encounter,
It is their weakness; hence don't make us a scapegoat,
Don't force us to wear burqa, when we are in their land,
Rights of hijab wearing women are violated, let them get up...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Speak Loudly...

Civilized human still have animal instinct,
To chop the territories with the smell of print,
Not to keep our welfare in a sprint,
But let others to suffer and the errands,
Of our notoriety spill the beans,
At the paper and the metal beams,
Worries are abound, everywhere,
When the rights are abused,
Worries are contractual, everywhere,
When the rights are abound,
Right to make noise, Right to hold the placards,
Right to express oneself, Right to go to judiciary,
Right to vote, Right to have different leaders,
What is the use of all these rights,
When we do not have the right,
To uplift ourselves from the ignorance,
Of yet to understand the meaning,
of politics, Politicians decide,
every step that we take,
From dawn to dusk,
dusk to dawn and
Birth to death.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Speculative Business...

Never ever blame others,
For your own failures,
A single Brahmin intercepts,

A lizard makes noise from the corner,
The flying of crows,
The roaming of the widows,

The stamped inauspicious events,
Sometimes it may be the face of your spouse,
Children, relatives and the parents,

Don't blame them for your shortfalls,
When you know your strength and weakness,
You may start to roll the snowball.

Sometimes for good and maybe for bad,
When the momentum picks up,
Who can stop the speed,

Never ever blame others,
For your own failures..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Spiritual Love..

Yesterday had gone quiet,
Tomorrow will arrive at our feet,
I don't bother about the yesterdays,
I won't bother about the tomorrows,
As I have the today in the safe of my hand,
This moment belongs to me,
And I make this passing second,
A precious memory, as long as,
You are with me,
As long as you provide me something,
That slowly snows as the warm icing,
As long as you change my surroundings,
Where the scent exists without any flowers cuttings,
Words are not in need, messages can be understood,
As long as you are with me,
i am possessed by your spirit,
you are possessed by my spirit,
We are possessed by our spirits.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Spreading Hatred Is Unethical! ! !

What is there between you and us,
when spew the hate words as the dust,
at every sermon from every corner,
hatred will not last but the love will do,

what is there between you and us,
when the verses are read with vengeance,
poison seeds are sown in young hearts,
at every dome where you prostrate,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Spring Cleaning..

Sleep, the little hearts around the world,
In the comfort of your mother's laps,
the world that we will leave behind,
For you, the future youth to feel and handle.
Laced with Herbicide, pesticides and infertile,
The polluted rivers, oceans, wind and mind,
Ignorant human not know to dig and grow,
Deprived human not own lands and farms,
Innocent human are in the comfortable nests,
Thinking they are at the top of the hills and forests,
The chain of mass production out of cheap labor,
The escalating price of housing and health care,
No hand be available for charity and free help,
Greedy people struggle hard to pay the bills,
The new culture from the distant land,
Arrives on your ports in big containers,
Sleep, babies, sleep, until you grow up,
On the bosoms of your mothers and immigrant maids,
Tricky business entities out to reap profits,
You are the additional number for them to count,
non degradable plastics and poisonous chip boards,
'More the merrier', people stopped the thought,
You may be left alone in the wild world to hug,
The bears as big as the adult size from the shops,
Sleep, babies, sleep now, and then you may not rest and sleep,
The cleaning has to be done before the dumpster is full,
The tongue of the flame and smoke from the silent fire,
Will lick the greenaries and heat up the oceans,
Wake up, Parents, start the spring cleaning!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stand Against The Evil

When the doubts are not cleared,
When the truth is not told,
When silence is kept as so dear,
Then the hatred starts to tear.

When the secrets are kept,
When the ill thoughts are nourished,
When sincerity exits out of heart,
Then the hatred begins to manifest.

When the cries of help is ignored,
When the need to assure is avoided,
When the inevitable feeling is scratched,
Then the hatred becomes part of human.

When the true feelings are respected,
When the innocence is upheld,
When the chastity is maintained,
Then the love chases away the hatred.

Stop crying when someone abuses you,
The crying makes the abuser more abusive.
Stand against the evil for your right,
Your future will be happy and bright.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stand At Ease!

When the storm of doubts, ill will and fate,
Blow harder than ever for me to get uproot,
Let me stay still or be flexible to the tunes at least,
Not to lose my gripping integrity from the soil not to exit,
As the optimist, who see the flowers more than the thorns,
Metaphorical angel looks for the pure hearts more than the sinful,
I seek The available opportunities more than the inadequacies,
The unseen coins spread on the soil more than the printed currencies,
The love that tries to overflow from the deeds more than the words,
The helping hands that extend to wipe the tears more than the stones,
Let us not have the illusion with the delusion that storm will hurt,
It is just testing our will, how long and strong we stand at ease.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stand Up For Our Rights!

Walking through the same street day and night,
Knowing each and every pothole that knock the toes,
Picturesque alms bowls with sticky legs and sticks,
In front of the Gods, at the sides of the roads,
At the entrance to the hospitals and the bus stations,
Calling of mother heard even in the middle of the night,
For the leftover food, skeletal system covered with skin,
Active volcanoes with analog signals of hungry waves,
Digital human in the dwelling towers, hard of hearing,
The Streets full of acceptance, curses hurled,
The town full of visual displays, powerless clowns,
The state full of innocents, innocent of knowledge,
Management, the nation full of people, disabled in thought,
Thought that unable to say what they want and need.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stealing Is Wrong

If you have ransacked,
One of my cloned hearts,
And kept it in your wallet,
Please let me know of it,
Otherwise I may look for it,
Somewhere else,
Where another cloned machine,
Just ticking for its pair:
Wheeze in despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Step Mother Attitude

You look like us, but fatter and bitter,
Your skin is fresher, not washed in the water,
That mixed with mud, germs and not filtered,

You look like us, but you have the dollars,
Which are green in color and have the buying power,
You can buy our fields of rice bowl with a signature,

You look like us, but you sing different anthem,
When you are there, while at home you are the actors,
Our innocence is the treasure, on which you have your fingers,

You look like us, but you are modeled for different purpose,
You are the puppets while some people hold the threads,
Nothing is free and fair, though you are qualified to be naturalized,

You look like us, but you are the warriors of the old and new world,
You are programmed to compete and slaughter the poor and naive,
ethnic competition is the new chapter for the political toads.

You look like us, but you have abandoned your own mother,
staying with the step mother makes you to be a trickster,
she uses you to abuse us to feed her broods to be lazier.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stop Acting! We Have Issues To Address!

More than hundred million of our people,
Live in luxury. The luxury you can't find in any castle,
Of a European country, as the labor law is strict there,
Here in my father's land India, abused are our workers,
Who can work nonstop for the peanut salaries and old clothes,
Modern day slaves bend their heads to the floor,
Most of them not protected against ills and injuries,
Mansions and factories filled with cheap laborers,
Where the dogs are well fed, cared and have a clean place,
To call it their home, but the children of our brothers,
Have waited silently for a new dawn for many years,
During the visit of our ministers, our roads are spotless,
During inspection days, everything is kept in order to impress,
During the arrival of foreign dignitaries, the dramas enacted,
To show the prosperity of the poverty stricken political ideology,
When climb down the steps of the red carpeted,
Pathway of the airplane staircases, everyone with a nose,
Can smell the decaying of the uncollected rubbish,
Few kilometers away, the sides of the modern and old roads occupied,
By the homeless, who have nothing to say it their own,
Except the poverty that is nurtured in the hearts of poverty,
Which in turn disperse the seeds of poverty everywhere,
Through dirty wind, water and land agents, here
Seven hundred million live in poverty and another three hundred,
Try to act neither as rich nor as poor, but as a middle class.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stop Crying

Stop crying when someone abuses you,
The crying makes the abuser more abusive.
Stand against evil and strive for your rights,
Never shed another dropp of hot tear.

Troubles look so troubled,
After you pick up the confidence.
When thousands of stars and human smile at you,
Why do you weep silently?

Your wings are tied if the cocoon is your dwelling,
Break open the cocoon and spread your wings,
Then The whole world is yours to explore,
Enjoy the wind and sun and have fun.

When the rules of humanity are followed,
When the responsibilities are well observed,
When we are faithful, we will have peace,
No treasure equals that peace and we are blessed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Strange Sickness.

You are the reason for my illness,
You are the remedy for my sickness,
The strange sickness attacks me,
By increasing my heart's rhythm,
Giddiness in the head,
Palpitation at the chest,
Loss of appetite and
Scores of other symptoms,
Feeling quite hot when you are far,
Feeling strange when you are near,
All people seem to be happy and smile,
When you hold my hands,
Everyone seem to be sad and cry,
When you go away from me,
What sickness is this so strange,
That is induced by you?
What sickness is this so unique,
That is cleared by you?
You are the reason for me to be awkward,
Giggle at my mother when she scolds,
You are the reason for me to be childish,
When my father checks my progress,
You are the reason for me to flunk,
Two three subjects all of a sudden,
I am not ashamed of that failure, my love,
As long as you are the cause,
And the remedy for my sickness..
Something in you causes this!
Something in you clears this!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Struggle..

Life is tough for every single flower,
that has to endure the mighty power,
Life is tough for every single flower,
that has to do it alone over and over.

Has to sway to the tune of the wind,
has to dance to the beat of the rain,
has to tolerate the moods of the sun,
has to settle high on thin stem.

Life is tough for every single flower,
that blooms with hope and willpower,
to face every obstacle on its way,
to be victorious every day.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Stunted Growth, ,

Millions of our children naked and hungry,
Rolling on the streets to scratch the itch,
Stuffed noses and coughing throats,
Inflamed lungs, worm filled guts,
Bloated stomachs and teary eyes,
Thin hands and legs with thinner fingers and toes,
Millions of them all around the world,
Scavenging on the waste and left outs,
If children were the blooms,
What fruits can be expected,
Of these suffering silkworms?
Voiceless children of the world,
Suffer in silence in multi fold,
in The hands of abusive human,
The legs of run over ideologies,
The merciless hearts of economy,
Stunt not only their physical growth,
But also their innocent childhood.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Subconsciously..

This world belongs to you,
To do the spring clean,
The dirt is everywhere,
Need to be simply washed,
And wiped, the sensual animals,
Are called as the pests,
Their spill is contagious,
Has to be scrubbed,
Using the moral detergents,
We are tired of doing,
All these work on daily basis,
What is there to look forward,
When the dirty world is left as it is,
The bodies of human ache,
The souls tremble in fear,
Why the laws of cleanliness are drafted?
Whose assumption is this what clean really means?
Human are weak and can't be stable for hundred years,
Who wants us to suffer by obeying in servitude?
Happiness is kept in the bottles and then in capsules,
Why can't they derive the happiness through their acts,
They are forced to forget all woes to be happy for a moment,
Once they can't remember themselves,
The rules are disobeyed to be human again,
As they speak the truth in hallucination,
the conscious mind good at manipulation,
the subconscious mind good at revelation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sulking Flowers

Comparing the bees to the wandering males of human species,
Disheartening the waiting souls at the threshold of floral genesis,
For the pollen these bees brought unknowingly,
The generous flowers tip the nectar unconditionally.

Bees are the messengers, not the rapists as human,
Bees are the servants, not the incest driven as human,
Bees are the courier carriers, not the molesters as human,
Bees are innocent, not the illusionists scoundrels as human.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Supply And Demand..

mothers of our nations produce babies,
to send them as immigrant workers:
work at the plantation to yield,
toil at the construction field,
sweat at the rig with oily hands,
sweep the roads with gloved hands,
hit the key board to program,
touch the patients to diagnose,
build the machines to fly and float,
and a few be the customers,
to the whores for comfort and to rot.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Suspicion Is Contageous

Scene 1.

When I feel warm in the middle of the night,
I suspect that electricity is cut off as usual
When I bite a pebble while eating rice,
I suspect that it is adulterated as usual.
When I am denied a seat to the university,
I suspect that I am less eligible than others, as usual.
When I am left to fend on my own with family and friend's support,
I suspect that my country is as useless as I, as usual.

Scene 2.

When I come out with my sling bag and laptop,
I am suspicious of everyone who looks at me.
When I walk to the tube and sit there comfortably,
I close my eyes tightly to avoid the suspicious eyes.
When I enter the workplace and talk to my colleagues,
who are as suspicious as I, exchange the suspicious greetings.
Wherever I go, I see the people who are suspicious of others,
cameras to catch the suspicious looking characters,
unattended bags are removed within half an hour,
for the fear of suspicious people planting bombs,
in some other places literally no rubbish bins,
and I am allowed to throw wherever I like,
and people are watching me always as a suspect,
and that makes me to be suspicious of them too.

When I come out with my sling bag,
I am suspicious of everyone who looka at me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sweden, The Moral Police..

Oh Sweden, the land of Heaven,
The couples are happily strewn,
On the lawn and in the open,
To the visibility of the sun and the moon,
Oh, Sweden, what do you want to prove,
Arresting the parents of Malaysian Kids,
Our cultures are very different,
Caning is wrong, but it is not prohibited here,
A juvenile delinquent is not identified,
To the eyes of the interviewers,
The son stole and the father caned,
The Children were mischievous,
Beyond our imagination could implore,
What do you want to prove,
Are you the moral police of the world,
Protecting the young and innocents,
Look at your roads, where the kids can buy drugs,
Promiscuous with high on cannabis,
One third of male and one fifth of female,
Abuse the drugs; please safeguard your race,
What do you want to prove and teach the parents,
That you are the moral police of the world,
Release the parents and they might not be aware,
Simple punishments here are punishable in Sweden,
Asian parents are different, though sometimes violent,
They have never disowned the children when eighteen.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sweet And Bitter..

The taste of cakes, sweets and chocolate,
The sugar in them makes us to be happy and glad,
The feeling is great and contagious,
When the sweetness of something is around us,
The bitter taste of anything may make us to be sad,
As it does not tickle the tongue and the taste buds,
When the bitterness runs to the throat,
When the bad memories resurface to haunt,
The emotions get bitter and torture the soul,
The sweetness rekindles all good emotions,
And this is related with all good memories,
What makes the bitter to be bitterer,
And the sweet to be sweeter,
When it is felt by the heart and the mind?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Sweet Memories.

Red, white, pink and colorful roses,
White jasmine and Gardenia,
Wild white orchids,
Early morning balsams,
Mesmerizing palm flowers,
Have the same story to say,
Fragrances of these blooms,
Reach the mind to kindle,
The loving feeling of an event,
And then rekindle,
The loving memories of that event,
Always as long as we can remember.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Take Care Of Oneself..

Someone who has ignored the blistering,
On your hands might have ignored the scalding,
Of your palpitating sunken heart: wielding,
The pleading is the waste, arise from judging.

Care yourself before you care others,
For the bliss or the hurt you may receive,
Care yourself first as you have to stand high,
Never slouch and shed tears in front of the naïve.

Disorders and diseases are the few,
Can or can't be controlled with medical dues,
Depression and the stress are the lot; fuming mines,
Drowned are these bodies in the steaming hot spring.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Take Him For Granted!

Why do you dissect my heart and mind now and then,
To find the clue of where I hide my flaws and false,
Why do you want to cut me into pieces with your cosmic knife?
When I hold your toes and cry for help as a single trust.

Lord, you are great, merciful, omnipresent and a forgiver,
When I am troubled, I would think that you are a tormentor,
When I am neglected, I would think that you are irresponsible,
When I am poorly clothed, I would think that you are a miser.

When we are in pain, we would think that you are the cause,
When we are battered, we would assume that you assault,
When we weep and depressed, we would blame you, my Lord,
When we are happy and successful we would think of you at last.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Take Me To Your Hearts!

Give me some space for me to be safe,
Nowhere else, but in your tiny hearts,
I will make it as gorgeous as it should be,
I will keep it clean as the sky above the clouds,
Where stars and satellites have their routes,
Overhauling not needed as it will be maintained,
I may make it to run as fast as it can,
Without anything but my presence,
I may make it a pleasant place,
For the guests to arrive and enjoy,
I may make you all well kept,
The rest of your generations to loft,
Strip yourselves naked, leaving all tying,
Send the notes, scribbled with lying,
To be discarded to have the serenity,
Let us make love without fear and doubts,
Let us kiss, until our knees go strong,
Let us have babies that speak of wisdom,
The knowledge of modern human is in the rostrum.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Take The Stone And Throw! Are You Ready?

Abandoned, battered and alone,
A few small mouths and old relations,
She owns nothing, not even her respect,
She has a spring that can be sold,
Day and night, the buyers are ready,
No need advertisement, the dogs can smell,
The most abused helpless profession,
Where the commodity is repeatedly auctioned,
Not the baby chasers at home,
Chase these babies of their neighbors,
When men are useless and helpless,
Women resort to prostitution.
When men are spineless and voiceless,
Women work as prostitutes.
When men are ignorant and violent,
Women are forced to be prostitutes,
When men fail to work with their brains,
Women lift their skirts for public display.
Prostitutes were everywhere in Europe and America,
Even in Japan when they were poor and destitute.
Prostitute are there in Singapore in Holland,
Where this profession is legal,
Prostitution in Indian cities,
Is not bloomed out of prosperity,
It is the deepen wound of poverty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Take Time Off To Relax! !

Behind each and every human,
Who has to work dusk to dawn,
Dawn to dusk or dawn to dawn,
There are few mouths at home,
Hopefully waiting for them,
To keep the food on the table,
to provide cloth and shelter,
to educate and medicate,
to love, care and cherish,
Most labor goes for love,
Love that we have,
Upon our loved ones,
our friends, society,
and our dear nation,
That energizes us,
To work tirelessly.

Happy Labor's day! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Teach Me To Walk!

The path you passed by,
The weeds said good bye,
You are the one, plucked,
All those on your path,
Look at your garden of mind,
It blooms with beautiful flora,
That fragrant gardenia very white,
Just match with the pearls of rose,
Of pink, red, orange and yellow,
You have nurtured these with,
Good effective thoughts,
Whenever I see your words,
Carries the texture of these flowers,
I am bewildered with surprise,
If you can do it, I can do as well.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Teach Me..

Us, Ourselves and We are the holy slogan;
Free hearted, benevolent and selfless notion.
Me, Myself and I are the ugly lonely dragon;
self loving, self seeking and self serving mission.

The dragonflies of temptation and its fizzle,
travel from place to place in desperate tussle,
where to go and what I have to seek,
for I have to think Us, Ourselves and we note.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Tears Are Good For Soul!

Wherever it flows, it acquires the color,
Odor and collects the minerals from others,
Rushing in pressure covering in foamy pleasure,
Calm as the space with crystal clear gesture,
Ambitious to get rid of all its dirty desires,
When it showered as the thirst quenching water,
It was clean, as the air had no contaminators,
When it showers now, it mixes with diseased factors,
Dissolves the acidic vapor, manmade slaughters,
On the hills and mountains, where the Sun, the torcher,
Carrying the secret love of flammers and bloomers,
Intensity is richer, so every nook and corner clearer,
Not yet polluted, still vigilant as destroyer and protector,
The collaboration between the heat and particle matters,
The betrothal of pumping fuels and effervesce flavors,
Our muscled pendulum in our teathed enclosure,
Very flexible to taste the words with additive mixture,
A pair of windows flips up and down, to let the intruder,
Of yet to take rest radiator, Electromagnetic flyer,
Contaminate these generations of copiers,
When they are warm and hot, they are merrier,
When they are cold and sad they become the distillers,
Leaving the heavy matters and start to shed the tears.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Technologically Prosperous..

Who has made the hearts weak:
loosened the joints in the threshold,
palpitated a lot to change the shape,
emotionally vagrant, nothing to boast,

the gifted generations have the password,
whether to let or not is in their dreadful fate,
once, barren human were shamelessly naked,
clothes are their choice to move forward,

gossip mongers are at the glossy websites,
spreading pictures pull the bells of chapels,
walking itself baptized into work out,
begging souls are covered with petroleum dust,

no soothe teller said of the hearts of valves,
when sucking from the throats of the calves,
destroying the recyclers to build the houses,
stealing from the neighbors to be prosperous..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Teen Aged Human...

The sleek bamboo shies away,
The stems of banana weep and cry,
Petals of chosen flowers hide and see,
How elegant you are at your teens, human.□
The sun flowers just follow in obedience,
Where ever you go and disobedience,
To the sun is visually noted,
Angry sun looking for another flower,
To replace this infidel yellow flower.
When you walk in the garden,
The freshly bloomed flowers,
Close their petals,
For the fear of being ridiculed,
Just in the presence of,
your natural fragrance.
After Looking at your teeth,
Pearls of the ocean,
May go for a Whitening treat and
they may want to scale off the dirt that formed them.
When the wind meet the lady human at her teens,
It tries to blow as soft as the lady walks
When the moon meets the gentleman human at his teens,
She may show him the whitest face,
On full moon day to be his bride,
On new moon day.
If the sun passes by the lady human at her teens,
he will prostrate in front of her,
to choose him as a flower,
to wear on her plaited hair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Tell The Colors Of Devil!

When happiness is absorbed,
The harmony is not reflected.
When the innocence is stolen and absorbed,
The peace is not reflected.
When all good emotions are absorbed,
The useful actions are not reflected.
When all colors are absorbed to be black,
What goodness can be reflected?

Evils have many colors on the screen,
When colors of cruelty and sadism scream,
the skull and broken bones of human,
have become the symbol to threaten,
and warn the danger, red can flow,
to our minds to scare us to be nymphs,
all these colors have the right effect,
when it is dark and the sun is out.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Terrorism

An eye for an eye,
A hand for a hand,
A body for a body,
A challenge for a revenge,

An eye for an eye to wink,
A hand for a hand to shake,
A body for a body to hug,
A challenge for the revenge to thrive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Terrorists Are Created, Not Born! !

O, these misunderstood crying children,
often play with firecrackers and siren,
make lots of noise from their dungeons,
Parents and Moral teachers are deaf and silent,

emotional quick sand pull them in: help them out,
They can't come out on their own without your hand,
cries of them not heard and mostly ignored,
everyone classify them as the truants,

complexity of mind depends on the chemicals,
synthesized in the pot of doctrines,
weak, poor, rich and deprived,
may take the gun to shoot the system,

happy little young lives lost,
tired and exhausted matured, wilted,
on the over heated lap of the mother earth,
a few are privileged; others marginalized,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Thank You, America. You Are A Fearless Tiger! !

What mistakes we have done,
When we rose for our rights,
On the land that our ancestors owned,
on the banks our lives revolved around.

For the hope of getting justice,
The tigers had roared in Sri Lanka,
The world did not listen and guide,
And they were left to be annihilated.

Every feared Sri Lankan Tamil,
In every other developed nation,
Represents helpless thousands,
Back at home with a tale or two.

When the last group of rebels,
Faced the powerful troop of political disciple,
Held the white flags to surrender,
Mutilated and killed to wonder
Would the massacre end the desire,
Of having justice and thunder, s
Echoes in the hall of UN,
Another vibrant Tiger roars,
To rejuvenate the dead justice,
For their slaughtered brothers and sisters
Thank you, America,
The land of fearless,
Thank you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Thank You, Appa..

If I can rewind the time only for a second,
If I can go back to the deleted past only for a second,
If I can drift to the nook before you became the ash,
If I can edit all those letters, sent to you since I was five,

If I can rewrite our story line only for a second,
If I can have the wand to have you for a second,
If I can price open the heaven's threshold only for a second,
I can say these words with teary flowers,

When your silence was taken as the contentment,
When your quiet composure was mistaken as a rock,
When your gazing eyes failed to meet our selfish eyes,
I never realized that you needed my words of gratitude,

How your weak heart could have beaten faster,
To make you ill, every time I arrived and left,
Not hearing a word of gratitude and assurance,
Appa, that second will not arrive to thank you in person.

Many father's day passed without buying a card for you,
which I used to do when you were alive as my dad,
You had called me a good girl but I have this thorn,
Have I ever thanked you the way I perceive the life now?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Thank You, My Visitors..

People say millions read their poems,
but I felt dwarfed in front of them,
I read their poems sincerely day and night,
commented then and there how I felt.

I thank those three who visited me,
and the rest who got two,
but never thanked me for the comments,
that I made for your brilliant poems,
think of me, when you look,
at the popularity list and,
I would think of you,
when I look at it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

That Earth Girl!

Is it the right time to go for facial,
When the face is laid with pimples,
Blackheads, freckles and wrinkles,
The crown has to be washed and cleaned,
To get rid of the carbon dandruff,
Send her to the sauna, where the steam,
Eliminates all her dreamy odors, take her to the spa,
Where the natural maids may polish her shoulders,
Pedicurists and manicurists are to be arrested,
Just to warn them not to trim her tree nails,
She has to be overhauled in the private clinics,
Of European union, where she can be rejuvenated,
For a pretty hefty sum, the dialysis of the ocean water,
Removal of toxins from the polluted blood,
She is in bad shape, but wearing of concreted skirt,
She has to be taken care, Take her to ICU.
International Commonsense Union of humanity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Actors Are Ready..

Throw the peanuts of promises,
As we are the helpless citizens,
Having ten fingers,
Throw us peanuts of hopes,
Which finger you want to paint,
And that finger is yours,
But they spit on the index finger,
Now they want us to press,
With the little fingers,
The drama is staged perfectly,
On the platform of every country,
That believes in democracy,
Believes the gays and lesbians,
Talks about the D & C and The Gods,
Health care for obese and skeletal,
Employment for employed and unemployed,
High rises with vacant apartments,
The not run taps of foreclosed houses,
Empty stomachs need metal pots,
The botched hut with oil lamps,
Supplied with T.V and mixer,
Citizens hold hand phone,
Imported Fried chicken compete,
With the beggar's pizza franchise,
Xenon Front lights of the car,
The imported cheap plastics,
From the communist China,
Citizens are uncomfortable,
They can't afford a house,
The price hike in the soil,
Metal, water, fuel and food,
Citizens are over engrossed,
With their own implanted worries,
The democratic leaders are elected,
The next four or five years,
They will build their tunnels,
Underneath, below the hope,
And dreams of every innocent.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Acts Of Souls..

When a man begs, extending his hands out,
His soul is ashamed of his act and it may hide,
Those who beg are the dead without the souls.

When the man refuses to donate to the simple need,
His soul will be ashamed of the truth and it too hides,
Those greedy misers are dead too without the souls.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Air.....

Caring the wandering clouds is my job,
When they swell as the body builder's boob,
When each molecule escapes from the bond,
To elope with the dust and the mist,
I lift them up to reach their fantasy land,
Where they have their romp as much as they like,
The rushing noise from the feet of their path,
Though audible not reached to the drums of the truth,
The migrating birds sing their own hearts out,
Fluttering their wings to the tune that I hum,
Holding the whip that lashes in all directions,
Three hundred and sixty is too small and a fraction,
Escaping from the capsule is an unbelievable notion,
Where I am deemed to be a shepherd with a wheel,
Which pierces through the membrane and the tubes,
Sometimes I am haunted with incense of deserts,
Where verses of mirage are layered miles after miles,
When I am laced with thick petticoats of glaciers,
Millions arrive to my shore to witness the way I suffer,
The migrating birds are hopeful to settle on the trees,
Where I may cradle them to lay their colorful eggs,
The kind gesture of mine may be found, not when one alive,
But When I leave silently leaving no trace and signals.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Anger Management..

The hibernating white and colored bears,
Suddenly poked to wake up in jitters,
Long time never hurt the on lookers,
Digesting the last heavy meal in slumber,
Everything seems to be normal under,
Once get up, can't be controlled,
Fangs, stings, canine teeth and verbal intruders,
Shivering of the hearts in the attacked and attackers,
Dominant may be the one, who flirt and hurt,
Stronger may be the one, who have the physical strength,
Victorious is the one, who feel the peace,
When the hungry bears come out to slaughter,
Feed them the fish of pacifying thoughts,
Let it not hibernate. Let it be awake and be in control.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Arrival Of A Great Teacher!

The stars shine brighter in the sky,
The nights are getting darker without shy,
The uninvited sun peeps from different angle,
The fluid water freezes in the mid air to float and fall,
The cows are busy with their calves in the shed,
The camels are out in the cold barren desert,
The women sleep with anyone that they admire,
The men are equally sportive to follow the desires,
The synagogues are full with the pretending worshipers,
The people are bargaining the diseases for their actions,
A women with Menorrhagia has to be touched and healed,
By a bachelor, who is full of energy and testosterone,
The false teachers are everywhere to misguide everyone,
A pregnant virgin and her old husband are traveling,
Slowly and steadily, as the baby in her womb preparing,
For the journey through the path never traveled before,
The shack witnesses the arrival of the greatest teacher.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Art Of Sowing

The proverb says,
You reap what you sow,
But I have reaped the truth,
When I buried the lies,
At the same time,
Lies are blooming somewhere,
Where truth is buried.

□

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Association Of Hypocrites

We are all sages and have no rage,
We sit with the gauge, those can easily judge,
When the brains splurge, those touch the valves to indulge,
The racing of the fluids to merge,
The beautiful smile on the face doesn't change,
When the sage in us acting on the stage,
Wearing of the will as the sludge,
Hammer to knock the heads that emerge,
Protected is our well being, adorning a badge,
Trust us as we trust you all huge,
The hypocrisy is not the bad hatch,
As it saves the hearts from spillage,
Great people are the great hypocrites,
Having the gunny sacks for emotional deposit,
Staying in a room, while their followers await,
With anxiety in their mind and spirit,
Hypocrites enjoy each and every moment,
Sitting behind the curtain and peeping through the slot,
One of their eyes only closed, while the mass is blinded to be inert.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Babies Are Born Twice..

These babies get naughtier day by day,
Not hearing me and loving me any way,
When it rains, she runs out to play,
When it shines, she likes to sunbathe,
When it thunders, she runs into my apron,
When there is a lizard, she screams with tantrums,
Feeding her is very difficult, the liquid food,
The toothless mouth hard to hold,
Spits on my face with 'love and care',
Bathing him is not easy. He plays with water,
Soap and foam are the disasters,
The man in him is always there,
With perfect pant, shirt and a wallet,
Comb their flimsy hair with blunt comb,
Answer their silly questions,
With answers they want,
Taking them to the doctor,
On every fall and infection,
Looking at them with teary doubts,
Of how long and how many years,
Brain may send the wrong signals,
For them to behave childlike,
As long as they are alive,
I am there to provide and care,
Both known each other for decades,
Showered me with what I needed,
They are the wilted flower and
The shrunken apple with no glamour,
They are the dried fragrant flowers,
Wearing adult diapers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Babies..

Lie on the back and hold the limbs up,
The biggest of the toes first goes in,
Taste not so good, and then hold the feet,
It is so funny to look through the hole,
After getting bored of doing this stunt,
Open the limbs wide, stretch as hard as possible,
Turn the head to the side to catch the toy that's left,
Just few inches gap; open the flower hand to reach,
Still not catch-able, keep the legs firm on the ground,
Push the body slightly up, the hand holds the rattling toy,
Take that heavy thing to the chest to hold with both hands,
Shaking of those two hands make the noise from the toy,
Get confused and threatened at first, then start to shake,
The rattling toys of life, the babies are smart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Bachelors Of Life..

The smell of freshly printed currency,
Just retrieved from the mouth of money ideology,
Anything can be obtained with a few 'signs',
The world has been made very simple and looks fine,

What is the need to get interlinked and in pain,
The fantasy gets fabricated now and then,
All alone in the dungeon clumsy rooms,
The self ironed shirt hung with no much strain,

The match boxes and lighters have hues,
To darken the area, where the air is more,
Needed, I am an old bachelor in the town,
Walking erect wearing the caps,

Gaze through the brims of the eye lids,
The world is very pleasant with no nagging,
From the womenfolk, the forbidden fruits,
They may mesmerize with the evils of the,

Colorful solid weapons which I detest,
My world is very fine with good sleep and,
Not get interrupted with nasty perfume,
never get chained with poles of affection.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Barren Hill After Deforestation..

She has the hue from white to black,
Somewhere she is red and a shock,
After stripping and leveling the rock,
From the distance she is barren and naked,
Battered from all sides and left to face the cold,
And the hot winds, water and the sunken looks,
When the buried seeds from her womb start to grow,
And cover her bosom, she is clothed again in respect.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Baskets Of Advice..

The baskets of advice are too old,
battered with too many holes,
not well woven with scientific facts,
These baskets of psychological scripts!

The baskets of advice are too heavy,
still the troubled human want to carry,
The resourceful man's abandoned cherry,
the baskets of neurotransmitter diary!

The baskets have the peace arms,
hidden in the handle of the knives,
even the innocent brutes not spared,
not let the human to live their simple life,

if it is just a guidance, I want to inherit,
if it is a proven text, I want to reprint,
if it is a threat to peace, I may let go it,
if it is the truth, I will obey it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Beauty Of Peace..

I have summoned the polite breeze,
To visit all the blooms around your homes,
To save the scent little by little,
To reach your heart as the sunshine,

I have instructed the calm and composed breeze,
Not to settle the microscopic dust of doubt,
On the visible spectrum of happy colors,
To keep you in the happy mood with some needed vigor,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Biased Regret

Do I interrupt your solitary privacy,
When I pour on your horrible territories,
With hot steaming tears, cold shoulders,
Collecting all those thinking free garbage,
Running through the vixen canals,
To the fresh water oxidation ponds,
Am I a busy body when I blow away your wigs,
Of rococo architectures, jump through your windows,
To collapse your matrimonial shroud,
Rip open the weakened structures,
Pick up the boastful flamboyant boats,
to sail and exhibit in the middle of salt water brutes?
Am I a stranger and do I have a biased heart,
when I see you from thousand miles distance,
you are wearing the necklace of drought and,
call that as the noose to the farmers,
abandoned are always abandoned by everyone,
cherished are always cherished by everyone,
blame me not, should I have to repent or not?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Birth Of Cynics..

They are tired of this time travel,
And every second they get older,
When the first wings fluttered,
It was very nice to hear the roar,

□

And the murmur. The fully grown,
Feathers shelter multiple colored,
Forerunners to be the cheerleaders,
While they are pushed aside as the spectators,

Who suddenly change into a horrible cynic,
Complaining all happenings loud and visible,
Not chosen to wear the ear plug and eyepiece,
What youngsters do are beyond their culture,

Beyond their years battered issues,
Neither these cynics are pessimistic,
Nor the optimists, but missed their young years,
Which they had 'wastefully' spent to rear the broods,

And stolen are those energetic years, when,
They are alone after discharged from the duties,
Not able to look into the eyes of each other,
They have become the friends as well as foes in a row,

Looking at every mistake which is suddenly obvious,
Once upon a time, those were too trivial to address,
The journey on earth is very unpredictable,
Because the opposites attract without fail,

The Youth and the unavailability of time,
The old age and the availability of time,
Perfectly matched and the young and old are baptized,
as the nagging cynics of the imperfect world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Bits..

Feeding me with bits of words,
May induce me longing for full,
Not the teasing measure of dull,
But from the wise ladle a scoop,
A pair of scissors in the crown,
May cut the sentence into sections,
To stand as the skeleton with bare bones,
Page after page repetition and negligence,
What I want to remember mowing through,
The softened grass, once sharp as the blades,
Please don't feed me bits of words,
Feed me something new and tastes as the tart,
Crispy outside, but soft inside,
Freshly baked from your brain oven,
The smell should be great,
Let me come to your table, uninvited.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Blank Pages In The Heart

Heart, be calm,
The one you expect,
Will come back,
Wearing of armors,
To nurse your tremors,
To ease your nightmares,
To beget the points,
Those lead to the drovers,
Skipping of the desires,
Dancing of the browsers,
O heart. Be quiet,
The one whom you miss,
Will arrive with the mass,
Of love to on your page,
Until then, don't be sad,
Not to be vigil...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Body At Rest..

Though this journey has the destination,
The itinerary is designed and kept as the clandestine,
The hearts of ours on the flame to be cooled down,
To below Kelvin, the bodies escape to the oblivion,
Where nothing persist to prove the guilt and innocence,
When one is on snooze, dreaming of obtaining inevitable,
The long moment of quietness, when the dendrite spiders,
Are always on the alert, the single stem axion is many cm long,
Glial soldiers armed with loads of work of protecting,
Cleaning and guarding of the crown, where the chemical,
And electrical signals are transferred in the human speed,
Let the nerves are not marinated in hurting foreign invaders,
Who will spoil the myelin shields to push the CNS to short circuit,
Sleep baby, Sleep in the comfort of descent thoughts,
You will get refreshed to face the first face with the cheerful gust,
To walk on the street to reach the tube, puddles are not around,
Everything is filled for your safe heels not to get drifted,
Sleep baby, sleep, calm and quiet without prattling of lost days.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Books

These people seem to be like the books,
scattered all around in different cues,
Shelves of books with variant topics:
Medicine, Engineering and comics,
Languages, Management and Marketing,
Tourism, Text books and Computing,
House hold, Carpentry and plumbing,
Trucks, Driving and operating.
Must choose one to taste,
Read regularly to last,
A full term of life and love,
Nourish it with the dose of care,
Can buy it from the stores,
That sells New, second hand and old,
When the new book is bought,
The smell itself fresh and great,
To remember for the life throughout,
Keep it as a Holy book and enjoy,
When the used books are purchased,
Rarely used books, never opened,
A few half read and half left,
A few stained and battered,
A few has the quotations underlined,
When the old books are bought,
The papers are oxidized and yellow,
Touch it, fragile, handle with care,
Though the contents may be good,
Prints are washed out and hard to see,
Heavily tainted of weather.
Whether you buy the new or the used book,
Make sure that you choose the right book,
Then read chapter by chapter leaving no nook,
Sometimes it thrills and shrills,
It is hilarious and comical,
If it is full of mysteries,
Try to solve it with your knowledge,
Don't slam and tear it,
Not touch it with your drug fingers,
Not read it with your spirited mind,

You will misunderstand the contents,
Promise yourself you will not make,
Your book an used and neglected book again.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Bosses Of The Mafias..

Let the closed doors be open,
And the 'treasures' be shown,
The wind that was blown,
Crossed the borders alone,

Migrated to the labs of ions,
Struggled to extract the poison,
That could kill all in few seconds,
Not slowly one by one,

The wind had arrived from the continent of,
Europe to settle in the land of hope,
To blow the radioactive wind in Japan,
To build the power plants to change the clime,

Of human from rugged to polished,
From raw to cooked and 'over cooked',
Consumer of cocaine and heroin,
Mafias and Gangster's patron,

The human life is wasted,
When their brain cells are burst,
One by one slowly, not by millions,
The 'Bosses' of the Mafias are in pain.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Brain In Alcohol Bath..

You are the most complex,
And the more abused,
Electrical and chemical signals,
Are the tarts to pierce your panel,
Genetics may lay the foundation,
For the course of your transportation,
Life experiences will change you,
For good and the worst,
As the chemicals play a great role,
In your flow of lightening neurons,
When you plan and reason,
And then solve the problems,
With interest and dedication, □
You acquire the knowledge,
To disperse as the seeds,
The languages are the tools,
To preach what you have acquired,
Let no one bathe you in alcohol
And the smoke as you are secured,
Can't be seen through the eyes naked,
Let the fool human realize,
When they can't resist,
You are being battered,
And you make them too faint,
Not to touch one more peck again,
At that moment, they are drunk,
You are too smart in the skull,
That is too hard for us to understand,
Physicians may not elaborate and confess,
as they will lose their business.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Bugs

Visa not needed to fly in the sky,
To run down the mountains,
To pass through the continents,
To build the nests in the hosts,
The world belongs to us,
The men work hard to destroy,
The DNA and RNA of our tiny fixture,
We are the beginning to end,
We are the end to begin,
We begin the journey to cease,
We cease the host to begin,
Multitude of births on the earth,
Men want to mutate the hand,
That gives them the chance of rebirth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Busiest Part Of A House

The busiest part of a house,
where our hearts meet,
where the joyous moments stored,
where the love shared.

giggling heard,
tingling not allowed,
dividing the task,
sharing and caring done.

Different styles,
Different varieties,
something cold and something hot,
transfer the place warm.

The busiest part of a house is,
where our hearts meet,
where the joyous moments shared,
where the stove and dining table are kept.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Caddies..

We are not ashamed ourselves,
Having lived our miserable life as this,
Carrying the heavy bag of caddy,
On one shoulder blade to track,
Following and running in front,
Preparing something all the while,
The eyes are as sharp as the eagle,
To read the green in the forest tryst,
The weathers are variable,
The life of a dedicated wife is a fable,
The balls of duties thrown haphazard,
Collecting and saving as the ants,
What club for what choice,
Programmed in our mind as the chart,
We show up as the pretty dolls,
We shut up as the sky after thunder and rain fall,
We keep up with everything that is new and old,
We are the traditional caddies, adoring the tiara,
Holding the degrees and folding the knowledge,
Juggling with responsibilities, trailing the footage,
Jokes are many to shoot us with honeyed nails,
You are ahead, clutching the spear head,
We have the hope and undying prayers,
We will clear all the mess, strewn with black knuckles,
Let us be the caddies, what our daddies have wanted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Careless Hunters...

I have seen you down,
Polishing your weapon,
Aiming at me for my skin,
Beautiful colors and patterns,

What do you want to choose?
The licensed gun or the knife,
Do you want to collapse me,
With a single silenced shot?

Do you want to slice my throat,
So I wouldn't blabber as the babe,
Be careful with the linen white,
That gets creased with constant rub,

When you lower your heavy head,
I bounce at you on your back,
Not to play piggy bag,
With the hunter like you,

But leaving you free is a mistake,
My gene is protected and precious
Only a few alive to show you,
How magnanimous once we were,

It is good to see your face shiver,
Your body trembles and begs,
Bear with me for a minute,
One more squeeze with my wild legs and paws,

The traitor is released from the jungle.
And I see your dove flies high to twinkle.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Catalytic Fellow Human..

I am not I am when you appear,
From nowhere, you are here,
The galloping of a horse in the dark quarters,
The light is not permitted, but bright as the solar,
Squatters, can't shut it with the wish of banishing a intruder,
Who imagine that they are the rightful owners,
Hundreds of them pass by, not knowing the fast gear,
Hundreds of machines race in hallucinated propellers,
To travel through the vast jungle full of flowers and nectars,
That has grown on the top soil of the volcanic visitors,
A moment of pleasure has made me to be a dreamer,
Forgetting the troubles that are niggers,
A moment of pleasure has made me to be a dreamer,
Forgetting the troubles that are niggers,
You are there in the stations, where I board and alight,
You are there in the office where I toil to collect the notes,
You are there on the streets where I walk and drive,
You are there in the seashore, chanting with the mermaids,
You are there in the parks, struggling with the sneakers,
You are everywhere, wherever I pant through,
To take me to the great height climbing not the plants,
The colorful blooms of your colorful faces,
The colorful spots on the fair and tinted sheets,
Fellow human beings hold the keys to the interface,
To make us to feel warm and needed,
To shine as the celestial stars those are quiet.
I am not I am when you are near as my dear,
Not scavenging with my tears,
but strengthening my desire and will power.
A moment of pleasure has made me to be a dreamer,
Forgetting the troubles that are niggers,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Catamarans@kattumaram

The catamaran floats silently in the shallow water,
Waves and whales not bothered, a lone man on board,
The logs of palm tied together to sail through the waves,
It floats always, never drowned, but drifted sideways.

The modern catamarans of logical mind,
Accumulate as many as heavily battered wounds,
No time to heal and no willing to dispose and disown,
The overloaded catamarans certainly drown.

Look at our own jammed up hearts and minds,
Where we stored all ill revengeful thoughts,
Not to let our catamaran to sink in wasteful worries,
Pick one by one and throw away all that unnecessary.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cataract...

The curtain of finger tip size,
Drawn in the eyes,
Makes the whole world shy,
Whose work is this,
To paint the galactose paste,
Just on the malleable lens,
The opaque lace on the transparent,
Truth has to be sucked out,
The physical cataracts,
Disables thousands,
The mental cataracts,
Hard to be cleared,
As it is heavily guarded,
With the armor of words,
Knives of actions,
Guns of illusions,
The cataract in the mind,
Sometimes removed,
Mostly we are happy,
To live with it,
as it hides all our faults,
let us face the world with,
false pride.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Causal Attribution...

We live the day once and have the youth once,
And let us make these moments very precious,
For us to remember, not a moment has gone to the trash,
With the wiping of tissues and blowing of the nose,

Let us look into our eyes straight to pick up the loose ends,
To make a perfect knot, not to entangle with doubts,
Which may fasten our hearts to be separate,
What you think is always done by me,
What I think is always done by you,

Not a second is wasted to spare the time,
To choose between two different options,
When our minds are filled with pleasurable events,
The causal attribution is strongly salient.
Let us roam in the streets holding our hands,
Let the rings repeat the oath in silence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Change In Anyone..

Don't try to change someone,
As someone can't change anyone,
for everyone assume that they are someone,
No one has ever changed anyone.
Unless and until someone has shown,
The miracle or magic on the land of barren,
And harem, the fashion of missionary and mission,
Has anyone changed someone?
Ever on this earth, until that person decides?
when the change is seen in someone' heart,
change is made out their own calculation,
sometimes miscalculation and misconception.
a few hurt others and a few hurt themselves,
through social activities those are not normal.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Change Is Inevitable!

The son of that fine lady,
Has ruined her strong heart,
To palpitate as a fast drum,
To be awake and wonder until dawn,
To sleep when she goes to work,
To yawn when the speech is heard,
To think that she is the prettiest,
To fight with the concerned individuals,
The handsome son of that old lady,
has ruined the heart of this young lady,
who behaves as if she is possessed,
Laughs to the screens of all gadgets,
Wears the wrong sandals that not cooperate,
Thinks that she is the sole occupant,
Of the people less glamorous universe,
Her face resembles the solitary bud,
When she is alone with the parents,
But blooms as the colorful hibiscus,
The moment the son of that lady arrives.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Changing World..

When I feed you the words,
Those are finely pulverized with experience,
You make a long sermon,
Pinching and spanking my back,
The life is not easy to pass through,
When the birds are hatched in the cosmopolitan suburb,
The life looks like in the lighted house,
Where the tall trees are dwarfed,
To keep to the affordability of the mean and miserly,
The art of growing of plants in hydro phonic,
Netted sheds, where the birds have no place to visit,
The nuts are transferred to the skull,
When the parental gene are defective,
Transmitters are on the loose in the shrunken inmates,
Fruits of labor have the value,
That can't be touched by the poor birds,
The fleets of flights have left the vicinity,
Leaving the urban addicted few,
The buildings are fixed with nails and chemicals,
To chase away the birds those need some rest,
The crows are there in the dumpster site,
Scavenging the left over from the fast food outlets,
Human stand among them to pick up the things to recycle,
Pigeons walk on the roads in front of the Museums and Houses of Gods,
I feed them the grains of corn and wheat,
But I feed you with words laced with love.
So don't confuse yourselves with words of hate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Chanting Merman

I am a beautiful young princess,
With pretty pink lips painted with gloss,
Looking for the handsome prince,
He is a merman in the deep sea and the oceans.

He can swim as the whales and sharks,
And jump up and down as a dolphin's fry,
He has the pure mind as the white,
Not tainted with any colored pigments,

Chanting my name all these years,
Wants to be human to walk on the streets,
To climb on the chariot to reach my palace,
His muscles are strong, not weakened by the weeds,

His thoughts are matured, thinking of our future,
Together, but he has crossed the oceans of illusion,
With the mighty butterfly stroke,
Chanting my name all these years,

The waves of gays and the girls are up,
My prince never bothers about their presence,
When he grows his own legs through penance,
He will come to my door step as the wind,
Holding the bouquets of fragrance in his hand,
We may roam the world with one single thought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cheaters...

A few hearts seem to be strong
But Melt at every heat to be in wrong
A few hearts seem to be weak,
Cry at the betrayal of the cheats,

Those who have tried to get the best,
Wiping out the sweet memories as the dust, ,
Always end as the loser wiping the tears,
Stagnant Emotional baggage live in fear for ever,

Someone may wait for you with a single rose,
Not tainted or smeared with hurtful curse,
The world is surrounded with new breeze,
Sad face not suits you, Smile and gallop.

.
Housekeeping may taunt, but throw away the rubbish,
God is at your side and He has given you a good choice,
Let the cheaters be blessed with pain they deserve,
Let the cheaters be guided to be true to themselves,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Child..

when the strings of happiness touched by you, darling,
the whole world turned upside down diagonally,
the smile of you blows on me as the gentle breeze,
no one can do this magic except you, wizardly,

when every other instruments making some noise,
your babbling is the best music to my keen ears,
when you look at the moon cake to bite with,
your single tooth, my heart palpitates in silence,

during those early steps, when you balance bravely,
holding the brims of the furniture firmly,
my prayers reach there inadvertently,
to guard your tiny body to walk safely,

when the strings of happiness touched by you, darling,
the whole world turns upside down diagonally,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Children Of Holy Lingam! !

Call it phallus or Holy Lingam: Be it,
He who dwells in the temple of kabba,
will teach those who circle from the left,
wearing snow white Himalayan loin cloth,

Beware of the destroyer who shows no mercy,
even to his beloved only consort Parvathy,
the sakthi: strength that he had lost literally,
Beware of Him when he leashes his serpent violently,

Holy Siva had the nap for fourteen hundred years,
letting His devotees and their descendants exiled,
the wonderful episode to unite us all one,
under the Holy umbrella of Vedic Heaven,

the crescent moon on his holy head,
the humble stature of highness within,
Siva, the destroyer has the half closed eyes,
watches the drama of the uttering the peace,

We are His frail children who are neither,
radicals nor the prodigals, simply we are rascals,
not knowing of the continuing journey of the souls,
killing one another for the decaying mortals.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Choice Is Ours

The face of the baby fat,
Chiseled with a knife of insufficient,
Nutrients, the witches are created,
From the hearts of the poor and dirt,
With protruding cheek bones,
The sunken eyes are dried and cobwebbed,
The perfect rosy lips lack their moisture,
To the cunning resurfacing economy,
Underneath the rubble of gravel and sand,
The conscience of men rest in petroleum products,
The river from their eyes never subsided,
The crying from their angry minds never heard,
The stomachs of emptiness, not yet filled,
With knowledge of sufficiency, the tibia and femur,
Are left to be dwarfed to fix them as the picture,
The skulls we are creating on our country side,
The rich wolves howl in the day light to propose,
To foxes in everyone's mind, who want their share,
Of piece of meat, to hide under the blanket of sunlight,
What we have managed to hide in our life,
Are exposed the moment we take the last flight,
Why this injustice in the land of mortal,
Who think that they are immortal, next to the God,
The Gods are spared and have their good meal and look,
Gods are yet to be witched cosmetically,
Depriving all their truthful food of thoughts,
Witches are seen among the human,
Where poverty and ignorance of knowledge,
Persistently at work in open space and behind the door,
Where human races with his heart,
With visual and chemical contaminates,
What they think as the pleasure is the hardwork,
Done by the fist sized bionic machine,
That really feels the hurt and abuse,
To fulfill the evil desire behind the door,
To vibrate the neurons to escape to the space,
The body is under duress after every encounter,
Has to be over hauled if there is a chance,
Witches are there in all our hearts,

We can nurture them to rule our poor life,
Otherwise they can be silenced to have our life back.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Chorus Of Love..

Whenever there is rain, I have had the dreams,
of lush greens with popping fruits after blooms,

Whenever there are pessimists, I have had the goose bumps,
to pierce through their volatile whims with my hair pins,

Whenever I see an intolerant human, I have a voice in my eyes,
which may not be heard, but smitten them to be love sick,

Whenever I pass through the fire, I have had the desire,
of dousing it with eternal nectar to continue for ever,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Chosen Words..

When a message is passed,
We have to use the nice words,
When the ripe fruits can be served,
Why do we choose bitter raw and display?

Communication is to pass the messages,
When the silence is kept and the noise,
Is not out in the house to balm the hearts,
What is the use of knowing a language?

No one is unintelligent in this world,
A few may not know how to express,
A few may think that they are the best,
During these processes they hurt as beasts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Churned Butter!

Churning the yogurt to separate the butter,
With hand held robe attached with a plunger,
Or hold the plunger between two palms and twist,
The affinity between water and the fat breaks,
Fat molecules escape as a great victory to gather,
Start to float on the surface of the curd, whiter,
Fluffy as the cotton candy, has to be pressed,
To remove the water, the lumps of butter churned,
The fragrance is better than any butter in the shelves,
Dip the fritters or steamed cakes into it to savor,
The memory of younger days blooms as young shower,
We may have more than enough to buy and taste,
But the first taste of anything, that sticks to the mind.

Churning the societal curd to extract the cream of people,
Some countries still use the plunger toil hard to get little,
The others use the mechanized system to mass produce,
what others do in the pots in every house hold,
economy of a country depends upon the administration,
how we administer our own brains and resources,
for the betterment of our own people as well as others,
how we protect our knowledge bank not to be loaned and robbed,
how we live our life on the roads of our own country,
where everything is placed, maintained and kept in order,
let us churn our society not to get butter,
but to make our life to be better.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Climate Change..

You have come in my dreams,
While I have the nap and sleep,
You have the perfect smile and,
Laughing eyes, gelled hair and,
Naturally Varnished lips,
That figure is simple, yet attractive,
That figure has no well,
Still spends the thought,
That figure has no spring,
Still I can swing and have fun,
You have come in my dreams,
You spoke the lovely words,
As the new snow in the old world,
We can drench, once the snowflakes melt,
You are too lovely and smart to secure my heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Climax In My Life..

When I was a spirit, in between my two births,
I never obeyed the rules of the mortal,
Never looked at middle range for the portals,
To distinguish the pals as Hansel and Gretel,
I could fly as the droplet from the sneeze,
Cutting through the planets in a minute,
Never entered the blue sphere for pompous rant,
Pretending as the whistle from the kettle on the stove,
Endothermic energy beyond the spectrum of reach,
They called me rebellious for visiting every page as the silver fish,
Light years of uninspected, toll free and joyous travel,
Collected the stars to play the game of pebble,
Went to the sun brother's house, during eclipse,
My preplanned bookings were cancelled and collapsed,
When the two human on the earth started to blabber in love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cloned Freedom Fighter From India..

What is the use of having too much freedom,
When half of the population suffers in silence,
When the middle class struggle to hide their torn shirts,
When the average height of the children gets reduced,
When the nutritional foods are not easily available,
When people are forced to sleep with mosquitoes,
When the rationed food is cheaply adulterated,
when the system is so corrupt, not to differentiate,
when one part is under flood and another in drought,
When the students are left to study under candle lights,
When educational institutions, not function with societies,
When the fools are selected as the politicians and leaders,
We are not free at all; we are tied down and we are still slaves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Clouded Hearts!

Glory to the stubbornly intelligent muse,
Frozen and sculptured as the pole less nose,
Spread over the sturdy barren and forest bosoms,
Stranded around in every selfish nation,
Chill as the dry ice in a season,
Warm as the hot chicks for a reason,
Roller-skate with no brakes and pistons,
Hide that peeping Tom's one eyed vision,
Have no papers to cross the borders,
Not proved anyone how to shoulder,
A few days journey and a few nights' board,
Free as the migrant birds, not as the brutes,
Whose heads are counted to get shocked,
During census, when get hot and broken,
Hail stones are showered as the bullets,
Thousands of innocents are stoned to death,
Not for their sins, but for the thawing of our thoughts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Colorful Blooms..

I have no heart to pluck all these blooms,
from the trees and shrubs they grown,
fragrant, aromatic and hues of smiles,
only a few terrorize us to run for miles,

I have no heart to take out all these flowers,
a few have to be nib, without rubbing the buds,
a few have to be cut, otherwise, we are hurt,
Let them decorate the altar and soothe the hearts,

I have no heart to pinch these soft balm,
with tips of my fingers to squeeze to be torn,
I leave a few in the trees and shrubs as decorum,
Though they will wilt, next time I meet them.

The few in the trees change my mood to be happy,
The few in the shrubs parade as the colorful models,
The few in our hearts always have the love resource,
The few in our thoughts are our backdrops, when we rise.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Commotion In The Garden..

The dark path in front of me,
Not having any light to guide,
I was scared and threatened,
To step into the known canvas,

Strewn with manicured plants,
I took the courage to explore,
My heart pulsate as the drum,
From the light to the dark,

Must take the risk to find out,
Slowly I started to see the things,
Not so microscopic clear,
But visible under the new moon light,

Morning birds are not in bed,
Not munching the days old food,
Freshening up the feather with their beak,
The shy shelled creatures out to visit the world,

From their underground secrets,
To feel the cool breeze of the dawn,
The colors of the greens are different,
How many millions I may not know and predict,

As my knowledge is the size of an isotopic atom,
I am the colored, walking in the pitch dark,
Where the lives work hard to survive,
The trembling walking bird was confused,

The predator waited and barked in a slow pause,
The long neck of the struggling bird was very erect,
The fear in its eyes haunting my weak heart,
My presence made the bird to get distracted,

and it was caught within a fraction of a second,

The courage and will power of that bird,
which stood as the pillar of confidence,

was painted in my unconscious mind,
to fight for the rights in the conscious world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Companion.

As long as,
Memories accompanied,
sweet memories replayed,
bitter memories deleted,
I am not alone. I have a companion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Confused And The Confusion.

The verbal hooks are used to poke the head,
Knocked is the pride, wasted is the time,
When those who slept are still awake,
Pretending is their eyes, not their ears,
Noise can be heard, messages are understood,
The Innocence of a messenger is proven beyond doubt,
Guilty is the evil, sometimes pretending saints,
Let them have the heavy hearts for not having the audience,
Let them try to wake up those who pretend to be asleep,
Let the actors have the gala time, but can't clap their hands,
Let us enjoy this drama which is enacted on daily basis.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Confusion!

The closets full of clothes,
Which one to wear tomorrow,
So confused with color concept,
Checkered, floral and modern design,
Matching belt with right buckle,
Fine leather shoes, not dirtied,
A shelf overflows with sandals,
Slippers, boots and sneakers,
Sometimes feel like crying,
With the confusion of thoughts,
Of not able to choose and wear,
Those who have a few or two,
Pick up one and not waste time,
Wearing the worn out flip-flops.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cooling Off Period...

The decision made out of quick thought,
The change of path may be right for short,
Why these billions of hearts weep in silence,
The one or many wrong decisions made in vengeance,

You are neither a piggy bank nor the trolley pusher,
You are neither a bull nor a bullock cart,
You are neither a sturdy wall nor a nail,
You are neither conscious nor unconscious,

The cooling off time needed to do the home work,
Mostly has made the people to happy and rational,
The decision made quickly out of emotional outburst,
People may justify, but their hearts always weep quietly,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cry Of A Lonely Heart!

she is waiting for him,
Behind the door,
With pounding heart.
He has gone,
Without going.
He has whispered,
Without whispering.
He has tortured,
Without torturing.

She is crying,
Without cursing,
Without blinking,
Without sleeping.

He has gone,
Without going,
Staying at her heart.
He has whispered,
without whispering,
hearing his every night.
He has tortured,
without torturing,
separation kills her spirit.

She is waiting, behind the door,
Looking at the sky and the airplanes,
These are arriving,
Without the arrival of him,
She is waiting,
behind the door,
behind the work,
behind the tears,
behind the prayers,
for safe return,
of his arrival.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cycle

The breezy cold air touches the skin,
When walk in the quite streets barren,
The still homes filled with agitated human,
Scared of coming out to have their passion,
To be rejuvenated with the natural notion,
The dried leaves play with the emerging sun,
Acquiring the color of yellow on the run,
Brown and black after a few days of fun,
The breeze that pierce the hair of crown,
Change into the pressurized storm,
Chase all those dead leaves to the rim,
The path is cleared one more time,
The new leaves wait for their turn to plunge,
many a human not knowing of the pinch,
contented to teach what they have achieved,
everyone has their own fair share of preaching.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Cynic

Watching the birds flying very high,
As the pixels in the huge visual sheet,
Watching the worms squirming out,
The moment the sugar is added to the ground,
Watching the garden coffee table, cleared of tidbits,
All those stored in the caves of the ant mounts,
Watching me watching all these as the best pastime of life,
To connect my humble existence to the celestial teachers,
The mockery in your face emerge as the sharpest sword,
To snap these golden threads those are woven in my thoughts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Darkness..

The darkness will surround,
How hard I opt to be profound,
The cloudy darkness will enclave,
How stylishly we attire and display,

The darkness holds the secrets,
Of the eternal and nocturnal moments,
Hastily I am unaware and a fool,
Clutching all my desires as the nymph,

The darkness has been around,
Let me have a few colorful candles,
The darkness is the wonderful host,
From whom I may learn some trades,

The physical darkness in my physical heart,
The metaphysical darkness in my thoughts,
The darkness that hides in my whole body,
Let me have a few candles, not for sale..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Day You Started To Walk

Baby, When you were eight months old,
you were thin and enterprising,
liked to know about everything,
that were kept at heights and locked,
you crawled for a month all around,
and picked up anything from the ground,
so we made our home 'baby safe'
you did like to crawl up the stairs,
first head in front and then turned,
tried to crawl back in the stairs,
so I taught you,
to climb up step by step,
when I checked you, you reached the top,
with much ease and valiant,
made noise from the top to carry you down.
Do you remember the day,
that you started to walk?
I still remember you standing up,
At first it was very tough for you,
to carry your own weight on your feet,
you cried a lot and I was sad,
but I had to let you go through,
the life's lesson and you are the one,
must learn your own lesson and,
no one can ever help you to do it for you.
you held the cupboard for support,
and started to take the steps,
you were crying a lot,
and the drops of tears fell,
on your beautiful cheeks,
I was there beside you,
to hold you, in case if you might fall,
watching you walking,
catching in the camera and memory,
slowly in two days,
you did not need support,
started to walk,
slowly and steadily,
with both hands wide open,

to keep yourselves balanced,
you started the journey,
to travel on this earth,
as a courageous independent human,
with that first step taken,
just in front of me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Descendants..

Some people have the hammers for the hands,
And they knock each head with a thud,
To cultivate the teary dews on the flowery face,
These are the descendants of the wood cutters.

Some people have the nail clippers for the fingers,
To pinch the ears, nose, butts, stomach and the limbs,
To scratch the non existing ignorance from the innocent victims,
They have inherited the characters of the animals with nails.

Some human are well behaved with a mind of fox,
cunning is not their acquired traits,
but inherited characters from their ancestors,
the code in their genes emerge as their behavior.

a few have the face of dogs and horses,
a few have the face of fish and snakes,
a few have the nose of lions and hippos,
we are the human evolved from the animal kingdom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Desert Creator..

Roaming of her sandy thought has never stopped,
Winking at the clouds to spray on her the rain of love,
The sun has mistaken that she has flirted for his rays of hope,
He starts to shine on her surface until she goes barren,
The rain clouds pass through her vacant land,
From where the lives have eloped for the fear of,
Being torched, wavy dunes of huge elevations are left,
To attract the passing clouds, the lonely sun gets excited,
He wants to please the wooing woman in the desert,
Not knowing that she has the seeds of secrets,
In her hot womb, yet to be ripened and burst,
All she need is the elixir from the heaven,
To cool her down in the flashy after noon,
When the deserts of the world commence to bloom,
The lives on the earth flourish, repossessing,
All their wasted land, due to misunderstanding,
Between a voluptuous lady and a hot celestial man,
They have their own different dreams in different platforms.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Designer Kids...

Juicy nectar flowers attract the bees and ants,
Choices of mankind always favor the greats,
Outside their Mansions, there is the crowd,
Signed one after another to be the best.

The power seems to lighten up the entire paths,
The power uproot the trees of tap and sebaceous roots,
The power changes the wind to be the electrical,
The power converts the people to be the robotically cynical.

The false smile below the threaded eye brows,
The shiny teeth in the aesthetically enhanced face,
The drowsy eyes beg for the much needed sleep,
Recently dyed crown with the perfectly fashionable soul.

The wild place is tamed and the fire is doused,
The new designer seeds are spread in the nets,
The bumper crops on the field of lassitude,
Let us gather and show our foxy smiles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Desire Of A Candle! !

A desire in the candle,
Makes its way to handle,
The path of the wind,
That tries to douse its light,

Swaying along with the foes,
Not going against the row,
Dancing as the wind blows,
The candle can still glow,

In the middle of the dark nights,
In the brightness of the sun light,
Peaceful when it rains with storm,
The desire of continue to be alive,

Lighten up the evil meddle,
With gentle wave of strength,
Let us live our life as the candle,
The end of it not at a distant,

Spread the love to the hearts,
Infect happiness in our homes,
Tomorrow will come for pleasure,
When everyone around us,
Know our values to appreciate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Destiny..

The paper boats that are folded,
With cute little fingers and hands,
Waiting for the rain to run collecting the mud,
From the streets of haunted visuals,
The papyrus vessels row sweet and gentle,
Winking at the things that are stationed at one place,
Swaying from side to side to the songs of treacherous wind,
Longing for the water that has to be poured to the roots,
Can't even freshen up their own leaves, full of dusty mites,
The paper boats that were once the mighty trees,
Unaware of the hands that felled them to be woods,
Happily row on the murky stream with flaring smiles,
Unassumingly to get soaked and then drowned,
The living trees on the shores always get shocked.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Destructive Anger..

It is beyond the control of the senses,
When it starts to brew as the liquor,
Quite addictive and impulsive in gesture,
Gushing through the holes of the aperture,
Control is not the right sutures and a amateur,
When the wind picks up the heat from the ears,
The eyes are open wide, sometimes drawn down,
Breathing heavily as the panting brutes,
Breaking the things which are near,
and in the hearts of own and dears,
Men are at his worst pose: the tongues twist,
As the whip lased with hemlock,
After slashing all those kind sprouts,
Those have been cared for days and years,
When the pressured is released,
And return to normal,
The cracks are found in every mind,
Those withstand the blows,
from the fierce invisible hands.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Direction Of Self..

All yesterday flowers not wilted,
dropping all their impregnable thought,
a few got conceived; blown with seeds,
thrown here and there and new flowers born.

Tomorrow buds are ready to open slowly,
during the dark wizard ruling territory,
or early morning glorious perfumery,
I am caught in between with no directory.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Dirt In My Heart..

The dirt in my heart can't be wiped with,
Worn out rugs those kept at the door step,
The dirt in my heart can't be cleansed with,
Quick chemicals those have the active tongues,
The dirt in my heart can't be dry cleaned,
To have the polishes suddenly back,
The dirt in my heart has to be removed with,
Quick actions those are helpful and useful to me and others.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Door Of The Hearts!

Once door less world is full of doors and partitions,
The designers design it with absolute precisions,
The controversial carpenters may carve and erect it,
The Do it yourself can be obtained from the stores of experience,
A few are locked and secured not to let the intruders,
For the fear of sharing the treasured solitude convenience,
A few are just closed, left unattended and expected,
To be knocked, carrying the bouquet of willing flowers,
A few are just flip flops and can be opened from either side,
A few need the confirming finger prints and prospective voices,
A few can be opened by just pressing the fickle remote controls,
To show and share the intimacy before it locks by itself,
Too many doors metamorphoses from one to another,
Day and night, everywhere on the streets of heart's corner,
Mostly well maintained, though a few are irreparable,
To invite, feed, love, care, compromise and share.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Doubt And Its Effect..

The warmth I feel, whenever I think about you,
The safe place you have, where I can sneak and be comfortable,
A pair of wings you clip on my back,
To fly over our fulfilled dreams,
The wings never been trimmed,
Not it is left to grow huge and wide,
Weightless feathers lift me up to the clouds,
I wander as the aimless bird,
Enjoying the warming sun and cooling breeze,
You have made it possible,
When you have talked to me in the nicest words,
Appreciated me whenever I am deserved,
Encouraged me whenever I am down with tears,
I know that you are there for me to go back,
I know you have the listening ears that hear my joy and trouble,
Many words of sweets, I have to thank your people,
Who had taught you the choicest sentences,
Words express what you think,
You are too great to supply me the flipping wings,
Have I done that to you? Don't you have any dreams?
Whom do you share all your joy and headaches?
When I have started to think of this twist,
My feathers drop as the falling slow flakes,
The pair of wings, you used to supply,
No more stick on my confused back.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Dream Resort...

When we stand on the parapet,
Layered with beautiful love carpet,
To take us to the next cohort,
To create the pearls by spilling of gold dust,

We stand still, nothing exist anywhere,
The world is covered with the mystic shroud,
Nothing is seen or observed or bothered,
When we are alone on the magic carpet,

The healthy stars shine as sons of wizard,
Most wealthy have been weakened through habits,
The healthy can survive at any climate,
The moment we stand on the dream resort.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The e..

The castles I have built,
So elegant in my mind,
The pleasure I obtain,
Can't be measured in units,
The moments of ecstatic instants,
Never elongate beyond the limit,
Always get snipped in every joint,
But the forgiving memory,
Of such occurrence on every day basis,
To build the dream castle,
That have collapsed at,
every disappointment,
carried away all expectations,
leaving only the simple excitement.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Dreams Of A Heart..

Fossilized hearts stopped beating,
Buried beneath the debris of time,
Woven carpets, yet to be kissed,
Stripped to be the twisted ladders,
Galaxies away from the wonderful dreams,
The codes have never been hidden, but barren,
Many generations walked without knowing of the waves,
Sufferings are the curses, a group invented,
Prosperity is the blessing, another prophesized,
Billions of believers afraid of failures,
Fossilized are the hearts, stopped the beating,
During the operation of heartfelt mission,
By pass that part that are totally clogged,
The new vessels will flow the love with no more flags.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Duality

No one in the world can degrade the truth,
To reach the vision to enrich their type,
Of attitude, as the hilarity in the reality,
Obvious to the minds that fantasize the cruelty,
They are sick and weak to call as meek,
As the 'modest human' resurrect during trouble,
So many of them shake their heads to approve,
Whatever any clown with full make up,
Stand in the middle of the human circus,
Articulate holding the noose of the laws,
Around the necks of all citizens to be threatened,
And fearful of their life, organizing the civil society,
Is even difficult and have to meet all forceful rules,
Where do we go from here, countries of hypocrites?
How much is just enough for us not to disturb,
The countries of inefficient, efficiently ruled by the corrupt,
Where we have the easiest business through bribing,
every level, but back home we are the cleanest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Dues...

Dews on the leaf, glossy and smooth,
Arranged on the surface with great respect,
Independent as the rounding rodent moon,
Glitter here as the shining evening sun,
Millions of them on the parade with no earlier practice,
Early morning breeze and fragrance from the blooms,
The chirping from the birds and cracking of insects,
Every little heart smiles when touching the dews on the leaves,
Not the time ripen for them to know and grasp,
Those are the tears of the solitary night.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Earth And Her Suitor!

He travels with the fastest speed,
Hugs her half naked body with greed,
She tilts at twenties and hides her poles,
she has the beauty pageant for him to drool.

Blues and green on her subtle skin.
She was so beautiful in herbal regime.
Suddenly blackheads, freckles and smoke,
Whiteheads structure blemishes on her face,

The third planet under his solar control,
her children dig out and decorate her rococo,
They have their own hundreds of satellite,
Stealing his hot energy to fuel and light.

Opaque barriers not to let him in and keep him away,
so he puts her under surveillance the whole day,
She rotates and shows him the happenings with fear,
who is as visible as him, just a provider.

Name the suitor, who dries up her entire rainy tear,
Name the descent guy, who keeps her cold privacy,
Name another name, who feeds her flora and fauna,
Name anything that is as caring and loving as him.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Earth Child..

The comforter out of atmosphere,
full of holes of our luxurious desires.

The over coat out of the clearing forest,
full of red patches and sky scrappers,

The pitchers filled with fresh water,
mixed with tainted harsh chemicals.

What do you need, my miserable earth child,
When your tear end as the salt sea water.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Earth King And The Sun Queen...

Reciprocating for the love shone,
When immersed in the warm dew pond,
Billion rays of hands with rain bow bangles,
Keeping him in the trance and he rotates in silence,

The one with twenty eight day cycle is envious,
Changes her veil to open and hide to tickle his neck,
He gets agitated: the high and low tide are the reactions,
The earth father looks at the sun mother in reverence,

Watching the drama with her unclosed eye,
She can't shed tears, but can warm up and freeze,
Everything not equal, the moon is furious,
Takes her shadow as the back drop,

To cover the sun queen from the earth King,
Not knowing the diamond ring he receives during eclipse
As the token of love for his masculinity and chastity,
Though a third party in between, creates commotion,

The love between the two hearts, never gets weakened.
His garden is full of flowers, tenderly cared and stored,
Morn or night, not mattered, he has different blooms,
In his orchard, to woo her day and night with multi fragrance,

They are the happy parents all the while with little squabble,
The Earth father takes control and rears their brood.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Earthly Lady..

How much you can hold,
In the dark secret of your heart,
Every time you munch in small bites,
Or gulp the massive raw delights.

Thirsty of you never be satisfied,
Drink until the wee hours of every state,
Flow it throw the valleys of cognitive chants,
You are too hungry to polish the plate.

What have you done with it, my lady?
You neither put on weight nor on diet,
Always on the lookout for the disposed organics,
What have you done with all that is ingested?

All blooms of vibrant colors and texture,
Enough nutrients for the ones, who pester,
For lavish square meals in the platter,
No wonder you are slim and fit, but getting old.

All your pimples and dents are covered with green mask,
Your stomach undergone oil suction treatment,
Your mountain size breasts are flattened to build the nests,
Where we stay and dream of building the diamond castles.

You look' too young' to everything that is newly born,
That wants to touch your subtle painted skin,
Quench the thirst with treated water, madam,
You may be falsely flattered with words of erosion.

Go for the total retreat to reconstruct your youth,
Botox may numb your nerve and you do look awkward,
Spa for the manicure and pedicure of tainted soil,
At least you can be made up to have the confidence.

when a photograph is taken from the space,
you may be as 'white' as the moon's face.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Earth's Inmate..

The bluish green emerald prison is admirably vast,
Following the regular and strict routine with masks,
The guards at the every entrance with stamps,
Deface the beautiful fresh pages with the kiss.

Birds have the freedom, trespass with graceful ease,
Aquatic brutes of all kinds wander for suitable mates,
The holed earths weep with fossil fuel of tears,
The underneath natural gas escapes for their feast.

The ants are busy collecting the delicious dirty food in a hurry,
The tied bees with the strings of obedience, coated with honey,
The buds swell big to bloom as the beautiful fragrant flowers,
The prisoner's intelligence scheme to destroy this lock up.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Eastern Souls Wail! ! !

When I was left as Eve with a man,
who was called as a rib bone less Adam,
in the garden, littered with speaking snakes,
I did not find any captain to help us out,

When I was heavily pregnant and panted,
not on the mowed lawn but on the stones,
Adam had neither the biceps nor the triceps,
as in the painting of Genesis; Cain was born,

Which parent would leave their kids naked?
Which parent would leave their children homeless?
Those light houses on the shore simply show a signal,
the drifting wood loaded with lots of love succeed

forgiveness need not to be sought when innocent,
all these iron chains that tied our vision and progress,
have to be melted with common sense, not with hymn and verse,
Eves of the west are loaded; the eastern Eves still wail! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Emerging Happiness..

Women have the dreams,
Of their own,
Until the kids of them delivered,
When the touch of little ones felt,
Their dreams are set aside to 'pursue' later,
A few resigned from their professional work,
A few juggle between the jobs and house work,
A few have turned to be the driver, cook, teacher,
Care taker, house keeper and well wisher to their kids,
The help from the sperm donor who hold the ring,
Not available, as they have their own 'ambitions' to go after,
a few fathers are too great to comprehend,
let them be blessed with good health,
The journey is performed until the young adults,
From the little ones emerged and,
Started to have their own dreams and targets,
Women are always happy to see the success,
Of their loving children and spouses,
Behind the sincere smile, there is a drop of tear,
That would emerge from the corners of their eyes,
The moment they think what they have lost,
In their own life, to have the happy family,
And to see so many cheerful faces,
Many Generations of women have had this.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Encouraging Heart..

Your blatant lies are wonderful,
Which makes my thought beautiful,
Dust of pollen from the golden hill,
Filled my poor heart with diamond silt,
Those are the lies, really words of comfort,
Half mast happy flag may go up to the top,
The timely lies are too great to scoop,
As the flavored ice cream from the tub,
May Melt and disappear in a minute,
But the feeling I feel will be felt forever.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Events

Each rainbow that forms in the horizon,
Says the story of tears and cry in the bosom,
Of every victorious human, who goes for shopping,
Pushing the trolley, touching all materials all along,

The eyes are drowsy, but the bunds are there,
Their prestige guards these from overflow,,0
The fine clothes, milled and tailored to the needs,
We are the human, evolved from our intelligence.

What we need in this life, except the happiness,
And if the happiness is obtained in one way or another,
And our hearts are happy with it with no pricking of fault,
What is the wrong that someone defines?

When that rainbow is formed,
The mind is calm and quiet,
The dust are settled and the humming of music,
Is rehearsed, the happiness arrives after the heavy storm,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Ever Living Human

Quill and pigments, Pen and Ink
Sharp nails and dried leaves,
Dark chillness and hot wind,
Thousands of pages sustain,

Time tested newly born readers,
Blow the young breeze in their hearts,
Extracting flowing tears from their wells,
The river of metaphors still flow,

In each and every individuals,
Who call themselves as the writers and the fans,
Thousands of years have to arrive,
To celebrate the preserved materials,

From the past, what a great thinkers they are,
Staying in the hearts of many generations,
The wealth didn't make it viable,
To last for millennium in the minds,

The literature of all languages,
Still young to adore the youngsters,
With well debated thoughts and procedures,
Those are contemporary, never crown oldness.

Many have lived, never grown tired.
Many have reigned, never lost the grip.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Examinars With Bipolar Syndrome..

The tests are tricky and too hard,
What mistakes we have made,
To chase us through the rough road,
The result of pain is out before the quiz,
Of viva versa in the playground of abuzz.

Lively conversation among the gifted,
Where we are left alone, to face one to none,
That none have the Almighty's power,
Millions of hardened soles bleed in despair,
When the gangs of Great have milk bath.

Sweetened rice, honey, candied sugar and banana,
Put in the small dish as the offer twice a day,
A tumbler of freshly boiled milk before YOU sleep,
The finest silk fabrics chosen to decorate and worship,
The choicest goldsmith are called to make the jewels.

Thousands of years of comfortable abode,
In the middle of the towns and the villages,
Leave your luxurious life for a while,
Come out and see us in the congested hives,
You have to repent for all your mistakes,
For all trials and tribulations in our lives.

Questions are made out of spears and arrows,
Objectives have too difficult options to err and cry,
The essays need the reference of our past karmic deeds,
The practical of confused minds and dreary limps.

Please come out for a while; let us take a stroll,
On the lands of deprived and the believers,
They hold the flag of white to make peace with YOU,
the bipolar Creators, who have two different moods.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Exit...

When the damsel wear two piece dresses,
The kings of homes cover their legs and hands,
Inviting looks and suggestive shakes,
The common sense gets striped to share the cake.

The sticks of concrete structures are visible,
A few short, a few tall, but both young and old,
The neon, argon and the simple vacuum tubes at night,
Change this place into the oceans of stars ablaze.

The heaven is here on the earth in the dungeons,
Where the manure of old thoughts are the weeds,
The God and The Goddess play with their nervous swing,
Let them enjoy for a while leaving all tears and moan.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Expatriated...

Waves of tsunami hit those hearts,
Raves of thoughts echo at the walls of the cave,
Ride on the rough sea with this hollow body,
Go, children you will win and we will not crumble.

Every sun with the fierce hands of shine,
Every rain drop may drench your water proof coat,
Every season may arrive with different colors,
Our love for you all stays as pure and gentle as ever.

The world belongs to you, children,
We don't want to tie you all down with our love,
Explore the stormy days and enjoy the quiet nights,
Disperse the good principles that are in store with you.

Day passes by thinking of you all, all the while,
The nights are bright, sleep distances from our file,
The ever glowing flame in your desire and sight,
On every page of your face book extremely delight.

Return to the mother land where your mother awaits,
Chanting the prayers, your father utters firm words, but acts,
Return to the holy land where your siblings are clueless on the streets,
Stay safe away from the evils; we will shine shedding all our ignorance.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Facts Of Love

The love is eternal, if not based on physical,
The love is everlasting, if everyone is logical,
The love is ceaseless, when everyone gives and receives,
The love is the perpetual truth and it never hurts,

The love looks into the welfare of others,
The time and the moment may change its path,
The love in the hearts never fails to glow,
The warm feelings for the one that we love,

Care and remember, love is so gorgeous.
When we reach the junctions of experiences,
New faces may appear to confuse and traumatize,
Let us hold our hands tight as our hearts united,

This journey of love and life has many aspects,
Of duties and responsibilities to prospect,
No one is left unloved, as someone loves us relent,
For those loved ones, let our hearts beat in magnificence,

For those who love us sincerely and unconditionally,
Let our hearts sing the songs of melodious duet or chorus.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Failed Entrepreneurs....

From a well kept house people have left,
Strewing toys and the clothes as the untidy cleft,
A small cage in the balcony, gone is the cat,
From the colorful walls, their memories are removed,
The dining table at the centre, wiped and cleaned,
The antique furniture and the resting beds,
Devoid of dirt, full of suspense and tears,
Clothes and shoes are taken away,
as the tenant decide to run and fly,
The house is vacated, but the keys not returned,
A few fathers in the world make the life miserable,
As they have the entrepreneurial spirit,
One may succeed to strike a pose for the magazine,
The rest suffer, while their wife and children cry in pain,
The angry creditors are waiting at the entrance,
The frightened tenants have left with their suitcases.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fairies Of Oceans..

A glass of the oceans, where we dive in seduction
Lathering out as if the detergent addiction and devotion,
Deep in meditation, calm and yet to arrive in confusion,
The unstable brim, where we can't hold our sanded vision,

Skins and shells are left on the unpolished planetarium,
Looking for clues from the unknown hell and heaven,
Quicksands of oceans are anchored with hope and determination,
You and I are the masters of our entry and entrenchment.

Piercing desirous coral reefs shelter to be the home,
To engagingly colorful striped fish and reminiscences,
A glass of the oceans, where we dive with emoticons,
Never overflowed and spilled to stain the wrapper of our hearts.

The sharks are lot, looking for the young of others,
The whales are huge; bulged with undigested dead feathers,
Dreams are built on the beds of temporary leaks,
who cry here not known to any, as water is a fairy,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Famous Game Of Life

The prison that we are put in, for years,
Always guarded by the super powers,
Sometimes prisoners become the guards,
While the guards are the prisoners,

Secured and guarded by the super powers,
Those are stronger than our will and silent whisper,
To crumble and scramble our simple wishes to be the lumps,
To choke our throat to prove that we are very weak and meek,

To tighten our chest to cloak our spirit to fight for its right,
To arrest our sense of self respect to escape from the paper box,
To chain our legs to the water pipe below the sink,
The change of guards are noted, while the prisoner siege,

Most prisoners outgrow the guards, as they age,
Most prisoners learn from the guards to be the sage of rage,
Most prisoners shed the tears to learn the lessons,
The game at the prison of earth is full of trouble and illusion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fear Factor!

The Fear seed is miniscule when planted in the brain,
The farmers are the concerned parents and relations,
To teach the children to obey, this seed is sown,
To make the kids timid, these seedlings are strewn.

Black is the color related to the fear, so the devils are dark,
Souls are there in the graveyards, go for walking in the mask,
Noise of wolves mimics the wind, not only visuals, also the auditory,
assault of the young mind, to dream of being hurt even before primary.

Blankets are pulled up to cover the faces, thus stay away from evil,
Protective prayers are told thousand times with trembling will,
The seed will grow into a tree to haunt the young adults and the old,
If you have these seeds, just throw away; don't sow in the young mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fence Of Fire!

Without rubbing of stones, gas and current,
A spark at the mind, thus small flame at the heart,
The big fire in the thought, inferno body,
Hot abuse words and violent razing actions.

Add the charcoal of abusive words,
Press the high at insulting deeds,
Behind the glass, the micro angry waves,
Unseen blazing fire fence erected.

Can't stand near it and cross over it,
Can't see through it and have peace in it,
To douse the fire, call the love fire fighters,
Spray the kind water and foam to dry the fire.

Don't let our mind to boil over,
Petite incidents of thrifty nature,
Be generous in affection to cool down,
Unseen fire boundary of fence between us.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fingers Of Time..

The fingers of time,
Have sharp nails,
With no triggering signals,

Squeeze the brains,
To have the folds,

Scratch the skin,
To lose the shine,

To fill the hearts,
To disfigure the shape

,
To touch the lips,
To fix the tight zip,

To soak the wrinkled,
Underwear in ice water,

To knock the teeth,
With the grinding hammer,

To draw the blinds,
To hide the screen,

The fingers of Time,
Are real witnessing all,
These massacres,

Punch in the stomach,
The slouched hangers,

The holes in the closets,
Humbled visitors,
Walking with three legs,

The fingers of Time,
Sometimes blunt,

During youthful spring,
Flowers in the bodies,

To announce the arrival,
Of autumn using,
Written configuration...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The First And The Final

The herbal doctors in our towns,
Sell herbs from the plants for every ailment,
Pound the seeds and crush the leaves,
Decoction of the roots and tincture of ales,
The paste of turmeric and neem,
Cocktails of bitter, sour and sweet,
They have managed their trade,
Many thousand years holding the name tags,
Our sick people still visit the herbalists,
For the quick relief from diabetes and hypertension,
Even for cancer and the notorious AIDS,
Not only poor and destitute do this,
Even well educated and the informed resort to this,
Once abandoned by the society and the modern doctors.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Five Giants In Me..

since I took my first breath;
the world of wind gives me strength,
burning as the fire, keeping me warm,

The concreted canals and capillaries,
with running elixir, not scared of debris,
collecting what ever is ingested; good and bad,

The land body has its own sky,
where I can see the stars even at days,
I am a caged bird, but sing my songs in pride,

the flaming fire cohabits with dew,
at the soft dual sponge beside the heart,
sends the signal of love and lust through nine outlets,

Sometimes I have the storms and floods,
Sometimes I have the shocks and after shocks,
Sometimes I have even the eclipse; darkens the spirit,

The reign of five giants; with them I interact,
to conquer the small space to be the dust,
The unknown conspirator is my accomplice.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Followers!

I saw you there, talking to a girl,
She wore heavy make up with curls,
She might be terribly hungry for a bowl,
You didn't notice me watching in scroll,
Behind the pole near the busy stalls,
Which sell the head scarf for the mule,
The ointment for the recently cut sore,
The beads to count the sins of the souls,
Hardened copies of verses in velvet,
You talked to the girl who was fair,
The pinched nose never grew sharper,
Your eyes were stationed firmer,
The unbuttoned area of the wrapper,
You never noticed me closer,
That I watched from the corner,
When I saw you walking behind the woman,
As the follower to seek and hear the sermon,
I was broken into pieces as the old glass,
When you returned, you called for me,
Sought my forgiveness, stepping on a piece,
Of splint, looking at the bleeding wound,
Chasing away the beggar, who tried to help,
A child in her arms, ran away from your sight,
You were alone on the street, yet to have a bath,
You walked behind a woman for her treasures,
Returned with gifts that follow you as a cursor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Foreigners..

People with no assets may get it suddenly,
In their life time to call themselves as wealthy,
People with no grace and kind heart,
May not get the blessings from their counterparts,
In this birth and from the Almighty after depart,
Caring of others is the best service that one can provide,
The hefty wealth that can't be stolen or kept in secret,
The fruits of these kind actions just go in front of them,
to protect them as the imaginary angels,
to warn them now, then and always,
what science behind all these good and bad actions,
that have the wands of intuition to knock the doors,
with loud bang, many people are awake,
enjoying every minute of their existence,
many are weak and confused, not know the answers,
a few may end up foreigners in both worlds,
as they do not know to exercise,
their worldly and Godly rights.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fragrance Of You..

Why do you hurt me with your thorny fingers,
When I do not even pull and hurt you,
But pluck you, when you sway with the wind.
The cold dew on the beautiful surface,
The elegant hips near blooming flowers,
The single petals perfectly arranged,
Each one of you uniformly differently shaded,
You are the symbol for love and compromise,
you are there to worship and worry,
When distilled to obtain a gram of fragrant oil,
Two thousands of you have to be sacrificed,
You are everywhere in the world,
Everyone welcomes you with open hands,
To hold your thorny stem and then,
Take you to their nose, The Rose.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Free Radicals With A Lonely Electron! !

just want to be beautiful,
stay away from free radicals,
radicals are singles and charged,
neighbor's electrons it fancied,
cheated neighbor become a free radical,
agitated with a lone electron in the outer shell:
the process becomes continuous,
looking for their pair in our cells.
If the free radical steals an electron,
from the base pair molecule of DNA,
the DNA will become cross linked,
cross link leads to aging,
Cross link occur between fat and protein,
yes, the fat and protein cross link,
the free radicals are the reason,
for this intrusion and the affection,
the polished, silky smooth surface,
that is cleaned, masked and moisturized,
the mirror on the wall reflected,
quarter of the salary spent on it,
the first thing that we like to look at,
after we wake up and the last thing,
that we admire before we sleep,
that is our FACE will get wrinkled.

complete absence of free radicals,
is the question of ignorance,
controlling of free radicals,
through abstinence is intelligence,
stay away from alcohol, as it makes you hot,
your heart beats faster to supply oxygen,
When we are completely burnt or oxidized,
the death of this body occur, you are taught,
the liver can process one ounce an hour,
and it prefers to get rid of alcohol quicker,
leaving other vital functions aside:
so fatty liver is shown as beer belly,
your body is filled with radicals the free,
that may lead to the frontal lobe shrinkage,

reason for your subordinate look at you, crossed,
as your intellectual impairment is displayed,
Lack of exercise and unhealthy eating habits,
are the reasons for the free flow of free radicals,
apart from our genetic make up and destiny,
your hormones are just enough to make you a hot chick,
stay away from the fermented poison,
to care your children when they are young,
to care your parents when they are old,
to care yourself as a human, the bold.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Friendship And The Dough

The dough and the friendship,
Are the same when comes to,
Sharing of watery information,
Too much of it make these sticky,
Not be comfortable enough to be,
The wholesome, to roll under the,
Pressing pin, stick to the board,
To the hand and to people's lips,
So the dough and the friendship may flip,
Enough of ingredients may make both,
These to flourish and rise up,
Ultimately placed in the hot oven,
Test the strength to taste these.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Frogs Do Croak! !

The Frogs have stopped to croak,
The fumes from the water not visible,
Those are the days during the rainy season,
The amphibians croak in vengeance, □
The steam from the ponds and rivers,
Evolve as the spirit to reach the foyers,
The summer has come and took away,
All those little pleasure from our eyes,
Everything here is quiet, not plenty to cherish,
The whistle from the taps and the breath,
Water is the most needed wealth,
But neglected in the countries of poor,
Holding the mineral water bottles,
The rich may not know the difference,
Having read from the books,
And may know of the thirst and hunger,
People here suffer but no one is in tears,
They think that this is the survival mode,
the elected at the central and state as ignorant as ever,
let the frogs croak in the loudest voice,
to announce the arrival of the water,
let our ponds be filled to cool the trees,
let the spirit evolve to plough the earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Fun Loving Zombies

The body is frozen and then gets rotten when the soul leaves,
But the body is still hot and feels the pain,
When one is dead due to failures,
Though these 'dead people' wander around,
Wearing the suits, party gowns and rugs,
Sprayed with perfumes or the body odor,
The hunger wakes them up to look for the left over,
On the grand tables or the side walk of the busy streets,
Their sense of humor can be grounded to be ashes,
As their brains are tuned to the shocks,
Still they can be rescued with a peck of alcohol,
And a dose of stimulants to guard their dopamine,
Or other neurotransmitter functions,
The dead are happy during happy hours,
Talking to themselves in front of the bar girls,
Showing their long legs and the elevated blouse,
The dead gather a lot to have the party and the fun,
Where their every neuron try to be alive,
Waiting for the arrival of the recently expired spirits,
The dead are alive in the world,
that is famous for deleting the names,
from the register of birth to the death,
until the last breath from the heart is given out,
this body always seeks the comfort and love from another heart,
while they are terminally ill or diseased with bad habits,
escaped from the relationships to the wide country side,
I have seen the human, always look for another human,
For support and blabber their own accomplishments,
As everyone on earth has something to convey,
As their achievement, no one is wasted as the muscles,
No one is grilled as the meat to be the charcoal,
You and I are alive to feel the pain and pleasure,
Let the part of our sensory section be dead to be revived,
With new dawns in our mind, where new kids arrive,
Pestering us to do the new things with new human,
Who are as eager as we are to do the new things,
In field of humanity and sacrificial history,
Let the dead be buried and a seed be planted on it.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Future From The Fortune Tellers!

It is as pretty as a woman, but green,
With the thick tongue and the beaky nose,
picks up notes of destiny as instructed,
a cage, just enough to stretch and hop,
with a door, that can be pulled up,
Cheap nuts available for every pick,
If the master gets the customer,
Cards of picture stacked or spread,
Previously these were the faces of Gods,
now the computer, USA and Uk included,
as we, Indians believe in fortune hearing,
fortune tellers and their parrots working,
hard to earn an income even in Singapore,
and Malaysia where they sit on the five foot path,
palm readers are busy with their magnifying glass,
the lady with a wand, just returned from the graveyard,
a man with miniscule drum also from make shift burner,
from where he collects the ash of the dead human,
to tell the future of living human. Apart from all these,
we have the master of masters to write our future,
based on the time and date of birth. With all these,
prediction at hand, none of them have ever predicted,
when our country is going to prosper and send off the ignorance.
The man on the street believe it,
The man in the parliament trust it,
The man in western cloth consult it,
The man in loin clothes nurture it,
covering his body with cosmetic robes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Future Holds The Secrets..

A few decades back we had vanished
From our life slate as a person well cherished,
By the parents and the peers, being a parent of a few,
Had let our ambitions to have a nice sleep,
Inseparable were our tasks and our body,
Unavoidable were our worries and duties,
Untouchable were our leisure and pleasure,
Unobtainable were enough sleep and rest,
When we look back what we had done,
Many of us have had the good thought,
Forgetting those days when we told our parents,
That they always boasted of what they had sacrificed,
When we are reminded of the same sentences,
Should we have to agree with it as our parents did?
the future holds all our secrets,
perfectly packed and we will unwrap it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Game Of Predators And The Victims!

They know them very well,
The very moment they collide,
They are like rats, mice and reptiles,
Come out in the quietness of the wild,
When people sleep and the land is barren,
They walk without any noise as the flame,
Once they identify them, their victims,
The mills of thought pulverize the time,
The right time is very important for the predators,
To attack and catch the victims with no detractors,
Victims are meek, weak, voiceless and shivering,
The animals stare with a whim of violating,
Gods of heaven nowhere to answer the cries,
When they say to them to leave them alone,
They will whisper to keep quiet and obey,
When the retaliation from the victim is observed,
The real action begins with overpowering,
A few are too clever not to do it in a day,
They scheme and violate the innocent ray,
To make the victims to believe they are the pact,
A few others jumped on the victims for the meat,
Scratches are found, mostly left when half dead,
The shameful victims wear the makeup to be bold,
Hiding all the hurt on the body and the heart,
Only a few are killed during the mission,
the predators celebrate their triumph.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gap...

Flash some simple light on our face,
We can glow as the phosphorescence,
In the dark, let these be the chemistry,
Of their heart, flash on our body and face,
Let us store the energy to release,
We shall spin on the spot and in the trance,
Jump to the heaven as often as we like,
Dividing as the barriers on the highways,
Beads of rosaries that shine at nights,
Toys of kids spread continents wide,
Sparkling of the light on the surface,
Painted with the love chemicals and illusions,
Let these hearts glow day and night,
Dispersing the strong warning and warming signals,
Billions are left on the roads,
Stuffed in the high rise convenience,
They are there with their ancestral,
And acquired lands, very ill with,
Perfectly tailored stiff suits and gowns,
In the middle of every town and village,
Yet to be implanted with spirit of phosphorescence,
For the place of the heart, that is made of stones.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Garden Of Eden.

The house becomes a home,
When the hearts play the same,
Music of symphony to accommodate,
Various flowers in a bouquet,
Same or different colored, arranged,
In the wet responsible sponged basket,
Different blossoms of different sizes,
Shades, length and textures,
It looks pleasant to the viewers,
A family makes a home sweeter,
The hearts connect all as wires,
Harmony has to pass through,
To lit the light of life and love,
Caring others is the only switch,
To keep the home in a high niche,
Lack of responsibility dries up,
The life in a family, the hatred,
In words and deeds disconnect,
The flow of peace in our destiny,
Each one of us love our family,
More than we love ourselves,
The earth will be the Garden of Eden,
Where the satanic snake no more hidden..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Garden!

The garden that is made,
With pedicure turf,
Smooth as carpets,
With suffering leaves,
Rows of dwarfs,
Perfectly pruned,
Heightened trees,
Architecture,
And golden age,
Ponds are there,
With fountains and fish,
birds do sing,
with the choked throat,
animals do exist,
sculptured and painted,
very clean earth,
no worms found,
Chemical breeze,
Cloudy thoughts,
Sat on the benches,
Picture perfect,
The garden is made!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gardener In Me!

The gardener in me is a fool,
always winks at the fragrant,
flowers; though destined only one.
mowing lawn and pruning dawn.

the gardener in me is a liar,
always says something nicer,
cutting sprouting desires,
hiding under the earthly matters,

the gardener in me is a crook,
always gives me the hopeless shocks,
pumping heart is the accomplice,
both work together as the thieves,

the gardener in me is a kid,
always likes to play with bubbles,
of wants; mostly witnessed the burst,
sometimes gazed at the lollypops as the buds,

the gardener in me is a hard worker,
holding the hoes and pulling the ropes,
the igniting spark sometimes fail,
the rotating blades do their jobs,

the gardener in me always on alert,
as the soldier in the heavy battle ground,
not trusting the foes sometimes friends,
sprays the pesticide with no mercy or love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Geckos, Please Keep Your Tails! !

my companion of memories, the Geckos,
live everywhere here, not as solos,
stuck on my heart wall, as the posters,
cushioned vacuum created in mid air,

chirping of them heard in the night,
when the darkness rule my empty mind,
croaking of them heard during sunset,
when the perfume from jasmine disperse,

when the doors are open, I can hear them hide,
when in need of support, they croak from the east,
litters of them left leaving the vacated shells,
how many of them in, God only knows,

never realized rearing them dissonances,
day and night, when every phase dissipates,
tails of them disconnected to cheat and fool,
the wagging tails and my beating heart are the same,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gender Of The Souls..

Sunnis and Shiites,
Brothers to fight,
War of imperfects,
Groups of defect,

A piece to dissect,
Bodies to be an artifact,
Hypothesis and guess,
Conversion is a mess,

Holding their cross,
And rosary worn cows,
Refugees run for their life,
While the spectators are stunned,

Clasping their hands,
To think firmly,
The issues of neighbors,
Not theirs, behind mountains,

Behind the lakes and oceans,
Who has to decide,
Who has to be alive or dead.
does the soul have any gender?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Ghettos And The Slums..

Down the lane away from the river,
The council's flats and the shouts,
The children don't know to speak,
In a low voice, as their screams and screech,

Not reached the drums of the powerful,
Aimless life, away from the mainstream flyers,
Hooked, smoked, promiscuous and pregnant,
The undying dreams in their almond eyes,

Being treated as the outcast from their own circle,
The youngsters in many parts of the world,
Have become the recluse, as the loving hands,
They need, may not reach their trembling hearts.

Beside the lane and at the banks of the rivers,
The shack of huts stacked up sideways,
The dirty children and equally unkempt parents,
Quiet as the midnight, not aware of their rights,

Picking up the peanuts from the political landlords,
Hooked, smoked, not promiscuous and not pregnant,
Once In a while the loud whistles from the pressure cooker soul,
Pierce the ears of the people, who dwell in comfort,

Hundreds of eyes peep through the glass windows,
Hundreds of lazy men try to be the well wishing teachers,
The life in the congested ghettos and slums,
Possessed with the spirits of fear and gloom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Girls May Lose

The garden of fragrant flowers,
Saw her running towards, orders,
The buds to bloom and disperse,
The scent to her perfumed hair,
On smelling the new fragrance,
The butterflies escape from cocoons,
Assuming her face for a flower,
They swirl around her in trance,
To suck the sweet nectar,
Too afraid to face the intruders,
She runs away to have the shelter,
In the arms of a masked human, a spoiler,
Thinking of him as a rescuer,
Assuming him as a wonderful lover,
The girls may lose their peace for a favor,
the girls who hang out for fun,
may lose their peace to a con.
boys not carry the loads to remember,
but the girls carry to think and despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Glass Foyer..

The pitch dark at the door of new moon,
The drizzle of hope cold irons the forlorn,
The screeching crickets and the frogs just awake,
The noise from the wheels announces the life.□

The house lizards are big and not conscious of the alert,
The sky is tinted with non permissible gazette films,
The torch lights of the heaven deprived of the fuel,
My tiny brain can't see beyond and below this halogen soil.

The dancing of the movable attracts everyone's eye,
The flowing of the desire can't be controlled with a bye,
The things move, walk and dream are surreal and false,
My mind always seeks all those lies as the best boat to cruise.

Yesterday's thunderstorms brought down the pressure,
Whatever that flows may be clean or colored,
To reach the oxidation pond or the earth manure,
The cyclic effect of the evil and good has the fixed tenure.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Glowworms..

When the glowworms come to my bedroom,
I capture a few and keep as a lantern,
the music from the light really enlightens,
when I change the position of it many times,

The feelings are warm and really welcome,
the smiles and giggles are the mirage of the reason,
thousand blooms have the younger buds of creation,
nomadic minds and the dynamic bodies have some connection,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gods And Heaven..

When my batteries fail,
You are my power bank,
ultra modernly mystic and colorful,
Visible to the lonely soul.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gods Live In Our Nerves.

Aching is pain and nuisance
Severity varies in annoyance,
Tooth ache, Head ache, stomach ache,
And Body ache. Do we forget to take,
Medicines for these aches and freaks,
We will be and pain killers we seek,
We may forget to take medicines,
For many disorders in blood and functions,
Which not affect our nerves at once,
But the effects are severe and life threatening,
Without the prescribed medicines,
We may not lead the healthy life,
Take your medicines regularly,
follow the advice of physicians,
For the disorders and diseases,
That we are blessed to have and suffer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gods Of Universe

Before you reach their feeble heart,
You have made them to shiver in fever and cold,
The hands and legs are made weak,
Their lighting eyes have worn the screen,
The vital signs have shown the haphazard patterns,
They are neither drowsy nor in dream,
They float in the air holding their dear souls,
The smiling lips elongate as if found the truth,
When you finally touch to race with their hearts,
The stopping order is issued for the rebirth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Gods Practise Favoritism...

The people who are vested with check and balance,
Collaborate with one another to cheat and abuse,
The people of a country suffer and poverty maximize,
Those who vote to elect these hypocrites have become fools.

Brother, agree with me that we are fools,
To live in this country of rules of jungle,
Where the strong and fierce can pierce the flesh,
Roar from the top, announcing the success.

We can change the candidates to select the different flag,
We have the freedom to speak aloud, but have no audience,
What we cry, has reached the deaf ears of our policy makers,
We haven't seen the prosperous dawn, streets devoid of its dwellers.

Something is wrong the way we administer our country,
The rich are not comfortable; always have the fear of betrayal,
The poor are not suspicious that they are abused to be dry,
We can easily blame our Gods for whatever happens in our life.

If it is God's will, why do our brothers have enough food?
If it is God's curse, why are brothers in foreign countries happy?
If it is the play of our Gods, who aren't they tested?
Are our Gods too partial to torture us, poor people of all countries?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Great Blacks..

Bleach my poverty,
Bleach my ignorance,
Bleach my insufficiency,
Bleach my inability,
Bleach my traits,

So I may not be darker,
To be called as a black in future,
But I am proud to be the one,
Having the colors on my skin,
To stand still in front of the sun,
Challenging all obstacles and sins,

I am proud to be called as a black,
And it is the color of my ancestors,
No whitening do I need to bleach my skin,
But I need the bleach to whiten all those alien,
That labels me to be called as the colored and,
I may rise up my position by lifting up my mindset,
The knowledge has no color, I will acquire it,

What color is the intelligence?
What color is the confidence?
What color is the determination?
I will obtain all those colorless,
To be called as the great Black.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Great Teachers!

The best teachers.
have conquered the world,
Jesus of Nazareth,
Buddha and Mohammed are the few,
They were born,
with the greatest gifts of swift tongues,
Teaching mind of them,
had made them the great.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Greenishly Blue Ocean..

When you pour all your desires in me,
What do you want to do with me?
Then hiding of the head as the ostrich,
The closing of the eyes as the sun and the cat,
The vibrant colors seen at the horizon,
Always change to the whim of the bend or attack,
Churning of the milky blue vessel with a single pole,
From north to south, slanting as the young bride,
Million years of ruthless rule less epics,
Nothing have pierced the nautical units,
Those are hollow, but filled with love for land,
A few square inches or the millions of hectares,
When you pour all your eager wishes and trashes in me,
What do you want to do with me?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Guards Are Very Busy...

The nests of the wasps,
Just small and crisps,
In the shape of the shell,
But have the partitioned,
Chambers, the young are there,
Guarded by the vigilant parents,
The nests of wasps are secured,
In the homes of the human,
The children are left alone,
And their hands are loaded,
With freedom and the tablets,
Any intruder can enter through,
The net with no permission sought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Guards Of The Gods And The People..

Guards are there in front of the palaces,
In Non violent temples at the entrance,
Thigh of the horses are fixed with the claws,
The perfect pedicure of polished nails glow,
The thorax and face of the human,
And a few have the breasts and the rest plain,
The wings are at the back steady to shoot, □
The beak replaces the lips ready to poke,
The ears of the antlers that can hear,
To secure the kings and the Gods from the evils,
Something that can run fast as the horse,
Hold the preys as the eagles of the Lords,
Something that can fly as the birds,
And hear the noise from the distance in the dark,
Of all the additional features in the guards,
Human had retained their brain and the beauty,
At the threshold of ancient temples of,
A mystical land that is called as the mother land.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Habit Of Being Nuisance

I have the dogs and the plants,
I have the healthy dogs and the battered plants,
I have the playful dogs and a few uprooted shrubs,
I have the loyal dogs, but spoil all my hope,

Of getting beautiful flowers and then the fruits,
To taste the nectar from the healthy blooms as honey,
My dogs 'water' everywhere to spoil the roots,
Sometimes the prime roses are sprinkled,

The beautiful red, yellow and white roses are nibbled,
Once my grape vines were brought down with spansks of the paws,
Nothing is left to mind its own business,
Every part of my body is polluted and,

Work in hay wire to fix it later, once the symptoms,
Are confirmed when the diseases are bloomed,
I have a few habits and my body is under attack,
As I have the dogs and the battered plants.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Habits And The Development.

Early birds wake up early to get the juiciest fruits,
Modern Men fail to sleep by working three shifts,
Countries where men are awake with bustling cities,
Where their forefathers were smart and intelligent,
To forecast the future of their children of children,
Without the corruption of corrupted vision.
Our forefathers were the reason for our failures,
Of having inefficient population and the leaders,
Who have failed to wake up early morning,
To look at the rising sun that glowing,
In the countries, where the roads are vacant,
Where railway and bus stations are empty,
Where people are still in bed at six and after,
There, people live in poverty and despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Half Doused Camp Fire..

The smart people are the ones,
Who learn from other people's mistakes,
The innocents are the ones,
Who become the victims to teach others the lessons,

Some people may call themselves as daring,
Actually they are the fools, reluctant in learning and protecting,
The new businessmen after retirement,
The new businessmen after graduation,

The new businessmen after someone's ill advice,
Always fail and that is the reason,
Only One out of ten businesses survives after ten years.
Learning from people's experience is the best lesson,

One should not avoid and ignore,
If they don't want to lose their sleep,
Half done business and half hearted love,
Half destroyed enmity and partial involvement in any work,
Will destroy our peace suddenly, when we are unprepared,
As the flame developed from the half doused camp fire.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Happenings..

When you go for a date,
Don't spray the medicated oil,
On your forehead and behind the ears,
When you talk to the date,
Don't keep your face fierce,
To camouflage the feeling of fear...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Happy Memories..

The memory birds are still young,
Chirping day and night all along,
Quiet and salubrious in the nest,
Healthy and happy all the while

Flutter their wings as the cotton seeds,
Just released from the pods from the hills,
Swaying gently humming the loving notes,
The happy memory birds will fly until the end.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Haze Problem In KI, Malaysia

When the light flowers bloom early morning,
The eyes are tickled to cover with the lids,
The shadows are scared seeing of the angels,
In the fluffy petals of the light flowers.

Those start to bloom, evaporation of the mist,
From the oceanic thought to touch those with love,
The sudden fragrance of the nation and the people,
Unique to the region, where one tries to flux with the wipers,
To let the flowers to get into the dash board to the interior,

Where the hearts are clouded with the smell of haze,
That has traveled thousands miles from Indonesian jungles,
The land has to be cleared in the fastest old fashion style,
Thousands of hectares of cultivating land on fire,

Spewing the smoke to the atmosphere,
Year after year around this period,
The people live in the north get their throat,
Choked with dust and burning debris of poor people,
Who have any other mean to prepare their land.

Singapore was cleared of haze and we, KL people,
Cough and sneeze to enrich the cash register,
Of the private and princely clinics and hospitals,
We are covered with the clouds of haze.

The light flowers can't enter through the barrier,
We may suffer a few more days in daze and confusion,
The light flowers from the tropical forests,
Again snatched from the rightful owners...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Heart Is Not Too Weak..

The heart is not too weak,
To fall down at once to break,
From the stand that rock,
Vibrations from earthquake,
Having cute wings at the sides,
Pouring of hot metals to mould,
Perspiring steps lead to the hill,
The pink cotton candies in the mind,
Collection and deposition of neural weapons,
The heart will never be weak again,
To fall down on the plane to be in pain,
The heart is not too weak to fall down to break..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Hearts!

If the heart is made of gold,
We can sell it to get the profit.
If the heart is made of diamond,
We can cut and polish it.
If the heart is made of polyethene,
We can hold it as an inert umbrella.
But the heart is made of flesh and love,
Don't hurt, cut, polish, use and sell it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Hearts! !

carving a heart out of a stone,
get beaten up many nights and morns,
a fine heart, in shape: still a stone,
if you go for comfort, it hits you with a bang..

blowing a heart out of a balloon,
really fanciful with colors of dreams,
a soft heart filled with fake air,
if you go for comfort, it will burst

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Heavily Armoured Human...

Do you have any weapon in your heart,
to pierce through my heart,
to effervescence as smoke of kindness?
Do you have any other weapon in your mind,
to radiate on the surface of my thought,
to spread on the sheets as the words?
Do you have that hurting and shooting,
weapons in your shining eyes,
to gaze at me to reflect what you give me?
Don't you have any other weapons,
to gauge the warmth and coldness of my lips,
that speak the nakedness of truth,
that may elevate you to the great height?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Height In Life..

What a difference of height,
When we are together in delight,
You looked up to me from just above my knees,
Holding the bottle of milk in the mouth,
Spreading your legs in the baby cot,
Wearing of pamper and cartoon singlet,
Tried to reach my hands and face,
To plant all those milky sweet kisses,
Then you reached my hip and then my head,
And now I look up to you, as you are taller,
I see the motherly love in your eyes,
From this height, when we walk together,
At home, on the roads and in the bazaar,
Whenever you protect me from oncoming heavy breeze,
Many times you called me beautiful and wonderful,
Person of your young hearts: I was shocked,
No one told me that frank and bold,
When I reach your hands to lead you,
In the zebra crossing, thinking of the old times,
You smile at me and let me to hold you with assurance,
That all human grown from the young children,
Are the same, we have become a parent,
To each other at different parts of our life and height,
The humanity stays alive in our joyful hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Hell Or Heaven! !

A glass home curtained,
In the middle or the rear,
The smell of the pesticide,
Overpower the disinfectant,

I am given an I pad to learn,
My myopic eyes are five years old,
Mummy and Daddy are out,
Return home to act to be polite,

My whole world is this room,
Which is decorated with foam,
Cold food is on the table,
Disney characters baby sit,

Tear stains on the cheeks,
Prisoner's life until dusk,
No friends around to play and fight,
Hell disguises as heaven in many places.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The High Lands Need Winter Clothes!

Full of mysteries mist with no dust,
Covers everything from sight,
The ball of fire is out of delight,
When I walk down the trail of mud,
Quietness rules this wonderful slope,
Where none sweep, but the wind,
The freshly detached leaves join the old,
The birds make the music to the fall,
The roots are hidden leaving the gaps,
Where thousands of creatures alive,
To call it their homes, the bees hives,
Stick on the branches as the black holes,
Ferns are here in many shapes and height,
Palms have their rooms too, the tallest,
Trees of the earth are found in the virgin forests,
The smell of the air is very fresh, the ants,
Snails, leeches and the crawlers with feet,
Live here for many thousand years,
The drops of water fall to be the stream,
Run down as waterfalls and then as rivers,
The silvery lines of water on the face,
Of mountains, the eco system looks very fragile,
When man brings up their machines and dreams,
Leave all these trees and their home to be the heaven,
To enjoy these high lands wearing the sweaters,
The winter clothes, gloves and mufflers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The High Tide And The Low Tide.

The roaring bay gets silenced not once,
The cloudless evening sheds the tears thence,
The strong banyan tree envies upon the fragile rose,
For it has had no needle to sew the separating space,
Hundreds of holiday revelers on the shore,
No one care to turn to look at the heart breaks,
Emerging crabs from the hiding holes,
Open their scissors to cut and throw it,
The suddenly contaminated trust of love,
Thousands of them have the smiling face,
Try to enjoy every moment in a minute,
As the hot beach sand get wet after sun set,
The shadows of happiness reflect its own face,
When the quiet bay starts to send the waves,
To repossess the lost land during the turn of tides,
The contented bowl is full within a few hours,
The thirsty ocean will gulp the salt water later.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Highways

The road that these tyres run,
Ends nowhere, straight and long,
The drizzle at the windscreen,
The wipers move fast to clean.

The teak trees on the north south highway,
Grown thicker year by year, bougainvillea,
At the divider dwarfed to bloom as required,
Genetically modified plants, shrubs and flowers.

Push that button to open the window,
The fragrant wind enters and rejuvenates,
The sun hides behind the mountain range,
Sprinkles the free gold dust everywhere.

Looking through the sunshade and sunglass,
The fire ball glows as the thirsty lass,
To tie her beautiful fringe and fire logs,
Curved seven colors of ribbon plot.

Miles of palm plantation have young plants,
Red fruits of palm cluster hang to be cut,
The foreign workers travel in the lorries,
To work in the vegetable farms, snoring,
At the rattling of the engines, have peace,
And hope of having money from this land.

The snakiest roads are straightened,
No more hair pin bends and windings,
Universal sign boards on the highways,
Hidden by the trees that planted.

When we go up the hill,
We can feel the pain in the ears,
When we come to the flat land,
Pain will go and we will be stunned.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The History

Billions of human
have ended as the compost,
While a few
have represented them to be honest,
Their names
are written in the slates of accounts,
A few are edited
and a few are always remembered.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Holy Home

The fire in front of me not wild,
But infused with ghee and dried wood,
Adding of healthy herbs and sandal,
The smoke of confidence emerge as the clouds,
Thousand and eight times of repeated names,
Inviting of good things into the abode,
The clothes, coins and shell of stubbornness discarded,
The holy fire starts to grow and glow in the mental desert,
The pots of water scented and sprinkled with flowers,
Tied of the holy thread to keep the desire contented,
Offering of bursting rice flakes into the gallows of emotions,
The intensity of fire in the places may differ,
But guiding the fire to grow and glow is not simple.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Honest Allah And The Sinners..

A holy man becomes a brute,
when he attacks an innocent lass,
Allah will never forgive these crimes,
Martyr in you will be punished,

What barbaric acts these are,
when our own blood of other faces,
is shed; their parents are killed;
their young girls are taken as slaves?

Allah will not forgive the sinners,
who have taken the life and happiness,
of another. Allah is merciful, but very strict,
no drug of praise can change His mindset.

Anarchy of religions has to be destroyed,
Anarchists in middle east have to be rehabilitated,
When Allah comes to our own doors to retrieve,
Killers and Rapists, Be prepared to taste your own sweat.

Allah, the Great, Please teach them to care and love,
Allah, the merciful, whip their thought to be truthful,
Allah, the sacred, protect the Chastity of young girls,
Allah, the wonderful, please end the hypocrisy of mankind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Hot Air Balloon

Holding the hot air balloon,
That lifts us up whenever,
our tiredly closed eyes,
Try to catch the domain of sleep,
This hot air balloon has the magic,
Of forcing us rolling on the bed,
Saying something in our mind,
Not to be stopped instant,
Always carries us to the destination,
Where we may not want to land,
When we are conscious,
This hot air balloon is not the nuisance,
Sometimes it takes us to the distant land,
Where the buildings are lit with light and litters,
The laughing is heard and felt,
The smell of the recently ripen fruits,
May mock at the buds in the nose,
What to say about this hot air balloon,
That is kept quiet during the black out,
But emergence of thought appear in a theater,
that can't be seen while we are awake,
O, hot air ballon.....

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The House Of Joy!

The house full of just played toys, ,
Just fed bowls, just torn papers,
Newly added drawing to the walls,
What a pleasure to the eyes and souls,

The kids are there in that house,
Growing as inquisitive as they have to be,
Let them play in their own house,
Don't control them in the name of rules,

Young mothers, don't toil too hard to please,
All the notorious oldies of the world,
Young Mum, Teach your children the morals to be bold,
Enjoy your life with your husband and kids,

Unkempt house is not a contagious eyesore,
When the kids are growing to be the warriors,
Unkempt heart is a real curse and a dumpsite,
When the old and young are comfortable with.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Humming..

A rainbow at the horizon,
Wears the strands of hues in attention,
Not an inch of spatial difference,
Compacted in the disciplined effervescence,
The union of tangibly intangibles,
Hard to scoop and store in the vaults,
The rainbow in the horizon,
Speaks the dialect the mind can translate,
Into the perfumed flowers of fluttering feelings,
The notorious nuisance of what we hear,
And get affected, vacate through the rear,
Threshold, where the clouds can't erase,
Thousands of rainbows born to reborn again,
When the proud selfish shine is broken,
The breezy colorful bits of a satin ribbon,
Get humbled to be the straight light again,
To continue the light years of journey,
In the open space with and without warning traffic lights,
Hard to comprehend the traveling is in the spirit.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Hunger Game..

The ruthless entertainment stage,
The actors are real with hunger and rage,
The low voiced spectators are huge,
The hunger game may reverse with revenge.

The poor have always fought with themselves,
The notorious civil wars have delivered the leaders,
Most acknowledged historical leaders are the terrors,
The hunger game has always produced the victors.

Sitting around the table, talking to the deaf,
Grouping as allies, having selfish treacherous desires,
Children of enemies are invisible to the naked eyes,
What is the use of biased psychological theories?

If you want some entertainment out of the hunger game,
Go to the places where people still scavenge to live,
Go to those places where you can hear the cry of the orphans,
Go for a hike wearing all the gears to slaughter the unarmed.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Images!

When you try to touch my gentle heart,
Please make sure your fatty nails are clipped,
The fresh bruises and the old scars a lot,
That can't be seen through eyes the naked.

□

When you drink water to saturate me,
Please make sure you don't adulterate,
The fresh bulges and swellings are a lot,
That can't be seen through the eyes, the naked.

When you breathe to fill my alveoli,
Please make sure you don't suffocate.
The vessels are collapsed with cancerous blooms,
That can't be seen through the eyes, the naked.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Imagination

The golden chariots driven by the vixens,
Carrying the condensed dreams once,
Stayed near the pillows of the turtle human,
Who want to lead double life, quite common,
Arising through the clogged chimneys,
Settled quietly on the carriage, funny,
Bags of escaped thoughts and cruel words,
Going around the green to reach the sender,
Bouquets of blossoms, vibrant in make up,
The smell is good and pleasant as the rational texts,
The chariots are driven by the camels, lions and not the horses,
Reflections are seen from every other angle,
Refraction and conduction are conjugated in silence,
The waiting of the souls in the website of the vacant,
Space, clapping of the hearts and the lungs,
May lead to the gasping for new ideas,
When the silver chariots are driven in the sky,
Everyone feels the happiness on their lips,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Immigrants..

We are all alone here doing mundane tasks,
The same morning declaring match stick,
Send the rays through the curtains of barracks,
Where the like minded people work as immigrants,
Open their eyes to follow the strict rules,
The same smooth breeze carries the nails of fingers,
To scratch the weeping hearts those hold the smiling faces,
Millions of us have circled the tardy earth,
To collect the printed papers those have the worth,
Is the 'East' the word of curse to have the myths?
We may not know the answer, as we have failed in Math,
Multiplication of money and metals in the concrete jungle,
We, the immigrant workers, build the dream castles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Impacts Of Love On Something..

You do want to hide,
Something under the dried leaves,
You do want to camouflage,
Something with the fragrant incense,
You do want to mix and mislead,
Something with the odor from your senses,
You do have the weak heart,
To possess something as the gift wrapped,
When the dried leaves are eaten by the worms,
When the fragrance of incense turns into smelly odor,
What you have collected are shown in the x rays,
You can't hide the wrapped gift from the eyes,
Of not only loved ones, but everyone will be aware,
And your enemies will be happy and visit you in the Hospital,
When the trouble shooting of your body is done,
Biological nuts and bolts are weakened and loose,
Your eyes are filled with wells of tears,
Still you do want to play the game of hide and hide,
Never like to seek the truth, giving up all the evils,
Those who love you be dead, not to see you in trouble.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Indian Love..

We have no room,
We have no shame,
We have the night blanket,
The innocent children sleep,
beside The active parents,
Right beside the road sides,
Just under the dark bridges,
No nook and corner is wasted,
The youngsters are possessed with the spirit,
Haunted is our place,
Gossiping mouth can't be gagged,
When the babies are born,
On the verandah of the hospitals,
And the new mother is ready,
To deliver the next citizen,
In a twelve months time,
just under the elevated highways,
wearing the dark night blanket,
the infant sleeps in the soiled clothes,
the older children are too tired to be awake,
the Indian adults who are left on the streets,
try to forget their troubles, just for a while.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Innocence Of Waiting..

How many days and nights,
I have stood on a leg,
On the brim of your thought,
To knock the tightly closed,
Door with a smack and a smile,
Saying all those wise tenets,
In repeat, thinking that I am,
Neglected and stranded in the cold,
Without knowing all my sufferings,
Are being watched, heard and enjoyed,
Using simply treacherous spy ware,
In between the shadow of your heart and myself,
I am standing on one of my legs,
While the other leg takes the rest,
Not knowing of your wickedness,
Wasted is my effort and innocence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Insanity In Love.....

When no one looks for us,
Let us have the strength,
Not long for them anymore,
Not wait for the comforts from their calls,
Not decorate the heart for them to stay safe,
Knocking of their door may disturb them,
Calling to their numbers may irritate them,
Gossiping about them may spoil their reputation,
Let us have the strength not long for them,
Let us take the sharp scissors to snap the thoughts,
Those interrupt our sleep and emerge after we wake up,
Hard to do what are preached,
Hard to leave in the safe deposit box, unremembered,
Even for a small fee, even for a short period,
to be free and useful to our own body and soul,
Sanity and insanity are the blessings,
Editing has to be done for us to be glad,
Not spoiling of the main theme and the bond,
the insanity in love always forgive and hug,
when the desired people arrive as they wish and need.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Islands

The corals on the sea bed,
Colorful, but visible as the shades,
The ups and downs of the stuff,
Not man made, but created,
The fresh and pure from the hills,
Slide down as the silvery falls,
The lightening in between the hearts,
Collection of fresh water near the port,
Haltingly waiting to be mingled,
The otters arrive from nowhere,
To catch and eat all these Pisces,
Left are those fries playing with plastic boats,
Fixed with solar panel to paddle,
A secret place on earth surrounded by spirits,
Of ancient scripts, a pregnant woman,
Never gives birth, resting and showing the tummy,
To the sun, Islands emerged from the collapse,
Of the feeble crust of weak earth,
Already explored but yet to be exploited,
The quick sand under the feet of cloudy thoughts,
Always pull one to reach the deep trouble,
When fixed with wings of paragliding ballons,
Flying can be done, but landing is fun and a pain.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Jitters

I am rolling on the bed, covering myself with comforter,
Thinking of tomorrow's papers that determine the future,
I am too scared and start to remember the formula gutters,
The language papers are over, the subjects of ancillary and core,
The practical side of all these theoretical whispers,
The labs of filled with freshly cleaned tools,
That looks for the solution from the heads of learners,
I am still awake, very doubtful about the caliber,
Reach for the prayer altar, where the Gods are quieter,
The exams, results and counseling, must check the account,
Tomorrow once again, whether it is the same,
Or the Santa Clause sends some time additional deposit,
My heads is bursting with desires until the alarm rings,
When the son who goes for exam wakes me up,
As I start to douse and sleep in the wee hours of the morning.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Journey Is Endless..

We are the human, so magnanimous,
As a choice maker, very venomous,
With our own kind, cleverly pretentious,
To the destination, very vigorous,
On the head stone, victorious,
From the organic tomb, salubrious,
A child to the adult, conspicuous,
Adult to the old, unconscious
We are the matured human at last toothless.
We are the matured human at last voiceless.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Keys To Happiness..

The keys to happiness are held by them and thee,
To open the doors of my heart to feel sad and happy,
The strange display on the platform of trophies,
The names are many, who had held my emotional keys,

I was shocked and questioned many nights in bright light,
Depressed, confused, unguided and alone for the attest,
Calling cards, skype, voip and many more gadgets,
Not felt the peace that I wanted to enjoy the days,

When the individuals are born out of our young and old,
The experiences that they have acquired in overseas land,
The distanced relatives and friends from the heart of a loner,
I have retrieved the keys from everyone who needn't control my life.

The world looks clearer and merrier than ever,
As my entangled emotions are no more loaned and in flare,
I have retrieved many of my emotional keys not overnight or by force,
But a few are returned to me with love, when they have their own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Kings And Queens Of Secrets

When we like to keep the covert,
Call the people to discuss and sort out,
Hiding the facts, figures and ill thoughts,
Not everyone is open to face the east,
When the sun emerges from the void,
Carrying an umbrella to hide from its rays,
Whatever discussion that are done on the table,
The solution can't be obtained, not neutral,
Even one is derived from fake thoughts,
When we speak heart to heart,
Many problems can be solved,
Most of us not really ready to face it,
We are the Kings and Queens of secrets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Kith And The Kin..

You are the only one in my heart,
Has that unique designation to call,
You bring joy in my life as someone,
Very close and compacted in my chest,
The moments spend with you in person, phone,
Mails and prayers, you occupy the same place,
Ever since I have learned to know the meaning for love,
You are too special and I don't let you down on the floor,
Keeping all your deeds in the safe, well protected,
In thoughts, I have enough time to love each and every one of you,
And you all have the unique designations in my heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Knots

When a sweater is knitted,
The knots are gathered,
When the future is knitted,
The knots have to be removed,
When the knots are allowed to gather,
The future may not be clear to prosper,
When the knots are not uniformly arranged,
The sweater may not look elegant and chic,
But still serve the purpose, not as the future,
That is full of knots, yet to untangle,
To have the clear path without thorns,
Either well traveled or yet to be known,
Creating knots is fun at first,
Untie them is the task we do in future.
Those who know to tie the untie able knots,
Are victorious to the ones, who knows not,
Putting a permanent knot is the work of a feeble.
when we pull the thread of the sweaters,
we will be left with threads in pieces,
life without knots is meaningless,
life with full of knots is worthless.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Knowledge Wins..

Belief, custom and rituals,
Essential parts of faith and devotion,
We believe in the principles,
Those may take us to high destination.

The customs and the timely ritual,
Everyone observe with regular interval,
Happy occasion and splendid vocation perpetual,
These are the desires of our heart's practical.

Belief, customs and rituals have changed,
To whimsy and fancy of individuals emerged,
What was the best yesterdays is not good enough today,
Man will sneak through the finest knowledge cavity.

The knowledge will break down all the barriers,
Those are built on the not deep sand founders,
The knowledge will evolve from the deepest caves,
To proclaim the victory to the human, who are equal.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Laps Of Love..

We would like to sleep on the lap,
Where we can feel the warmth,
To forget all events that hurt,
Just not to remember the wrath,
To get away from the world,
For a while, when the kind hands,
Play with our curly complaints,
Never get angered with our complaints,
Always have the sweet words,
And gesture to dispel and then to wrap,
The lap of love that we always seek,
but seldom make one out of our own,
The laps of love have one thing in common,
We desire to have from everyone known,
The laps of love never get too hot to disown.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Last Benches Of The Classes!

We sit quietly in the last desks,
The teachers are busy with their tasks,
Their eyes look at the front benches,
Occupied by the kids, who have the quests,
We have no doubts, as we know nothing,
Or only something of the subjects,
The teachers check the intellectuals,
Who can understand what is taught,
We sit calmly with our own thoughts,
In the last desks, benches and chairs,
Watching the drama between the teachers,
And the students who are alert and clever,
Just waiting for the class to be dismissed,
So we can go out and play with our kind,
Lots of influence from the outside world,
That likes to sell fun, flavor and manure,
Boring classes with not bothered educators,
We are sitting in the last lines of the classes,
We may station on the last rung of the society to suffer,
Who have bothered us when we are small and old?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Leaders..

A few leaders are too great,
To have the great vision,
To plan and execute in advance,
Their citizens are comfortable,
Beautifully dressed up,
A leader had chosen to be half dressed,
The people are half naked,
Even after many decades,
A few leaders are pragmatic,
A few leaders are dramatic,
To keep their followers,
Either as the princes and princesses,
Or as the clowns, who have the drawn smiles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lesson Was Wrongly Taught

There was a series of pictures,
A lion and four bulls in caricatures,
The four bulls faced the king as the warriors,
The turning of the lion with its face sadder,
In the following pictures,
The lion chased the bulls to get a loner,
To jump and suck its neck's sweet water,
The lesson taught was slightly clumsier,
when we are alone we don't have strength,
The lesson that was not learned was,
We are mightier when we are together

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lessons Not Taught At School Is, Asking Questions...

When was the last time you talked to me lovingly?
Where did we go to purify our doubtful thoughts silently?
The fluid pressure builds up as the wind that lost,
The revengeful heat warming up the air to raise the temperature,
As the next meal depends upon the work that I do,
Forget about you to think back when with you,
The silence is kept conveniently as the thoughts are boiling,
The backs of us facing at our bed of matrimony,
The comforter not crumbled, as we have no common desire,
Pills bring the sleep that is much needed,
Sleep, go and come back from work and then sleep,
The two minds, full of clouded questions,
Go around the poles of their own ego,
As no one depends on no one to go down,
When the heavy clouded thoughts bang with each other,
There may be rain, thunder storm and even tornado,
To dissipate the pressure and the destruction can be seen,
Some take their suitcase and exit,
And others may take the effort,
To crumble the comforter and the bed spread,
The life is very simple when we know how to ask questions.
Teach me how to ask questions, please..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Liars..

The cowards lie low to be dishonest
For the fear of losing their status,
The braves try to be sincere.
And they may not get prosper,
Many kingdoms have been built on deceits,
Wearing of the angelic mask,
On the treacherous face,
Having the cajoling tiny heart,
Good in manipulation to mislead,
To rear the mounting doubts in self,
While the innocents believe blind,
Without that trust and confidence,
No one could have enjoyed the peace,
Though they are not deserved,
As they will be judged and spanked,
Many ignorantly innocent human,
Make the world a heaven to the liars.
The life of mendacity becomes a wrong place,
The truth is out and many hearts in pieces,
Including the ones those deceive,
Their misdeeds are free to everyone's mouth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Liberties..

It is the liberty of the sun to flash the light,
It is the liberty of the ozone to filter the uv rays,
When the nature talks about the rights,
In a peaceful manner for thousands of days and nights,

What right are you talking about, human,
When you talk about the liberty of watching porn,
And let our young children watch and groan,
Addictive symptoms are coded in the brain,

The clouds are innocent and don't know about business,
The running water from the mountains, the flowing air,
Around the globe and the sacrificial love from the hearts,
Need not to be planted with chips to guide the direction.

The right to touch the current is prevented with insulators,
The right to drink from the wells is denied in Metropolis,
The right to over speed is hindered with break breakers,
Why then the contamination of young brains is not censored?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Life In Boarding School...

I had an adult in me when I was a child,
The life's cruel experiences had taught,
Very cruel lessons when I was just five,
Never played with toys, though I had many,
Never talked aloud, though I had the opportunity,
Never crossed the road, never spoke as an innocent child,
Always listened, observed and thought,
The life had taught me the cruel lessons,
Of separation from the parents,
I struggled very hard not to make a mistake,
The boarding school was packed,
With kids from many walks of life,
They behaved as the kids, crying for their mothers,
I never shed a drop of tear and displayed it,
as it might hurt my loved ones a lot,
Always obedient in front of everyone and,
Flies as the bee, collecting the lifelong treasure,
Life was easy, though meddled with shuffled,
Meddled are the thought, looking for the parents,
Cursing the boarding Schools and the Gods,
Who have created such an institution as the substitute,
A card from the shuffled pack was taken to rest,
Leaving us, the siblings, not in storms, but in safe hands,
The hands touched our heads and blessed,
The eyes watched, followed and protected,
Before the arrival of various troubles,
I had an adult in me when I was just five,
Because I have known that I am being observed,
From the sky, through the windows,
They never let me to play as the child,
Who is claimed to be too innocent and ignorant,
The children may need the touch of the mother,
The children may speak the truth without hesitate,
The children may have the mind, full of peace,
The children may grow in the homes with parents.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Life Time Of Sun Set!

I look at the God particle,
I look at the solar planet,
I look at the ever flowing river,
I do not look at you,
The man on the street,
Struggle to survive.
I look at the girl,
I look at her breast,
I look at the boy,
I look at his wallet,
We do not look at you,
The hungry volcanic stomachs,
With empty spatial dreams,
Overflowing rivers in the eyes,
Thunderous rain in the mind,
The whole month of new moon,
The life time of sun set,
Arrival of Tsunami at your door step.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Life Train And My Friend..

since last night I was looking for you,
waiting silently in the closet of beehive,
everyone here working very hard for something,
they can't understand: still perspire in air con,

I was waiting for you to arrive with a smile,
to capture my eyes, then my heart and my soul,
not to want light the lamp as the weak stars,
on the sky which show their presence blinking,

I am awake since four o'clock: after the brahma,
muhurtham, when the sounds of bathing heard,
beautiful blooms decorate the silky stony skin,
my heart pumps very fast looking at you,

fully dressed with the serpent on your shoulder,
Tiger skin on your hips, the muscular thigh,
hold your beautiful anklet worn merciful feet,
the two sunny eyes and a crescent on the head,

You are here as the breeze gets warmer,
the night veil is slowly removed from the face,
the birds are joyful and singing in merriment,
The life trains start to move forward to reach you..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Listening Trees Can Make Noise...

Thousands of butterflies,
Holding me with their tiny legs,
Fitted with knitted spiky stockings,
Taking me all around the shrubbery,
Where the ants parade with six podia,
Not get tired of inflammation of joints,
The cochlea holds the soft mussels,
Not complained over the burden of shells,
That has to be carried all their life,
The walking bird, so small and has sharp beak,
Walk with swift movement for the worms as food,
The butterfly feelings in my head and stomach,
When you listen to all my stories and blabbers,
I fly to the clouds to roam in ecstatic pleasure,
When you respond with kindness in your eyes,
Let us gossip about the love that we have upon each other,
Let us go to the tip of mountain where our ancestors visited,
Let us prance through the hills, valleys and rivers,
Where the humanity begins to end to begin again,
Let us talk about the woe to get over the pain,
Our ears can listen and our mouth can speak,
Why the deaf ears and dumb mouth in the able sensed,
Refrigerating the pain will induce more when thawed.
When you and I listen to the spoken troubles,
We may have wings to fly without boarding a flight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Little Ones Of All Ages!

When they splash the water on me,
I wipe their wet faces with my towel.
When they pull me into the mud to be dirty,
I take them out and clean their soiled feet.
When the web is so wide to catch them as spiders,
I install the protective software, to stun the intruders.
When they tell me the goodness of modern living,
I tell them that we were modern at our times,
When they spend the money as water,
I have no heart to tell them our despair.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lonely Sun...

I am stationed at the center,
Gazing at every other loner,
The eye are laced with yellow,
The face is massacred with blows,

The loneliness in my heart spurts out,
The solitude has no limit to boast,
They are too scared to befriend me,
As I vaporize their weak watery souls,

Melt their ego hills to be the ghost of null,
Drink all their living air to fuel my lust for fire,
A cup of cultured ice, the size of Neptune,
The troubling ring, as big as the Saturn,

They are ready to offer me the gifts of lies,
Changing their attires after every solar shower,
My eyes can't be closed and I would not shut it,
As there are thousands of colorful blooms,

Among the greens, the billions of eyes,
With two litter shutters each are happier,
When they play merry go round around me,
I feel lonelier than ever as I can't hug,

Any of my admirers, who are all fragile,
Even at the distance of billions of light years.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Loser..

When you try to bend me,
I tend to be too flexible,
Not to feel the pain of squeeze,
When you try to break me,
I say goodbye to my solid state,
Make myself to be malleable,
Not interested in shattered hearts,
When you try to bounce me as a ball,
I may gain extra weight,
not to be lifted up,
Strained are your healthy hands,
All these are not my faults.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lost Freedom!

Darkness of grief left to ferment,
Can drink as the ale for excitement,
Quietness of night can last for few hours,
The bright sorrow returns to haunt and cleaver.

Man is made of regrets, as his happiness,
Makes him thrilled for a short while, cheerfulness,
A glorious handy facial mask to hide original,
Feel of gloom, hatred, distress and torment.

Let us wear this mask when we are entitled to be happy,
All our liberties are taken care as the separation of plasma tax,
We are always dry as the bone marrow, still vital to economy,
Living in glum is far better than living in the slum.

Once in a while, when I am tired of this pretense,
I would remove it boldly to cry for the lost freedom.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lost Wish! !

A little child, her daughter's age,
came to her mind in her last bed,
she was very frightened and shivered,
for she asked her niece to look,
after her own children,
while she slept,
when she was young,
some sixty years ago,

she was too regretful,
as her deeds are counted,
and colored in gold and black,
she wanted to seek forgiveness,
from the old lady who stood beside her,
wiping the tears, calling her aunt,

she wanted to reach her hand,
she couldn't,
she wanted to open the mouth
to utter the words of sorry,
she couldn't,
she wanted to hold the breathe,
to say sorry,
but she couldn't..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Love In You..

Whenever you pass by my heart,
You throw the seeds of love and hurt,
I have the plants that start to bloom,
In between there are weeds of poison,
I slowly pluck them not to get harm,
The blooms, buds and the young leaves,
Very vibrant in the evening hues,
The fragrance wakes me up before the dawn
And say the lullaby while I sleep.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Lust.

Itches can be induced by chemicals,
From the insects of illicit obstacles,
The nails are sharper, the brutes,
Are merrier and the scratching appears,
In the middle of the subdued corridors,
Those who have the feeling of love,
Never crossed the fire of lust to be the dust,
Those who know the meaning for love,
Never ever swum in the polluted cove,
Not everyone possessed with the itch of irritants,
To seek the pleasure through mutual contaminants,
The lust in human may err, but the love never does,
Even if it does, it regrets, but never justifies the flaws.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Machine Understands What We Speak...

Confused of this betrothal,
Since the wheel of asoka replaced the handcuff,
On the night, when the lions left,
Leaving the sheep to bleat,
Sixty six years gone,
The multitude of human,
Tripled, soon to surpass the Chinese,
The wealth neither dwindled nor created,
But protected by the selfish giants as guards,
We are still divided and occupied,
The checkered squares of a pyramid,
Where we can't find any prosperity,
Only the once alive dead mummies,
Glory of the past caste hierarchy,
The hands pushed down the democracy,
Marx, Lenin and Stalin ideologies,
The state is the guardian angel,
To appear and appease the electoral,
For the votes to be counted again and again,
For the same groups replace each other,
Same wrongdoing repeated term after term,
We know nothing of the disgrace and shame,
Unless we think of us as one and equal,
Segregation and favoritism not favorable,
Wind of change is still not felt,
Though the marriage to democracy is misspelled,
The old ethnic and cultural perception of life,
Neither helps nor destroys us to be aloof,
We can speak the languages that machine can understand,
While the livelihood of our siblings at stake.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Magic..

This sun arises on its own,
The river gallops on its own,
This ocean roars on its own,
The wind blows on its own.

The hair grows on its own,
The nail lengthens on its own,
The heart beats on its own,
The love flows on its own.

The eye sheds tears on its own,
The mind cares for other on its own,
The reaction is shown on its own,
when the love flows on its own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Making Of...

Trust me; I am a good man, but always like to wink,
With a heart of solid gun, hard to break and bend,
I love my children; Keep them close to my heart,
I love them, I adore them and I work for them.
Tell my drinking buddies, goodness of their studies,
Mostly they talk about politics, Philosophies and ended as tortoise,
Hiding their head in the stupor shell, eyes looking at the offing,
Of course, I love my wife,
She is pretty good and better at the rifle,
She could look through the darkness,
Of my guarded mind and deliberates me,
What I thought and what I had done,
Her nose is worse than the canine,
Could smell the details of my khakis,
Shirt, singlet and even the wallet,
Trust me I love her so much,
To the bottom of that gun,
I actually do not know, ,
What that makes me to fling,
Truly, breaking hearts,
Is not my choice of task,
She has claimed that I break her heart,
Children blasted that their hearts too,
My children behave like the strangers,
Live as the neighbors in my own house,
I look at the horizon to find out the answer,
What went wrong, when I am perfect?
What is not right when I exercise my right?
It is very cruel to live in this house,
Should I run away from the responsibilities?
Should I say sorry and mend the torn?
Should I stay and continue with my tactics?
Would I end up as my buddies, to go for the drinks after work?
Would I end up as the tortoise, to hide from realities?
would I end up in the bench to look at the buildings?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Manna From The Heart!

Precipitating the amalgamated thoughts,
That runs through the spirit under hot fire,
Words of notoriety can freeze it forever,
Words of love have the magical wand,
To let it flow fiercely through every capillary,
That bridges the arteries and veins of mortality,
The ravenous village, everyone is in thirsty,
Hungry for the manna from the open sky,
When everyone around them keep it in their hearts,
Not knowing enough how to share it to be a catalyst,
To ignite and improve the reaction between two souls,
Starving for powerful pleasure when under the sun,
Coiling like the serpent that has no quilt in dim,
Sharing what you have in abundance in your senses,
Look into the eyes to dig out the loving diamonds,
Speak out the nice words to collect those kind stars,
Reach their mind to find out what is metamorphosed,
Taste their bitterness to realize what not to do,
When all can be sensed with one word of Love,
Let us join those pearls of affection to share,
Decorate another heart to stare and admire.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Martyrs From The Desert..

Who are infidels in the lands of the believers?
Believers of faith, love, respect and new views,
Greed and ignorance are the two binary numbers,
Justice and awareness are the two binary numbers,

How the program totally is written, coated in the brains,
And those fingers can play major roles in war and peace,
Everywhere people are in the masks, wearing white feathers,
Hearts are filled with tar; want more violence for entertainment,

The desert sand was very hot and I was on the trip,
The orange colored cloth showed I was on pilgrimage,
Never thought of myself as the weak and the victim,
Just done the job for a living and out of compassion,

Lonely among the vitamin deficient captains,
Always crying and mimicking to the unknown the great,
No one has ever returned to prove what right is,
Millions of cattle are shot or beheaded for their food,

They want my head to be snipped to show off their tricks,
Human were the brutal head hunters for thousands of years,
Amputation is wrong, the pruning of human populace,
Am I an infidel, a criminal or a sinner?

I am made a martyr while they have become the murderers,
I am crowned as a martyr while they have become the sinners,
I am labeled as an innocent while they are convicted as criminals.

Don't behead them for their crimes,
Teach them after you feed them with nutrients.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Martyrs In The Silkworms..

The life of the little ones, not so beautiful,
Though they have the code for the colorful fabric,
Light as feather; feel like naked, once worn,
Before starting the spinning, shed the skins,
The perfect stage for the protective cocoon,
The hermits want to have the slumber in,
Unaware of the horror that awaits to get in,
Meters of strong rope to protect their fortress,
Uninterrupted yogi fast growing with no distress,
Not knowing the wickedness at the threshold,
Boiling the bounty of silk in the broth,
Chasing out the pupae from their abode,
Jumped into the boiling water to be scalded,
The human scoop them out to fry and eat,
The martyrs who produce the yarn,
To clothe the rich and the king,
End up as A tasteful delicacy,
in poor silk producing countries.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Masked In The Jungle.

This jungle is the ground for all alike,
You can roam and roll as you like,
You can't find the specific species here,
As everyone is wearing not only the batches,
But also patches, to add color to their characters,
Look at those Giraffes, developed the long necks,
Just gazing at everyone and having the good meal,
Here are the tigers and cheetahs: fast and handsome,
Always creating commotion by changing the patterns,
These are the rabbits, so cute and cuddly,
Munching and delivering is its habits,
The birds are many, having the parrot attitude,
Good at repeating, not knowing anything of
Creating, Crustaceans and mollusk are the pitias,
Hard hidden with sun, have fun underground,
You can choose any mask and wear it,
As the time needs it and it is your jungle,
Made of stoned hearts, covered with philosophical thoughts,
Don't hesitate to jump and rip off,
To rid of and to reap out to shine,
Play your wonderful game full of fun,
You have only one chance of this clumsy life,
But you have wonderful opportunities of many choices.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Masks..

Looking for the ones, who have deserted the mind,
Running away as the dry cloud to swell in new set,
Thirst for love and hunger for attention on their mark,
Human are left alone to fend and lick their wounds.

People dress up as the preachers to walk on the same steps,
People have mocking thoughts while uttering consoling words,
People smell fragrant, obtaining the perfume from the dead,
What a wonderful place it is, all are wearing perfect masks.

How often do we change it to impress and get impressed?
How hard do we try to keep our masks intact at those moments?
How long do we have to think that this is an act of the normal?
How are these deserted and deserting convinced to get healed?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Master Creator May Be Too Young To Make Mistake..

Many times during His work,
This Master Craftsman,
Has made the mistakes,
He produces the Xeroxed human,
In haste: all behave as the robots,
It is too hard to think out of the box,
Sometimes he takes times a little longer,
So many mad scientists are in the labs,
They try to decode the secrets of the God,
The crippling determination in their mind,
God has made them based on His own,
Genetic code, but fragmented to the bits and bytes,
The waves are there since time immemorial,
A mistake of Him has made human successful,
The toys of Gods are playground to the mortal,
The journey to Him is made through the portal.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mat And You.. Get Up..

If a mat is rolled and kept aside,
It doesn't mean we don't need it,
Anymore, but we keep it safe,
Away from the dust of foot prints,
Stains of colored compounds,
The mats are meant to be sit and relax,
Many important decisions are taken,
On the face of it, as the witness,
Once it is brought out and spread on the floor,
The congregations of people arrive,
To pray, discuss and talk with sense,
To fulfill their real needs on the earth,
That may pave the way to the eternal comfort,
On the mats of various materials,
Human have decreed all their essentials,
The height of the mats are risen up,
And separated for the individual sit up,
The mat of the world hasn't been rolled,
Though the plastic turf replace the grass,
Let us walk on this glorious mat,
That has the texture of man's dream,
Polished and sparkled as the freshly cleaned,
Teeth, yet to be plagued by the waiting bacteria,
The mat of the earth is firm and gentle,
To carry us in the cradle, showing all colors,
That is fixed on various butterflies,
Those sit on the mats of flowers,
The mats of gyrus packed in the closet,
When the mat is taken out and spread,
Thousands of stories can be revealed,
A few are sober the rest are confused,
Everything and everyone have experienced,
the mat is rolled not to rest, but to reuse,
the people are shelved not to forget,
but emerge out as victoriously splendid,
spreading the wings as the golden eagles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Meadows.

The green velvety grass land,
Sway back and forth with band,
I am a seed with the woody gene,
Dispersed in various meadows of greens,
Alpine is so steep with pride and intelligence,
Even I sprout and can't hold the terrain,
Elevated people may have the wisdom,
Trees seldom find solace in such stardom.
Prairies are my next target,
Where I want to try my luck,
Caught with notorious angry wildfire,
Thirsty drought, no life tree can prosper.
When coastal meadows are full of salty sweats,
The desert meadows are hot tempered,
Wet meadows are full of river of tears,
Not compatible for me to grow and fruit.
Not suitable for me to have life and laughter.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The 'Mechanical' Heat And The Heart...

The blazing sky wears the gown and skirt,
The beautiful blue, energetic yellow and dark red,
Walks on the roads with high heels under the feet,
The joints at the hips flexible and swift,

The glamorous eyes don't know their values,
Bordered with coal and funny peacock colors,
Whom they want to impress, when holding their hand bags,
Up on the shoulders, just between the armpits,

Clutching in their hands, those candy clouds,
So cool they are, hot are those who desire,
When they look at these blooms,
Wearing dull and vibrant make up,

What an expression on their eyes,
As if someone pull their eyelids opposite sides,
Spontaneous brightness on their otherwise,
Cynical sweat rolling faces, if not for these young damsels,

Sent from the heaven, half the population on the earth,
May not know what to do with their worth,
They may end up in caves to look for the bats,
To mimic and hang upside down in penance,

While the damsels in distress keep quiet,
For 'their' prayers to be answered,
Men are not masons to build the love castle,
For themselves, they build it for their queens,

So she can take care of his children.
When the sky of multiple colors,
Wear the gowns, skirts and matching blouses,
Walk on the streets in nooks and corners of the world,

The hearts start to palpitate beyond the time allowed,
Happiness is spread through the dissipation of heat.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Meditating Owls

We have no time for you, my dear, the princess,
We have left you in rags, but you have a billion smiling faces,
Out of the emptied hearts, that beep for love traces,
The river of love flow opposite to be wasted,
The talents are dwarfed to be contented and boasted,
The distant Sun may roast your body to be pieces,
The nearest moon may balm your young night muscles,
The wise may sit on the top of the hills and mountains,
To elaborate the meaning for many commandments,
While the sacrificial human are resting for their turns,,
The wombs of the affluent are barren, but have hot spring,
The tombs of the weak and the meek are flattened,
Million years have passed, but our emancipation at Himalayas,
Where the word ends and the Gods are living in cold,
Meditating with their eyes closed, though the girls are around,
Ecstatic are their hearts with no pushing and pulling sound,
The distant is short, but we presume it to be the farthest,
Clouded are not our eyes, shrouded are not our hearts,
Pampered are not our feelings, determined are our illusions,
Pretense is our companion and the preference is our opponent,
We blow as the wind with no planning blue print and implementation,
We rest as the owls, keeping our eyes closed, but awake for miracles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Memory Lane 1

When we walk back and forth,
With loads of baggage in top,
On the memory lane of the past,
Thank you for spreading the petals,
For us to walk back and forth,
With joyful memory in the mind.

Beating heart of ours repeat,
The hormones secrete again to experience,
The sweet of memory of your touch,
In our life as Kith and Kins,
You have made our memory lane,
To be more beautiful with fragrant jasmines,
Thank you all again offering our love and prayers.

When we walk back and forth,
When we travel back and forth,
on the memory lane of the country,
Our legs are poked with splinters,
Of broken glasses of trust and respect,
Our body is kissed by the thorns,
That is grown from the seeds sown,
the children of evil rule this part,
where allergy of ivy is a venomous joy,
we can't chop off these trees of memories,
That is filled with tears of disparity,
Who have messed up the boulevard?
For the generation of us to suffer,
The hearts of ours weep to get attacked,
when the justice vessels are clogged

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Men And The Women Of The World

When Brahma created human out of lotus,
When the Father created human out of soil,
When the Gods given birth human and mountains,
WE, the human, were let alone naked.

Unpredictable weather,
torturous terrain,
fiercely flowing water,
monstrous animals and birds.

First sign languages,
then spoken languages,
after that written languages,
and now we have thousands of languages.

Who taught us all these?
Have the religions known these?
Hindu's world ended at Himalayas,
Jew's world ended at the rivers.

The love of the fathers,
The love of the mothers,
The love of the siblings.
The love of the relatives,
The love of the community,
The love to have life on earth,
have made it possible and
we will make it to continue.

Happy valentine's day
to each and every one of you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Messiah And The Messenger...

The outdated books in your hands,
Reading the pages every morn and night,
The shepherds are there rearing the sheep,
The merchants are there to look for the profit,
The birth and the death places are the honors,
To lure the weak to dissolve their dishonor,
Is it so easy to get rid of the dirt from the souls,
To dissolve in the frozen blood river,
long dried, stained and decayed,
Be responsible for the acts,
as these carry the weight,
To hang on the wings of the souls,
There is no easy way out to enjoy the benefits,
From the heaven or in the hell,
Where the sinners, who involve in the trade,
With beautiful faces, lips and body parts,
Ultimately end up, a few cannibals,
Must have eaten only the hearts,
A few could have polished the peace of the mind,
A few could have varnished the screens with the eyes,
We are responsible for our own acts,
And we can't escape from the after effect.
Hiding under the cloaks of a shepherd and a prophet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mind Vs The Heart,

Would you allot me a lot in your mind,
To be the sole proprietor of my prospect,
To treat me as you treat yourself,
To protect me as you protect yourself,
To work for my welfare as you work for yours,
To respect me as you respect your mother and sisters,
To love and care as you love and care yourself,
I need a place in your rational mind, not in your heart,
The heart may palpitate to the tunes of the hormones,
Sniff after the hedonistic shelters, leaving the family,
To lose its luster, the children will flutter in fear,
When the hearts are flooded with dirt and debris,
The rational mind never be clouded with haze and pollutants,
As your mind will bring you back to me intact,
After every temptation and fascination that are lot,
I don't need a place in your heart, but in your mind,
to fly over the sky happily to share the life proportionally,
when the love between us, is always kept as constant.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Molesters Among Us...

Having the dark secrets,
Can't reveal to anyone,
When the true colors are exposed,
Who will respect this culprit?

Having the dark secrets,
Hurting the weak when alone,
In the dark spot, not visible,
Who will respect this culprit?

Having the dark secrets,
Hidden tightly in the hearts,
Violation and harassment are the feasts,
Who will respect this culprit?

Having the dark secrets,
Sitting at the centre of the table,
When the Listening people aware of the truth,
Who will respect this culprit?

Having the dark secrets,
Suddenly known to the mothers,
She will get the shock of her life,
Who will respect this culprit?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Molten Human

The molten desire runs as the lava texture,
Adapting the color and smell of the glowing fire,
Travels a long distance before getting extinguished,
The beginning and the end are not in the same platter,
Hot and melted touch the surfaces of the on lookers,
Sharing of heat always reduce the intensity of the pleasure,
Started at the high speed diminishes as the time flies,
The molten desire get grounded, leaving all qualifiers,
Those keep the desire in the molten status,
Let the untoward sadly galloping rain not fall on it,
Let it flow to the longest distance, to get exhausted,
Let it spreads it wings to it full diameter,
Let the molten human be hot enough,
Not to scald, but warm the hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mood.

Stuffy room with closed windows,
Stagnant thoughts with no new dreams,
Human in and out with own will,
Dressed up in the best attiring skill,
Gorgeous they are in the pursuit,
Reprimanding the soot that hurt,
Many a life gone with that tart,
Never lived life to their heart,
Open the window to let the air in,
Rejuvenate with fresh cold fun,
Have shower in the young sunshine,
Caress the breeze that touch the skin,
The world is for us to care and win,
The moon is our entertainment,
The stars are the flowers to gather,
In infuse the fragrance of our merit,
Let the polluted river to hug the dirty sea,
Let the New water from the rational spring,
Fill our eager mind to be happy and heavenly.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Morning Sun Ridicules..

The morning sun ridicules,
Showing all its toned muscles,
strips away the slimy sad moss,
spews of hope rays to all phases,
The happiness on its shiny face,
The emergence with no mace,
The sincerity for its profession,
The concerned in its actions,
The vibrancy in the deliverance,
Partially impartial in distribution,
Life giving treasure in its possession,
Humility and generosity are friends,
The morning sun emerges from the distance.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Most Beautiful

a hand bag as big as a brief case,
have compartments, but not arranged,
stuffed stuffs are many,
lip sticks, mascara, eye liner,
powder and creams to smooth the surface,
peeler, scrubber and the polisher,
scissors, clips and gloss.
perfect hair and branded dress.

a wallet with few credit cards,
a zipper for coins and currency notes,
come out as they are,
who are the most beautiful people,
in the world?
Women or Men?
I say Men are the most beautiful people,
because they do not need make up.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mother Of Babies!

The society has retired and placed me in front of Television,
What I have, is the memory of the working life, glory and pain,
The spouse of mine reminds me of the shrunken apple,
The hazing sight, dreamy eyes that look to the doors knobs,
All of a sudden she has got up at the arrival of the kids',
Drives to the market to pick up the best for their favorite dish,
The giggling and laughing from the kitchen echo,
through otherwise silent and abundant 'walls and curtains',
The moving of glasses, plates, bowls and happy minds,
The opening and closing of micro wave oven of,
Past year's stories to the updat of the current events,
The baking of sweet fragrant vanilla cakes and pies,
The mother and the children at the kitchen, living room,
Prayer room and even in their bed rooms,
I, as usual mind my business of tending of garden and the home,
The house becomes quiet again, when the working children leave,
When I ask my suddenly bloomed wife of two days,
To bring a glass of water, she turns and looks at me,
Oh! that shrunken apple! She tells she is too tired,
Oh! My children! Please tell me the secrets with no frills,
What do you have to make my wife so happy and thrilled?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mother Tongue Of Cupid

Are you the mother tongue of the cupid?
Speaking too soft with no hitches found,
Breeze can be shy of your subtle movement,
When you pass through the human and weapon.

Drooping of the eyes and the sagging of shoulders,
Beating of the hearts and weakening of the knee caps,
Fluttering of the wings on the sides of brain stems,
Words are hard to conceive, the drowsy is the notion.

When you enter my heart, wherever I put you in use,
Are you the mother tongue of the cupid?
No other emotions are in need, laughing to the bad jokes,
All these are possible, when I learn the mother tongue of the cupid.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mouse.

The mice are everywhere, must call the piped piper,
The mouse with the long tail and illuminating bunker,
Every home is infested with a few cute device,
That creates unseen emotion that felt in the senses,
People look at the screen and then laughingly happy,
People read the message and get angrily creepy,
People miss the people that they have never seen,
People feel everything in the heads, hearts and in dreams,
With no physical contact and acquaintance,
when modern human communicate through the apps,
When the piped piper program is installed,
People use their fingers, the mouse is discarded.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Mystery Train..

Has the train returned?
Carrying all their rusty dreams,
Gasping for air,
Wheezing for life,
Roaring for the tease,
Ordering for the two sided coins,
A lonely man looks for a lonely woman,
A cube of ice that can't be held,
Close to the heart,
As it may acquire the heat,
From the rickety train,
That runs in the lonely track,
Surrounded by the riddles,
The night has to be dark,
Otherwise it is not night,
In Tundra, the dark shadow,
Fails, removed the black apron,
Has the train arrived?
The lonely man carries a rose,
In his frail hand..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The National Characters Of People..

The florists in the scentless shops,
Selling flowers in the bouquets of stalks,
Origin of these blooms really unknown,
All look the same with same and mutated genes,

Staying in the vase for many more days,
Gulping of chemicals as the nutrients of life,
These are from many parts of the world,
When group together in the region of the maps,

They are very different, acquiring the snap,
Shots of wisdom that has been stuffed,
In their miniscule, broad and mutated brains,
Brain, mind and thought are the same,

Politically adjusted, economically nourished,
Philosophically suffocated, all these people,
Think and speak the same when they are in one region,
These bouquets of people might have understood,

Progress of self depends on thriving of others,
Accommodate even the spiky grass and the gathers,
They are beautiful everywhere in the world,
Irrespective of peace or on the hostile ground,

A bowl full of meat and corns or half full and empty,
People express through their national habits.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Natural Disaster..

The sky is full of scattered lights,
Sprayed with dusty twinkling stars,
Seems to have never been wiped in years,
Constant cyclic and elliptical drones.

Just light years apart, the neighbors are found,
Rhythmic motion, they abide the rules,
Cosmic rays visit every other depth and pinnacle,
To look for the Dumpster big enough to dispose.

One of them is getting weak, letting the spies to arrive,
In magnificent style to their window and door less home,
Where they have messed up with every other five giants,
To make a home, made of plastic nuts and screws.

Shall we have the referendum whether to do it or not,
Shall we form the company to float in the internet,
Shall we have the talk in a very monotonous tone,
How to manipulate the cosmic power to be our slaves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Nature

When you whipped me out,
To the brim of the loveless world,
I caught the rainbow pole,
To somersault to the helpless clouds,

To paint on the wall of the blue sky,
Touched here and there with gentle strokes,
The third eye shone while the real eyes hidden,
Emerald and sapphire shook hands between mine,

A hopeful thought engaged with visual fabrics,
Billions pair of eyes looked up and had the feast,
When you chased me out to the brim of the world,
My glass high rise has no curtain to hide the debate,

Between the giants of the solar classmates,
Who are deep in love and constant hold,
Though millions of stones are thrown out to protest,
You are always dear to my simple heart that will depart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Need And The Want

Just eighteen cubic meter of yellow metal,
Can't be hidden under the earthen pot foil,
The thieves arrive with the hoes and trawls,
Disperse the melted dust on the greedy will.

Something can't be kept safe for peace,
Every desired fickle heart wants a piece,
Hundreds of times it is sold with empty touches,
Reach the economical sky to drop as the eye lashes.

Where it is gone, when it returns, no one knows,
Need to wash away the hope that is built with no bases,
Need to demolish all high expectation to land on the facts,
The cyclic effect persists, while the want not subjugates.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Need!

The plants need water,
The bees need nectar,
The earth needs a heater,
The stage needs the performers,
The hearts need the care,
The wind needs the odor,
The body needs sugar,
The mind needs an entertainer,
A house needs a father,
A home needs a mother.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Needs Of A Needy

The coin sound in our brain and mind,
The smell of fresh notes delectable and sort,
The swiping and the delivery from the slot,
The warning of what is left to behold.

The endless journey for papers while alive,
The never satisfied boxes want the refill,
The heart is so small and compact,
But beats as the cloudy thunder bolt.

Though the fragrance is replaced and it smells,
Though the crispiness is gone and it is crumbled,
Though it is devalued and stands as the paupers,
The love for it can't be eroded from the troopers.

We can get whatever we like from the world of material,
Bands can be with us in our private home to entertain and enthrall,
The pen drives save the light and sound in the grooves,
The clink of coins in our mind never stops.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The New Love..

My bangles worn slender hands,
Never been touched by any one,
The perfectly oiled long tresses,
Never been messed by someone,
The softness of my smooth face,
Never been felt by someone,
My legs are coated with silky butter,
My mother has churned out,
While my father has the watching eyes,
My heart is filled with love,
To praise the Lord for the benefits,
My mind is intact, to receive a prince,
Who may arrive, sitting on the white horse,
The night, my parents, decide to sign me out,
To be his possession for him to keep me,
As his soul mate the rest of my life,
Let him come to my abode,
Where the bed is laden with,
Freshly picked jasmine flowers,
Let us talk about the stories of our childhood,
Let us share the secrets we have kept in our hearts,
For us not to have any more secret separate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The New Way Of Swindling..

Monarch rule the countries with one voice to be heard,
Dictator rules the countries with only his voice to be heard.
Communist rules the countries with voice of the people silenced.
Democrats rule the countries with voice of people maimed.

Accumulation of wealth is the power to the Monarchs,
Accumulation of power is wealth to a dictator,
Accumulation of weapons is a credit to the communists,
Accumulation of credit is a weapon to the democrats.

What a Monarch failed to achieve,
What a dictator miscalculated to propaganda,
What a communist intelligence sublimed to the basic,
That is where the democrats are successful.

Keep the public occupied with debts and sorrow,
Let the people live on the borrowed money,
Let them feel comfortable with gossips and fun,
Let the democratic monarchs evolve from the dust.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The New Wind

The new wind is very fresh,
Strolling in comfortable pace,
Dressed in the smooth skin,
Walk as the fairy's cousins,
Giggling of the throat that is so young,
Roaring of a lion cub before becomes a king,
The new wind is just hot and cold,
To capture the hearts to hold,
Thousands of anecdotes to rewind,
Thousands of songs to sing to amuse,
Thousands of stages to climb and break.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Newer World

Let it rise flaunting all its color,
Let it rise to light up to be brighter,
Let it rise floating slowly in the pacific,
Let it rise sprinkling the gold dust to the aquatic,
Let it rise to extend the hands of love,
Let it rise to implant the hope for life,
Let it rise to dry up the evil that is active,
Let it rise to suck out the water to be positive,
When it rises, our hearts may bombard,
Not our land and our feeble thoughts,
When it rises, the humanity will start to boast,
The enmity will be evicted. Let it rise! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The News..

When I walked alone on the border of paddy field,
Which the family owned for many decades,
Touched the spiky young stalks with love,
The water snails loved me hugging my young feet,

The thorny Neem trees the traitors planted,
Across my breezy villages with evil thought,
Pierced my young hands with a vengeance,
The pond lilies have renamed themselves as Daisies.

The migrating birds waited near our doors,
All those standing outside, call our attention are beggars,
We have the spacious verandah, that was filled with grains,
Now empty, as those genes are embedded with greedy wings.

The dried wells are overflowing with released emotions,
Brought from the distant land with young fries of toads,
And fish, let them grow on our once fertile land, now awake,
The bells of the Temples echo to commune the good news.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Non Native Speakers Of English..

People! Be bold and don't be scared,
Speaking a foreign language with your own flair,
Don't be frightened of these people,
They are neither multilingual nor intellectuals.

People! Don't be diverted when getting comment,
Crumbling your hopes and aspiration to be the great poets,
They may not have sufficient knowledge to differentiate,
All native speakers of English are not qualified.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Old Memory..

When I see through the window,
There are no birds around,
A few with the tinge of yellow,
Blue, green, white and black,
Where they have gone,
From this prosperous valley,
Once carefully surrounded by the trees,
Now the wounded hills and the sky scrapers,
Just outside my former abode,
The cold mist is replaced with rustic people,
The place has changed and gained the value,
All my favorite trees and birds are gone,
Though I observe through this window,
All day long, the melody from the jungle paradise,
Gone somewhere, not to the distant land,
But to be obsolete, in concreted forest,
Everything and everyone has become obsolete,
Can be used for a while, then to be discarded..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Origin Of Dotted Destiny

When the dots are merged,
With the fine heartfelt lines,
A picture may emerge,
From the womb of the paper,
That may adorn vibrant flowers,
Though fragrance is the next dimension,
Can't breathe to thrill with the smell,
Can't move to sway with the breeze,
To touch the heart to suck the nectars,
Can't collect and tie with golden thread,
To make a garland, that may fit a human,
Or a divine, please don't connect those dots,
That may poke my fingers and hurt my tears,
When the light of the good and bad,
Reflect in front and on the sides, these gorgeous blooms,
Stand out as the liberties that one pursue,
When a nail holds it tight on the wall,
Many forget the meaning of what they had sought,
Pleaded to the Gods to provide,
Cried many nights on the lonely banks,
Once obtained, we forget to nurture,
the relationship with words worth to pour,
If you are on the shore, waiting for a fairy,
Connecting the dots of unknown destiny,
Be smart to live and enjoy what you are gifted with,
Neglecting someone and something,
Is not the easiest escape to have peace of mind,
So many questions in the hearts of neglected human,
Are still unanswered and they always think,
About the possible answers to those questions,
Even if they are separated and placed in a comfortable garden,
the dots are connected as the scribbles of a crying child,
never fail to expose their fear, resentment and wild thought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Origin Of Poems!

When the two stones were flicked,
The first fire was born on the chest,
Of the earth, human not astonished,
But felt victorious, to create what created,
By the nature as they knew the forest,
And bush fire that cleared the land,
For them to have the newly developed,
Land millions of years ago, when they,
Innocently mimicked what animals,
Had done by singing the songs of the jungles,
Crawled like a millipede in vibrant colors,
Observant like an eagle to snatch their victims,
Patient as the storks, waiting near the ponds for fish,
Frugal as the ants and bees to save, not to starve,
Cunning as the fox, to steal someone's wealth,
Dutiful as the Lioness, that hunts and shares,
When they couldn't fly as the birds,
A few started to think and let their,
imagination to touch the sky and celestial objects,
the land and oceans of the world,
conceived the ideas in the hearts and mind,
repeated repetition of verses,
born as the poems to share and enjoy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Other Side

What do you think in your silent world?
Sharing and caring has the powerful stamps
The numbers are written in multiples of zero,
The eyes are not met not to spill secrets of sorrows,
One may be happy having all those treasures,
Another may worry of unknown destined tortures,
Knowing the truths is worse than not knowing,
Ignorance enjoys the fruits of deceitful thinking.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Palms Of Our Hands..

The young seedling was planted in the open competitive world,
The unpredictable sun and the unkind wind are at play,
The liquid knowledge runs through the veins,
But the protecting hands are there to chase away the pain.

Each day passes in front of the observing eyes,
The mind has no other work, only the caring muse,
Runs out to shield the seedling from the cunning sun,
That wants to suck out slowly and steadily to let it to be a glum.

Years change its four season attire with multi tone desires,
The strong and healthy tree has come out from a selected seed,
That preaches the same lesson what it has learnt from,
The tired old hands: Those follow the instruction of the vision.

Every bird that sits on it feels the comfort of having the cool space,
To build the new nests for its yet to be born new offspring,
Taste the fruits of the trees, that reflect the kindness of a human,
Who has individually planted that entire seedling in the fertile womb.

What a life it is when we don't share it with our energies!
The energy of love has to be dispersed, taxes can be evaded,
Blow as the wind to open the door of a waiting heart,
we may find a seedling to plant it in our mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Pastime Of Them And The Suffering Of Us..

The colorful maggots squirm out,
With the touch of lotion slut,
Beneath the skin of the open flesh, □
Of anything and anyone that have blood,
Eating the rotten meat, scavenging on the spot,
Make the host suffer in pain and discomfort,
The young of flies, established their hives,
Moving as the eggs of the frog and tadpoles,
The purpose of life has to be achieved,
The salvation for the sufferers,
The curse for the tormentors,
The pastime for the invisible heavenly creatures,
The men pray to them for medicated tinctures,
when the hobbies are the most needed psycho therapy,
the men want them to give up their primary activity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Paths..

The well travelled path,
Is full of smoke and booze,
Weeds are crushed,
Mild cough is formed,
Wallets are thinned,
The wealthy sickness,
Spoiled the health,
Thousands of times,
The same advice is repeated,
Why do we choose that path,
To travel and face with troubles?
Stop and turn back,
Here is another path,
Where it is very pleasant,
Cool and breezy,
Not so expensive,
No tolls are charged,
We can walk free and bold,
To grow into healthy old people,
Come on, it is not too late..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Peace..

The breeze has come to hold me firm,
The storm had run off to the ocean,
The breeze arrives with the host of calm,
My heart flutters as the wings of vision,

Covering me with satin gown with no buttons,
That flips open now and then,
The gentle breeze kisses my eardrum,
After the thunderous storm played violence,

The breeze is good, with whom I make the pact,
Not to leave me alone anywhere with the villain,
My breath responds with no clapping from the heart,
The breeze arrives with many bags of good benefits.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The People..

These cosmetic people are gorgeous,
Showing their perfectly made up powerful eye brows,
These clamorously robed people are wonderful,
Reading from the notes that are approved,
These loaded people, are destined to be noble,
Holding the keys to the safe deposit and then the hearts,
These ordinary people on the roads are normal,
Enjoying their life with simple happiness and harsh realities.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Perception! Wrong? Or Right?

These flowers are painted with colors,
Of peacock feathers, these rainbows,
Are bordered with frills of cotton clouds,
These apples are polished with chemicals,
Of carcinogenic sorts, these grapes,
Are crushed to be the wine to booze and ape,
These lionesses are called as the cats,
After sharing their hunted preys cold and hot,
This sky changes its attires procuring from the earth,
Even this moon plays hide and seek every fortnight,
Yes, these women always trust what men state.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Persuasive Person..

When you were high, occupying the throne,
I was down, looking at you with a kind of emotion,
Sitting on the rickety chair, you had started to blabber,
As the drunkard after the celebration of stupor.

Many arrows of praises aimed at you with stagnant lips,
As everyone eyed at reaching your door step with claps,
What shall we do with the crown made of paper,
Sweet heart, you had screeched louder as a pauper.

I had taken a catapult to hit your legs to shake you,
But it reached your chest and you had a free fall,
I rushed out to hold you in my hands to nurse the splinter,
You removed your shoe and gave it to me as a surprise.

You have healed your wounds supplemented with common sense,
Those who have the fake faces are sweeter to everyone,
Those who speak the truth are the ones to be hurt and blamed,
Shall I return the lone shoe for you to have the pair to climb up?

Don't stand on the other side of the river, winking at the wisdom,
You may not know how to swim or control the swelling storm,
Are you waiting for the fairy to arrive with magical clues and cue,
Dear, I know to swim under heavy current, instruct me out of love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Playground.

We are the kids in the playground of plastic man,
Swing sets, sand pits, climbing ladders, down,
Sliding frames, see saw and the hide and seek,
The life and the play ground are alike.

Two sit on the see saw and looking at each other,
Going up and down, the life becomes boring rather,
If one gets down, the other will slam down faster,
In life's playground, people separate cooler and harsher.

Playing swing is fun for the sitting, not for the pushing,
Some sit and enjoy and the rest push punctually until the ending,
Sand pits are small, where we are not hurt, but get dirt,
A closed community, where has no space for peace and growth.

Everything that done in the dark will be exposed in simple light,
Everything that hidden will be shown in the soul flight,
Nothing is hidden for ever to seek, but seeking is a game,
Everyone of us delight, to find the lies or truth of the shame.

Everyone of us rushing to the ladder, crowded at the slope,
Not many can climb, never can climb, waiting with hope,
Then one by one to the top to see the glamorous playground,
Then sit and slide slowly and steadily to land on the sand.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Poet In Me..

You have become a poet,
To praise the charm and cuteness,
Of an celestial object,
That grows and wilts,
Regularly every fortnight,
billions glitter as the jewels at nights,
the one plays with visual shades,
Just stay away from these,
My heart, as you are sad,
That poet who is born,
At every sight of forlorn,
Stay away from my mind,
As I am not in the mood,
To cherish the beauty,
That is coded with a password,
The singer, who has the fine throat,
Please stop opening your mouth wide,
To send the messages through the notes,
As I am not in the right frame,
To listen and enjoy your exertion,
To take me to your loving heart,
And keep me safe out of fear,
This world is full of temptation,
I may not cross the lines of foundation,
My mind is not devoid of practical microbes,
Still feel alone in the garden, full of flowers,
Stay away from me, you, the poet,
Who want to see me cry and whisper,
To entertain every other soul,
Who need some pleasure..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Poet In You...

They have become the wonderful poets,
To praise the charm and cuteness of,
Of the celestial objects,
That grow and wilt,
Regularly every night and fortnight,
Just stay away from these,
My heart, as you are sad,

That poet who is born,
At every sight of forlorn,
Stay away from my mind,
As I am not in the mood,
To cherish the beauty,
That is coded with a password,

The singer, who has the fine throat,
Please stop opening your mouth wide,
To send the messages through the notes,
As I am not in the right frame of mind,
To listen and enjoy your exertion,
To take me to your loving heart,
And keep me safe out of fear,

This world is full of temptation,
I may not cross the lines of foundation,
My mind is not devoid of practical microbes,
Still alone in the garden, full of butterflies,
Stay away from me, you, the poet,
Who want to see me cry and whisper,
To entertain every other loner,
Who need some pleasure..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Poor Know Manythings What The Rich May Not Know..

Plenty of food on the table,
plenty of restaurants that serve,
plenty of appetite that we have,
Eat and wash it with drinks soft and hard,
come back home and sleep on the bed,
middle of the night, start the burbs,
then lie down to have the sleep,
again, burps, burps with rolling gas,
sometimes hiccups accompany and rocks,
look for the antacid in the shelves,
in the drawer and kitchen cabinets,
if find a sachet or a bottle,
that seems to be a God,
mix it with water and gulp it,
slowly the stomach is quietened,
rumbles not heard, the gas is not out,
the sleep arrives and we sleep..
A poor man who has no food,
may sleep silently in trance.
A poor man who has no comfort,
may not feel anything uncomfortable.
Those who know the comfort,
can differentiate the difference,
those who are poor and ill,
are comfortable with these evils.
as they know not meaning for good life,
as they are not aware of,
what they have to strive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Poor Neighborhood!

Are the hatcheries built in poor neighborhood?
Where the criminals and crooks are found,
Whenever there is a crime in the town, □
The siren of security is heard in down town,
Thousands of young girls and their friends,
Born and brought in these play ground,
Where the brutal thugs suffer in silence,
Their bosses live in extravagance.
Whenever there is a crime in the town,
Police go to the poor neighborhood for the hint,
Are the poor human, mothers of all evils,
The real evil is living in the hearts of the heartless.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Preset Answer!

A thorn in the foot and lint in the eye,
A scratch at the back and the pain in the heart,
A stye in the eye lid and ache in the decayed tooth,
Can be removed on its own, without any help?

Stand alone as a stump in the middle of deserted hearts,
Walking alone numb in the midst of unkind air,
Thought of unwanted, planted in the section of brain,
When the oppressors change and regret, why is this hate

the precast used to build the structures,
the hearts not even stopped to do the repair,
the scopes can pinpoint the health of our internal organ,
why are we so hesitant to take out the lint from that eye?

the torn from the foot and the pain from the heart,
the hate from the mind and the poverty from the society,
can be removed by the intellectuals like you,
who have the desire to keep the affection at work.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Previous Birth...

We can't wake up from this slumber,
Saved and concealed in the box of timber,
Faring the new designs after every affair,
We can't get it right until door is opened with a hammer.

We are awake and not contemplate of our earlier,
Notes of songs those had gone wrong and right as the administrator,
We are blinded and saddled, sitting on the oscillator,
Play the game of whistle blower after every encounter.

We can't come out of this treacherous nap,
To see the sun in the dark and cloudy days,
The elegant stars those twinkle in the day light,
The hearts are not quiet, always beat to be glad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Prison Of Poverty...

Freedom in our land not gives us enough food,
Freedom in our land not has enough work,
Freedom in our land creates the lazy cowards,
Freedom in our land not worth to have power of people,
Believe me that we are free to do anything that could,
Walking through the streets to find out the meaning,
Of acquired freedom that we have to materialize nothing.
What a rush is this, human have no direction to go towards,
What a mad rat race is it, that human take part in it,
What a planner are these people,
who neglect the people in their planning,
What type of freedom is it that put,
minds of people in the prison of poverty?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Products Of Prosperity

The sun and the salt on the skin,
Melody of waving rhythm to the mind,
Slipping sand under the touching feet,
Growing peace calms down the thoughts,
The distant fishermen fight for their share,
Tides of ocean have shifted to the land,
The sharks and whales have their sharp teeth,
Showing the face of human in dear mirth,
Repetitive motions are rules of the nature,
Not repeated eight hours a day all around the year,
The twitching of the face, pain in the limbs,
The product of prosperity, can be found in our homes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Prophets

Should we have to teach the prophets,
How to use the computers?
Should we have to inform the prophets,
How to cure the lepers?
Should we have to show the prophets,
How to fly in the mystic air?
Should we have to summon the prophets,
To prove all their tenets and verses?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Purpose..

What is the use of having a home,
When we go there only to sleep?

What is the purpose of having a family,
when we meet the members once in a while?

What is the meaning for sovereignty,
when the citizens are not taken care of?

What is the name of the citizens,
who do not bother about the welfare of the nations?

What is the use of having the brain,
when we stop accumulating knowledge?

What is the greatness of having the wealth,
when we do not donate for charity?

What is the use of donating the high heels,
when the people suffer in the earth quake zone?

What is the use of teaching the religions,
when hungry people attend such sermons?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Rainbow

Before I procure the colorful rainbow,
From the sky shop to make a bow tie,
It's erased and the sun flashes its smile,
I am not disappointed as it again drizzles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Rat Race..

A fraction of microsecond,
To freshen up with powder,
Light, be alert nine planets,
Let you all have your facial,
Dawn in a faction of nanosecond,
Nothing waits for eternal bliss,
Nothing opens the doors,
With a pressing of the remote,
A fraction of a microsecond Is too long,
When things happen in a nanosecond,
Seek that light at a distance,
That is wasted with no admirers,
Run for the chance, not of the choice,
Waiting for choices mostly never materialize,
Pick up the chance to proceed to your choice.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Rats Can Copy...

This rat can steal the cheese,
That is left on the paper plates,
That rodent can sneak into the house,
That is made of wisdom and knowledge,
Those paired legged creatures work in solitude,
To copy down the sweat of the creators,
All these rats roam on the streets,
Run through the roughage for rummage,
Ordained with badges, capped and robed,
Beautiful major drains are their homes,
Huge in size with daring eyes,
Those are sparkled with tainted inks,
Millions in numbers and on free and easy,
In every city that has enough eateries.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Real Discrimination..

We were standing alone in front of the school,
Where the kids would turn into adults soon,
Never ending useless home works and tests,
Projects, assignments and emotional issues,
We were standing alone in the vast playground,
Where we saw the women drove their cars to work,
Wearing high heels and immaculate dress,
Leaving the kids in the playschool and maids,
We were pushing the trolley in the super market,
The kids were in uniform, surrounded us as our body guards,
They had the choice to pick up what they needed,
We paid the bill, using the supplementary card,
We were standing alone in the visitor's bay with a tag,
The parent of so and so competed in the art,
We were the first person to know and feel what they achieved,
Sometimes too happy to elate sometimes simply sad,
We were standing alone in the clinic when they were sick,
With trembling heart and the fear in the thought,
We were standing alone repeating the lessons since they were young,
We were standing alone praying for their safety,
When they had gone to local and foreign universities,
We are standing alone always holding a phone,
Connected to their 'busy with meeting' fathers,
Repeated the same story to them time and again,
What they have understood and what they have known,
About their children as a parent no one knows,
We, the mothers, are left alone, touching our empty wombs,
When this society chooses the father's name to call our children,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Real Value..

They have doubted you many times,
When the untimely flood robs the hope,
The earthquake that ruins the hard work,
Their prayers are answered in the opposite,

When look at the beach where the tsunami hit,
All are good, they have reconstructed their hope,
Flourishing homes where children are born,
The value of their prayers is very visible.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Relationship..

How am I related to you when I steal from you?

I am a thief, you are a victim and I cheat you.

How is she related to him when she sells her body to him?

She is a business woman, he is her customer,

Her body is a commodity and the business is done.

When we take money from someone,

Who is neither related nor do we have any affection,

How are we related one another?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Resting Stars

I own the sky and I can look as far as I can,
Billions of resting stars smile at me,
And I can tease them as much as I can,
The moons of various planets are too busy,
And I can make as much sarcastic comments,
As I can, the debris from the distant land,
Float and flirt to have the dash with the earth,
And I can pick as many as I can,
To use as the wooden boomerang,
One sun or hundreds of sun in the outer,
Universe, boiling over the wasted debate,
And I can scoop as much dreamy cream,
As I can to spread on my frozen thought,
The man made satellites, rotates as the village,
Bullock carts, dispersing the information foliage,
In everyone's hands, I don't bother about these wire mesh,
As strong as the cobweb and I can't procure,
Tensile thread to sew the hearts together,
But I let them to float and be free,
Enjoying every moment of life,
Having the little bit of peace of mind,
Looking at the sky that they have owned,
The ancestors have settled in the resting stars.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The River Of Words..

When the river of words,
flow from the mountain,
Or the hill top source,
where the fertile trees bloom,
Scent of fragrant essence of fluid,
run through the tributary,
Of intelligence map,
let it flow from the height,
As the magnanimous falls of the nature,
Where the turbines heads can generate power,
To light up the homes of senses to shiver,
Let the river visit each and every door step,
Where the little boats are made to face the storm,
Let the river not get polluted,
collecting all unwanted materials,
Let it gently knock the windows of the hearts,
To have the small piece of place in the mind,
Let the river flow uninterrupted after every bund.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Rivers..

When thousands of fireflies,
Light up the dark nights,
Near the Banks of river of Nile,
The shadows formed from the illusion,

Can't match up with the dark delusion,
That clouded around as the partition,
Is people's power an imagination?
When we are dipped in the chocolate cognition,

Of variable doctrines that speak of finalism,
When the livings are the ones have to live in pacifism,
The life after death seems to be the notorious idealism,
Even the full moon can light up the half world in mesmerism,

No one wears the panty hose and long johns,
To protect themselves from the evil eyes,
The waves of the oceans are active,
To lick the lands of the barren feet,

While the human arise to be on the streets,
Fighting for their rights which are denied,
When the fireflies are replaced with,
The constitutional sun, the peace may prevail,

But the basic needs are compromised to feed a few,
On the banks of rivers which nourish the lives,
Look..Thames is quiet fixed with London eyes,
yet to be checked for astigmatic long short sightedness.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Roads, Not To Be Resurfaced!

Everything turns into ashes, except a few,
The prestigious dining table that serves,
Fragrant food, drinks, fruits and nuts,
The clowns of this world gather and gulp,
Pot after pot every few hours and in gap,
Once the thanks giving prayer is repeated,
Nutrients are absorbed, the remnants of waste,
Can't be kept in the safe deposit, turn into compost.

When the fuel is filled in the tanks,
And the work is extracted in ranks,
What is left is the waste of aging bodies,
That has to be greased and repaired,
Untold sufferings of maintenance,
Even the crowns of these clowns,
Are in despair and teary eyed,
Have no one to rescue and give them,
Youthful elixir: to stay to give pleasure.

When the man start to think in troubles,
Not in leisure and in pampering comfort,
When their legs are shot with worldly tart,
The pulverization of ideas minced with words,
Many extend the pleasure as the food that perish,
In a day or stored in the barns for few years,
Only those who have scribbled deeply in the hearts,
Inherited for many generations as a few great,
Representatives of every century, the rest gone ashes,
These cannibals never face the death,
And live in the minds of mortal to inspire,
Generations of intoxicant of knowledge and power.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Roses..

Rose, when you bloom and still fresh,
Enjoy the admirers, who look at you,
The texture on your attire so subtle,
Though a few pimples are found as dew,
The fragrance of you not so overpowering, but pleasant,
Though you have never used perfumed shampoo,
During raining and never visited a manicurist,
To trim and color the sharp nails,
You are so vibrant though you are in various sizes,
The way you sway while it rains and shines,
Standing majestically, gazing at the onlookers,
You are too proud when someone's mouth,
Not closed when they pass by you,
Rose, enjoy your life, glamour and attention,
Until the signs of wrinkles appear with freckle and sun spots.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Ruins Of Secrets..

I see the snowflakes in the summer,
When you are with me as a lover,
I feel the warm sun in the winter,
When you gaze me as the clean pixel displayer,

When I am with you, the world seems to be empty,
You and I are the ones, walking around freely,
When we walked through the Bazaars of poor and mighty,
The smell of our countrymen never smelt, not salty,

The dirty wading pool during rainy seasons, seems to be clean,
The summer sun hides, not having the guts to shine,
The flowers from the botanical garden bloom on our skin,
when we are clean not keeping the secrets in our brains.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sages Told A Few Thousand Years Ago

We try to wash our dirtied,
Rugged clothes in the mud,
Water from the river and the tap,
As the wise old poetess once told,
Even if it is a rug, wash and wear,
Even if it is porridge, bathe and drink,
Two thousand years have passed in silent pause,
We are on the same river banks of doubts,
Our faces are enlightened with grace,
Where our genetic codes are mutated,
Across the oceans the tsunami is gaining,
The momentum, in our place we are dreaming,
Of afternoon's nap after a heavy meal,
The parents are wearing the shoes of kids,
As the competition is too tough on the home ground,
But none aim the podium where our anthem is sung,
The kids have lost their childhood to be matured,
In chanting of mantras of culture beyond their age,
Generation after generation we are doing this,
After all we behave as kids when we are old,
Refusing the food from the relatives and friends,
And a few still cook with their frail hands,
The pride is their only ornament,
Where luxury has no place and,
Is not welcome to be the part of the household,
All of a sudden the lightening stuck,
From the west living on borrowed papers,
This culture is imitable and enjoyable, but the paupers,
Of economy dislike the wealth as it brings the wrath,
A few thousand years ago our sages told.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Same Mask..

The smell of May is same and different,
When the jasmines arrive in the baskets,
Shape, colors and the scent are unique,
When tied together to wear on the braids,
Thousands of the frail hands plucked,
Each little bud before the dawn and the light,
The odor from their sweat evaporate,
After the sun rise, once the baskets are loaded,
Tons of jasmines from our fertile land,
Bloom every day to prove and be proud,
The ester from their stalk may mask,
The sweat of our unaffordable people,
Until then let these flowers get migrated,
To camouflage and compete with the rest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Same Old Flame

An old flame, once hot and affirm,
Spreading the gentle galore of fortune,
One possesses abundant, not known,
Tips of the fingers and the toes are just a form,
Touching of it sparkle not to shut down the fuse,
Rubbing the shoulders of memories at the interface,
Flames aglow, where the minds have thought alike,
An old flame still young, lively and vibrating,
In silent mode, thousands of full moon have had shown,
Their beautiful faces in seducing shine and sheen,
Bringing all their hosts of stars to show off,
A small old flame in their hearts has never given up,
The desire to glow bright and they have chosen the right path.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Same Trail

Fences are erected covering all nooks and corners,
A few are barbed and others are fixed with doors,
All are invisible, just in front of us, hard to walk through,
As if a solution exist to the existing problems those are tough.

A few have passed through the fences of culture and rules,
Got them badly battered to be called as rebels,
Many live within the demarcated boundaries,
Use the doors conveniently to exit and enter.

All these boundaries have made us to be sick and dull,
As if we are tied down to the ground, not to have an option,
Luckily we had acquired the knowledge and experience,
Before the societal obligations were rested on our shoulders.

We have no other option, except living within these societies,
Growing from the infant to the matured old individuals,
Invisible metallic cobwebs, not to be disturbed at home and work,
Hundreds of generation have lived and died taken the same trail.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sea Shells

The sea shells in the sea bed,
Let them be there still and contented,
The leftovers of life once lived,
The sea shells are barren and immobile.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sea Which Is Not Alive!

You stay at the lowest part of her,
Where you are saturated satisfyingly,
The salinity differs from the top to the bottom,
Where you let us to float when try to swim.

Concoction made of salts of various elements,
Decoction of solutions with variant grades,
Bored of having the life in all parts,
She has made you very dense to be infertile.

No plants and animals thrive to have fun with,
the hermit wants to go up to meditate,
the person with high salt level feel the pressure,
but you have both, the high pressure due to salt or depth.

Pebbles cemented with halite and evaporated minerals,
Surrounded by three nations and two of which are arch rivals,
Are you cursed not to have living things flourish in you?
Are you blessed with not having
the notoriety of things that are alive?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Seasons..

I am sandwiched between two giants,
Who have extremely fierce and calm climate,
The pores are closed when one is around,
The pores sprout as the sprinklers to create pond,
When another one exposes itself throughout the noon,
I can't move either side to feel the warmth and the cold,
The hushing of silvery water from the falls,
The running of escaped rain from the land,
The flowing of crispy and humid air from the head,
The blooming of flowers and shedding of leaves,
From the greens, the hatching of cute parrots in the nests,
The eggs of crustaceans are buried in the beach sand,
Paddy and wheat field holes, the whistling of misplaced,
Winds to the drums, plenty of grain and the nuts,
In the barn, when I am sandwiched between two giants,
Who have unpredictable characters as their traits,
These two have never met even once during their tryst,
When the humans are arrested and released from their homes,
Barrels of wine and beer in the shelves gone,
When these two giants arrive at their threshold,
Hearing of the fizzy sound from the bottles,
Roasting of meat in the barbecue pits,
The chattering of kids and women are alike,
When men make merry in their back yard,
The pool of water either frozen or welcoming in the ocean
These two giants rule in the opposite side of the earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Secret Of Love..

No one is here for me; except you,
to hold my hands with love.

No one is here for you; except me,
to wipe away your troubles,

No one is here for us; except us,
to talk and kiss over the doubts,

No one is here for us; except us,
to ride the horse to catch the rainbows.

No one is here between us: except our silence,
to whirl wind to brew and boost the storm.

No one is here for us; except us,
to unite our hearts with a painful arrow..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Seeds Of South Indians Are Spilled In Sea.

The symbols are left everywhere,
On the path of our ancestors voyage,
The banyan trees are few hundred years old,
Tied with colorful threads to fulfill our wish,
The Lord Ganesh has undergone the name changing episode,
They call Him with an unique name of Elephant Buddha,
The land of Buddha has the statues of our first God,
Even in front of Isetan, Bangkok, people kneel down to pray,
The Hindu temple architecture is found in Ayodhya,
Our Gods are removed, but replaced with an Indian prince,
Chanting of prayers is heard and Gowtham is worshipped,
He is reclined and asleep, while the real history is modified,
The symbols are there, where our ancestors had gone,
In all parts of South East Asia, our forefathers spilled their seeds.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Selfless Rain In Our Life..Dear Father!

Rain never benefits from raining, though the process is tough,
Lonely clouds gather and collide up above the sky with trough,
Competition is tough, when the harsh reality wind blows rough,
Floating alone or in crowd with one aim at the loving hearts,
Providing the life giving sky juice to the livings on earth,
Fathers, you are all as the rain, upgrading ancestral paths,
The gathering of clouds end up in raining with gala fun,
But we see you all in salt, fresh and polluted water Tins,
What have we done to you all, dear fathers of the human,
Vibrant and the most intelligent fathers of the animal kingdom,
What have we done to you all for your generous affection,
Except showing our gratitude in colorful flowers, that bloom,
Bounties of grains, pulses and the tall trees that groom,
The mother earth as your bride, Father, you are all selfless rain,
We, the children of your bride, will never let you down,
So you run in our body as the life giving elixir, still sacrificing,
Father, we love you, all, each and every one of you, hard striving.
Let us float on you gently, Father, don't create under current,
our family boat has the safe journey when you are happy and sound.

Happy Father's Day! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Shock For A Moment.

Retracting fangs resurrect from the depth,
Just to spread the venomous news through gossip,
Exchanging of the views, flavored with opinions,
A Pack of pigs always on the loose in our towns,
Their tails are not quiet, flip from side to side,
The snort from their noses, the touch of their bellies,
A few are pregnant with hot juicy gossip,
to deliver with ideas that are too cheap,
When they look for the waste to share with their friends,
Digital signals can't be the chameleons or the newt,
To change and gossip with the information's content,
Don't gossip through the emails to get charged later.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Shore And The Fickle Waves..

I am the shore,
Where the waves hit,
Sometimes in slow motion,
To ease my uneasy feelings,
Sometimes it smooches,
To carry off my stance,
To roam around the blooms,
To look for the petals,
Sometimes it is very violent,
Demolishes all my sand castles,
It comes, goes and returns,
I am the shore, not in vigilance,
I can't move anywhere,
As this is my only abode,
I let myself to be played,
The waves are happy,
As they have the mood,
That are dissimilar and,
Mostly hostile...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Short Sighted Shepherds...

I am a young shepherdess,
Following a budding shepherd,
He is in blue, wearing white,
I am tainted white with no clue,

We both roam around our herds,
Waking up before the dawn and dust,
Holding the pitcher and carrier for the food,
Gazing at them is our job to do,

The mongrels from the kennels at our side,
The lone shepherd is always kind,
Teaching the herds to how to behave,
The herds shake their head with no hesitate,

The brave shepherd is too happy to have the feast,
When I tell him that there are lots of lecherous flies,
Around their heads, the shepherd is too stubborn,
To believe that they say yes to his great sermons,

I am the shepherdess, following the shepherd,
As the laws of husbandry have declared,
The shepherds are here, wearing the ties and tags,
Not attending annual dinners as they are in blue,
Happy but a gale, looking for the visible signs,

When the dream fences are collapsed to invite fore closers,
The herds of thought would escape for new pastures,
The shepherds are left alone with dried and fresh manure,
The great shepherdess would evolve from the heart breaking failures.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sick Earth..

Believe me; everything will be taken back,
Kept underneath safely as the pay check,
She is not too generous to provide always,
She had turned a vixen to protect her health once,
Buried all those alive in her womb,
Heated it for many thousands years,
Ruins are the few as the human were the weak,
Ruins will be a lot as the human are the quick.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sight!

My Heart, please don't stumble upon that site!
Where the message are left for the sight,
All my might are gone with one twist,
When the words play the game of magnet,
My heart, don't stumble upon the memory,
Whenever I am awake, at work and free,
These thoughts sit as the boulder on my way,
Every time I get stumbled, when I walk by.
My heart, don't get stumbled upon the praises,
that are thrown to you with good wishes,
you may not know what you desire and pursue,
Don't get stumbled upon every fall and rise.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Similarity Between The Dark And The Light! !

The mind and the sky are the same,
as both are sometimes cloudy,
with undecipherable doubts,
Once cleared, then Sun shines,

in these territories; one visible,
with blues all over its naked truth,
dazzling stars to mock at its worries,
The other one has the monitoring face,

which displays the infectious cues,
reflecting on everyone who encounters,
twinkling eyes guarded with goal liners,
the mind and the sky are the same.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Siva

How shall I express His beauty in words?
Sometimes He seems to be fair with sharp nose,
Sometimes He is too dark with a short nose,
Sometimes He is short otherwise He is too tall,

Whenever I see Him at the entrance of my village,
He looks very fierce holding the weapons of kinds,
When I go near and say my salutation with love,
He changes His own self, the joyous wind on my face,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Siva...

The beautiful garden delivers blooms,
Where I stand drenched, quiet and calm,
The early morning breeze does the wonders,
But It has never disturbed those who snore,

During the dawn the river is cold and warm,
The fragrance brewed in the memusops elengi,
Sprayed over the trees those bear the fruits,
Shelter the crows, squirrels, ants and reptiles,

The walk from the river bank to the garden,
The pitch dark rules every pebble on the path,
The thorns never trespassed, the eyes can view,
Through the dark narrow lane that leads to the plot,

He is not cruel but He punishes the offenders,
I am not afraid of His dancing pose, which I do,
With the mortal whom I am too scared, but,
I am not frightened of this man, who rules the world,

He looks very smart as every other young man does,
But He is everywhere, for whom I pluck these young buds,
Tie these buds to bloom and let Him enjoy the fragrance,
I am not forced into the devotion, as I do with the mortals,

I have never forgotten Him, so I do not remember Him,
He walks with me, talks with me and plays with me,
follows me as a child, pesters me to call his name,
He is very great, mimicking what I do..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sky And The Stars.

I am looking at the sky,
there are no star flowers,
who has plucked all those flowers?

I am looking at the sky.
It is clean and clear,
who has painted it with single color?

I am looking at the sky,
The rascal clouds are not around,
The star girls are not found.

I am looking at the sky.
Do these star girls elope,
with the wandering rowdy clouds?

I am looking at the sky,
The star girls are back,
wearing the blue veil.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Slaves Of Love

The slaves you have for your peace of mind,
Neither known to you nor shown to them in love handcuff,
The pact is very hard to untie to get reconnected,
The slave in you always hoax you to get humbled,
People are the slaves and they work for the slaves,
The tradition of slavery has existed for long times,
The slave Eve picked a fruit and handed it to Adam, another slave,
The slave children were born to bear the children of slaves of love

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Smart Valentines...

On the way back home, they think of them,
They buy something for their valentines,
A cup cake and a cute bucket of ice cream,
Their Valentine like these items the most,

The best companion who follow them
Wherever they go: a confidante to them,
Never ever have gossiped, the deaf listeners,
When they speak, the sincere mimickers,

Whatever they do, sudden smile bloom,
The moment they smile in front of them,
So beautiful to their pretty eyes,
Whenever they see their valentines,

In the Mirror, where the lights are lit,
A drop of tear from their valentine,
Fall on their subtle hands as gratitude,
When they keep all these items as the gifts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Smell Of Coffee And Fried Chickens!

Our cultures have different flavors,
That may be liked or disliked,
Our nations have different smells,
That may be admired or disdained,
Our bodies have different odors,
That may attract or repel,
The human idea of selling flavors,
Really sell everywhere from the franchises.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Soldiers.

The soldiers in the borders, brave to hold the gun,
The loved ones at home, very insecure in notion,
The day he left carrying the gunny sack,
The heavy boots and heart, none failed to look,
The fear that filled in his eyes with tears,
Mother's heart, sad beyond words can spell,
The helpless father hid his emotion under lid,
The wife and the children, hazy in their vision,
For their only loved one going for a mission,
Siblings, relatives and the friends arrived,
To say goodbye to the man they loved,
The man has gone to protect the borders,
Under the thick forest, falling snow's cold,
He has one thing in mind and recollected many times,
To protect his country, that is breath to his life
The family, That is a few thousand miles away,
Enemies have the detailed master plan,
To conquer each other, puppets of politicians,
Thinking of money spent on warfare,
If spent for poverty, how many of us are poor now,
Wasted resources as weapons, polluted land and rivers,
Wasted young lives and washed out humanity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Soul Is 'On Protest'

Who are you and what are you thinking of me?
I am your soul, imprisoned forever in your deeds,
As the works are the results of the thoughts,
Your house is too messy for me to be pleased,
Everything is left somewhere, not correlated,
Your actions are incoherently superficial as I am,
Clumsily crumbled in your otherwise clean mind,
Keep me safe to be a confidant and well wisher,
What you do is what you think and incubate,
For thousands of years of your birth and death,
You set the doves free many times into the sky,
I have followed you ever since as the shadow
To tolerate with your nonsense as the animal skin,
Most of the times, sometimes You do give me the toffee,
To pacify my anger, frustration and annoyance,
It is not easy to be a silent partner,
Who is blamed for all your actions,
It is hard to be the major shareholder,
Of the miniscule entity, where the thieves,
of the senses are appointed as the trustees,
What is the use of adding catalysts,
When the reactants can react on its own,
Surging of avalanche of electrons,
Surfacing of the free spirits that has no fizz,
I want to resign and go away,
Take in charge of your own actions,
Without mentioning of my name,
The next thousand years of your birth,
Democracy may rule, not the anarchy.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Source Of Salinity

Let the salt in our sweat,
maintain the salinity
of oceans and seas,
Not again the salt in our tears!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The South West Monsoon Wind

The breeze blows on the face,
Touching all nodes and nerves,
The drowsy smell that it carries,
Straight enter the halls of preface,
The wind sneaks through the fine hair,
Holding the weapons of terminators,
Destroying the weeds of displeasure,
The mind is rejuvenated with new factors

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Spirit Of Humanity

No one released us,
From the custodian,
Monarch thousands miles away,
We had the tea party at Boston,
And become Independent.

At the same time,
East India Entity,
Entered other territory,
Doing spice and weeds,
They became the subjects.

We, the human,
Have drafted our first constitution,
On the banks of Thames,
Then declared ourselves independent,
In the far away continent,
Across the Pacific Ocean
in the New World,
in American spirit.

We had gone through the rough seas,
Leaving our loved ones in Europe,
We have huge land,
With less population,
Why we go other places,
To do our business and the wars.

When we have the fire in our hearts,
We think rationally with passion.
When our needs are fulfilled,
We think selfishly without concern.
Let us share the world equally,
And live our life happily.

Innovative and democratic
Nature of Europeans,
Hard working, enterprising,
Culture of North Asians,

The energetic spirit of
South Asian, middle Eastern innocence,
Glorious African humility,
We, the human, yet to mature,
We are still the children.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Statues..

When the statues are made,
It is normal for them to get assaulted,
Continuous knock from the hammers,
Fine slices from the chosen chisels,
Piercing and drilling from the thought,
Exchange of bartered commodities,
Those have the ears fixed near the walls,
The statues are being made,
Not under tight security,
But in the open space and,
in the waves.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Stock Markets Around The World..

The worth of something is manipulated,
Which is against the law of nature,
The Chinese have burnt the paper,
For the spirits, those are yellow colored.

Man had found something intangible,
Can be grown in the nurseries of sheets,
Greed is the only supplement that needs,
We can reap the profit in multi folds.

These trees are growing taller and bigger,
Carrying the ornamental gold and dollars,
What a surprise, every time it is trimmed,
The stem grows higher to break the weak hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Stolen Waves Of Music Of Love..

The eternal music of love that enters my ears,
Has no shape, but can be heard, a formless mare,
Travel through the air to hit my ear drum,
The Mind understands the music and the rhythm,
The hands beat the surface to count the frequency,
The legs start to take the steps in urgency,
The pirated notes are nowhere to be found,
The stolen waves are gone with the wind,
The gentle music still plays in the head,
The feelings travel from the heart to the head,
The pounding heart blackmails the fluid,
The threatened fluid runs to convey the message,
Musical notes yield the weapon to that passage,
The body is in the state of ecstasy,
The drum and the mind are in harmony.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Storm Through The Window..

The cotton clouds gather slowly just above me,
Having gala storm and fireworks at half past three,
Grey veiled granny clouds join the young and white,
Just hide the Matron Sun and her blooms out of sight.
Warm air refrigerated in the open earth's space,
The hearty wind blows swiftly and nicely over the face,
The darkened rooms make me to touch the closed switch,
Gathered cousins hit one another to flash the white light,
Snaky lightening blast the transformer as usual,
Lazy thunder and the blast echo one after,
Tired family start to cry in a short while,
With the splash of water rake through quarter mile,
Bored of crying, whining, shouting and flashing,
The guests disperse for time being until next gathering,
The collected water on the roof top of high rise,
start to flow through the broken gutter as water fall,
sway back to forth to the instruction of winds,
the underprivileged street children come out to have their bath,
just following the shower of water on its path.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Storm..

Maimed and muted under the umbrella coat,
distant lightening afraid of this daring insulate,
the stuffed life wire feel the warmth and heat,
the rubber sandal clutter with the puddles,

the passing cars have the reason to splash,
the xenon lights are bright and merciless,
blackened cloud get to the beauticians,
vanishing cream pour on it to be white,

wind changes its name to shake the leaves,
the giant tropical trees sway their hips,
the perfect street lights can't hide the shades,
the elongated puppet trees dance as the wild kids,

the free umbrella lets the water to drop,
the handle fails to hold, but wet the hand,
The scarf wrapped I phone yet to know its fate,
The drenched legs neither swear nor sweat,

The two tiny Shrines inhabitants may be awake,
or may have slept, after the whole day's hard tasks,
the intermittent traffic lights play with three charts,
maimed and muted walks fast to her destinations,

there is a bus stop, where buses often stop,
to pick and deliver the consignment prompt,
the willows are not tamed, the rain shows its greed,
the eyelid are moist, the wet hand wipes it.!! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Story Of A River!

That empty river was filled with water,
Running water never stagnant to collect litter,
Clean and clear to see the treasures stored,
Heavy pebbles, the quick fish on the soften rocks,
Green kingdom of algae and their blooms peep,
Dipped into the river to pick up a handful,
Of tiny river sand, suddenly floated along the river,
That drifted and took me to a furlong,
How to swim opposite when the current was so strong,
Shocked, confused and kept the head above the liquid,
I saw myself moving faster with the Mother Nature,
The green wild yam with spacious big leaves,
Where my grannies told that the reptiles hide,
The recently planted teak trees stood still,
The palms were high and full of fruits,
Even one not dropped into the water, when I passed,
Bananas were useless with soft stem,
There was a slanting coconut tree at the brim
Leaned to the river for water and sun,
I held its root as hard as I could,
Reached the bank with joy in a blink,
That river full of water is empty now,
And our farmers not even go out,
To check their handed down plowing tools,
The dried up Tamil Nadu with people with tears,
A nuclear plant is built on its shore.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Story Of An Indian Graduate...

A tall, slim and brown boy from Tamil Nadu,
Sold his ancestral home to go to England,
Pockets of Tamarind rice he didn't need any more,
Bottles of ancient pickles in his mind,

Having the dreams of viewing a dream land,
Ordered the suits from the town's craftsmen,
Showing the magazine of trend and fashion,
Traveled by train to reach the airport,

Boarded the plane waving good bye to the loved ones,
And the mother land and landed at the Heathrow,
The following morn, looking at the officers,
At immigration as a frail young chicken,

Photographed, stamped and to the destination,
Studied and worked part time for the pounds,
he studied as the government of England needs it,
he worked as he needed the money to eat,

Not knowing the life style in London,
On every purchase, his mouth aghast,
Working as the cashier at the Grocery store,
Does this land need a post graduate,

To do all the menial job, picking up the apples,
Washing the dishes at the eating outlets,
Waving at the customers with the placards,
Our girls are there, wearing the singlet,

How hard he tried, he had to return empty handed,
He learned a lesson too late after losing the ancestral home,
The mortgaged properties need the repayment,
He is on the run to chase the money he had lost

With the intelligent educational promotion from the Lords,
Of west, thousands of our household lost their peace,
Sending the children to further education overseas,
The motherboard starts to rule the world and the hearts,

They are always the children of their mothers and mother land,
Let us get united not looking at the disparities that we have,
The younger generation is well aware, suffocated with knowledge,
They will change this country livable, likeable and not get abandoned,

By selfish state and self educated brains, they will change the plateau.
Where the rivers are well connected and the solar power to energize,
The cattle may plough the land along with the tractors and harvesters,
Our holy cows are worshipped every morning at Brahma Muhurtham,

The bells and verses can be heard, but these are insignificant,
When we have our land developed with people of ancient culture.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Story Of An Ovum. Happy Iwd.

Destiny is written very clearly,
When you are an ovum,
Resting in the ovary,
To look for your turn,
Month after month,
Witnessing the struggling pain,
Of your washed out,
Sexless siblings,
as they are not destined.
When your destiny,
Has taken its role,
You are excited,
Keeping a lamp,
As the bride waiting,
For the groom,
The messiah,
Who may come at any time,
To pierce you,
Mix with you,
To form a cell, Zygote,
To multiply,
On the basis,
Of binary code.
Wish and destiny,
Of yours and mine,
Fulfilled.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Strange Smiles Of Our Land

Shall we play a few famous games, dear child?
Look at that moon that is wild,
When you run, it follows you,
When you stop, you will stop it too,
Could you see the running clouds,
Over the moon, or the shy moon behind the veil,
The sand is heaped beside the new foundations,
Where you play merrily with freshened moon,
Keeping the arms as the pillow,
I have seen you looking at it with love,
Dozens of full moon have passed,
While you grow admiring it,
Writing the first letter of Tamil,
On the river sand slate, beside your uncle,
We heap the sands with our hands,
Making a long pyramid hiding the pebble,
You have to find where the riddle is hid,
By placing your hands at the right place,
Do you remember the days we walk on the beach sand,
Under the moon lit white nights, when the waves,
Of the Bay of Bengal blabber the story of grandma,
Who is posing from the emerging moon,
Another day when we played in our paddy fields,
Your knees were kissed by the runaway lilies,
You picked up that and placed in the altar of prosperity,
The soil of our roots contains the weakened blood,
Coagulated everywhere with false believes,
You are here, child, with your eyes open wide,
The sugar candies are sold in the sweet stalls,
The pungent mangoes occupy both sides of our roads,
You salivate to taste the flavor of those,
Seeing that expression my heart weeps in despair,
Schools are built everywhere, books are given free,
For you to be wise, free lunch is available in our schools,
Our fathers and brothers have no work,
Our mothers toil with the fire,
The elected are in the central and the state,
Taking care of one of third,
leaving the two third blaming their fate,

this is the strange game in our land,
where our Gods reside in the comfortable homes.
Hesitate to visit our leaking dooms.
Let us play the game of smiling face,
When you smile at me in vain,
I may smile at you in pain.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Strength

Tears may wash away the dirt from the eyes
and the hurt from the heart.

Fear will wipe away the courage from the heart,
and fill the eyes with tears.

Fear is worse than tears, as it hurts the heart,
Tear is better than fear, as it heals the wound,
Give up the fear and the tear,
when our heart is stronger than ever.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Strength Of A New Hope..

There is a new hope in every dawn,
Sorrow and failures dissolved and gone,
In every ray from the height, a kingdom,
Is quiet or noisy, full of expressive freedom,
To explore each step to take us to a great,
Place, where the peace prevails with no disrupt,
Contented are the few, seeking are the many,
Chasing are the few, hunting are the many,
Everywhere the peace prevails with no disrupt,
When one is satisfied with what is done,
There in such a place, people may flourish,
As there is a new hope in every dawn that nourish,
No one can slice us into the gourmet,
No one can blend us to be the dismay,
The new hope that our hearts searched,
And found to use as the torch to light the dark earth,
During the freaking of every new dawn.....

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Strength Of The Weak! !

On the oily shiny grass of the newly,
sprouted thought, neither old nor young,
exist for ever as the seeds in the pods,
of brutes and plants of conflicting sixth sense,

a few desires may shed their skins,
along with time and its luster,
many desire have deep holes,
can't be filled full, but with love,

freshly dyed pastel colored pants and sleeves, ,
muggy water soaked multiple colored linen,
have a desire to collect minute particles,
Dirt is now an option, can have a pavement,

Men might knock the doors of passion,
where the women dwelt as the love potion,
when the inner eyes of the weak are open,
shiny new grass surfaces with razor blades,

none has to push the trolley or carry the bags,
when every need can be wrapped in silver and gold,
love and sincerity are the connecting factors,
when the strength of weak is known and deciphered.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Suffering In Silence..

The unoccupied space exist everywhere,
People are crowd to play with the fire,
The collision of emotions ends in disruption,
The bonding of it ends in peace and collaboration,
Even in the places where the smell of the sweat,
Replaced with the perfumes of perfect mixture,
Man may try to seek and run for the pleasure,
Alas, somehow mistake has been amended,
To make the wrong in very perfect texture,
Neighing of horses in the bound pastures, ,
Yet to be heard and then to be noticed,
White powder extracted from the pregnant,
Sold on the streets of the human,
Magic has been played, with real factors and the cells,
The new gender is created and it is the work of the man,
Not of the Gods of Gospel and the myth,
Say no to the hormones ingested meat,
Say no to the hormones that hurt our race.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Summer's Sun..

The desiccated summer's soil so hot,
On the beds of barren river sun ablaze,
Weathered feet fitted with worn out sandals,
The breeze carries the dust to deposit on the head,
The baker's oven good enough to bake the buns,
The summer sun graciously scalds the skin,
The salted water escape through the pores,
The drinking water hard to get for the filthy poor,
The sky is dusted, vacuumed and then mopped,
The salivating drops of water elope to the oceans,
The people congregate on the shores to celebrate the union,
Far from the land it pours into water, a treacherous action,
The cactus blooms merrily near the fence of the paddy field,
Where the names of the sweethearts are written using Iron nails,
Summer lakes are drier while our women eyes are wet,
Our men make merry consuming the sour toddy,
They have lost their pride and beg for the pickles,
Our kids running noses can't be stopped with herbs,
We are the cowards, as our hunger needs some food,
The summer sun is too cruel to play the game of angry bird,
With one catapult, it collapses our hope, secures high score.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sun Always Rises In The East!

Hard working bodies are sculptured,
To withstand various harsh weathers,
Standing under the hot sun, cold winds,
When the unpredictable climate not kind.

□

Human, who are exposed to physical challenges,
Getting themselves many rings to secure strength,
Willows do. When they get aged, millions of young,
Human strive hard to be full of power, but still agile.

Birds that fly have the tougher muscles,
Animals that run and are active, tussle,
This life of cheers and sorrow, full of puzzles,
Be kind to the people who are dear as drizzle.

Million dollars may worth a lot, we can't resist it,
Having the fear of losing millions or thousands,
Is not the reason to test and torture the youngsters,
The money has no power to obtain the love and care.

Be brave to face the obstacles that are kept on your path,
Young adults, who are working hard under strict rod,
You are all full of hope, desire and strength to be the masters,
To replace each and everyone who try to emulate their forefathers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sun And The Haze..

The visitor has arrived,
To hide you behind the door,
You are too shy and,
Wearing the blushing mask,
How many days you have longed,
How many nights you have been desperate,
To display as the full bloomed flower,
You are too far as usual,
But visible to me without glare,
Orange colored moon,
Never seen before,
Very pleasant behind the veil,
Someone has trimmed all your shine,
Someone has sucked all your heat,
Someone has vaulted you in their spell,
You are just in front me,
The humbled sun behind the haze,
Am I happy seeing you as the fallen warrior?
These veils have to be removed,
The discretion should be adhered,
The smog from the furnace fields,
Human here are too poor,
You are still in the East,
Arising from the slumber,
Wearing the attire of fire fighters,
making my heart to palpitate in stupor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sun Bird...

I am a fire bird, fly with my flocks, not the same,
In Elliptical circle float to the visibility of heavens,
Sizzling in my mind can boil everything around,
The warmth in my heart may whisper to blooms,

To flutter their petals to open to invite the golden beetle,
The intense love of mine may play on the surface of the green,
To cook the food of divine to serve the mouths of cows and oxen,
I am a fire bird with the wings as big as the solar size,

Glitter with hues, shine as the millions of diamonds,
Sprinkle the gold dust direct on the earth cake,
it is covered with bluish tinted fondant and cream.
The claws of mine are too strong to pluck out the forests,

The beak of mine has the straw to suck in the willows,
The eyes of mine are billions in numbers,
But cocooned in a single case, to watch the universe,
I am a fire bird, can't be controlled by any gadgets.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sun Complains

When I look at both of you as a pair,
The moon revolves around the earth,
She is as fair as ever and glitters as a jewel,
The perfect artisan from my rays of workshop,
Select the right angle to reflect her perfect features,
Though the blemishes are found here and there,
An obedient child follows the rules of law,
Sincerely spinning around her wayward spouse,
The earth is an example what the sixth sense could do,
Gulping of hard liquor without any concern of health,
Smoking the weeds and weapons to sieve the lungs,
Infectiously sealed, learn how to fight the microbes,
The perfection is settled in their noses,
The scents of estrogen and testosterone cloned,
Coughing of earth quakes and episodes of fits,
Free passage of dangerous ultra violets,
To adorn the underwear of purple and soft,
What a notorious child he is, never thinks of his children,
A few have four legs, while others have two legs,
A few have no legs, still moves, a few live in the water,
A few stay on the land. The earth doesn't know the ethics,
Of being a good parent, polluted his liver and hearts,
Roaring of coughing can be silenced,
The third parties come and show their sad faces,
Behind the mask, they think their competitor is gone,
For good, Be a moon, don't pick up bad options.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Sun....

The hot afternoon sun,
Just above the heads shines,
The shadows are gone,
Buried under the feet,
The sweat from the forehead,
Drip down to the mouth,
The lips are painted with salt,
The legs are soaked and wet,
Traveling through these streets,
Wearing the rubber slippers,
The soles are poked with stones,
While the dusty wind powdered the faces,
Life goes on and on, dreaming of miracles,
the evening sun is fun,
given up all its wild flaring grin,
the face is sweet and gentle,
until the next afternoon arrives,
the life is a cycle,
but not for human,
stand on the feet and
face the sun through sunshade.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Survival Of The Weakest!

The greens of land,
Four seasoned and broad,
Inhabitant sparse,
Cows silently graze,
Not looking at the bulls,
Injected to get thrilled,
But they say these cows can produce,
Two liters of water and fatty solute,
Hearing of the printing machine,
Creating of wealth of two dollars per head,
If kept in the stores to rest,
The termites may eat and excrete.

What a great places these are!
The towns are carpeted with black hair,
Oceans of emotions, many loan sharks lurk,
They have the cows, gazing at the bulls,
Skeletal and skinny in structure,
the teats at the fat less udders,
What a magic it is! what a magic it is!
These cows can produce five liters,
Those cows can produce seven liters,
Loaded containers arrive with dollars,
Of fishing hooks to suck out the blood,
The cows of the government bonds,
Let them mature and let our kids malnourished.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Survivors...

When the kites picks up the momentum,
Its sublimed thoughts are in two different stratum,
The realistic crystalline omission, the vapor in delirium,
The kite picks up the momentum to stardom of kingdom,

Gasping for air at the fringe of vacuum of unknown,
Racing to the distant destination with the eyes not open,
The cajoling of the minds is rhythmic to the heart's palpitation,
The kite picks up the momentum with the snip filament,

Aimless at first with no guidance, swaying in the wind nation,
Over the carpeted greens and crystalline blue visual spectrum,
The kite floats gently and slowly to reach the canopy of realism,
The kites can fly high; overcome the fear of failure of gravitation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Teeth Of The Pen!

When the teeth of the pens are shown,
The pleasantness spread through the spine,
The buds in the mind excitedly bloom in thrill,
The readers close their mouth to smile.

The eyes are drowned and the leaking in the nostrils,
Change in the clime is noticed and the body gets stiff,
Sudden mood change advocates truth and prophesy,
When the teeth of the pens bite the tongues.

The rise in body heat and the heart tries to gallop,
The removal of green house materials from the top,
The sun may rise in the brain to chase away the dark,
When the teeth of the pens poke the hearts of the pages.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Thieves And Their Loots...

We are far away from the old world,
Still we are scared of being scarred,
Once that happened to our pearl,
Two thousand flowers vases are kept,
To take revenge for the lives lost,
The new groundnuts were cracked,
To cause the chain of events,
That melted the butter in people,
Hundred thousand souls were released,
To end the conflict between the brothers,
A few are richer, thus the rest are poorer,
Poor produce the poor stuff, the rich predicts,
Poor may give up or forced to give up,
Poor have no access to the wealth and weapons,
The rich gathered around the circled table,
To do the circus on the real battle ground,
One said let us take our moving vehicles,
Loaded with barrels of pins and needles,
Another one interrupted to take their patriots,
That is patriotic to their cause of intervene,
The third head clown jumped in full gear,
Claimed the victory was theirs,
Let us enjoy today itself toasting the blood,
The trainer clowns in their new suits from another world,
Seconded the jubilation in jet lag and consumption of alcohol,
All of them go everywhere to hit the huts,
Where the descendants of determined ancestors,
alive, their tanks plough the homes,
Shell the love to obtain the black pearls,
Prune the human to grow their own limbs,
Young foliages are pinched for the sovereign,
To die the natural death, but the trees grown wild,
The natives are beaten from four sides,
Up, from the sky, down through the mines,
Naval and armies, the native men with the sticks and brooms,
Steal the weapons from the thieves, who intruded,
Their mother lands through the hole of United Nations,
Retaliate to protect their wives and children,
Labeled as criminals, thousands of valiant,

Home grown warriors are up to protect their simple,
Wish of protecting their land and religions,
Whatever their religion is, who are we to label,
Them as terrorists, they resort to violence and vengeance,
the world has blasted their hope, home and loved ones.
Now the thieves are threatened with their loots.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Time..

A good eraser leaves only minimum trace,
Slowly and steadily rubs with no force,
No chemicals are added on the surface,
To bleach or highlight the blemish,
A sheet full of watery letters,
Vividly seen then, no more now,
This eraser never gets shortened,
After many months of hard work,
Wiping away the dirt and hurt,
Can't imagine a pitiful life without it,
During the process of erasing out,
Sometimes gratitude is removed,
Without knowing of its effect,
In the hearts of people who helped,
The eraser does its job perfect,
Without any needed rest.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Times Of Hearts

On the old manure earth, the seeds germinate,
On the old progressive thoughts, the new ideas develop,
Thousands of spores that burst into new green ferns,
That cover the flaws, shine as the shields of the mushrooms,
The joyous sight when go through the virgin lands,
The springs are clean and the rivers are cold,
Don't touch them to be spoiled to dissipate your heat,
The time has gone in every other unreachable object,
Where nothing is left to show that someone had done,
Roof less coliseums, in which young gathered to be thrilled,
Their hearts were filled with fragrance of roses,
As the houses of ancient cities have the statues of flowers,
The human strike a pose hiding the most attractive parts,
The paintings in the caves show the eagerness of human,
The fossils are strewn everywhere on this living planet,
Where the organics manage to grow to be the young,
Forget the old; they are too contented, once, now regretful,
No revenue to pay to be born on the mineral planet,
Once born, our hands are tied, mouth is gagged,
Paths are paved for us to walk, monotonous minutes,
The time flies as the vulture, snatching all our pleasures,
Our hearts are branded to seek the value added tortures,
Time exists but does not stand still for a second,
To prolong the ecstasy that nerves teach and preach,
For everyone who have the comfort or live in dirt,
This moment is not permanent to be sad and weak,
This moment of despair may vanish and disappear,
No magic wand needed, only the time has to go.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Toady World

We are the beautifully ugly toads,
Never seen a concreted road,
Hiding behind the convenient baskets,
Always croak to the unheard noise,
Scared of getting battered and bullied,
Toasted and grilled after marinated,
Dried and pounded with sticky words,
All our life we live as the toads,
Hiding behind someone's back,
Away from the troubles and tortures,
During the time of confrontation,
We leap to another heavenly place,
Leaving our former shelter as a ruse,
We are squeaky clean and start to croak.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Tongue Of The Thought!

We have stopped drooling,
When we were in the wombs,
Where we gulped the love of
Amniotic fluid, the naval was connected,
To the worldly cord, that taught us lessons,
The future depends on the spot,
Where it ends, nothing is stagnant,
To be stale, full of bugs and without wings,
Whatever alternative we have,
To hold the hearts using our claws,
That hurt a lot or the wings to escape,
From the reality of no food be found in the offing,
Of the space, set foot on the ground,
Where elephantiasis not pierce into our blood,
The heart that has fallen into the mud,
Can be rescued, cleaned and sterilized,
When the hope is our truthful friend,
The wings of unworthy dreams can be pruned,
Buds of roses can sprout from the spot,
That is delightful to the tongue of the thought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Toothless Tiger Dynasties

The constitutional monarch and the republic,
The paper stamps are their Kings, Queens and Presidents,
They are the rubberized dolls in people's hands,
Their life style is the alms from the poor beggars of the streets,

Their fate is in the ballots and can be decided in a second,
When the people choose to voice through gadgets or the ink,
Their days are numbered in years, until then,
Let them have some fun, meddling and causing troubles.

Let the majority decides what they wish to have,
Let these monarchs stay quiet with the pen to sign,
Let them know the limits of their constitutional rights,
Let people win while these puppets tied to the threads.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Touch In Need..

I need a small space,
The wonderful place,
To lean on your shoulder,
When my mood requires,
Either I am sad or ecstatic,
I need that small place,
That is left on your hands,
To hold me tightly in love,
To assure me to stand still,
When the storms of life,
Try to uproot my feet,
Not let me roam as wanderer,
Aimlessly with the wind,
I need the tiny place,
That is emotion conditioned,
With the thermostat of its own,
The Indian koel may sing,
The heart out in the evening,
And even at night, having,
Boiling minds to steam,
The space I need is not with me,
It is with you, in your heart and body.
And the space you need, not with you,
It is with me to keep you safe beside me.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Tough Lesson Of Life

A guy from the Middle East,
Knocked the heads of the whites,
And the colored not to call their poor people,
As evil and possessed, showing their skulls,
Because they have had the haunted look,
Network of nerves have got collapsed,
Clear vocal fibrillation has gone flexible,
Howling and hooting from the throat,
Mid night workers are labeled as wizards,
Looking for the witches of Madame Candle,
Banish all those who still believe in witchcraft,
Just forty steps downwards to the south,
Zone of comfort has never taught anyone a lesson,
Let them learn a lesson or two during their confinement.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Toy Store

The toys can move and be stable,
But always kept wrapped in the shelves,
Walking through the narrow lanes,
Of the toy stores with colorful designs and odor,
I always change into a child to look for the new,
Pink is the chosen medium, which I am overfed,
Envy of bobby's everlasting curves, breasts,
And the eternal fashion concepts with laced pantyhose,
The toy cars were small when I was young,
Which daddy got for me to play on my mother's grave,
Now the toy cars are as heavy as the worn out adults,
With electronic chips, noise and polluting plastics,
Rows of soft dolls woven with allergic floss,
The teachers in the manufacturers are parrots,
As they repeat the same alphabets, songs and lessons,
The interacting games are addictive,
And may force the legs to lose the calves,
Stationed the human on the spot,
The green grass yet to grow from their feet,
Wooden toys are there hidden behind the flashy paints,
The huge toy swimming pool, where the pet fish can swim,
The birds, four legged hamsters, dogs and cats,
Those are sold to the kids as the replacement for a parent,
As they have their own playground on the beds,
The debating culture during doing household chores,
The warzone in the living room and the family car,
We are busy with our chosen toys, praise our sixth sense.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Trickster..

We are tinted with multiple colors of grey,
We are shaded with plentitude of strays,
We are wrapped with cold and wet clothes,
The creator is still good and He can do the magic.

We are tired of food, love and temptation,
We are worried for the future and its implication,
We are misguided to believe that we are on the vocation,
The creator is not bad as He has made all these tricks and estimation.

We are threatened of the security of the jobs and life,
We are drugged to live longer and to avoid the strife,
We are mesmerized to think tomorrow never arrives,
Praise the creator who is good at all these enjoyable vice.

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Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Truant..

Where would you be dear, when I am in slumber,
Embracing all my despair, as a bundle soaked in tears,
Where would you be, When I am not awake and in snore,
Leaving me the moment I close my eyes,
Return to me immediately when I am awake,
As the light appears when the knob is pressed,
The involuntarily pumps need nothing, filled with zest,
You are free as a young dove, escape from this nest,
When I am asleep I wouldn't know where you would be,
A strange game has only one rule to follow to be clean,
That is I have to be knocked out, then
You leave me with no trace found,
Am I this body or you, my dear?
The body you care with utmost dedicate,
Will be Left behind to be the manure,
I am you, but under trance,
not belong to the inorganic world,
So you let this organic body to enjoy and be inorganic,
So you let this body to make mistakes and suffer,
Not knowing the bundle getting bigger,
And bigger on your feathered s(h)oulders,
I am in trance completely in ignorance,
I am in trance totally under your spell.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Twist For The Best..

Boy, don't touch the girl who is not yours,
The mothers told time and again to the boys,
Be the virgin until you get married, girls,
Your chastity is our property, father warns.

She was very sad, not yet finding a groom,
The parents tried and the relatives gossiped,
She was too weak to be strong for many months,
The phone bell rang and a groom's mother called.

My son was the charming of all, holding the degrees a lot,
If you married my only son, I might keep you as the princess,
She couldn't believe and took the next flight to meet the prospect,
Her heart was not jittery no more, but calm and quiet.

The first time when she met the first alliance,
She was very happy and dreamed about the meeting,
In the middle of their living room, surrounded by kith and kin,
The subsequent tries had ended as mutual dislike.

She sat on the seat, waiting for the hostess,
To do the exercise and ask them to switch off the devices,
She got a message and it was from the groom,
He requested her not to come, as he had another one.

She was shocked, all alone in the crowded flight,
She started to cry for her misfortune, while the pilot,
Was at work, She was on the way to the unknown place,
Where she expected her groom would wait with the gift.

She was landed and had to check and move out,
Sitting in the airport arrival hall, she was in tears,
A handsome man came to her side and asked her for the reasons,
Out of desperation, she poured her heart out.

He sat beside her and listened to her woes,
Consoled her in the choicest words,
Those can melt the heart of a bride,
He arranged for her safe return with a simple smile.

My son was the charming of all, holding the degrees a lot,
If you married my only son, I might keep you as the princess,
All these words echoed in her mind, while her house bell rang,
There the man she met at the Airport stood with his parents.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Unchanged!

the Growing nails are our troubles,
the fading eyes are our memories,
the churning stomach is our desire,
O human, the unchanged are our Gods,

the bursting bubble is the youth,
disappearing waves are the wealth,
dissolving letter on water is this body,
O human, the unchanged are our Gods,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Unique Love Song..

Verses and melody of this matchless song
Effervescence from the wick and wax,
of hearts that tunes this distinctive song,
Flying over the clouds to catch those,
Mesmerizing stars to play this exclusive song,
Running through arterial connecting tributaries,
Supplying the elixir of adoring melody,
Viewing through the offing, colorful and distant,
This exceptional song always sung in the thoughts,
Even after traveling thousand miles, still tuneful
Even after facing the trials, still soft and melodic,
Even passing over struggling hills, still great and pleasant,
The two hearts have started this unique love song.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Unknown Destination

Do I have to work hard,
To climb up the steep stairs,
Panting and skirting are the rules,
The destination still unknown,

Do I have to strive in advance,
Lacking all my good night sleep,
Furrowing on the bed, meowing as a cat,
The destination still not noted,

How can I survive in the dollar world,
Where my hands are tied with solar stings,
Not breathing for air in the numbing space,
The destination not sent to me with love,

The shameless moon stripes her jacket,
Layer by layer as the onion on the kitchen board,
The courageous sun never failed to return,
The destination unknown even to the saints

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Unpredictable Feelings Of Want....

Something not volatile as the moon,
Plays only hide and seek after none,
Hidden completely behind the platoon,
Shades and lights may make one, to lose and win.

Fragrance shows the presence of flowers,
When we are in the garden, scents of parlors,
Not different from the natural, the distillers,
Are everywhere, differentiate the thrillers.

The wings are pressed neatly to the buttons,
Filled in the cartons, pressurized in the cans,
Laborious chemicals tickle the lean necks,
Hardened silicon lumps too colorful to mock.

The body full of springs, abused and unattended,
Enough supply of elixir, neglected and not utilized,
When the romance is bottled in the capsule mind,
Our body of love is untrained and the solace unfound.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Unseen Shrines

The shrine where only one person can reign,
That is formless, figure less, unseen but felt and ours,
It is simply elusive, safe, treasured, but monopolized,
it is formless, figure less, unseen but felt and ours.
The shrine where only one person can reign,
Light this shrine with the wick of kindness,
The kindness, the size of life long,
Oil of understanding to fuel it regularly,
As Tolerance suffocates the person in it,
Let us understand and love each other,
The shrine where only one person can reign,
Never lighten this shrine with spirited lamps,
Smoke it with Incense of weeds and drugs,
The shrine that is figure less,
The shrine that is formless,
The shrine that is unseen,
The shrine that can be felt,
The shrine that can be enjoyed,
The shrine that can be worshiped,
It is nowhere else, it is in our heart,
That is built for the person whom we love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Vision..

A basket full of fruits,
Juicy, fresh and a lot,
Harvested from those trees,
Planted by the ancestors,
The visionaries,
a few baskets are full,
can procure the seeds,
to plant again in future,
Alas, many baskets are empty,
the seeds are dormant,
waiting for the loving hands.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Visitors!

The butterflies arrive to suck the nectar,
Leaving the hosts empty, bruised and sore,
The cockroaches are sneaky and not only eat the waste,
Also the best, discharging the odorous pellets,
The rats look for food and drink for ill thoughts,
A comfortable corner to deliver the continuity,
Termites are very dangerous, once invited,
Very hard to get rid, as they hide in fictitious tunnels,
The ants of various species pick up the left over,
Sometimes bite, sometimes mess up, mostly nuisance,
We have got the pest control to control the visitors,
As we have failed to see the duties that these people do,
The butterfly people are visually beautiful and smart,
Pleasure to the eyes and hearts, but very hard to catch,
The cockroach human is ready to receive the dirt,
They are happy with it and we can relieve our stress,
Termite and ants people are humble and work very hard,
To destroy the alive and dead troubles into useful organic manure,
Let us keep them out of our home, in the garden,
We have the insect characters, when we are the visitors,
Let us be any insect and secure a place in the hearts,
Never let us to be the rats to destroy the peace of the hosts,
When we choose to be the one, we will be hurt and eaten up,
As rats are created as food for the fanged reptiles and vulturous birds,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Voice Of The Mind..

The Voice of the mind speaks,
What it sees, feels and hears,
The voice unheard to the outsiders,
But very audible to the owners,
Nagging as a small vulnerable child,
Pestering for the attention,
Warning as the traffic lights at every junction,
What to do and what not to do at once,
When we have to slow down and pacify ourselves,
Roaring as the lonely lion, troubling our hearts,
As it is caged in the secured dark dungeon,
It likes to slave us to punish for keeping it,
As our companion, the moment we wake up,
In the middle of the night, it starts to sum up,
Of the past, present and the future,
Can't mute it for a while when we are awake,
Should we have to listen to you?
You are the unbearable pain,
Holding the danger signs,
You wouldn't let us to move forward,
Or move backward, you let us,
Stand on the spot to circle,
With the same old thoughts,
Can't escape from its piercing claws,
Voice of the mind, always haunts us.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Voyage With No Anchor!

What you see at the distance is my scream,
What I see at that distance is your dream,
The twines of sunshine, struggle with determination,
Either it wants to heat up or simply reflect,
The light years of knee jerking traveling episodes,
But never given up, waiting at the every threshold,
To light up the hearts, we may call it the truth,
Darkened silenced commodity of false priorities,
Men live for dimes, even one dollar enough,
To go back home last century, now it is thousands,
Show your cold side, just move away a bit, dear torch light,
It is too hot here; the piercing hot nails punch our minds,
We need some moving space, where you can only peep,
Don't jump on our beds to rave all our desires,
We can be melted, boiled and burnt into ashes,
Everything will be surrendered, take the stock and barrel,
Except the one not belong to you, the secret of the souls,
Tired of this travel, thousands of walking steps,
A leap to the moon and never doused spirit in the heart,
We can do it by crying, conflicting and pleading,
Ultimately we are the winners celebrating.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Walking Bird..

I am a free little bird,
Can't be caught by words,
Lured to eat the juicy fruits,
Tempted to enter the caged state,
I am a free bird with the sword beak,
I can poke and pick any worm in the trunk,
My feathers are shrunk, trimmed and
Grounded to walk on the battle field,
where the hearts meet to compromise,
where the hands shake to reciprocate,
I am a free walking bird,
with the speed of the skate board,
My dream flag flies to the tune of the wind,
passing through the wheat and paddy fields,
across the land, visiting heavy industries,
The people are prosperous and,
they have stopped smiling.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Want And The Need..

All these trees shake their heads,
To the feelings of the blowing winds,
The hissing sound in the bamboo clusters,
The musing in the wild and calm desert,
The dancing waves at the brim of a saucer,
The maple syrup on the bib and the collar,
One sided sheep just ready to be sheared,
Multi faces of cowards change upon jitters,
As long as the internal inferno fails to subside,
All these trees will shake their heads,
to the tunes of want, and need.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Warehouse..

Where in the world the warehouses get strunk,
As time walks, runs, cries and pleads with no pause,
Small in size with layers of gyirus around,
The stem with network system is bound,
Secured in the vault of neurocranium pad,
What a warehouse it is, with the forgotten goods,
We remember that we sent the goods to it in the past,
Neither stolen nor donated, but gone with no hint,
Erased as if used the delete button,
Removed as if sent to the rubbish bin,
Evaporated as if heated with time oven,
The warehouse is secured and guarded,
the goods we have deposited are gone.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Warmth In Love..

The warmth in the love,
Not dearth even during famine,
Calm the shimmering ocean,
Comfort the ache as the lotions,
Steaming never been seen,
To scald, to peel and to poison,
Love has never been cold,
To freeze the lips to be solid,
To smack everyone with black hints,
Camouflaging the petals of flints,
Warmth is what one needs,
Warmth is where one hides,
Numerous circus clowns,
Smile with painted lips,
Behind the perfect mask,
The warmth of love is laid,
When thousand of stunted face,
Burst to laugh in contagious pace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Weak Heart Had Wept For Many Days..

Those days were as cloudy as the dark nights,
When you had been crying as an abandoned child,
Blaming everything and everyone you encountered,
Cursing and insulting at every step you took upstairs,
Sitting under tree of fickle Bodhi, you were enlightened,
To downgrade everything you read as the malicious and fault,
Not the gaps between the teeth were spared,
You took the axe to dig those to smell the debris,
Many faint hearts were drowned, crying in pain,
Unaware of the irritants, which closed the eyes as pious,
And philosophical, plagiarized the weapons for words,
You are very crude, still under the earth, dreaming to come out,
To take the revenge on those who culled you to stop the disease,
Man, you are too weak; every step must be taken careful,
We are fools, just graduated from kindergarten,
Still wearing diapers and hiding the pacifiers in the tiffin box,
How high we fly using our wingless fragile thought,
Don't forget the humanity that everyone long for.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Weakness Of Gold

Once they picked up their spade and the basket,
To run through the forest chasing after the gold,
Now in the comfort of the home, thousands invested,
In the gold with the prospect of reaping huge profit,
The non existing gold was sold for hundreds of times,
In gold future, when someone threw away their 400 tons,
Of golden hope in a day, the gold price is collapsed,
The banks have no physical gold to supply to the buyers,
They intend to pay the money for the place of precious metal,
Gold investors may get back half of what they have invested,
In terms of money, the economy of the modern day visionary,
Is based on the continuous cheating of the hearts of the weak,
Who want to be the instant millionaires with the click of the buttons,
As long as we have the weak heart that strongly beat for the currency,
The bosses of day to day markets may reap profits out of our curiosity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Whip!

Life is unpredictable,
boring, though adventurous,
tedious, though amorphous,
lamenting, though delightful,
clueless, though targeted,
tormenting, though reassuring,
Life is unpredictable and unfair,
Gods of Heaven on earth,
Gods of the Universe, yet to be found out,
Please give me the script,
I like to act,
then I know the plot,
I know the next scene,
then I change my perfect costume,
I know the characters,
then I choose the best,
I do not have to live,
I wish to act,
I can act like laughing and crying,
I can act like angry and happy,
I can act as villains and heroes,
I can act as a comedian and a helper,
but,
Gods of the Universe, yet to be found out,
You would still sit on the chair,
that is designated to direct us,
You will make us to live like acting.
You will make us to suffer like acting.
you will make us to be happy like acting.

You are the great Director.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Will And The Way

I walk through the desert, where I find mirage,
Thirsty I am, run toward to quench and get life,
No water, only the sand everywhere,
That too blows into the eyes, hard to continue,
Step by step into the deep leg sucking sand,
Hear the rattling sound at a distant, not near,
Squint at the sky for the drops of water to fall,
The sun's rays dry up the heavy sweat without fail,
Thorny cactus stands straight vibrantly,
Take one, open fine and have the sap,
Life's struggle may be hard and depressing,
But the opportunity may come with thorny try.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Wind

The cold breath of sage and kind
has become the light breeze,
touching the heart and soul,
The warm out hale of living things
has become the moderate breeze,
amazing the tired and trees,
The hot breath of lovers,
has become the strong breeze,
cleaned the dirt and rejoice the living.
The scotching breath of infidels,
has become the storm,
immense pleasure and thunderous crying.
The selfish breath of politicians,
has become the hurricane,
uprooted families and wasted nations.

Thank you Dave and Eric, your poems were the inspiration for me to write this poem.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Wind..

Wind, you are back,
You are on the track,
Traveling through the window panes,
You giggle, splash and scream,
Two or three bedrooms,
Has the uncooked kitchen,
Nothing to offer to you,
To take along to the next,
Door nostrils, go in and come out,
In air con tubes, get shivered with chemical loads,
No one needs you to touch their skin,
Covered themselves with wolf's fur,
Monotonous life in the enclosed din,
You are under detention until someone,
Let the door open for you to escape,
The cousins are caught and have to go through,
The 'luxurious' life in the pot,
Wind, you are back,
You are on the track,
To rush through the trees,
Spanking the buds and flowers,
Fly across the range where the cattle can gaze,
Brush the manes of horses to gallop and prance,
Carry those butterflies to look for their cocoons,
You can go up to the spheres that circle the earth,
Collect the smell of the cakes and left over food,
Heap of it found nearer to the commercial incinerators,
Blow on our land, have the taste of fresh food,
From the nook, a thin mother toils and shares,
Walk through our land, not run over it,
You are too strong and you may break our eating bowls,
You are the real traveler, changing the odorous attires,
Smell of cow dung, the stuffy winter clothes,
Humid tropical sweat, seldom washed jeans pants,
Fragrant spices of rosemary, Basil and oregano,
You are too quick to take and quit,
Enter and exit, but always back to excite.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Wish Of A Streetchild..

A needle and some thread to sew the torn trousers,
A heart to share the umbrella while it rains,
A town hall that not switch off the street lights at midnight,
Some coconut oil to spread on the slipper less sore feet,
A shade to hang the wet clothes in rainy days,
To hide from the sun during long summer rays,
Need enough old newspaper to make the bed,
On The folding arms, the head can rest,
No one chase away from this place reserved,
Owner of the shop, kind enough not to splash water,
Tomorrow need not be as hard as today,
Hundreds of children on the streets, not empty,
Struggle to survive in the adult platform,
Those little fingers do the work multiform.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Wooden Boat..

The boat is so small, rifted from the house top,
A lonely child, sits there quiet and in dread,
Fear not of the life but of the water flooded,
Entered into the streets and the homes of pitiable,

The journey of her has begun with the thud,
Holding the plank of the boat looking up,
The sky is on mourn, the water just starts to flow,
Backward, observing what are on both sides,

Those given up the hope, floated on the water,
The trees, animals, human and their belongings,
The toy car, she wanted the most, floats along with her,
To the ocean, the bubbles of air gushing out,

She holds her little boat tight, until rescued,
The air is calm; the wind has gone back to rest,
A small puppy tries to swim against the current,
The eyes are as clear as the diamonds,

Keeping the head up, dancing with the front legs,
The lone girl sees the lone puppy, struggles,
Just extends the hand to pick up, as she has,
A little more space for the lost and obtained,

Both of them on the shack of float,
That has the two hearts; beating for life,
Unaware of the destination; they let,
Themselves to be drifted out nowhere else,

But to the palace of hope, where the monarchs,
Are crowned to the jubilations of the crowds,
The little boat may be seen and saved,
The little livings can continue living on the land,
saved by the tree, which turned into the wood and the boat.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Words

Do you know how it torches,
When you throw the words of fire?
Do you know how it freezes a heart,
When you throw the words of ice?
Do you know how the thoughts swirl,
When you blow the words of storm?
Do you know how it irritates the eyes,
When you insult with the words of sands?
How nice it is to hear the words of breeze,
That cools hot mind and pacifies the palpitating heart!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Work Of Cupid

someone has caught the lightening,
Dressed up with the clouds dressing,
Let them walk on the streets as the earth ling,
They get shocked at each other in a second,
While they crisscross their path of pavilion,
Thousands of lightening in their heads,
They get shocked and thrilled to forget,
The lightening goes through their mind.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The World Of Pleasure And Pain! !

The eagerness to get a degree waned,
once obtained, employed and retired,

The zealous hearts beat with jazz slowed
and become a vagrant once abandoned and lost,

The foxy thoughts collaboration, annulled,
once what we possess, can't be enjoyed,

The comfort found, under their holy feet sustain
once stripped off clothes to be the dust of a remain.

The whole cake of pain, tears and confusion,
sweetly covered with creams of sugary dreams..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Worth..

What is your worth?
Is it as good as diamonds?
Cut and polished,
To have been displayed,
With a price tag,
When you are changed,
From hand to hand,
is your price doubled?

What is your worth?
When you are a plasticized heavy rock,
And the beating hammers,
Are regularly broken and cracked,
Stubborn as the outer orbital,
Grouped in sheds of sunken bombs,
Crumbled on your own to be the sand,
Lie under the feet and have no value.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Wrestlers!

Wrestling is fun, when the wrestlers act,
Well sculptured human in the ring, not smart,
Always make mistakes to fall and get hurt,
In earlier days they really fought and bled,
Hiding small weapons in the underwear,
They attacked the rivals with no fear,
Once the good wrestlers have become the bad,
Scheming with friends and foes for fame,
The caged matches are the worst entertainment,
When men are beaten up in the name of a game,
Hundreds of young wrestlers become sick and invalid,
Many of them have grown older than their age,
Wrestlers are not the stunt masters to act,
They really fight practicing all their skills,
You are all the great people, who feed the public,
that is hungry for the food to their animal instinct.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Writers And The Readers

When the mind is saturated,
With too much of information,
The writers crystallize their thoughts,
The new ideas are born in delight,
Crystals may have the edges of sharp end,
Mostly pierce open the ignorant mind,
Those who are addicted to the read,
Can't cover it with a few simple shots,
Constant supply of information is sought,
This addiction can't be cured.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Writer's Dilemma!

The mind has conceived the child of concepts,
Growing every second to be the manuscript,
When delivered with prints of hard and soft,
The dream of the human persistently conquers.

The clouds are weak, feeble, nomadically clueless,
Wandering mind collects the treasure of ideas,
It gets heavier and heavier to reduce the speed,
Once poured down, the writer' burden is spared.

When a book is carved, the carpenter writer has the scalpels,
To remove the unwanted and outdated ideas is the intend,
During that process the artistic hands and the reader's hearts,
May be hurt, the beautiful script of statue is in exhibit.

We can't be kept in the shed to enlarge our glandular dreams,
We can't be fed with hormone to grow in weighty gains,
We can't be left to graze to obtain the antidote for bites,
We are the writers, who have to fly high for motivational flights.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

The Young World..

The world is comfortable,
with young and the laughter, □
Seduced by colorful flowers,
Sprayed with nostalgic attars,

Dancing with the drums and fiddles,
Waking up for the freshened up sun,
Longing for the fermented star's skin,
Playing day and night to play again,

Whining is arrested and kept in mental prison,
Discarding of the old and sick to keep this place clean,
Wandering of the evils graciously allowed,
The life in the world is comfortable only with the able.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Theaters With Six Dimension

6 D beasts take us for horror ride,
The apes call themselves as the elves,
Jump from the trees to the river,
Holding the kites and counting the seeds,
Balcony is vacant with a hood's hook,
Spitting of fire from the aching mouth,
The journey at the 6 D theaters,
Rocking with the massaging chairs,
Messages are too many for the punters,
Breeze from the tube and sprinkling of water,
The travel of zero gravity slips,
My heart skips as the gingerly beetles,
The closing of eyes is done at the wrong interval,
6 D can't be enjoyed with the open mind and will.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Their Expectations...

He sees her as the rainbow at the horizon of his heart,
Appear after slight squabbling drizzle, and the bright,
Shine of repenting smile goes through her, his love, ☐
He sees her as the rainbow at the horizon of his heart.

She sees him as the mist in the vicinity of Niagara Falls,
Frozen in the sea as glacier and hidden in the valleys,
Flows through the river of Niagara to jump on her from the height,
but she rises from the earth and both of them dance in the mid air.

He doesn't want to see her as the moon, as the moon is infidel,
Every Fourteen days her love grows, glows and then diminishes,
She is no where to find for a day, Earth may be patient and kind,
He doesn't want to see her as that infidel,
as she belongs to him every minute.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Their Rights...

When they exist as the fragrant flowers,
The sheepish smiles from these faces,
They want to touch and smell, holding the stalks,
Blooming in their eyes, fast breathing in their flat chests,

Keeping their naughty hands on their trembling thighs,
Looks of the bulls, horses, dogs and the pretty calves,
They are lifted to the air sitting on the basket,
Of the hot air balloons, everyone is disciplined,

Quiet and calm due to the effects of the perfumes,
O! The withered petals lay silently, wondering,
Why these commotions are for?
They come, they see, they enjoy and they leave,

As long as the fresh blooms have the newest fragrances,
Who can control their animal instincts?
Many age as the year's passes by, changing their names,
A few are dwarfed in emotion, looking at the young,
to cause discomfort, distress and hurt...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Then And Now..

Before they got engaged,
They wanted to talk it out,

They met in every outlet,
To talk and share the details,

They wanted to look into the eyes,
to be frank not to be in remorse,

To lead this speechless life,
They wanted to speak at first,

To live in the world of their own,
They decided not to hide anything.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Theory Of Relativity

Brought into our life,
as our kins fall in love with you,
before we fall in front of you,
to make you the kings of our hearts.

Decisions are made,
Arrangements are done,
we have to be happy
as they are happy.

Look at a baby when hugged,
no reciprocation with hanging hands,
Indian women are like that
on their marriage day.

Nothing to understand,
as our elders understand the grooms.
No preferences and no knowledge,
Just we are pushed into the union.

Each and every tribulation,
they are there to support us.
Each and every success,
they are there to celebrate with us.

No holiday destinations,
only temple visits,
No big luxury, simple life,
Still we are contented.

Depression is an unknown word,
as we are always surrounded.
Expectations are none,
as we are always there for our relatives.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

There Is A Time For Everything! Be Prepared..

The wind may be strong now,
pulls and pushes a kite up and down,
a little child may not be happy: but sad,
for what the wind does to her trophy,

she cries aloud, showing her torn kite,
to her loved ones who are around,
the frock of her not spared: flies as wings,
the girl is crushed and left as a lone swing,

She goes to rest for a while,
on the lap of her kind Mum,
what a magic it is, the Sun is out,
and the kite floats in her deep mind,

She wakes up quick and runs out as a stork;
her torn kite got healed and kept as a gift,
for her to pick up the courage, again to try,
Look, the flights of kites display their might.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

They Are In Love..

Look at them: him and her,
They are tranquilized neither,
nor aware of the surroundings,
They are not glued with binders,
But stick with each other as the staplers,
They have never smelled the laughing gas,
But always smile and laugh aloud at each other,
Their eyes are not covered with the opaque glass,
But they can't see what is in front and afar,
They are in trance as she chases her dream prince,
He is possessed shaking his heads even to his hand phone,
They roam around the valleys and hills,
Holding each other, as the mother of other,
Caring each other with nice words and messages,
They are inseparable from their gadgets,
Well connected and well informed,
Lovers of these days are blessed,
Not as those days of 'pigeon' love,
Waiting is the trait for our ancient love,
Where postman had to deliver the palm leaves,
Look at them: him and her,
He is following her as the morning rooster..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

They Are Inseparable!

They are inseparable, the moment he reclines,
Not only on the bed, also on the couch and seating,
Not only in the middle of the dark nights,
Where the star attached to the sky prop,
Not only when she undressed, even in full dress,
When the Sun priest checks on the Earth diocese,
When she is too tired and leans on the beach chair,
They are inseparable, they and their snoring.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

They Dream! ! ! !

The currency is the best,
And it will not collapse,
Even with the huge debt,
Their stocks are great,
Get ballooned with life,
Saving air mixed with vapors,
Of Tears from the unknown,
They have the dreams,
And soiled the terrains,
The manipulators of desires,
Let them fly high, □
With no hard landing,
On the glass splinters,
Of evil effect, obtained,
Through spraying,
Orange flavor,
Buried mines,
Burning of oil fields,
And the hearts,
Let them fly High,
Because they are Americans..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Things To Be Balanced

Balance my heart between fast and slow beating rate,
Balance my wealth between the pauper and the rich state,
Balance my food between malnourished and overeating,
Balance my thought between weird and super serene.

Balance the car tyres to get aligned,
Balance the budget without any deficit,
Balance the love for the work and the family,
Balance the time between the recreations and duties.

Lord, Balance my posture of attitude at the altitude,
Balance my temperamental words when in multitude,
Balance the balance of deeds, on the judgment day,
by adding some good deeds or removing something bad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Think High And Be Positive

even if we are not destined,
even if we have no opportunity,
even if we are constantly deleted,
to go and rest in the recycle bin.....

all these may not occur in our life,

when our thoughts are at the height,
holding the positive poles in the cognitive sites,
sending the signals of evolution as our breath,
don't worry, my friend, your goal is not very far,

just arrange as the layers of burger bun,

what you want to put it, is in your hands,
add the positive attitude in your doings,
the success may be served to you in fancy surrounding,
even the destiny does not permit it,

only you should have the positive attitude and thoughts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Thinking The Wrong As The Right Way

I am a butterfly, whose home is not a house.
I am lost in a house and trying to escape,

I am tired of knocking the windows and the doors,
Using my mighty limbs and legs and feeling the sadness,
At my heart; pushing the window as hard as I can,
People never hear my calling as they dip in their own,
Problems of puzzles have and I do not want to give up,
As I want to go out, then a hand pulled the knob to open up,
The closed window for me to fly out,

I am a butterfly, whose home is not a house.
I am lost in a house and trying to escape,

O my butterfly, I too knock the same window,
When i am clouded with worries and sorrows,
Not knowing that i need a hand to free me,
Banging again and again on the same window,
Blindly wishing for the window to be permeable,
Not knowing the needed help is available,
when the emotion is lost and the love is expired,
opportunities are erased and scarcity is established,

I do behave like you, my butterfly,
thinking the wrong as the right way.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

This Lady Is Too Sensitive

Prosperity is a lady, who is very fortunate,
To keep the richness of health, wealth and happiness,
She seeks the human, who are brisk and vibrant,
Lack of laziness, over indulgence and ignorance,
When the human are eager to pursue her,
She can easily befriend them and solicit them,
She can be a slave in the hands of shrewd people,
Even she walks on four legs as the loyal dogs,
Once the boss of her starts to abuse her,
She may abscond as the fairies in the tales,
It may take a long time to woo her on the laps,
Prosperity is a lady, not a man to be clumsy and unkempt,
If she is with you, hold her tight: she will hug you in delight.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Thorns Of Fear In The Flesh..

When I surrender to you as the victim of faith and confusion,
YOU have chosen me this physically tormenting lane,
The days are nailed to the challenging frame,
I have to remove it carefully to live downtrodden.

The blows are felt on the epidermis, left with scars,
The soul is free of hurt, can put me to sleep to snore,
I haven't chosen anything for myself in all these years,
The pricking testing needles are the tools.

YOU use the innovative methods to assess my patience and I would like,
To stand on my own feet and pick up the direction for myself,
No touching of fingers to predict your decisions,
No rolled papers to spread in front of YOUR altar.

No magnifying glass is utilized to look through my palm lines,
I may feel the pleasure but would I have the peaceful sleep?
I can't move forward, neither I move backward and sideways,
who have implanted all these thorns of Gods in my mind?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those 26 Alphabets!

I know all twenty six alphabets,
Comprising of compromising consonants,
To acquire the tunes of the vowels,
Changes its pitch at touch of the notes,
The blabber of the child and the drunkards,
The Innocence of the mind, that can't be clouded,
The oration of the clever, the alphabets are attired,
In perfectly woven silk thread with no cut and knots,
The speech of the learned, perfectly arranged,
As the colors of alphabetical rainbow cloned,
When the alphabets are put into the doubtful mills,
When they are left in the middle of the battlefield,
When they are kissed with the poisonously arsenic lips,
They get pounded into bits, then laid as the Legos slots,
Storms are felt, hearts are broken, and letters are strewn,
Resolution is made, agreements are signed,
Sanctions are sanctioned and the peace is nullified.
We know those twenty six alphabets,
That has made the world upside down.
we know those twenty six alphabets,
that have kept the human in self centered pits,
we know those twenty six alphabets,
that have made the man to think faster,
than the wind, but slower than the light,
sweeter than the honey, bitter than,
the ascorbic acid, sharper than the knives,
blunder than the cursor, wiser than the prophets,
prouder than the clowns, merrier than the clouds,
quieter than the space and possessive as the earth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Birds!

What a beautifully mesmerizing sight,
When the birds fly with might,
The fleet that flies fast, □
The sequence of the steps very perfect,

From one corner to another with graceful swift,
Those beautifully colored birds flying in the vast,
Majestically painted canvas back ground,
None can bring them down with their shoots,

Of verbal canons of gunpowder blasts,
Let them fly in the glamor and enjoy the poignant air,
When I look at them with my eyes wide open,
What a beautiful sight that these drawn birds,

Pose to me all their entire life, not get tired,
I am looking for those wonderful hands,
That mixed the rainbow colors in the palette,
I may take those creative hands to my eyes,
To worship for painting the picture of birds, gorgeous.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Merciless Eyes...

When he turns to look at her,
A pair of merciless eyes appears,
No need thousands words to convey,
The message that is hidden behind,
The red curtains, the way he moves,
Away with no gesture of love and kindness,
Thousands of arrows need not pierce her,
To be pieces, the one cruel gesture,
Has made her heart to be shot with,
Cognitive revolver, whenever his eyes reappear,
In the screen of her blank 6 D theater,
The merciless eyes not disarmingly look at her.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Mood Spoilers, Not Aware! !

You have brought food to the table,
You have stored clothes in the closets,
You have paid the installment for the house,
but you forgot to bring the peace.

You may be the pillar of the Eco zone,
You may be the leader at the living room,
You may be the only wonderful support,
but you failed to be the king of the hearts.

A home not in need of an army Major,
A home not in hurry of words cleaner,
A home not in hungry for abusive garbage,
A home not in thirst for hot tears,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Two Live As One.

A single flower bloomed,
from the misty rainbow,
So beautiful and smooth,
as the silky satin skin,
Can have it in the hearts
for many more life times,
Still unable to get the spectrum
for each distinct tone,
The fist sized machines in the chest,
know it very well,
The ray of love goes through,
those four almond eyes,
To the heart, then to the mind,
and to the soul,
What majestic feeling,
that one has,
To share with another,
who thinks the same,
Feels the same and
Those two start to live as one.
to live with fun.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Who Hurt You Are The Weakest,

Those who hurt you are the weakest,
but You are born victorious,
To travel on this space ship,
Never let to be stumbled upon,
The pebbles of troubles and problems,
Never let to be pricked upon,
The thorns of thoughts and emotions,
Never let to be washed out as the dirt,
The impurities in weeds and chemicals,
You are a born victor a valuable,
Have the right to exercise,
All your willingness to be fulfilled,
Never let a weak step on your mighty heart,
You are born victorious to enjoy the world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Those Who Seek Happiness

If the happiness is hidden,
in the brackets of human,
We may see the smiling human,
admiring their go down,
Where they have hunted
and kept all those hearts,
Cannibalistic feast,
drowned in the fantastic spirits,
But we see the frowned faces,
trembling in fear
On the canopy
of the dream fantasies,
With no added flavor,
they don't know to love,
As the love is believed
to be bottled up in the shelves.
always left there for the revisit,
as it may not accompany us to be peaceful.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Time Heals Every Wound..

neither you are in my heart to love,
nor in my organized mind to hate,
where you had gone, I can't figure out,
but you sneaked out, not leaving any note,

Is your nose short or long,
Is your face round or oblong,
what is your smell? Sweet or foul,
you are gone not leaving a bit of soul,

Now, my garden is full of blooms,
which I tenderly grow on my own,
days and nights disappeared,
in silence to skin off my wasted.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

To Reach You, I Have To Do The Penance..

It is before midnight,
Not a starry sky in sight,
Up the stone hill to the Lord,
The steps are partitioned,
For the devotee's convenience,

The waves of pious heads in front,
Many adorned with flower jasmine,
To fulfill the vow to the Lord of Beauty,
a wise kid and a warrior with six heads,

The torturing small arrows piercing,
The cheeks, tongues and the bodies,
Carry the kavadi to the Lord's sannathi,
Up to the hills of every abode of Lord Murugan,

Every human here has the plea,
To the prince of their hearts and souls,
Thousands swell into a million,
In a few days, a few hold the pot of milk,
On their heads and shoulders,

They come with their families and friends,
Hundreds of stalls for the brisk business,
Where our culture is planted to reap the revenue,
the poor and the rich are the same in his palace.

In the middle of the night,
Under the bright moon light,
Millions of people gather in advance,
To celebrate the events in delight,

We are the people of simple origin,
Dated back to a few thousand years,
Our life revolve around our family,
Friends, Gods and their temple,

The bonds are tied in our genes,
With no difference in love for the Lords,

We gather to celebrate, not to regret,
Not to reenact with cult like principles,

We can go anytime to our Lords,
Not only during the five times our priests,
Do the regular prayers, bathing and offering services,
Individually doing archanai on our names.

Once upon the time we were the happy people,
Crushed and crumbled with the arrival of the disciples,
To the full moon of every month throughout the year,
We have the grand occasion in our homes and temples.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

To Those Poets..

Their arms are warm,
Where I am cradled,
Reading the words of few,
Making me to be the puppet,

The strings are strong,
To lift me up to the dreams,
The magic clouds are there,
To carry me further,

Beyond the fence of horizon,
Beyond the eyes of sunny emotions,
Beyond the drizzle of commotion,
I am cradled in your warm arms,

Reading your poetic lips,
While my eyes are half open,
A few can do it with ease,
the rest can simply write.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

To Those Sixty! !

Tell me a reason why you disliked me,
It was even before you met me in letters,
It was my name that you could not spell,
And remember or it was my views,
That clashed with your unbroken ideas,
When I spread my brain on the sheets,
With lots of news sprinkled with leads,
You simply came and had a loveless click,
But I like you the most, as you are very true,
Not hiding your internal emotion with lies,
You are the guides, holding the torches,
As this path is very dark, infested with honey bees,
Wherever I go, I have tasted the sweetest honey,
Hissing of them has made me to be real crazy..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

To You, Tamil Nadu..

He is on the laps of beautiful women longer,
Neglecting my children and I to be the paupers,
Sitting on the chairs and dreaming of her,
The movement of her hips now gone haphazard,
The eyes and the lips wear the makeup of the old,
He has become the mouse, hiding behind the tag,
One after another he is getting seduced,
Flow of the alcohol and the free supply of fresh blanket,
This man is always on the bed, singing the songs from old Tamil,
My children and I are on the roads, sweeping and scrubbing,
For the living, our lands are sold to the developers for the dirt,
I want to be a seductress to lure this man to my bed,
My sons have to weave the knowledgeable saree to wrap me,
My daughters have to be bold to stand against the evil,
But he wants to see me in mini skirt and body fit,
Coloring my lips with dark red lipstick,
The fluttering of my eye lashes is not false,
The pounding noise from the mortar is gone,
I am a seductress and would like to seduce this man,
Sometimes he behaves as the child, prostrating,
At every need, even in the assembly and on the streets,
Must relieve him from the spirits of ignorance,
Must relieve him from the chain of selfishness,
Must teach him the lessons of unity and prosperity,
There our children will grow with parity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

To You, Until My Last Breath.

When I have told that I respected you,
The pleasure I derived was bearable,
When I have told that I admired you,
The pleasure I acquired was measurable,
When I have told that I appreciated you,
The pleasure I obtained was enviable,
When I have told that I loved you,
The pleasure I felt was unbearable,
The words can't express how to write it,
The weighing scales have nothing to measure it,
The sun and the moon have become opaque for a while,
The swirling wind staggers and stands still for many minutes,
The earth lets her grip below my feet to let me afloat,
The pleasure, I had was unbearable and immeasurable,
When I tell my love to you,
When I tell my love to you,
When I tell my love to you,
When I tell my love to you,
Thai Manne!

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Today Is In Our Hands

As the days go by, the wear and tear,
Of tangible assets will grow and pester,
The intangibles are reinstated as the victors,
To have the glowing eyes that wander.

Wandering of mind and legs to the distant,
Objects that are stationed, permanent,
Shelter for the illusions, convenient,
Consolation for the desires unattained.

Every heart that beats for the song,
May start to palpitate to the tunes wrong,
In the oceanic life on the earthly forest,
Gasping and panting may coexist.

We have the vessels to row it to our destinations,
We have the muscle less fat to fight off the intrusions,
We have that lone pair of electron to look for the pair,
We can reach the cliff and install our antenna's repeaters.

Every today is in our hands and minds,
let us live, relax and not waste it for truants,
the blocks of memories are made with experience,
castles were built with blood; homes with hearts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Together...

The feet are nailed,
To stay on a spot,
The roots sprout,
Firmly to retrospect,
Hearts are glued,
The bonds are permanent,
Hands are held,
Feet are tied,
Congestion at times,
Confusion maims,
Conflict and commotion,
Windows are shut and open,
The hearts with perfect roots,
Withstand the storms,
These ladies with innocent pumps,
Touching and feeling the umbilical plum,
Their feet are grounded and tagged with a name,
No one can uproot their genome.
the other two hands holding hers firm,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Too Civilized! !

The lone traversals knocked our doors,
not in past, but before diamond years,
They need not ask for food, water and shelter,
Verandah for them to stretch and rest.

If someone knocks the grilled gate,
suspicion catches people as the cold,
peeping eye piece and the monitor,
too scared even to open and respond,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Too Much Salt Is Too Bad!

'He hasn't taken enough salt,
The entire nerve network blunt,
He doesn't retaliate with pride,
Too submissive that is not our trend.'□

In every Indian house hold, people said this,
When someone is quiet and tries to mind his business,
The warrior is the ones, who can hold the words of knives,
Salt is the important part of our conversation and an electrolyte.

Salt hurts our hearts, forcing it to do more exercise,
The back of the head ache, when look at the girls and boys,
Sometimes sweats, men are excited, not knowing the fact,
Salt may drive our life too recklessly in the lane fast.

Slightly high pressure is related to excitement,
We want that hick relentlessly until we become sick,
Reduction of salt to half may do a lot of wonders,
It is always our choice how to live or spoil our life.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Too Quick Not To Misunderstand!

Be not a fictional coward,
not aiming straight towards,
the sunshine germ less boulevard,
through factual open threshold.

Be not a ignorant stranger,
a family of courageous rangers,
multitudes of modern despair,
annihilate the torturous border.

Gallop on the beating hearts,
flying with the virtual minds,
bringing of knowledge through,
space: not partial, except for sound.

Gardens of modern airphonic,
where human need no water tonic,
intelligence roots sprout manic,
excellence in straight and italic.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Toss And Grab 1,

Kept you under the wings,
for you to grow warmer,
kept away those strangers,
for you to grow stronger,
picked those worms,
for you to grow smarter,
opened these two wings,
for you to grow wiser.

This world belongs to you,
my dear children,
You have every right to explore,
my dear children,
There may be petty problems,
on the way, children!
smash those issues,
my dear children.

Make mistakes, that,
not affect your health,
my dear children,
Take decisions, that,
not affect your integrity,
my dear children.
Be kind to your subordinates,
my dear children,
they are the ladder,
for you to climb up,
my dear children.

Get wiser day by day,
my dear children,
Speculation is not a plays,
my dear children,
you will bring corn,
my dear children,
They will bring husk,
my dear children.
When blow and share,

my dear children,
You will lose my dear children.

When there is a sale,
the market is quiet
enter to trade,
my dear children.

When there is a crowd,
everyone talks for million,
sell your share and run away,
my dear children.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Touch Me Not!

Have you ever seen the freshly pressed flowers,
Crumbled in the crowded buses of the third world?
Catching and traveling in a bus is a task, not worth,
To spend at least few hours on the dusty roads,
For a few kilometer ride to their purposeful target,
Where they are pressed with all kinds of weapons kept,
In the trousers, held in the hands and on the bodies,
Of the estrogen seeking cowards, who travel,
In the buses to get the cheap pleasure and delight,
Out of the innocence of our young girls and women going to school,
Colleges and work, even the elderly women not spared,
For the scent that remained, O God, Do you see us suffer,
On the roads of poverty stricken countries? Please offer,
The space as we need to do our daily chores,
Teach and correct them that molesting is bad and dire.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Transform..

When we look at the palms of the sculptors,
We would see the scars that had brought out the beauty,
From the raw stones or the metals,
When we look at the homes of intellectuals,
We would see the hardship that had taught them,
How to do the masterpieces,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Travel..

Keep quiet and you have boarded,
This One way vessel, not on your desire,
None bothers you if you are hostile and impatient,
None bothers you if you are too agitated to alight,
While traveling at seventy thousands miles per hour speed,
Circling around the sun to face the uniform seasons,
This vessel is stable rotating on its axis with thousand miles,
Per hour speed, what a travel it is that we can't feel the motion,
Sitting comfortably in the house, one has become hostile,
Another one has become impatient, another one has,
The vision for another million years of making love with passion,
Sit straight and lean back on your chairs keeping your senses sharp,
Peeping is not allowed, holding the paper to hide the face,
Is forbidden and just pose for the picture to take the passport,
Our relative will keep it as a souvenir, the moment we exit,
Until then keep your tongue tied and let it be released,
To speak the good words and point out the bad,
Let someone's heart not be scared with the twisting of it,
Glory be with us as the truth is distanced cousin of evil and hell.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

True Love Is Hard To Find!

I stand in the middle of the valley,
And shout at the greens to love me,
They echo back to me, 'Love me',
When I stand in the unpredictable desert,
And cry to the hot and cold sand to love me,
They gulp my voice with no useful proceeds,
I dip in the oceans and try to call the tenants,
To love me and the medium never let me to open,
To let the air in, if I do, no one can save my breathe,
I come to the human civilization and tell them to love me,
They look at me strangely, a few say mechanically,
A few stare at me and say that they can't be obliged.
To love someone without any benefits,
Their parents are loved for their sacrifice,
Their friends are loved for the comradeship,
Their children are loved to pass their youth time,
Their Gods are loved for the economic and eternal profits,
Their crowds are loved for something veiled,
They can't love someone with no reason,
They can't love someone and something with no returns.
Even those sages, priests and nun in the God's home,
Till the hearts of others to get the easy way to heaven,
If I love someone with no expectations,
If you love someone with no expectations,
If they love someone with no expectations,
If we love someone with no expectations,
we are better than our Gods,
who expect us to be good.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Truth Is Scientific..

Truth prevails, when lies discard,
its satirical desire sooner, not never,
Truth conquers, when the cheats,
are dressed in sores of nightmares,
Truth emancipates, when the betrayers,
are trapped in the dens of mud flippers,
Truth succeeds, when the confusion,
gets tired and vanes out in delusion.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Twist, Baby, Twist..

Twist baby twist,
Twist your young hip,
Twist baby twist,
Twist your double tongue up,
Twist baby twist,
Twist your tender wrist,
Twist baby twist,
Twist your philosophical flop,
Twistable can't be stiff and hard,
So the tongue is made to twist,
Twist baby twist..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Twitter!

I am a bird with no feather,
Still I can fly with no fear,
Up in the sky and through the river,
The Eternal bliss that found in neither,
Flutter in the hearts, chirp in the mind,
Nestling of super ideas that evolve,
I go in group to target the caves,
Where the darkness pitifully rules,
Escape from the annoyance,
Just walk on the peaceful grass,
Sometimes green, otherwise clueless,
Pecking the juicy fruits and breaking the nuts,
I am a bird with no feathers, but a tweet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Two Different Earrings..

No one had seen me, when I greeted them,
No one had observed me, when I served them,
No one had gazed at me, when I passed by them,
No one had have heard my heart's beat, when I was nearer to them.

No one had sketched my face, when I posed for them,
No one had lifted their face from their hand phones,
No one have had the wish to see me grow stained and shrunk,
No one ever reminded me when I wore two different studs.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Types Of Indians

There are three types of Indian,
The first is as soft as the butter and cream,
Can be spread on any bread and scones,
Really the soft quality crust and the elite,

The second is the hardened butter kept in the fridge,
They keep their emotions inside and maintain the shape,
And peace within themselves and other middle class,
Once left outside, they will melt, losing all composing skills.

The third is the ghee, poured into the fire,
Always burn themselves to warm the masters,
They are very emotional and can spurt and be foul,
They are forced to support the rest with the defaced face.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Unaware Of Their Affairs

The saintly people are here,
They mind their own business,
Stand alone is not our culture,
Civilized people are more mature,
Clapping of hands in one sector, □
The only one in the middle, greatly happier,
Churning of ideas in another sector,
This group has made the king makers,
Those people at the border, neither bother,,
Nor beneficiaries, but affected more,
In every second of their ordinary adventures,
They are too proud to say and blabber,
That they are not interested in all these affairs,
They are unaware of their own affairs,
sadly they are ignorant of their affairs,
that spoil their life, health and future.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Under Developed..

Climbed on the shelves, the early morning cocks,
Announced the world what the rest has to do,
Prancing and parading for the hearts to be out,
Shining feathers gleamed under every sun's kiss.

Flying to the roof, the unsigned silly cocks,
Not aware of what is going in and around,
Raised their head at every sunrise just to mimic,
Feathers of doubt flipped to create the shiny shower.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Understanding

'I take what you don't need,
And give you back what you need',
When the plant complains to the human,
For it is so satisfied with its own performance,
Equally proud human retaliates with the tree's slogan,
'I take what you don't need,
And give you back what you need',
And then both of them say together
While looking at each other,
'You give me what I need,
I give you what you need',
The Man drops the chain saw,
Picks up few seeds to sow,
Planned forests grown everywhere,
To reduce the heat of the sphere,
Obese human walk in the forest
the wild animals have the rest,
all those reared chickens are for the beasts,
not to make the human obese on daily feast.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Understanding Of Facts And Figures!

Pour me into the glass; drink me as you wish,
Boil me in the kettle; look at me how I escape,
Keep me in the fridge; add me in your drinks,
Heat me unknowingly; see hot tears from your eyes.

Snow filled poles slapped with heat,
When I absorb the heat, I get excited,
Neither the solid nor the liquid,
Shiny crystals of despair ready to slide.

What happen in the poles is,
that happen in your fridge,
the ice crystals on the ice cream,
the runaway icebergs in the oceans.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Understanding..

Under the bright white well travelled light,
We need the comfortingly cool dark shade to hide,
Which we call umbrellas of mushroom homes,
That saves us from heat and rain storms.

In the midst of the quiet beautiful darkness,
The fireflies flick to show off their greatness,
As they are drunken in the stupor of light game,
The contrast really makes the life more significant.

The hearts never see lights in their whole life,
The brains are kept sealed to keep them safe,
The whites, colored and blacks are working hard,
To maintain what is kept in the perpetual dark.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Unforgettable Marina! !

Marina, my darling, you are a woman,
For you change your clothes often,
White sandy silver color with light green ocean border,
You do wear the saree of Goddess of education,
When the sun raises, the gold flakes sprinkles on the sand,
Gold border taken its shape with light orange strands,
You do wear the saree of Goddess of wealth,
When the sun starts to walk in the morning,
The bright red color spreads with energy and fun,
You wear the saree of Goddess of energy.
When the sun runs to seek his concubine in the moon,
You do wear the saree of grey in the afternoon,
When the people come to the shore,
And make up the design on your clothes,
You do wear the sarees of happy women in the evening,
Various designs, vibrant colors, different patterns,
Refined textures, sometimes soft and stiff,
As a woman before she is married off,
Sometimes, tired and soaked,
As a married woman, who is tired of,
Marina, you have made me to dream,
When I was a sparrow, looking through the leaves,
When I was an eagle, came out on Saturdays,
When I was a fish, swam in your waves,
When I was the dust, that stuck,
Under your visitor's feet.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Unification Of Currencies!

During independence one pound equaled one rupee,
After sixty five years it equals eighty rupees,
Pound and dollars are getting stronger,
Poor men's currencies getting weaker,
What a manipulation in the money market! !
To suck the anemic blood of the emerging target,
When talk of globalization, let us globalize,
Not only the commodities manufactured,
Intellectual properties that created,
Heavy machinery with highly CHIPped,
Command the higher and uniform values,
throughout the world, To the convenience of
richly indebted countries to get the profit,
Let us make the uniform curries to chase away the poverty.
Let us be frank and bold to face the reality,
let us not pretend to keep only our welfare as priority,
Let us think of the welfare of the humanity.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Uniformed Expression.

I mute the remote and watch the program in TV,
For the reasons known to them, you and me,
The hula-hula dancers from Hawaii shake the hips with wild wink,
The hip dancers from Middle East cover not their breasts,
The movements are swift and beautiful as the dancers,
from all around the globe. When the eyes are rotated,
from left to right to show the love, anger and fear,
the facial muscles are pulled, puffed and twisted,
to show the surprise, disgust and contempt,
the necks are moved in the same way as the other,
from Europe and Africa with their unique dance steps,
How is it possible that human have picked up,
The same method to express the emotions,
Even a silent movie tells us a story, visually.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Uniformed Salary For The World Citizens...

The golden and silver sand is hot and merciless,
Where we mend the nets to go for the fish,
Sapphire sea mother is kind and generous,
The cut diamonds on her breasts make her sick.

Lapis lazuli in the middle of the sturdy tree trunk,
Breaks our axes and the shoulder to be the chunk,
Impurity in the middle of the natural and cultured pearls,
The beautiful and comfortable world is built dispersing the sweat.

Ruby is beautiful, the color of the pink rose and the heart,
Sometimes red, non iron deficient blood of the workforce,
The Homosexual corals unite under the spell of full moon,
In the dark rooms, negatives no more get developed.

Walking through hundreds of miles at a stretch,
Chattering of million mouths, not audible to pitch and reach,
Congregate to weep in circle, holding the arms as arch,
Gems not cultured or mined through wasteful empty talk.

The market driven economy, changes the prices of commodities,
The uniformed prices of the products from the upper world,
never think about the hardships of the labor of under world,
Let us hoist our flags in UN to raise our dignity and respect.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Univesally Filled To Get Dirtied!

Light or heavy, you have a place in me,
Either float on me or drown in me,
Let us run through the rivers and canals,
Pump through the arteries, veins and capillaries,
Jump down the valleys and falls,
When the affinity is noted,
I dissolve every bit of your nectar,
When the negativity is shown,
We can stand separate, but in contact,
I am a universal lover; flirt with saints and rogues,
No one is spared unless one is stone hearted,
Run for shelter when I float in slumber,
Look through the glass window to check my pressure,
I am too modest not to lift my skirt up,
Always falling down in grace and disgrace,
Filling all caves and holes in perfect sweep,
Melting poles fill the growing human flesh,
Condensation of me found in window silts,
Though I have no color, fragrance and taste,
You have made me to show and smile as you,
In oxidation ponds, where I go for rituals,
From the hands of winking sun, I would escape,
Always looking for a place to rest and relax,
I am the only compound in the world, recycled,
Thousands of times in the past and in future,
To give life to nature, not to torture,
Though throwing dirt to me is your culture.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Unnaturally Ours!

Please, don't go in there, where you can't be with me,
Nauseous air, millions of microbes, though cools below sixteen,
Come out and look at me, waiting just far away as the omnipresence,
I have the coldest brain, emitting fastest signals in hottest pause,
The warmest belly with frequent showers, willows applause,
The melting deposit inside me plays the truant without mercy,
A Jacuzzi, two third full of salted water for you to swim to glee,
The armies of clouds engage in shooting with flashing lightening,
Fine golden sand that is hot in the home of camels, but wet,
Near the home of human, Come out; feel me with your wits,
Smell mine, very fragrant, though the Rafflesia, the giant bloom,
Flowers once in many years emits repelling odor, has no stems,
Taste me and you will not leave me and stay with me forever,
Hear me; I have the musical noise that comes out from your gadgets,
Flowing rivers giggle, the swaying leaves speak soft,
Breaking trees shouts, before the storm, air cries,
After the storm it is quiet, the silence in the falling slow flakes,
Drips of rain dropp as the people running for festivals and galas,
When I can reveal my soul to you, why do you hide and grieve?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Until!

The air is quiet until it is agitated,
The water is calm until it is frustrated,
The earth is peaceful until it is violated,
The human are wise until they are provoked.

The clouds are merrier until these are collided,
The fire is fun and pleasant until it is spread,
The immunity is good until it is mutated,
The human are tolerant until they are contaminated.

The childhood is enjoyable until the puberty strikes,
The adolescent is seeking fun until the responsibilities arrive,
The youth is full of energy until the children are added,
The middle age is very fast, until the new nests are formed.

The old age is just nice until the sickness knocks,
Everything is good and predictable in the life of human,
When simplicity and sincerity are followed,
Face the challenges, until the solution is found.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

V.S. Happy..

Bring it to my shore,
The waves of happiness,
Gentle with constant flow,
Never stopped even once to be slow,
To take rest to leave me in distress,
Sometimes huge, with heavy laughter,
Rolling my body on the spot,
Pulling me down to the deep covert,
I am on my single leg and the hands are up,
Peaceful inside and outside you stare,
I am happy for you and you are happy for me,
When the shores are filled with,
Tremendous waves of happiness..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Value Added Needs...

What an illusion it is,
The value added to these,
Picking up the high costs,
The value added needs,
The value added conflicts,
The value added headaches,
All begun with three basic needs,
Sitting on the high rise,

Pressure added life style,
The power lifts the lifts,
The human are down through stairs,
The value added life,
Hold many credit cards,
The value added life,
Ring the alarm before sunrise,
The value added life,
Run the tubes of fear,

The value added life,
teach the normal lad,
and lass to work as the Ass,
carrying the loads of soiled thoughts,
trimmed are the roots of love,
pedicured and manicured,
value added with nail paints,
to scratch and scoop,
the barrels of selfish attitude..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Value What You Possess..

When you entered into my life as the breeze,
I was in the trance; my skin was very sensitive,
Felt you as the silk, woven from the young moth,
Tasted you as the honey, just stolen from the comb,
The world was very new, full of blooms and bees,
The rainbows were everywhere nearer to my thought,
Rolled on the ocean bed to hear the waves from the conch,
The magician was at work, changed us to be the love birds,
Flew all over the vast fields, where we saw the fruits and nuts,
Collected the hays to build the nest in the high trees,
Away from the predators who could crawl and steal,
Away from the robbers who could drill and retrieve,
We have been secured all the while with no intruders,
Until one day you have become the storm to uproot our dreams.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Values And Society

You have showed me how to lie and hide,
You have taught me how to drink and smoke,
You have telecasted what to watch and enjoy,
You have distributed all those weeds and pots,
Nowhere had they seen that these are wrong,
Except in rehab, prison and hospital,
Where the criminals and sick learn,
The value of life that they have lost,
When they were in society,
When they were in the society
the values were compromised,
Lucky ones escapee, the rest punished.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Vanilla Seeds.

What else shall we have, in the selfish community?
That always behaves, as if the poor not exist.
They need us to move their machines,
Toil in their fields and hit their key boards.

Once their Mansions and palaces,
Malls and halls are built and finished,
We become the strangers, not to be recognized,
Though our sweat hidden under each slab.

Hundreds of washrooms, in the Buckingham palace,
Royals and powerful to use. we have the shed,
that is called as lavatory, hundred yards away.

What can be done, without the subjects?
We are the vanilla seeds, thrown out after the use.
The fear of future at heart is a real torture,
The doubt of tomorrow at thought is a real agony.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Very Nice Make Up!

Weaving the sand for the strong ropes to make a mat,
Raining makes the sky to weep and to be wet,
The rays of Sun pass through the mountain,
What my little mind can hold and ascertain,
The vector that has magnitude and direction,
Not the vector transmitting ills and illusions,
When we try to roll the mat out of wish and will,
What can you and I do, when no one care to stand still,
I am a fool, when trying to build the sand castle,
Where I try to keep my mat, made of clouds,
Blue prints of two or three addresses point the lunar,
When I knock each and every door that are closed,
We don't have to put make up even during sleep,
We have to remove it for our own good health.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Visuals Under A Mango Tree..

Our world is shrunken,
into a tiny and shiny cocoon,
where we live as a king and a queen.
With me, myself and I theme,

every simple bond is a lie,
which we think affectionately real,
dependency is not eternal love,
time has to tear down the veil,

when the curtain is drawn,
the scenes are always different,
our thirst and hunger may wane,
happiness not christened being insane,

the sun is real and the moon too,
the sand is real and the air too,
all these elements are real and
the dirt too, but not us, the living.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Vultures!

Vultures not aware that they are torturers,
Eagle may assume that they are simple predators,
Circling above the ground, enjoying the breezy wind,
looking down with deep eyes only for one thing.

When their prey is spotted, the concentration get centered,
Eyes on that prey, the thought on that prey,
Wings stop to swing before a forceful delay,
Legs, claws and the nails just land on that display.

Vultures are there in you and I,
When the business man looks for the business,
When the doctors wait for the patients,
When the lawyers wait for the clients,
When the leaders wait for the votes,
Vultures are everywhere in them, you and I.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Waiting For Victory, ,

thousand of ideas and million of dreams,
the eyes of the toads not fit for the streams,
clapping at the thunderous hall silence the hearts,
merry making balloons not yet free, tied to poles,

the run away birds return to visit the homes,
renovated, but never painted with pastel shine,
the routine sun, moon and the stiff sky
giggle and make fun at the roaming spies,

the strong hearts whistle as the wind at the horizon,
dreams abandoned, dropped, and snatched in seconds,
the moments of joy erupt as the struggling shoots,
the manure is too good to hold the slender roots,

the tanned skin blossomed, not bothered of weathers,
the feathers are flexible to fly again on the paper..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wake Up! The Children Of Fallen Innocents..

Thirteen wives and a few concubines:
married a child who was six years old,
'bought' the slaves and talked of peace,
a human, himself was abused since childhood,

Old nations and their people have amnesia,
when the tribes came and conquered their land,
within two decades, land of pyramid enslaved,
the land of sand spilled with red and white fluid,

wake from your sleep; what was your past?
Can't remember your mother who was raped?
Wearing the cloaks and caps, search for the departed,
wake up, men of mighty kind souls, slaughtered,

Their family feud, let them sort out,
why do you carry weapons for the sake,
of a mistress and the defending daughter,
Wake up men! Retrieve your ancestral pride..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wake Up, Women..

Are you one of the four wives,
Visited by your husband every four days,
Wake up, woman, fight for your rights,
You don't have to wait for a womanizer to arrive,
Always tired of doing extra work in all four houses,
Look at his face, the pressure is building up,
Look at his legs; those are getting wobbly in mid forties,
Wake up women, your sons don't have to face the early death,
Gulping pills and potions to carry the burden,
On his sparrow sized brain that goes to dysfunction soon.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wash And Dry, Not Under Sun

The cloth of our mind is tattered,
With constant beating from a master,
He has the whip to lash and splash,
Scoop full of soap of punishment to scrub,
Sometimes banged are the stones to remove,
The dirty from the freshly perfumed apron,
Not visible to the naked eyes, but to Him,
The eyes of microscope, bleaching has to be done,
It is decided and done with boiling experience,

The human have found the washing machine,
Clothes are there to swim in the soapy water,
Gentle wash and spin as the dancer on the toes,
The Washer man of the world gets shocked,
Watching the desires of human are fulfilled,
Washer man of the world is dismissed from many hearts,
He may work all his sleepless life for another trick,
To keep all his disciple and slaves under his control...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wasted Humanitarian Knowledge

Rock us boys, on your flat tops,
Shake us girls, in your weeping womb,
Take us both, to drill your hard shell,
Investigate us from where we could escape,

Eyes are popped out in ecstatic sprint,
Whether the martyr convocation is done,
Or not, collapsing of those humble dreams,
Dreamed under the olive trees barren bosoms,

Dates are there yet to ripe, to rewrite the events,
Enemies are heaped in dune, totally not bonded,
Fall down as a single grain, need to be greased,
our eyes are not flawed, when millions drown in tears.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wasted Youthful Years!

When I was your waist high,
I saw you looking at the sky,
Told me that your love would fly,
To come back to make you shy,
Behind the door, where you would hide,
From the eyes of roving lads of village,
A woman displaced from the loved ones,
Planted in the land of forefather's hostile ground,
How many days I witnessed your hope,
While you reared the brood that your love gave,
I never saw you cried for your lonely status,
While the guys, who kept the end of the noose,
Some few thousand miles away, struggled,
To send the papers of money to feed and prosper,
Wives of emigrant workers and bosses,
May forget the needs of nature's nagging,
Taking only seven days in a week fasting,
Though a few have gone mentally disturbed,
Though a weak few have been tricked and spoiled,
The rest stand as the pillars to shoulder the culture,
all alone but in crowd, on the land of their children's father.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Watch Out The Gm..The Genetically Modified..

bought few Guava fruits,
as these looked so cute,
plumb, polished and glossy,
Hoped it would be juicy.

Seeds retrieved and sowed,
germinated sprout not flawed,
water it regularly,
a desire of getting plenty.

Ten years gone as the lies and cheats,
of the bureaucrats and technocrats,
Staying as a hopeful citizens,
looking at the tree for fruition.

fifteen feet high big tree,
bore only one in the third year,
that was offered to God,
as the bribery for future yield.

What is the necessity to make.
the living things to be impotent,
to have glossy and marketable items?
Are the mutated things have life in them?

God crested the life in the living things,
which mean that they can reproduce,
To get the bounty of livestock, grains and vegetables,
what right have we, to sterilize and create life redundants?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Water Rationing...

Press the buttons,
Press the knobs, □
Stand still or dance,
Extend your hands,
Just get up from the seats,
The sensors of soft skin,
Shower, never seen buckets,
The dippers are long gone,
Not meant to be here,
in the bath room,

Never thought of these woe,
For many decades,
Water rationing in any place,
Imagine no running water in the taps,
A tropical country is Malaysia,
Where it rains every now and then,
Suddenly hot summer with no rain drop,
people search for the buckets,
and dippers to store and bathe.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Water, Water Everywhere

What a beautiful sight, when she is in blue,
Migraine gone and attack with no clues,
Freezes and compacts as the cotton candy does,
She is the stately lady with her well maintained curves.

She is happy with the biodegradable balls,
That is thrown into the bottom of her soil,
Crystal clear porcelain skin, the fish can swim in,
Miles she walks and runs with rising of her chin.

What a sight to tolerate, when she arrives,
To this part of the ball, lost her luster,
Through throwing of garbage sinister,
Acquire the color of the apron of the painters.

When at a place she fills the glass,
That can let the light to pass and sparkle,
How many colored attires she wears,
She travels in the East's roller scorer.

When she loses her energy and gets caught,
All her legs are tied in the planar fold,
She is quiet as the dump child on the rock,
Imprisoned as icy slabs until the warm knight whispers.

When the energy is intact and obtains some more,
She is in the ecstatic state to sleep with all rogues,
Impregnated to spread the children of diseases,
She is too wild and controllable, until taken to the clouds.

She has the energy and multiple pairs of legs,
But has no platform to dance and show her might,
Floating and discussing with the women of her kind,
She is enlightened to be wise to pour down on the plants.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Admire Ourselves...

Of all the things in the world,
We love ourselves the most,
Whenever we look into the mirror,
Our eyes may look haunted,
Our forehead may be scribbled,
We may be young or the old,
We may be healthy or sicker,
We may be rich or poor,
We may be educated or not,
We smile and cry at our image,
The moment we look into the mirror,
No one is the great admirer than us,
We love ourselves the most,
Of all the things in the world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Gifted With Blink And Blank..

A comfortable room, locked me out and in,
The opening at the sides, wide and calm,
The crust on the cooling milk separate elegant,
The drawing of it may expose what I have,

The home I am in, pat locked out and in,
But the window is open to fly with hot air balloon,
The expanding parachute is meant for downward descend,
While my thought roams up and above the crescent,

I am free to walk wherever I like in this room,
I am free to do whatever I fancy in this room,
I am stamped with liberties to speak loudly in this room,
But my tied hands, legs and minds carelessly think,
that they are free in this room: the rooms of blink and blank.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Going Back Home..

We are going back home,
In the bus, in the tram,
In the train, in the Rickshaw,
On the motorbikes, wearing helmets,

The tired day has just left,
It is time to get refreshed,
The loving hearts early wait,
Tearing the air curtain to be joined,

In the traffic jam or on the empty roads,
Through the tunnels or with the rain splash,
We are going back home after work,
we are going back home after a tussle,

we are going back after learned something,
we are going back to get refreshed,
to come back again to face,
the never ending challenges.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Good Pretenders...

You are a great pretender,
Want not to be frank and differ,
Sweet voice covers the bitter,
Muse and wits, still you grin with laughter.
I am a good pretender,
Hiding all my despair,
Smiling after every abandoned affair,
My heart and face vary in my failure.
We are great good pretenders,
All act like actresses and actors,
Feeling the hurting pain in secret,
Fascinatingly happy to greet our neighbors,
We are good pretenders,
Balancing the cord of everyday calendar,
Wearing the mask of Disney brokers,
Swim in the giant aquarium pitcher,
Posing the picture with every visitor,
No one knows that we are the pretenders.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Human

I am not afraid of darkness,
I can see through the blackness,
and I find no angel and light,
that could sort out my plight.

I am me and have guts and strength,
whoever pull me down to the depth,
I can rise up to the great height,
where the greatness awaits.

Glory or not, peace or not,
success or not, victory or not,
I focus my energy to the destiny,
as no angel can come with me.

We are us and have no grudges,
and believe in our efficiency,
where the imaginary angels,
have no place and cheat us.

Send those angels and devils,
to the deepest and darkest hole,
from where they can not escape,
and destroy our confidence and hope.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are In Need Of Hot News!

I am scared of myself,
For I want of the ticklers,
Who can make me to cry,
With the multiple crosses,
With newspaper clips and pictures,
Thousands of us sufferers,
Silent as the rainbow,
But colorfully decorated,
And gone when the heat is up,
After every notorious drizzle,
the rainbow has never failed to appear.

I am scared of myself,
As I need the ticklers,
To convince what I desire,
On the screens they appear,
Sometimes no attires,
Not the specific philosophers,
Who start to talk earlier,
Than expected, the amusers,
I have admired for the laughter,
I am scared of myself,
For I need the additives,
Even to make my food tastier,
Not holier and fresher, only energizers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Not Actors!

when millions of our ancestors died for the truth,
when millions of them never acted in their life,
when millions of us work hard with our only face,
who told that world is full actors and actresses?

memorized scripts are repeated,
repeated verses can be recorded and edited,
The director vision is visualized,
Rehearsal can make the scenes perfect.

we live a scene only once in real life,
no directors, editors and the script writer,
we live our life with emotions and blunders,
we feel every moment that is not felt by the actors,
who told that world is the stage and we are the actors?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Not All Alone

With the powerful gravity of love
The human stand with dignity.

We are not all alone,
With the sturdy roots,
The trees flourish, seed and then sprout.

We are not all alone,
With the flowing of the life,
The air confined to the atmosphere.

We are not all alone,
Days may end in nights,
Days and nights are at the same array.

We are not all alone,
When the feet kiss the ground,
The mother earth touches with love.

We are not all alone,
We are not all alone.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Creators

The myths seem to be real,
In every threshold with a symbol,
We gather and chant for a while,
And to disperse to arrive through the path,
Dressed; pretension to evident,
Books scribbled with ancient thoughts,
The knees and soles are thickened,
The corns are visible, yet to be scrapped,
The modern minds are still clouded,
The hysteric noises are spread,
The enactment of events are repeated,
Another soul soother has to be invented,
When I knelt beside the nuns at the chapel,
Observing their twisting of the holy beads,
When I stood beside the great sages,
Repeating the verses from the holy pages,
When we congregated in the morning,
Listening to the verses, sung in Arabic,
We are clearly divided in our thoughts,
Having the supremacy in every one's mind,
Never to be united in another thousand years,
A miracle may occur to call us all as peers.
We may join our hands to appreciate the creation,
Treat one another as equal with no deviation.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Foundation. Don'T Weaken It..

We are the Indian women,
Invisibly chained in hands,
Legs, hearts and even in necks,
The whip is held with the oppressors,
Who whip us in words and looks,
We are the followers of Manu,
Who wrote the duties of the women,
And insulted women as the incapable,
We have to be under the care of our men,
All our life, tied us with them in the name,
Of love, our feelings are suppressed,
Our intention and ideas never heard,
We are never allowed to be drifted out,
Though the women leaders are around,
We can be seen in the fields with hardened palms,
We are at the factories, sewing and operating,
Many of us in front of Monitors hitting the keys,
Most of us in the kitchen preparing the meals,
We are exposed to the modern world and thoughts,
The chains are strong enough to hold us planted,
Looking at our spouse and the children is the pleasure,
Where ever we sit in the day time stages require,
Stepping out the threshold of our honest culture,
Is still hard and it may be maintained as it is,
As soon as our Men change their mind set,
To fulfill our emotional and societal needs,
Treat us with respect, as we are the economic reviver,
Don't torture us for you have various complexes,
We are the future as we were in the past,
We are no more puppets, though we like the strings,
Please don't let us to let you down in despair and shame.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Gods To Deliver The Child..

The minute microbes,
Created by themselves,
No mention of these,
In the volumes of prophets,

All these minute things,
Once imagined as,
The punishment from the Gods,

Man has found the medicines,
To cure all God sent threats,
The energy of our actions,
Follow us for many births,

Wasted are those nails,
Those pierced the human flesh,
We are the Gods, who untie the lies,

And we are seeing the invisible world,
Where bare bones are found,
The truth is hidden for many billionneum,
What is explored is very minimum,

We are the Gods with the weapon of knowledge,
Let the knowledge not destroy our weak race,
let us pray to ourselves not to hurt others.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Hindus...

Few thousand year old scripture says,
that the Lord Brahma is the creator,
The Lord Vishnu is the protector and
The Lord Siva is the destroyer.

The destroyer of our pride,
selfish nature and evil attitude.
He has three eyes and
Hindus worship these three Gods.

The doctrines and principles.
weave around our life,
we have ceremonies for entire life,
Naming ceremony, ear piercing ceremony,
attainment of puberty and wedding ceremony,
ceremony for the first pregnancy,
and numerous other ceremonies,
apart from the death ceremony.

We have duties for everyone,
parents, grand parents,
uncles, aunties and children,
and we have to fulfill our duties,
other wise we will become outcast.
We are peace loving people,
who believe in Karma, our deeds,
as we do not have anyone,
to wash away our bad karma,
and Our Gods practice,
the check and balance,
and the division of labor.

Though our brothers and sisters,
call themselves in other names,
we treat them all as one of us,
as we believe the children of
Hindu ancestors are always the Hindus.
We treat them with respect and
we request them to treat us,

with due respect and not to convert,
our poor brothers and sisters,
for a bag of rice and a promise of heaven.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Jokes! Who Is The Author?

Our elders sit under the special tree,
Talking of cultural and financial affairs,
Their brains are the same as their fathers,
Digitally transpired in the genetic converters,
To them contamination is evil and a spoiler,
And want to separate the people under the divider,
We are proud to call ourselves as the traders,
Of what our forefathers had done as the feeders,
Scarcity of everything is normal and our,
People build their castle using word weaver,
When the guests arrive to an unfurnished quarters,
We ask them to be seated while our heads are on the air,
Our markets are not there beside the polluted rivers,
Our markets are not there in collecting and selling to the buyers,
Our markets are filled with ideas that are macros in nature,
Our markets are filled with lazy but harsh money lenders,
Our policy makers work at night and the dreamers,
We are abandoned in millions as the scavengers,
Living on left over and call ourselves millionaires,
We are colored uniformly with poverty painters,
We have become the joke to people who are the winners.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Mafia..

They aren't driven to the prison,
But to the clipped and zipped server rooms,
Millions of investment to rip and reap,
Beware of ultra slim and tempting mafia,

Their hearts are our goal,
Where we can play the wheels,
a few words laced with sweet,
just to squeeze their greed,

They can voluntarily get into our trap,
Transferring their hard stored sweat,
Clicking the buttons to beg and deposit,
We are the modern mafia, behind the laptop,

The rejuvenating lost youth in thirty days,
The winning of lotteries and the monies,
The inheritance from the non existing princes,
The greed in human never fails to grab the first choice,

We are the mafia, not with the guns and weapons,
But with the wealth to hire the best brains,
We can create games, fun and celluloid human,
Thanks to the technological development...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Piece Of Art...

Waded in the stream,
behind the ancestral home,
Where the farmers have grown,
nourishing sugar cane flame,
Saddled in the dream,
behind the curtain of realism,
Where the thoughts have built,
selfishly refracting prism.

Guarded the memories,
behind the blinds of favoritism,
Where the emotions have brewed,
to make one to be fermented and stale,
Maddened life has fragmented us,
behind the plastered cosmetics,
We are a piece of art,
very vibrant and pale to the eyes of all.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are The Travelers...

Men had found everything except the roof,
The roofs that save the foundation and structure,
The roofs that provide the shelter from weather tortures,
Thousand years of research and improvisation of nature,
Men have the roofs that can hold many strong floors,
Up to the sky, many levels of burning imaginaries,
Greek coliseums are left with the majestic pillars,
Angkor wat temple buildings are left barren for visitors,
Red Indians native villages are abandoned in great numbers,
All had have no heads of the roof, when we have it as the wooden floors,
Girder supported concrete floors, modern pre casted section stores,
Men have evolved from the dust to be seen in the rays of light,
How high we can travel in elevators and escalators,
When the floors start to move when we start our journey newer,
Against the will of the nature, we are the best and the worst conquerors.
we are the travelers and commenced our journey to the eternal dance floor.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Are Too Great To Make Mistakes! ! !

What I do is right,
What you do is right,
What we have done is right,
Why are the hearts blight?

When I escape through the windows,
You escape through the back doors,
When we escape through the ceilings,
The unsolved wounds exist in weeping.

When your presence make me sick,
my voice makes you to be ill in wick,
When our presence make the lamp to struggle,
The life of love is in meddling. Try to rekindle.

Before betrothal or any decision, choose the right,
To keep in your heart as the signals,
The signals will be wrong, when we are at fault,
Don't blame the signals, but blame our sights short.

The life is full of glory and enrichment,
When we nourish our thought with nutrients,
The life is full of gloom and barking incidents,
When the nerves are nourished with trash.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Can Do It! !

We speak different languages, but we think alike,
We have different cultures, but we behave alike,
We live in different zones, but we feel alike,
We are differently toned, but we are hurt alike,
Thinking of truth, nothing but the truth,
Behaving as a human, none other than human,
Feelings and its intensity, pain is same everywhere,
Hurt and the wound, the scar is not different somewhere.
We can understand one another, as the clouds do,
We can sniff the indifference, as the earth does,
We can protect the treasure as the moon does,
We can destroy the germ full thoughts, as the sun does.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Can Do It...

When telling of lies make someone happy, let us lie,
When speaking of truth hurt someone, let us lie,
When the spouse asks us to assess, let us lie,
When the friends pester for opinion, let us lie,
When the boss arrives in shabby face, let us lie,
When the wife cooks our food and asks us to taste,
Then eagerly waits for our answers, let us lie,
When the husband speaks about his adventures,
In unknown manly languages, let us act and lie.
When the old parents talk about their vibrant health,
When the young children show their tiny biceps,
Let us lie. harmless lies should be told. let us lie.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Can'T Be Envious..

We can't be envious,
As everyone is gorgeous,
Everything is generous,
Every moment is precious.

Every minute is lubricous,
Every success is laborious,
Every failure is victorious,
We can't be envious.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Have Everything In India

An old civilized land on earth,
Has all climates on its path,
A hot summer at one part,
Flood on the other part,
Freezing snow on its top,
Greens of paddy fields,
rows of barren mountains,
virgin jungles,
ever flowing rivers,
dried up rivers,
left with sands,
Lakes and ponds,
soil of various colors,
scorching deserts and
silent plateaus,
What else do we need,
on a land?

We have everything,
to be proud of.
Our culture and our religion.
We have everything,
to keep as treasure.
Our culture and the customs.
We have everything,
that a nation really needs.
Our small fertile land and water.
We have something,
more than needed,
stomachs that are empty.
Worries that are plenty.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Haven'T Lost It Completely

Where is it?
We have misplaced it,
Taken out from the heart,
And the mind to the mint,
Sages said it should be unconditional,
Now it comes with terms and conditions,
I search in the living rooms,
And it is caged in the motherboards,
The children look happy but feel sad,
The stoves are not lit,
So I can't find it in the tap,
I open the built in cupboards,
I am curious to find its hiding place,
Between the folded and crumbled masks,
It is not here and the shoes need the rest,
I sneak into the bedrooms to say hello to it,
I find an elf that jumps up and down,
And call itself the treasure I want to seek,
When I turn back to return, the elf changes into an ape,
I like to find it, in the drawers and safe deposit boxes,
I am frustrated until I hear the noise,
A baby in the pram, blabbers in melodious scream,
Wiping the tears of the mother for no returns,
Holds the cheek and pulls the perm hair,
And plants the kisses all over the face,
Giggle in dreams, I see it there in a baby's innocence.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Haven'T Messed Up Enough!

As if they had the telescope,
To scavenge the space to escape,
As if they had the binary codes,
To receive and decode the waves,
As if they had the nuclear knowledge,
To destroy the atoms to produce energy,
As if their medicines were the cure to ills,
Once taken, mostly under spell and be dull,
As if they were the greatest astronomers ever born,
People wait here for the earth's final days and gloom,
We will live many thousand years to spoil the mother,
Nature further, the oceans are not completely polluted,
The air is still clean and clear and the soil too,
The moon is up there for us to go and leave our left over,
The mars is reachable for us to go and build our play stations,
The light years journey to stars can't be fueled,
Our energy source to accomplish is limited,
Vacuum is all around and the gravity is still, not found,
Another day in our life and we are lucky to witness,
The passing of this day peacefully with no much fuss.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Know How To Ask Questions

Our minds are flooded with questions,
For which we have known the answers,
The answers of factual or impractical,
Flimsy as the wind screen wipers,
But we have known the answers,
From the time the father consumed an apple,
Or the mountains had given birth the volcanoes,
We have known the answers,
For which we ask the questions,
To which we seek the same answer,
That we incubate in the warmth of our minds,
Whether it can be substantiated or not,
The answers we know are the final,
When the expected answers are not delivered,
Temporarily shattering of hearts are noted,
Temporary sanctions are passed and followed,
Thousands of limbs are spared and amputated,
Millions of souls are set to be free as the crickets,
Scavenging the evils of our wicked thoughts,
Those who don't know the answers,
Never in any stage of their life and birth,
Have never asked a single question,
Because they don't know the answers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Need To Change!

It is time for merriment, when the wedding bells ring,
The arrival of the cupids expected after the knots hung,
Parents are panting with hopes in their mind.
Suitable bride or groom for the apple of eyes, spectacled,
Astrologers are the ones decide the marriages,
Counting the squares in the birth chart of the aspirants,
Betrothals are made in the small offices, not in heaven,
the transfer of gold, silver, and currency for a good groom,
who has either earning power or the inherited properties,
those who have neither of them are doomed and remain bachelors,
the women who have no money end up as old virgins,
What a beautiful country it is, to have the famous chastity,
To boast about when the people shed tears silently,
What a wonderful nation it is, to talk about secularism,
In the market of flesh trade, not in the life of the innocents.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Salute You, Appa @ Daddy.

The sweetest fruit that I have ever eaten,
The choicest food that I have ever tasted,
The pleasant soup that I have ever sipped,
The rough hand that fed. That was yours, Appa.

Dipped the jack fruit in honey,
Took the smallest piece that could fit my young mouth,
Fed me and asked how the taste was,
Father, nothing is sweeter than your love.

As the child is the father of a man, Daddies! !

You have struggled as someone, somewhere,
A few of you may be comfortable,
The rest of you all suffer in silence,
Does the responsibility silence you all?

You are there when we need you,
You are there to keep the unity of the family,
You are there in every stage of our life,
What shall we do, except, follow your principles.

Nothing equals you and we salute you.
You are all the pillars of culture,
Protector of old and young,
King of our hearts.

A few of you have been tricked to be deviant, but
Most of you have kept the welfare of your family,
Not only in mind, but in your breath,
You are the reason, we are comfortable today.

Thank you Daddy..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Share Our Grandfathers! !

The land of mine, where my greatest of all grandfathers had matured,
There he played with my equally old grandmother, he clamored,
We all prayed to the same Gods who have been kept,
In the palatial temples, built with the salt of their sweat,
A capped man arrived six hundred years ago,
With the notion of spreading his belief on our soil,
Earlier a confused Hindu Prince, who was a coward,
Afraid of sickness and old age, suddenly enlightened,
Under the tree of pothy and talked about our doctrines,
With out mentioning the names of his Gods and attested,
As a God himself and safely sitting in hearts of many,
We should agree that we have flaws but our religion is good,
We should agree that our elders tortured the people,
In the name of caste and other customs and rituals,
Then came many sectors of Hinduism, a few of our grandfathers,
Who were so poor, believed in everything that was mystic,
And thought conversion could bring them wealth,
They have started to practice the home grown religions at first,
The dynasty, was so cruel and killed our grandfathers in mass,
Destroyed our beautiful temples to the ground,
We had to hide our Gods under the ground,
Still our priests have done the prayers silently,
Without ringing the bells and our women,
Started to cover the head as our converted grandmothers did,
For more than two centuries the men with the cap and crown,
Had messed up our land and married our grandmothers,
Who were Hindu Princes and beautiful innocent ladies,

Then a company came, pretending to do the business,
Cultivated opium and marketed in China,
The drugged Chinese became helpless and gave up,
Hong Kong for ninety nine years for the drug debt,
Along this company came the missionaries,
Not from Middle East, but from Europe and Vatican,
To display what they had and they had a mother and a child,
Our grandparents were excited with the new photos,
That attached with a few kilograms of wheat and milk,
The company's intelligence spread the thorny plants,
Across our region to buy the land at cheaper cents,

Where our young girls had cut off their hair,
And become nuns to spread the teaching of love,
We have the houses of worship everywhere,
Where we pray to our Gods of many faces,
When we look at our brothers and sisters,
Who are holding the books and rosaries,
Still we think of our grandfathers,
What ever our brothers and sister believe,
We treat them as one of us,
They are one of us now and always.
They could have forgotten their roots,
We still remember the days that our grandfathers,
Grouped together to build those temples,
That still stands as majestic as the Sun,
At one place, the planets go around it,
Let them be anything. They are our still brothers,
and sisters and we share the same grandfathers.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We Will Be Left Alone

We are left alone as babies in the cradle,
We are left alone as riders on the saddle,
We are left alone as debtors to the dismay,
We are left alone as candidates to convey.

The parents leave us alone when we are young,
Then we leave them alone when they are old,
When sorrow keeps us alone, it is too sad,
When the lifeless form is left alone, it is not bad.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

We..

No one released us,
From the custodian,
Monarch thousands miles away,
We had the tea party at Boston,
And become Independent.

At the same time,
East India Entity,
Entered other territory,
Doing spice and weeds,
We became the subjects.

We, the human,
Have drafted our first constitution,
On the banks of Thames,
Then declared ourselves independent,
In the far away continent,
Across the Pacific Ocean
in the New World,
in American spirit.

We had gone through the rough seas,
Leaving our loved ones in Europe,
We have huge land,
With less population,
Why we go other places,
To do our business and the wars.

When we have the fire in our hearts,
We think rationally with passion.
When our needs are fulfilled,
We think selfishly without concern.
Let us share the world equally,
And live our life happily.

Innovative and democratic
Nature of Europeans,
Hard working, enterprising,
Culture of North Asians,

The energetic spirit of
South Asian, middle Eastern innocence,
Glorious African humility,
We, the human, yet to mature,
We are still the children.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Weak Human

They are great and follow the rules,
Never touched the kids to be the pedophiles,
Sincere in their tasks and never claimed to bribe,
And be bribed, the chocolate producers of the world,
Play with the nerds, who think of the perks,
Once they board the plane to reach certain destinations,
Their values gone with their shoes, wearing the slippers,
Holding two teenagers in their hands,
Feed them the liquors and the cheap food,
Buy for them clothes before they are naked,
On the seashore of the poor threshold,
The colored and colorless people,
Do what they wouldn't do in their home land.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Weep, Baby, Weep

Immodest clouds weeps,
Making all kind of noises,
Whistling from the lips,
Blowing through the tongues,
Thundering of the wild hearts
and dripping of the unsettled desires,
As if we are handicapped,
Auditory is stuffed to be hard of hearing,
The flashes are shown in lightening streaks,
To our unassuming blinking eyes,
As if we are both deaf and blind,
The cool breeze and the violent air,
Slap and beat our skin to witness the play,
Up above our head and below the sky,
On the spots of the eyes of clouds,
While it camouflages as the crying of the sky,
Which make the earthlings to be happy and shy,
Covering their body and head with plastic coats,
No one makes another to be sleepy and titillated,
When one desperately cries making all these fun,
The weeping of the sky can certainly do it,
To cool our hearts, mind and stomach.
weep, Baby, weep it may strengthen your heart,
leaving and pouring all unwanted thoughts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Weeping May Make You Weak

The bunds are erected,
No flooding can be seen,
Not the artesian spring,
Burst out and flow in aversion,

The barricade at the lower lid,
Slowly built with powerful will,
Though the wells are not still,
Secrete the hot salt water as the oil mill,

Once in a while, not at every pinch and poke,
The wounds will heal; the time has to roll,
The sorrows of yesteryears have no teeth,
To bite, munch and chew the old thoughts,

Sometimes we smile for what we had done,
In innocence, many of our prayers are not answered,
The beggars in us go to the altar to pester and please,
Once the barrier is kept between the words,

No conversation can be audible to the hearing ears,
Particularly the bunds under the eye lids,
Are carefully managed and maintained,
The hearts will grow apart to keep the silence,

As the dear friend, no one can rip us into pieces,
To feed the sadist cannibals in the mind,
It is better not to cry, weep and wet the pillow at night,
When thousands of positive rainbows escape to feast,

Show them your happy face and let them be sad,
Let them derive the pleasure out of their own depression,
Erect that wall strong and never shed the tear to make you weak.
there are thousands of opportunities near your door step.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What A Life Is It?

When we are committed,
with work and tasks
we have no time,
but, have the drive.

When the age is catching up,
and already fulfilled our duties,
we have lot of time,
but, have no drive.

When we are hungry,
the stomach rumbles.
when we have no penny,
it make us to tremble.

When we have money,
we may not have appetite,
what is the use of having money,
when the sickness is incurable?

When we are poor,
we feel the poverty,
we behave as human and
and live as human

When we are rich,
we fail to see the suffering,
we like to save much,
selfishness embraces the earthlings.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Am I?

I was born from the womb of a lioness,
In the shed of buffalo, dipped in tropical water,
A distant dream to my enterprising parents,
They wanted a different thing, not as mine,
Crawling as the seashore crab, grown to be the sea shell,
Surrounded by the human who were fond of hell,
Archimedes was naked and shameless,
When he found the truth, dropped all ice blocks,
The painter was too great, could do many arts,
Not on the germ ridden bed, but on the fields,
I looked at him as a prince, my only envy, enemy and love,
In the whole world, roaming through the wheat field,
Bare footed, hungry and thinking of me,
Who would be born a few centuries later,
In a place nearer to South China Sea,
The innocent islanders no more dance to be alive,
Now they do business, harvesting the fuel and fruits, □
After investing them for a few decades,
I am neither striped nor spotted,
To jump on the confused partners,
The culture of confusion mimic as the child,
The cow heads cornered all those bulls,
Sparing the cows of all those nightmares,
On the streets of naysayers, paper are thrown,
From the desk of horoscope, eaten by the calves
I am a child and dwarfed since young,
Walking through the modern buildings,
Beside the Indian made Ambassadors,
Crawl as the turtle, work as the Ironsmith,
Hitting the wrong metal all times,
Fierce are the words and the actions,
Flaring are their mannerism and imagination,
The land full of icy people, can't be melted with any heat,
The Sun arises without fail and the moon looks pretty and dull.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Are We Longing For?

What are we looking for, in the world,
Where everyone looks for their prey?
What are we searching for, in the confined hearts,
Where everyone is scared of allowing anyone in?
Where are we walking towards on the New moon day,
When the earth gulps the darkness of eternity?
What are we peeping into the darkened infinite space,
From where the God's particles originate and threaten us?
What is the role of the innocent victims,
in the cold and hot predator's jungles?
What is the role of lifeless predators,
in the jungle full of victims, who are alive?
What is the role something that floats,
when it is carried in a vehicle that can be driven?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Are We Waiting For?

Waiting is like the morning mist,
Disappears in the compassionate sun's might,
As the human desire what they want,
When they need and how they handle.

Waiting is like the storm in the desert,
Why we wait, no one can assert, but we wait,
Get battered very often, sand dune at,
One place shifts to another, so our faults.

We have waited everywhere, with a hope and many,
An office boy to the Head of the Fools can deploy,
The waiting drama in front of their tiny office,
We can stand with empty stomach since morning until sunset.

To come back next sun rise, as the days and night never waited,
For anyone's signature to get the card to buy their rationed rice,
To get the community certificate to show whose gene we clutch,
Obtain the passport to abscond and in the temples in long queues.

People have waited here until they grow old,
People have waited here until their nerves rust,
People have waited here until their wishes vanish,
People have waited here until the nature can't tolerate.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Are You?

People are like the catapult,
The more you pull with effort,
The longest distance they target.

People are like the rubber bands,
The more you twist and elongate,
They get snapped into bits.

People are like the jute,
They work hard all their life,
Get retired at their old age.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Did I Do?

What did I do to get out of your life,
when I am in every frame of your life?
As a fetus, you kicked and turned,
I was there in that frame, carrying you.
As an infant you were fragile and helpless,
I remember I was there as well.
As an aimless toddler, before stumbling down,
the hands that carried you, were mine.
During all your school activities,
the beating heart that prayed for your success,
During minor and major exams and interviews,
the eyes that woke up before you,
Had I been there in those frame?
I was there in every frame of your life,
I will be there in every frame of my grandchildren,
If you both let.
Until then my child, explore the new things.

This poem is dedicated to the parents who miss their
children who have gone for further education, work
commitments and other reasons as well.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Do We Need?

Not so clean attire he was there,
scratching the head to explore,
the varieties of dishes and the smell,
I was watching him in a spell,

The serving lady not bothered,
after many glimpses she nodded,
handed over him a polystyrene box,
so he could fill what he wanted,

He filled the rice first, and then,
picked up the dish one by one,
The box was full and not be closed,
He wanted some more pointing the crabs,

The lady was shocked: shook the same head,
in denial showing her index finger out,
The unemployed addict of a sort,
persisted with salivating mouth,

The shop owner's face had changed,
anger erupted as the hot sweat,
still she gave him what he wanted,
she turned and walked into the shop,
while he walked out insufficient..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Else Shall We Do?

If you are a black and live in USA,
You have twenty six percent more chances,
To have that bug, when you hug and
Share the fluid with three different women,
While the white from Europe have the omen,
After seventh encounter with promiscuous action,
As their CD4 had been battered and mutated during plague episode,
No one is spared, everyone is under attack,
MSM the most and not saintly virtuous are the least,
The symptoms are many during the first fourteen days,
When the immune system sign the pact with HI virus,
Two aspects, people with HIV can look forward,
Starting of antiretroviral therapy to reduce the viral load,
When these medicines are taken, HIV can't multiply,
As the HIV can't replicate, the viral load is less,
When the number of HIV is lower,
CD4 numbers would be above four hundred,
To take care of the immune system,
To protect people from common ailments,
Black leaders, particularly the colored President,
Should take all efforts to educate and instill,
The good habits among black and white children,
As the number of cases between 13 to 24 years, on,
The upward trend in the past few years,
Teach them to protect themselves from the evil,
While, we, Indians pray to our Gods,
To protect our youngsters from the devil,
Our youngsters on the streets, who have no food,
Our Men on the roads, traveling in the trucks,
Our women in dark alleys, where they do their business,
Our women in the kitchen, who have no idea of their husbands,
Our government too generous to let the virus to spread,
As AZT, ARV, oral NVP and IV AZT are just the alphabets,
not affordable medicines.
What else shall we do?
What else shall we do?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Has Done It?

Someone has hurt these hearts,
Everyone here hides these from the sight,
Nursing the wounds to heal with thoughts,
Kneeling down for the miracle to have the perfect,

The multiple scratches and deep bruises,
How these human can smile and act,
Everyone here laugh aloud, wrapping it with torn vests,
Empty space is very scary to be in and dwell,

Partying all nights, afraid of have a look,
At their own hearts, their smiles are haunted,
Someone should have played with the hearts with knives,
But none hold the weapon in their hands,

The syllabic words from their mouth,
The fire from their hollow eyes,
The uncontrollable limbs and thoughts,
Body language could have done the hurt,

Not these human whose look is too innocent,
never ever realized they have hurt someone.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Have You Thought Of Me?

The one who has stolen my heart,
And left in urgency when we first met,
Please tell me, what have you thought of me?

Keeping the heart safe, but nurturing the silence,
Playing hide and seek with the emotions,
Please tell me what have you thought of me?

Debating in a monologue, the stage has an audience,
Quiet and calm as an infant, staring as a lost lamb,
Please tell me what have you thought of me?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is A Wallet Meant For

The young wallets have the papers,
Not the cash as I have seen in the old wrappers,
The different cards have their slit,
The number growing big with compartments,
The purses and wallets have the receipts,
Always go to ATM to pick up,
Human has changed a lot in recent years,
Debit and credit cards do them favors,
Money flows through many channels,
Human learns to spend during their budding process.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Democracy?

They said that the government of the people,
By the people and for the people, remarkable,
Democracy in many countries of third world,
Derived from aimless policies and controversies untold,
People on the street hope for the better tomorrow,
As the tomorrow, their hope never comes true,
Is Painting the finger once in a few years the democracy?
Is carrying the placards with empty stomach a liberty?
Are the indebted human tied with the voiceless economical stump?
When people having nothing, they have the voice,
When people everything, they have a voice with no noise.
Human are made dump for they not want to lose their properties,
Human are made to be tolerant, when they are kept vertical,
Human are confused with capitalistic democracy,
Human are not comfortable with socialistic democracy,
What is the meaning for democracy,
when the mind and the body are controlled?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Good And What Is Bad?

What is good and what is bad,
When the whores look for the weak,
When the drunkard salivate for alcohol,
When the smokers inhale the carcinogenic dust,
When the mother leaves the children to seek wealth,
When the father toils all day and neglects his health,
When the brokers and agents pine for their commission,
When the hearts not satisfied with what these have,
When the sky doesn't weep to quench the thirst,
When you and I pretend as if we champion for a cause,
we have closed our eyes as the new moon,
not visible to the truth, when the good is bad,
and the bad is good in different illusions,
we are the shameless herds, safely guarded,
we follow one another for the comfort.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Lust?

Are the eyes, the entrance,
to the passage of lust?
Affairs of estranged people,
started with glancing,
then looking and passing,
the language of lust.
The lust can identify the lust,
so is the dirty lustful human,
as a snake knows,
the legs of another snake.

Once the desires are fulfilled,
the same eyes do not want,
to see the same person again,
for the guilt of the dust.
Sometimes it may continue,
for sometimes,
and ultimately it has to end,
as lust is a wild feeling,
that does not know,
the direction to the heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Next?

I like the way you burst,
Once you burst your womb,
Then you burst your breast,
Now you burst your eyes,
I can't stop the bursting of my laughter.
Once you played with the elves,
Then you played with the clouds,
Now you play with the doubts,
I can't stop playing with my thoughts.
Once you wrote about 'the light',
Then you praised the 'space of air',
Now you blabber as a child,
I can't stop looking at you in disbelief.
You had taught your clones' one, five and three,
Where the reactions precedes the action spree,
Light, sun, moon, river, dust and moses,
Let all your wishes to be fulfilled.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Peace?

What a place it is,
People feel the peace,
The whole body is inflamed,
Keel joints are jammed,
Cellophane tapes have the knots,
Hard to move the pulleys with peace,
Balls and sockets are displaced,
The spare parts grow in the stem labs,
Cushions are everywhere to pad,
People are unaware of the fire,
In each and every cell of their personal prison,
They celebrate their acquired peace,
From the hard repetitive works,
Fuel with trans fat and sugar from the shelves,
Gulping of pills after every meal,
Let the peace of having long life be the real,
Holding their chest, coughing nonstop,
Sitting in the wheel chairs, immobile,
Enter and exit though the insurance door,
Let these peaceful people happily be adored,
They are the guinea pigs to be researched.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is That?

When we are free,
what it is, that chained us,
with the hearts of others,
other than the love,
that we have upon them.

When we are free,
to earn and live alone,
what it is, that really matters,
to seek the opinions of others,
and has the value more than the love.

When we are free,
to choose and marry,
what it is, that instilled in us,
to get the consent of parents,
before every decision and event.

What is that?
That binds our hearts,
beyond the selfish love,
cares for one another,
any time and every where.

What is that?
That makes us to cry and despair,
for a selfless person,
who is not related to us,
but safe in our heart and thought.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Wrong With My Country?

When our men had built the vessels,
To travel across the Indian Ocean,
To procure the pearls and corals,
To make the jewels to decorate the consorts,
Of Gods, our pre puberty and teen aged wives,
Shed the tears to say good bye to their bolsters,
Of the nights, but the mighty masters of the days,
Many had returned to see their aging wives,
A few never bothered of the souls they left behind,
The fear, anger, anxiety and uncertainties,
Those are coded in their genes and our mothers are too weak,
To send their children abroad to work and worry alone,
To join the clubs of the loners, our IQ is not low,
We are not greedy to call everything as me, myself and I,
What is wrong with my country?
What is wrong with my country?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Is Your Main Job?

You have taken that tool,
To peel my heart to view my goal,
Grade after grade, the number speaks wild,
The fumbling mind, not on its true self,
The horses, donkeys and mules,
Waiting under the desert sun,
To view the clouds that gather to run,
If at all rained, where is the grassy fun,
The sand mine and yours hot and spin,
Even the mirages full of waves,
Can't paddle our little boat to travel,
Across the poetic desert of ocean,
Oasis in the middle, fiddled with wind,
May be reached posthumous podium,
Witnessed by many spirits of great poets,
They have suffered in insufficiency,
When they have been alive and vigil,
Words can't feed the mouth,
Words can't wipe the tears,
Words are not read when one is alive,
Poets and writers are cursed to survive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What Shall We Do?

The breeze acquires the scent of where it goes through,
The arena of most human hearts are true to themselves.

When the wind brings the chain reaction, everything move,
so are the emotions in human: happiness radiates..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

What You Say May Not What You Mean

The attire is white, orange, black or brown,
Scalp is covered with a cap or a turban,
Faces are shaven or bearded with moustache,
These men are forced to live what we dispatch.

Their hands are held with the tools they wanted,
The markers, scalpels, mouse, scales and red wines,
They are so efficient in the art of deceptions,
Masters of manipulations, the kind hearted words worth.

When the pilgrimage is not done, the beds are rocked,
When the bells are not rung, the sleep is not disrupted,
A moment in life is the moment to cherish and preserve as the pickles,
The livings enjoy while the dead of misfits are buried as the wicked.

The osteoporosis back bends a little bit,
when the sainthood awaits at the door step,
when men stop hallucinating multitudes of breasts,
this earth will stand still and the women may not rejoice.

,

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

What's Up, Dude...

No intonation,
No sulking tone,
No emotions heard,
Words are picked,

Displayed on the screen,
People are seen,
Not to be in vain,
Not have to spend,

The visible cents,
Nagging is not immune,
Irritating emoticons,
Wing and wriggle,

What's up is just handy,
While I pretend to work,
To send the silent messages,
With free of cost,
At once on the spot,

I remember those days,
Had to walk miles,
To look for the phones,
In the post offices,
Holding my father's hand.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Awaiting For The Lovedones..

I am warm, hot and cold,
I am brisk, weak and dull,
Sometimes I fly,
While I stand on the ground,
after opening the inbox,
Sometimes I see the lights,
That can blind my eyes and mind,
Once in a while I am awake,
From the dreams of night mare,
I sweat a lot after a imaginary fever,
I can't sit in a place,
Always looking for someone,
Who are nearer to my heart,
I feel like I am well, but I am ill,
With pulsing and yearning,
In a full swing, I am not ill,
But I am well,
Though my symptoms are,
Very different..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Hearts Are Near, People Whisper!

Smile at me, when I return from work
Don't smell at me and turn in sulk
I may build the wall out of brick, □
I may fix the pipe as a trick,
I may drive the multi ton trucks,
I may plough the field in bare feet,
I may walk around to sell the knick knacks,
I may go into the drain to remove the clogs,
I may wear the protective suit in oil rigs,
I may wear the gloves to wash the dirt,
When I return home, please smile at me,
For I do this work for the children and you.
Look at me as the flowers in your garden,
Look at me as you look at our children,
Look at me as a human, who is in need,
Yes, I need you and your love,
Don't scare me with your shouting,
We are very near and our hearts are very dear,
I am simply very tired and know your fear,
Wipe away your suspicious tear,
Smile at me dear, I can hear your whisper,
Don't treat me as a stranger,
When the hearts are near, people whisper,
When the hearts are afar, people shout.
Smile at me, when I return from work.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When I Fail To See

When I fail to SEE the suffering of people,
Do not call me a visually impaired,
But call me a blind.

When I ignore the agony of hard labor,
Do not call me a physically handicapped,
But call me a crippled.

When I am inaudible to the cries of help,
Do not call me a hearing impaired,
But call me a deaf.

When we, the able bodied find it tough,
To survive under the comfortable condition,
How do the disabled survive under the hostile limitation?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When I See The Flowers..

The laps of these two mothers are warm,
To cuddle and squeeze to keep in their palms,
If warmth is the temperature of love,
Then they have the love in their burning stove,
One is planted with a seed to produce one or a few,
Another has the huge appetite and has to be fed always,
The one gives birth mostly in pain,
She is the only one, who cries and weeps,
While the rest waiting in anxious pleasure,
The one, who takes all, keeps her mouth open,
Always in jolly mood to convert the dead to organic,
While the rest, watching in tears and heart break,
These two women are great,
When they meet one another,
And are planted in the hearts of spirits,
They bloom as the blossoms,
The roots still hug the earth mother,
The mothers have become the beautiful flowers.
when I see the beautiful flowers,
I always hold it softly to feel my mother.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When In Love..

Has anything waited for us,
From not happening even once,
The happy smile on our face,
The good laughter from the mind,

The tapping of the legs on the floor,
The hugging of wind with love adores,
The light rhythm and rhymes in the chest,
The ecstatic experiences that repeat,

Grouping of wonderful words and phrases,
Gazing at the enemies with eyes of warmth,
The sky is reachable even with a jump,
All these are always possible when we are in love,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Is The Dawn?

I walked miles after miles on these dusty roads,
Wearing comfortable shoes to protect my sore feet,
This place is an example how a country,
Should not be managed and messed up.
This area exemplifies to prove the poverty,
That is churned out from corruption.
Every level of this country is well corrupted,
Politicians, judiciary, administrative and common men,
Who have some power to extract few dollars and cents.
Most men look sickly, but the women look all right,
Terribly skeletal human can be found here,
Walking, running and pedaling for money.
Cute broad eyes that look at me piercingly,
Poking my inability to talk about their miseries,
Half eaten stomach can't be filled with water,
Even the water is scarce; don't ask for clean water,
The corporation sends the water of various smells,
No program can be watched continuously,
As there is power interruption every other hour,
I have many yellow singlets after putting,
The white materials in the washing machine,
The air is humid or scorching hot in summer,
Very cold and shivering in winter,
The rivers run knee deep in the rainy season,
On the roads, collecting the rubbish and then float,
I have seen mosques everywhere and hear their prayers,
One after another nonstop for ten minutes or more,
Sometimes I thank the power interruption,
Why we have to reassure that Almighty is great,
Every five hours, but the Almighty has not been kind,
To these poor souls who are wearing dirty clothes,
Kneel down on the floor to worship Him for love,
Almighty has bestowed them with lots of love,
So they have created 160 million people so far,
When private sector flourishes,
The public sector is in a filthy state,
Railways, Roads and battered buses,
Filled with people, three hours to catch a bus,
To work and another three hours to go back,

People are waiting day and night,
They are waiting everywhere with a hope,
They are waiting for the fresh dawn,
That brings them normal life and security.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Is The Nirvana?

Fertility of her has no limit,
Seven billion human on earth,
The souls from other creatures escaped,
Bleating, hooting, barking and roaring are heard,
A few are early morning cocks and crows,
A few are late night leopard, wolves and cheetahs,
The dogs, horses, pigs, chicken are seen,
Dressed up in their best and colorful too,
Wearing the sunshades to be more selfish,
Dropping of the coins and pouring of the desires,
The mother of whores and saints is,
too fertile to have ten billion,
Human robots to work in the human sanatoriums,
In forty years period, with souls of the worms,
Squirm on their bodies, claws of the self interest,
Sting everyone's needs, shells of lies are,
Removed to expose the soft tissue,
There we may find the pearls of truth,
Those are formed from the minute dirt,
when is the Nirvana, when we have rebirth?
the birth of a pearl and nirvana has the link.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Look At Her Face And The Moon, The Moon Is Not Beautiful.

When you stand in between him and me,
Do you look prettier than me to envy?
This cycle of tortures go on many years,
When he, you and I stand in line in cosmic sphere,
Even my children admire and a few start to sing,
Others take their mighty pens looking at their flings,
Millions of poem dedicated for your pretty fair face,
The crucial decision is made on this day,
To face you out slowly and steadily,
When you are drowned in the reflected allure,
Move around me in drunken dream and stupor,
When my shadow catches your beautiful body,
You are very intoxicated to hide behind me,
When I stand face to face with him, the universal infidel,
Flirts with every star that flick and twinkle,
Plays with my feeble heart that has lava bleed,
Your mind is cleared, then repent and become,
A Carmelite for a day behind the earthen wall,
When I am in between him and you,
When I am closer to him, I really glow,
But none of my children, the children of the infidel,
ever sing a song on my acquired beauty,
Then you emerge out of my shadow,
to grow, glow and go on with,
your less than 30 days cycle,
Whatever gimmick you do,
I am the magnificent Earth,
And you are always under my spell.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When There Is An Opportunity...

The whining of the woman next door, secured,
The wandering eyes of them in the cleared jungle,
The alcohol infused fire in their lower stomachs,
They are everywhere on these streets, with aches,
The pain of love that they have lacked,
The touch of affection that their skin needed,
A little bit of hormones to balance their mood,
I notice these vulnerable women through my eagled eyes
Instead of calling them sister and daughter to induce the true love,
I try to touch their shoulder, so I can reach their breasts.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When United..

When I walk on the beach sands,
That is not connected with one another,
In the presence of a harsh master with fiery tongue,
who yells at each and every particle to acquire enough,
Energy to get separated, the foot prints of the moments,
Not written on the sole, my feet feel the heat,
From the core of the dispute, the walking has to be done,
To reach the shore to splash the salt water,
To dissolve the sweat, profusely emerge as the tears,
Petty issues of the days sneak into my socks and reach,
The gap between the toes to make my foot weak first,
Then my legs and the whole body suffer, each step I take,
The horizontal tongue of the mother ocean,
Lick the earth with great affection, leaving the sands,
Near the shore to get united, when I intrude,
During their intimate meeting at the border of two,
Different density, I can see my foot prints, sculptured,
On the kindly wet sand, I remove my shoes,
To wash it with clean and clean Dead Sea water,
How hard I try, I can't remove the speckles of thoughts,
Then I turn back to be happy with the foot prints,
Those have made me to smile, a few seconds ago,
Those are not there, someone should have taken,
To keep them as the souvenir of my arrival,
I look at the waves and the water of the great thief,
She winks at me and says I have to be immersed,
In the banks of the rivers to reach her,
Or directly dissolve in her hungry heart to retrieve,
The treasures I had thrown to her while I was alive.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When We Care, We Love!

Wherever I go, I will return to you,
However tempted, I will return to you,
How high I fly, I will return to you,
How deep I dive, I will return to you,
No agreement signed as the wind,
To blow from the high pressure to the low,
No contract confined us as the light,
To be stopped at the doors of the opaque surface,
No secrets are kept between us as the river,
That covers all the ups and downs of the earth,
No saturation point occurred in the conical flask,
The solute of you and solvent of mine at constant check,
To compromise with each other to keep our love portion,
Not to get saturated and then crystallized to be you and I,
We exist as the solution, that can't be vaporized,
Cause it is always watered with kindness and care,
You strengthen this relationship by adding the solute,
Decisions are made to make the rainbows,
After every fight, we have seen thousands,
Of these rainbows in our pretty life,
In our love kingdom, Love flourishes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When We Fall And Then Get Up! !

My neck is not yet screwed,
Flexible as the tough dough,
Left to mature, turning to rest,
On the belly; but the head can't,
Be lifted, with much effort,
With no one's help, I start to crawl,
On the floor looking for fine details,

The tidbits carried by the ants,
The lazy people cuddle in comfort,
My journey to adventure just begun,
The pin head from father's shirt,
Glittering from the corner,
I want to hold it but it slips away fast,
The people around me beam with smile,

An old voice cautions me always,
Following me as the tail of the plane,
When I try to stand up using my two legs,
The people around me beam with smile,
I cry in pain, they still have the happy face,
I always see them have the shocking gesture,
With the lines of laugh drawn on their cheek,

I get up and walk many thousand miles now,
Whenever I stumble and fall down,
I look around any one has seen me,
The happy smile on their happy faces,
Then only I look for any scratches or damages,
In anywhere of my body, whenever I am slipped,
It doesn't matter whether it hurts me or not,

But I look around to see whether anyone has seen me or not,
Their innocent smile on their innocent face hurts me a lot,
Since I was a toddler, trying to figure out a reason,
Why people always have the smiling face,
When they see someone slips awkward,
If anyone wants to have a happy face,
should they have to observe the falling of someone?

no, after the unconscious impulsive act of smiling,
they are the ones, rush to help by hand extending,

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

When We Go Away..

A small ant gets into the shirt,
Climbs up with ease and might,
Not very dark, still can seek,
The real world is just outside,

The borders of a short and a singlet,
Floating travel to touch the warmth,
The second it bites with kissing touch,
A thunderous blow right on its face,

Ugly truth of the wanted lives,
Alive between the sheets of comfort,
And in the cave of the microwave vibrant,
Everything loved, always hated at last.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When We Reach The Bridge?

The tree is full of blooms,
Where the insects roam,
The butterflies and bee's hymn,
Colorful visuals explain,
The sumptuous exhibit,
Of kindness for the hungry,
to quench the thirst of the needy.

The tree is full of fruits,
Everywhere from small to big,
The host of visitors expected,
Lavish meals are served,
They fly above satisfied,
Singing the songs of gratitude,
Return to be served in multitude.

Cold food in the refrigerators,
Reality human on the beds in despair,
The young and the old are left alone to wonder,
What life it is with no hot love shower,
The sick faint and wake up with disillusion,
Cooled down hot water in the responsible flask,
too ill to protest against the abuse of human evils.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When We Sleep..

Your dream and my dream aren't the same,
Cause in my dream you are fully clothed,
With thick gloves to hide your finger prints,
The sturdy boots have patterns to leave,

The sunshade helps you to keep you safe,
The twinkling in your eyes can't be observed,
Your lips are tight and smiling teeth inside,
You look very strong with shoulder pads,

You are the Sherlock Holmes or James Bond,
With the wicked mind searching wicked things,
You are the Scrooge Duck, miserly enough,
To safe keep and acquire more and more,

How do I appear in your dreams?
Which I can't predict as you are secretive,
But I know that our dreams are not the same.
you would never shuffle me for a Bond Girl's shoes.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

When Will You Come?

When will you come,
to take me home,
wrapping in your arms,
with your eyes of charm,

When will you arrive,
to take me to your abode,
sculptured chariots of deeds,
to the buzzing space of aloof,

Whom will you command,
to kidnap my strong soul;
leaving my mortal body behind,
to scan and diagnose my merit?

You may send the micro warriors,
or the mighty and strong wrestlers,
to choke my breath to catch the light,
to follow the decree holding servant..

When will you come,
to take me home,
wrapping in your arms,
with your eyes of charm,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Are The Intelligent People?

I agree with everyone that we are over populated,
Because we have our genetic pool intact,
We have never believed in the Eugenic Movement,
that promoted the selective breeding in human,
Thousands of human were sterilized in Europe,
For they had the low IQ, as if the IQ is genetic,
Millions of men and women were slaughtered in the wars,
As the dictators trusted the inferior genes in holocaust,
Human are manipulated to live the life of single,
In the name of the son and his cross and struggle,
If the men are clever, Catholics force them to be the priests,
If a girl is beautiful and intelligent, she is sent to nunnery,
The good genes of Europeans are lost in their beliefs,
The good genes of Europeans are lost in their misbehavior,
They need the people, who have good genes in their brains,
To do the programming and to run their everyday life,
We run for it leaving our loved ones behind,
We are the coolies in their land, still proud to say that.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Are The Lights Hidden?

When look into the sky, there is some light, then dark,
When look into the heart there is lot of truth clogged,
When look into the eye, there is a cloudy lens, fogged,
Let the light be shown everywhere to see the invisible,
Let hundred Suns emerge from the offing of infinitive,
Let the space be lighten up to see the galaxies in the black holes,
Let the stars that are light years away sway as the candles,
Let the white light remove the smear from the souls,
When the darkness is removed through the light,
Many truths may become lies and lies become the truth,
Let the light be shown on our hearts to bring out the mirth.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Do We Go From Here?

Ponds were there in my villages, towns and cities,
The Kings who were kind enough to dig and plant,
The tamarind trees along the walking path,
The bullock carts met with accidents a lot.

The resting stone on the sides, people,
Left their head weights to open and peel,
The fast food of curd rice, lemon rice,
Tamarind rice and the bananas they carried.

The water in the ponds quenched their thirst,
The water in the ponds washed their face and bodies,
The water in the ponds ran to the rice fields,
The water in the ponds always there, except May.

Gone are those ponds and even a few lakes,
That were flattened to be dumpster and then to develop,
The reclaimed lands were sold: blessed are the cronies,
The houses are erected and the children are being borne.

Our memory is too short, lasts for a few months,
When it rains, we live as buffaloes, not thinking of summer,
When it shines we live as crows, not thinking of rain and gain,
In summer we can dig our land to collect the water during rain.

Our memories are too short and fragile,
Any stone can break it into pieces to avail,
Crores call themselves as civilized and intellectuals,
We live as animals that can't differentiate the troubles.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Had You Gone, Dear?

You had come to me,
Loved me unconditionally,
Taught me silently,
Cared me incessantly,
Fed me salubriously,
Melted in front of me,
With love in your eyes,
With smile in your lips,
Your pleasant aura merged mine,
I was dubious, careless and,
a wicked, Searching for better,
neglecting you, the nectar,
When you left you had said,
There was no peace in my heart,
And you were peaceful and composed,
Even after years of abuse and torture,
Where had you gone, my love,
Searching for you in the crowd,
Writing your name in the linkedin,
Looking for your professional details,
Contacting old friends, just to know about you,
Going through modern doves is not hassle,
But these want the right spelling with commas and dots,
Have you changed your name, not happy with the last?
For me not to find you again, to play with your heart,
Where had you gone with no foot prints?
Where had you gone leaving all good moments?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Is My Oxytocin?

When the fear starts to erupt as the mist,
The thoughts are so vulnerable and it twists,
In all directions with no pole to hold,
The saddest memories of the evil attitude,
That dwells majestically in the hardened will,
Where love is an unwanted commodity,
Clouded are the words, teary are the lines,
Thickened are the days in front, hard to travel,
In self respect, how it happens, no one knows,
But it happens often in our mind, out of sight,
The world seems to be miserable to be alive,
When the heart fails to think the illness of its pumps,
Love may be hidden somewhere in the slope,
That is too slippery to reach and keep it safe.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Is My Valentine?

He has arrived, holding the laptop,
Gone are those yellow bags,
All of them have gathered around the dude,
My uncles, aunties and grand mum and daddy,
He is munching the betel nut,
Not to smell out the bad breath,
I have been hiding behind the door,
Looking at my father's facial expressions,
He squints his eyes and said no,
He shakes his head and said no,
He keeps his hands behind the head and said no,
He changes his seat and said no,
I am curious to look at those photos,
My mother is beside and privileged a lot,
Appa stands up and asks him to look for the better,
The marriage broker leaves after collecting his dues,
My father is too sad and has no guts to look at my face,
My mother comes to me and holds my shoulders,
The time hasn't come, darling, we can wait,
Your groom may have had the duties to finish,
Your groom may have had the exams to pass,
And insists me to pray to Lord Siva for a good man,
I am not bothered to get married and go off soon,
Seeing my parents suffer, I pray to the Gods of heaven,
To have pity on these old souls, mocked by our relations.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Is My Voice?

She is too proud to announce,
To the whole world with delight,
That her son has no tattoo,
At the pulsating age of twenty five,
After listening to her advice,
When he was just fifteen,

I smile at her with the battered heart,
She may have the surprise and the shock,
While her son returns with the tattoo,
Until then let her be proud and,
Then let her keep quiet,
When her voice is gagged.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Is The Tie Back?

This place is suffocating with old and pungent air,
The unopened windows and not drawn curtains,
Where is the tie back, that is lost to the lie bags,
Just tie the curtain, let the sunshine gets in,
The dust is visible everywhere in our reasoning,
Just click the rusted knobs to open the window,
The wise air arrives to clear the mossy maze,
Breathed out carbon dioxide too bad to human,
Send that to plants to convert them into oxygen,
Let the fresh get in, as the meaningful verse,
Where is the tie back, I have to tie back the curtain first.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where Were You?

Where were you? This long period,
From time immemorial, where were you?
Hidden behind the mountainous ego,
Suddenly fallen on the Iris, roamed with selfish billows,
Reached the heart of the mass, where were you?
Boiled in the core of the womb, have you let yourself free?
Cooled down to be the stubborn ice, then to be thawed,
Where were you? Caught hold of the legs of the butterflies,
Visited all the beautiful blooms and then tired all the tryst,
Entered the threshold of innocence, where were you?
Believed all faithful doctrines and forgot the fragrant humanity,
Had the shower to remove all the dirt stuck impermanent?
Where were you? When the rational side is apparent,
These crying clouds may not say multiple stories,
The flashing lightning may disappear in wearies,
Autumn leaves may get rejuvenated and look fresh,
The spring foliage may be impressively alert.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Where You Belong...

No-one has actually put you where you belong,
It is your wholehearted desire to do what you want,
No one has worked very hard day and night,
To keep you in a place where you belong.
It is your own will power and wisdom,
To have the place where you belong,
It is your own destiny to be in a wander,
To choose the abode where you belong...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Which Parent?

Which parent would have told?
Chop off their children's hand,
For stealing others wealth,
With so much evil in the heart,

Which parent would have advised? ,
Stone their children in the public,
Or cut off their human head,
With so much evil in the heart,

Which parent would have been so selfish?
Two different sets of rules and blessings,
Two different codes for the same offense,
With so much evil in the heart,

Which parent would have wanted,
That their children should be sad,
During prayers, hiding all their happiness,
With so much evil in the heart..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Am I And Who Are You?

My quest to find out who I am,
not succeeded as my thought,
always jammed at the junction,
of trivial matters of pitiful self,

Whether I am real or a dream,
Neither I am young nor old,
farther I travel nearer nothing arrives,
weaker not knowing the answer,

sometime I get out of this body,
to observe how it looks and works,
since the day I could remember,
until today I write these verses,

my being, as young as child,
longing for the loving words,
which I may nor hear to enjoy
as I have no ears and other senses,

my being as wise as the old,
not letting me to keep quiet,
stirring the storm out of the cup,
but I can't figure out in stateless,

the pots carried have the suns,
Billions of them at the same time,
One Sun reflects in every other pot,
queued here to get broken later or soon,

I am too worried to find out who I am,
why I am here and what is the purpose,
I am a seeker to find the truth of my birth,
but my consciousness is always awake,

for many births, leaving as the formless,
shapeless, desireless and other dimension,
which I can't comprehend and visualize,
the secret of birth and death screen will persist.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Are You?

Who has thrown their treasure,
on the planet of water and earth?

Who has hid their lustrous wealth,
in the deep vault of dark cave?

Who has pumped in the rationed air,
to create the protective atmosphere?

Who has spread the seeds of organic,
to sprout in the mind of inorganic?

Who has watered regularly with a notion,
to feed the flora and fauna with devotion?

Who has sent these species of selfish traits,
to spoil everything that are saline and pure?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Did This To Us?

We are not the stones to sculpt us to be the statues,
We are not the canvass to splash the colorful paint,
We are not the photocopiers to copy down monotonous,
We are the human, who have the will power and energy.

The earth can be plowed; the sun can be worshiped,
The moon can be respected; the planets can be monitored,
The wind can be moisturized; the water can be snowed,
We are the human, who can't be manipulated.

What value have we added to our life,
When we add the value to the products,
Properties, metals and commodities, sadly,
We have been dragged to the lonely world.

Who has dispersed these seeds of selfishness?
Are these dispersed through digital waves?
who has ignited the coil of humanity repellent,
to chase away the peace and leave us alone in pain?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is He?

Who is this adorable one,
brought for me a chariot,
decorated with perfumed,
flowers, eye catching,
vases and a charioteer,

who is the beloved one,
brought for me a wheel,
separated into eight sectors,
filled with delicious nectar,
to make me naked to see the truth,

who is this darling son,
of the prettiest woman,
wearing the long robe,
and the sparkling eyes,
captured my heart as his,

he may be old, but good,
in love and sow the seeds,
of both care and dare,
sipping the jam jam water,
women are in prison of heart.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is Obligated?

Obligated to take care,
Obligated to spare,
Obligated to be awake,
Obligated to sacrifice,
Obligated to worry,
Obligated to keep smile,
Obligated for life,
Obligated for the name,
Obligated for giving birth,
Obligated for the initial,
Obligated with responsibilities.

What obligation do they have,
When they disown them?
What obligation do they have,
when they abandon them?
What obligation do they have,
when they torture them?
What obligation do they have,
when they walk over them?
What obligation do human have,
when they are alone?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is Problematic?

Do you think that my heart is made of metal,
For you to bang and put into the furnace and melt to mold,
The heart of same design customize to your desires,
To keep me as the loyal being just near your dirty heart?

Do you think that my heart is made of clay,
For you to squeeze it as you wish and play,
The game of a monarch and a joker,
To say yes and smile at your repetitive insult?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is Rich?

I strive to be rich,
to travel on the roads,
of the capital cities,
in Sedan or limousine.

I work hard to be rich,
to find a lot in Beverly hills,
to buy an aircraft and
a hover to fly and float.

I work day and half night,
to be rich to others sight,
to smoke a cigar of an inch,
and a few girls to pinch.

scanty girls of Los vegas,
dress up, for a living,
trendy sad faced Indians,
walk alone for a living.

I want to be rich,
traveling as a rat,
through the holes of,
capital cities.

She wants to be rich,
He wants to be rich and
we want to be rich, but
people call us rich.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is That?Nagging!

These roads are well paved with rules and punishments,
The gradients are well measured not to overrule,
Old ideas of sticky tars are replaced with concrete slaps,
Who is that to tell me to be careful, while I drive?

Taxed continental horse or the cheap tropical mule,
Whatever I choose to mound, thanks to the auto gear,
GPS is on my dashboard to guide me to unknown place,
Who is that to tell me to be vigilant, while I work?

I am a modern kid, sucking lollypop, even in thirties,
Fashionable games in my gadgets, those play the old tunes,
Of home and commitment, while my stomach starts to bloat,
Who is that to tell me to be more cautious, while I sleep?

We are peaceful people hiding our guns below the mattress,
We are the people, who follow the rule of law, when we eat,
Silence is kept in our hearts and start to talk when we are drunk,
Who is that to tell me to enjoy my stroll, while stumbled by the dust bin?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Is The Right Person?

Don't open the first two buttons,
of the blouses and the shirts,
When you locked your heart,
and packed your soiled bags,
As you feel lonely, angry,
and away from your spouse,
Look at those kids on the carpet,
sucking from the milk bottles,
or those still in the school shoes,
What you expect may not be found in another heart,
As no one in the world has ever found what they sought,
Human are humbled once they crossed the limit,
Human are dyed with colorful emotions,
darkest is the most, black is the choicest,
they nurse it in the chest to bleed in profuse,
to be tolerant and vigilant to face the issues,
if they were this smart, during the first encounter,
there wouldn't be the legs walked to the courts,
and petitioned for mutual or forced separation,
Human have never found what they sought,
though they are forced to believe,
what they have invented are the best,
Only they are gagged to be more tolerant,
Don't lock your heart to pack your bags,
To seek something that does not exist,
when you have a ring, a family and the kids.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Makes Us Strong?

The weakest point of life and heart,
Where everyone's illusion is kept to sort,
When everyone thinks that they are strong,
Not knowing the facts that are hidden to frown.

When we think that we are strong and bold,
Someone else knows our weakness of trust,
When the weakness is blown on our face as the storm,
The truth hurt us for life to remember and in gloom.

When the trust is essential for happiness and prosperity,
In rat societies of human, the fatty and cunning rats steal,
From the stocks, from the currencies, from the poor,
From the heart, when other rats think that they are safe and loved.

The weakest point in human life is, breaking of the news,
Of scandals, committed by the same people, not the strangers,
The trust is broken into pieces to poke the fleshy hearts,
The stronger human evolve from the tears, to torture others.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Who Says Old Is Gold In The Geriatric Ward..

What a sight it is, when these people moan,
With their glottis frill and shiver as the drones,
When the dessert sand folded under the hot sun,
And the cold moon, the hiding venomous villains,
Happily out to conquer the body and the spirit,
Clucking of the throats, whistling from the kettles,
Calling the names of the Gods, fetal in shape,
Signaling of the erected and demolished vital organs,
Regrets are the waste in their last minutes,
Solidarity fence of solitude crossed by the pact,
Dressed in white, green, pink and blue uniforms,
Bottles of capsules and tablets afraid of the vials,
Worn out human have helplessly dried on the bed,
Many want to suffer, telling the life saying mantras,
The care takers in the daughters are confused in despair,
The bonds have been broken in a slow and steady pause,
As the oxidation of the papers in the old books,
What remains here is 'the expecting event', yet to happen,
Everyone has their own appointments, work and leisure,
The squeezed out clothes on the tables of butchers,
The old human has nothing but the suffering,
The young are preoccupied with their planning,
The screams can be silenced through dispensing or tranquilizers,
The weeping souls moans and calls the Gods as saviors.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Whoever It May Concern

We have lost our hierarchical way to wander,
Stoned with cultural pebbles to surrender,
Amnesia from academic at twenties to garner,
One, two, three and many hearts to rear,
Rolling of the years as the winking of the eyes,
Staying head high with acquiring knowledge as the joy,
Stagnant stones covered with algae may putrefy,
Thousands of gentle hearts penetrate to glorify.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Are You Always With Me?

Whether you read me or not, is not my concern,
whether you pray for me or not, is not my expectation,
whether I am in your dreams or not, is not my illusion,
but you are the one I read, pray for and be in dreams,

whether you take me to the mountain or the depth of the ocean,
whether you hold my hand during resurrection or the burial,
whether you have the heart that have some space for me or not,
you are with me when I climb to the hills and sunk to the seabed,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Do I Mistrust People?

I'd not cry without any reason,
I do long for someone with passion,
To touch me and carry me to their bosom,
Look at me with love for I moan,
After the long shout and screech,
No one care to attend,
I give up hope and start to mistrust,
No one understand the pain,
That I endure and suffer,
At the age of one month,
Until the age of eighteen months,
emotional grooming is done in the brain,
The wrong signals sent by the wrong caretakers,
I do start to mistrust all around me,
I do have the doubt at every action,
As the cloudy water settle the sediment,
At the bottom, the mistrust settles in my heart,
As long as I am alive, I have this feeling,
The feeling of pain that sowed,
In my mind when I was too young.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Do Mosquitoes Spread Dengue Fever?

Why do you sing and wing at me?
Why do you hiss and wish at me?
Why do you come out late in the evening?
Why do you make me sick in the morning?

As Your habitat has been cleared,
do you claim your rights in our properties?
As you are so tiny and not shiny,
What is the reason behind your destiny?

Aerosol and repellants,
fogging and spraying,
Where do you hide, my dear,
when you are invaded?

You are one of the members,
in our food chain,
Why do you hurt us more,
with spreading of Dengue?

No proper medicine for this disease,
people suffer with sweating and trembling,
Who has made you a weapon,
to teach the selfish human?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Do Poor People Shout?

Near the dumpster,
The crows are the masters,
Cawing as the sequencers,
Chasing one another,
As the rowdy bouncers,
Circling around the barriers,
Looking for the leftovers,
Commotion is everywhere,
Confusion is the hardware,
Peace they not aware,
Traits of every poor,
To dine with no war,
Of words seldom seen,
In these abode,
The mothers boil,
The fathers kindle,
The children suffer,
The crows caw aloud.
Near the dumpster,
Silent diners are here,
But they coexist,
and are unaware,
in the other world.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Do They Write?

Why should he squeeze his brain,
during every waking minute,
to write something as the star,
assuming himself as its twinkle,

chasing away all his pleasure,
that found in his dear spouse,
and kids, his activated brain,
his dreams, his fun on his own,

in the state of trance as if in love,
in the state of spell to fulfill,
someone's need of thrill,
Let him write something fresh,

if he scavenges he may smell foul,
if he plucks and shows, he may fall,
If he dissect the ideas, he may waste,
if he ingests and expresses, he may be famous..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why Do You Make Me A Beggar?

When I praise thee, my Lord,
I forget to beg and plead,
After exiting from your abode,
I always remember what I forgot,

I am a born beggar, my Lord,
Nagging you to provide,
What I want and need,
When I am alone in my simple hut,

My needs are numerous,
Can't be counted with numbers,
My wants are shapeless,
Can't be measured with any device,

I am a pestering seeker of alms,
From the gracious hands of your palms,
Those are rosy and pink as the blooms,
Never folded not to donate and wipe,

My tears, emerged through my attachment,
I am a nomad, wandering in the world,
To secure what I will leave behind,
My happiness exists for a while,
As my greediness enlarges in size,

My contentment never contracted to be small.
It expands as the balloon to float in the dreams,
I am a cursed beggar, wearing pretty attires,
Wearing false smile, yearning more and more.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why I Have Four Legs? ?

I would like to put it back,
Before uprooted and smelled,
arranging with my legs,
not look too appropriate,
as there is no coordination,
to call these as hands.

When I tried to push it,
It gets ripped and torn,
When I try very hard to put it back,
Where it belongs,
Before it was smelled and scavenged,
To keep this place neat.

I couldn't, as I have four legs,
Not two hands and two legs,
Those who have the hands,
Can do it with ease,
Not resort to bite and pick.

Those who have the hands,
Can work hard, using the digits and pulleys,
To make this world clean and wonderful,
Not keeping their hands as legs,
To kick to mess to live in trouble..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why It Ends Always!

That extra second,
never arrives in our life,
The end of the sorrows
and despair, happens,
With the whips of happiness
no more worries,
With any more extra seconds,
the happiness ends.

the cold breeze and
the young sun and full moon,
twinkling stars in the mind,
with whizzling from the lips,
fluttering wings of the hearts,
floating legs just above the ground,
grounded on the floor with,
no more extra second; it ends..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Why My Attire Gets Older?

Sitting at the banks of rivers,
looking at the water.
Their thought goes,
as the aimless water.

All of a sudden,
acquired this state.
Just had a nap,
nap of working tirelessly,
nap of fulfilling the duties,
wake up and find out,
the changed attire, wrinkled.

Look at the legs,
how many miles walked,
Look at the hands,
how much effort undertaken.
Can; t see the heart and the lungs,
damages can; t be ascertained,
with cataract and hearing aid.

Sitting at the fancy malls,
Looking at the young crowd,
thinking, if God makes,
the young age longer or
God can shorten the old age or,
a Child and then a youth,
Eternal youth..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wild People's Wild Ride!

Just a bicycle to ride around this neighborhood,
Of six continents, mountains and thick woods,
A float underneath makes a hovercraft to sail,
Oceans of knowledge and wisdom parasail.

Not puncturable tubes on its confidant wheels,
Cautious breaks applied at every seducing tool,
That sells the conscience at bargaining price,
Love the cross continent tribes with no surprise.

Abundant of resources to be shared and enjoyed,
The games of currency, metal and commodities,
Weaken the money and devalue the affordability,
The countries pay treble and get halted financially.

Riding through the economic vault of universities,
Where the brains found out the principles of economies,
How far we shall go on this pyramidal lavishing,
Are, what we leave behind, more important than the living?

We have a cycle of life, not a bicycle,
Where the mended mistakes be amended,
A cycle of life be happy and enjoyable,
Riding through the tamed culture is pleasurable.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wings Of Butterflies!

I am not wet with sorrowful clouds, but wet,
I am not crinkled with ill thoughts, but crinkled,
I am not inflated with illusion, but deflated,
Born with no doubts, but desires.

Hang upside down to pump the nutrients,
As the hermit in the inhospitable forest,
Both wings get dried up and the veins are filled,
Victorious message of mutant genes prospered.

Scales of ultraviolet rays that can be seen by
The species that have spectacular eyes,
Can camouflage with any number of hues and textures,
Warn the predators with beautiful and bright colors.

Patterned perfect flaws on the wings,
Attract the potent mate to fling,
The bitter body of eye catching insects,
Deceive everyone who tries to link.

The flight of it on the sky,
Flutter in rhythm with no shy,
Do they warm up their body?
Or the display to human eyes?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wise People! !

The actions of the creators,
Who molded you and me,
Never stopped for a while,
The rattling of the veils,
The cries of the newborns,
The enlarged breasts,
Of just delivered mothers,
The sounds of axes,
In the densely haunted,
Woods, piercing thorns,
Return of the cattle,
After grazing at dusk,
The newly fermented,
Brew of elixir from the glands,
Served pot after pot,
The fresh, smelled feet,
Never stepped on the loot,
The actions of the creators,
Have never stopped for a second,
It goes on forever as the waves,
Which are not visible, though omnipresent,
Omnipotent, we are not wise enough.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wish Upon A Star..

O clouds, when your dark plumage spread,
As the dark blue turned into black shroud,
The highlighting vibrant light holds multiple colors,
Waiting outside to pierce through your butter heart,

The crystals formed from the tiny seeds of hope,
Every vicious and victorious sapling has the same fable,
Down pour has the limit, depends upon your loads,
Come down quick, but as slow as you wish to let,

The rays of life just a few million miles apart,
O clouds, gather faster to have might holes filled,
I like to wish upon a little star at a very far distance,
Pour down and take away all our possessive wrath,

We can rebuild again and I like to wish upon a star.
that twinkles brightest among the dull stars.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wishing And Willing..

When the baby kicks in the womb,
A few parents touch to have the kick,
Most mothers excited, while the fathers too,
A few miss this opportunity as not bothered to,
The crying of the babies never fails to wake up,
The loving hearts of the mother and father,
The crying of the mothers never fails to shaken up,
The young hearts of children, who see the rift,
Hearts of children love their mother,
As it listened to her beats day and night,
Hearts of children are attracted to the mother,
As she is the one, who listens to their blabber,
The crying of babies never fails to wake up the mother,
The crying of mothers never fails to shaken up the children.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Without Me...

I crossed seven mountains,
seven seas and seven continents,
to meet you.

I traveled through ionosphere,
and then to atmosphere,
to breathe you.

I get reflected,
but you are the one,
affiliated with me.

You are green,
and I am colorless,
but you call me a liar.

I hate,
those poles and I
Let them feel the cold.

Look at me,
They put a smiling face,
on me.

Look at me,
They compare me,
with everything good.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wonderful Feelings...

Every time you bloom,
Every time you sing,
Every time you look,
You are very different,
Full of new known fragrant,
Pulling the string of the heart,
To jump from minor to major,
The world absconds from the very eyes,
Those are keen to seek the truth,
This lie of life is beautiful,
As one day old young moon,
Thousands want it,
Millions need it.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Words Worth...

Words of sour, bitter and hot,
not the food for the, hearts,
Words of vitamins are a lot,
a little of it do wonderment,

words of knife, sword and grinder,
pulverize the peace into pieces,
The words of breeze and perfume,
a small amount makes real difference.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Work As Usual!

When the dirt from the hot tear of my eyes,
Fall into the oyster thoughts of my urging mind,
I harvest pearls of various grades and sizes,
Tie together to keep on the altar in masses.

When the critical storms shaken up my rigid thinking,
I sway side by side for the storm to get pacified,
I pick up the lost momentum to think better,
and enjoy the aftermath of the stormy weather.

When the shades of spirits haunt me for fun,
I would play with them to startle them with my wits,
The threatened spirits run away for their dead life.
I move on with my own life without the nuisance of evils.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

World Of Evils....

I have seen you in many places in many different poses:

Were you the one holding the gun for alms?

Were you the one posing with the spread hands?

Were you the one eating near the trash bin?

Were you the one wearing the scalp cap to hide the sins?

Were you the one acting as a king with a pauper's packet?

Were you the one ransacking the fridge during the riot?

Were you the first and the last to rape the earth for the oil?

Were you the one standing on the mountain with faxed notes?

Were you the one fond of nourishing evil to the evils?

Yes, You have seen me sitting beside you to clap,

and waiting for the right time to swap..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Worldwide Ban Nicotine Products..

Whenever we hear the heart bursting scream,
From the desperate human, as wife, mother and children,
Over the permanent departure of their loved ones,
To the nicotine smoke and silently brewed alcohols,
Loud thuds of cough and whistling wheezes,
Congestion in the chest and the indispensable doubts,
In the last months of their journey, they are left aloof,
With the host of illnesses to caress and take care,
Our hearts and souls mock at us for our inefficiency.

We will die one day, but not this painful way,
Full of foul smell with clogged blood vessels,
People may look healthy and shiny out ward,
While the internal organs collapse as the pile of cards,
Ban the nicotine products to save our loved ones,
Ban the nicotine products, so we can rescue our bird lings,
From the thorny nests; those like to cocoon our heart,
To bleed profusely, we can stop the early farewell,
Ban the Nicotine products worldwide.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Worries Belong To Human...

The darkest night and the weakest soul,
The combination matches in many bed rooms,
Drowsy to have the sleep, but awake as the heart,
Pages of the past rolled and struck somewhere,
Where it hurts the most, the operators are fast,
To take the mind in control, not to let it to sleep,
Molten tar just freshly poured, hot and the fumes,
Twelve o clocks Sun shows its teeth to bite,
Every bit of peace at midnight on the bed,
The rolling human doze for a second,
To read the pages of the past again,
The legs of their thought are already scalded,
Walking on the molten tar laid highways,
If they have the program to erase all the diagrams,
On this road map that leads to the destination,
Of hardships that carries the tears of saline,
They may not choose it, they want to suffer,
Remembering the past and connect that,
With the future, haunted are these human,
None can rescue them from the den,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Worries Of A Flower!

Beautiful bees and butterflies,
Roaming around me for my nectar,
In such a drunken stupor,
Stealing away my treasure,
To decide the fate of another flower,
Whether it is going to wilt as a virgin,
Or get pollinated by these urchins.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Would We Be Civil Enough?

What a descent people we are!
Standing in the lines, queuing up for turns,
Our gestures are polite and our clothes are clean,
We have the associations to voice our concerns,
As the voice of one or a few is inaudible and ineffective,

What a designer people we are!
We are the products of economic democracy,
Having our basic needs fulfilled for the 'next three months',
We are tolerant, humble and the people of few words,
To say thank you when collect the pay cheques,

What a matured people we are!
Hiding behind the passwords,
Our 'stories and accounts' are very visible,
When we are forced to face the crisis of our siblings,
Across the oceans and the land,
Would we be humble enough not to raise the voice?

Would we go for the 'round table' conference,
To sort out the need of deficient brains,
Those are happy with what one possess,
In terms of materials and the gossips,
Or keep quiet and suffer in silence?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Wrong Answers May Not Be The Same!

The right answers are the same,
For the same questions asked,
Whether they write on their own or copy,
Teachers won't have doubts, but feel happy,
For their students are smart.
When the wrong answers are written,
Not by only one, but by many in the class,
Teachers know that the students resort to copy,
When the same wrong concept is written,
Many times in many places without knowing,
That the concept is wrong and need to be corrected,
The same wrong answer may not be written by many,
But by the one who does not know that it is wrong.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Yesterday Was Beautiful..

Yesterday and today are the same,
When a butterfly not knowing of shame,

Yesterday was beautiful with fragrant blooms,
Touching the wistful buds with a paint brush,
Tingling hover glass up dispersing minutes very quick,
Floating in the air with caught hold of a hot air balloon,
Yesterday was too pretty to forget,
Even the mid afternoon was very pleasant,
The cold breeze never needed a jacket,
The people were ashamed that they could,
Not be that happy and bold as me,

Today is very different, not the same,
As a human, experiences make me sane and insane.
Yesterday and today are the same,
When a butterfly not knowing of shame,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Yet To Be Mentally Retarded..

When the weeds are cultivated,
With great passion of deceit and hate,
The legitimate plants of the field,
Can't weep or cry to protest,
When human are left to face the fact,
Many hearts are beyond reparable state,
Scar tissues are there on the red bundle,
Kept beside the torching abusive candle,
The heads of the roses are down premature,
Though the water and enough nutrients available,
The weeds are overgrown around these petty plants,
The hands of the sun are hard to reach,
To touch the leaves to pass the message,
To the blooms that there is a hope,
In every heart of the human who is abused,
Not to keep their heads down in melancholic state,
Learning to keep the heads and eyes erect,
Is the hardest action that one could execute....

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Yet To Flourish...

Where have I lost myself, my sweet heart?
Is it when you talked with me wise?
You wanted to go to the register office,
After I touched your heart, so,
I may be there in your heart,
When we walked on the beach,
Leaving the one foot space between us,
The land of our ancestors prevent us,
To play the game of touch and kiss,
In front of public, relatives and kids,
We are the strangers, in our own home,
Exchanging the words with no emotions attached,
Thinking of the needs of families and children first,
Where Have I lost myself in you in this hostile,
Environment, to keep earthlings above our own self,
When I saw a drop of tear emerged from your eyes,
While I was hurt, I didn't feel the pain of the physical wound,
Even then at that moment no kind word had come out from your mouth,
But the true message was exchanged between the hearts,
Which none have understood, who witnessed all our wars and peace,
In most households of our fertile land, yet to flourish..

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are My Dream!

You are the distant dream yet to arrive at the gate of my driveway,
You are the colorful flowers that bloom on the sides of the Highways,
You are the music notes yet to be composed and sung in the Broad way,
You are the cool air, when I enter into a car on a hot day,
You are the chilled soft drink that quenches the thirsty in hot May,
You are the Kashmiri woolen blanket that warms me when winter stays.

You are the distant mist that hides the pain of reality,
You are the frequent waves that tinkle the soiled feet,
You are the cry of the new born to the ear of the new mother,
You are the whisper of the ocean during the quiet weather,
You are the vital oxygen that I need now and ever,
You are the electric impulse that runs my heart further and further.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You And I

I am not a spring,
To jump up and down,
I am the life saving stents,
Fixed at the coronal arteries,
I am not a heater, colorfully flaming
To stay at a place, with the hand cuffs,
I am the mitochondrial power house,
Heating done in non invasive dungeons,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You And I Are The Pawns..

It has collected dust, where we kept the experience,
On nine eleven eve, the bell rang wild,
The direct telecast from the channel,
Piercing of an arrow plane into the tower,

Earlier ninety seven, here economy collapsed,
Marginalized accounts were frozen,
Millions of us around this region were shaken,
Hearts were weakened, interest rate hiked,

Many children had lost their homes,
And their real parents, the fake caretakers,
Were born from the collapse of money markets,
It has collected the fine dust, never intruded,

As it is sealed and secured with wild vision,
Men have learned the lessons from the Masters,
To be the master manipulators in the East,
The masters have abandoned their old ideas,

Now they have sent their people to compromise,
To mingle with the local to teach the new lessons,
Of harmony and patriotism in foreign soil,
They want to build our dams for free,

They want to build our hospitals for free,
They want to do the charity work for free,
Their sales people are ready,
Congregating in Bali...

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You And I, Not Land And Sky..

You and I not land and sky,
But land and water to dream and fly,
You and I not land and sky,
Get separated for ever with strict policies,
By different forceful persona that rule and exist,
Never get united in any thousands of eclipse.

When Agitation decreases the surface tension,
The anger of energy possessed by each molecule,
Just try to escape from the nagging soul, you,
Elevated high to the sky and have the eye wash,
Bored of wandering aimless journey,
Return to you as rain to sleep on your lap.

You and I, the patient land and the running water,
You are the only one, who can hold me tight and near,
Wherever I run, float, get polluted and return,
Your pure love can remove all my ignorant dirt,
Proud to hold me in two third of you,
What I have done to you, except run away from you,
Making you dry, cracked, left to suffer in drought.

You are so proud of me for making you to be fertile,
Run through everywhere to quench your thirst,
Bouquet of flowers to keep on your hat and crown,
Minuscule dropp of honey collected in the huge jar,
Smell of baker's street out of hard cultivated grains,
You are full of love, just for me to admire you.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are An Innocent Child, Waiting For Gifts!

YOU always have the visitors,
Holding and clutching the wonders,
YOU invite everyone with good gesture,
Though the presents of them differ,
A few carry the bouquets of flowers,
Imported from the soiled brothers,
A few set the vases in their altars,
Distributing communion and wine for ever,
A few chant the verses since the day break,
A few prostrate with their limbs flat,
A few kneel down on the humble floor,
A few bring roses other bring lotus,
A few cook the sweetmeat for dessert,
A few slaughter and offer you the meat,
A few cover their body with holy ash and clothes,
Not showing YOU what they have and hide,
YOU smile at them with the same smirk,
Bless everyone to have their desires fulfilled,
Before they go and commit with the work,
Work of theft, robbery and molestation,
Task of manipulation, swindling and corruption,
Wars of hearts, minds, bodies and nations,
Are YOU too cheap to receive YOUR portion,
Of reward after every ill doing against compassion,
What are YOU? Are YOU bigger than the universe?
We have our hearts pure and sweet as nectar,
Soft as silk, fragile as the glass,
Glittering as the experience of cut diamonds,
Cool as the Moon and hot as the sun,
No harms have been done to be tainted,
When we offer our hearts as the precious gifts,
Why do YOU always let us suffer and regret?
Are YOU so ignorant to differentiate good from evil?
Are you an innocent child, like to play with fire?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Fated To Have Me..

When you push me out of sight,
You think of living with fireflies,
Those twinkle in the sky as the stars,
You think of borrowing the light,
From the debt ridden crescent delight,
That changes its waist as it likes,
When you rotate and dance,
Playing with the salted waves,
In the pitch of dark night,
I emerge from the east,
Your feet are always tied,
to my strong heat.
sorry. you can't escape.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Invincible

You are not the invisible air,
To keep you in the compounded jar,
Cap you with the cultural tether,
Blow you to raise the personal pressure,
Inhale you to discard the abusive tar,
Dissolve you in tears of water,
Pollute you with the backbiting inverter,
Praise you through the musical fun fare.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are My Housekeeper!

I have wrapped YOU in the softest blanket,
Of love, affection and affiliation: to be kept,
In the safe soul of my well maintained heart,
That chants and sings lullaby for YOUR comfort.

I have covered YOU in the finest silk of truth,
That has sacrificed so many lives to solve the myth,
Coded puzzles are abundant, but I am a drunkard,
And addicted to falsehood, would I be recovered?

YOU are listening to my babbles. Staying in my mind,
Watching and witnessing all my weaknesses and trend,
When I run fast with no consideration for other values,
Are YOU the one, pressed that brake for me to pay the dues.

Keeping YOU in my heart is like, letting an ant into the ear,
YOU grill, drill, whistle and stop for a while: to remind me forever,
YOU and i are the holy pack to enjoy the pranks of each other,
So I keep YOU in my soul as a house keeper to maintain my heart cleaner.

I have wrapped YOU in the softest blanket,
Of love, affection and affiliation: to be kept,
In the safe soul of my well maintained heart,
That chants and sings lullaby for YOUR comfort.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are My Neighbor!

Peeping through the tinted window,
Of the invisible kingdom: watching below,
And around of my every acting shadow,
YOU are really my neighbor in masquerade.

Keeping the ears pressed to the wall of the souls,
Recording every movement of this body that rolls,
Holding the binocular to issue the karmic effects,
YOU are my wonderful neighbor who never reflects.

Treasuring silence when there is commotion in homes,
Acting like ignoring with half closed eyes behind the frames,
Observing the types of attires that I wear to and from,
YOU are my determined neighbor who has no other Rome.

Though I know YOU watching and stalking me everywhere,
Though I am aware of YOUR presence in your eternal foyer,
Though YOU behave as a policeman on a bicycle mover,
I always love YOU as YOUR omnipresence makes me safer.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are On Your Own..

I can't hold your hands,
To take you various lands,
To show what places are suitable,
when You are on your own,

Walking independent as the fierce lion,
To rule the territory of your own home,
You know where to go in Snail or Swift speed,
What to and not to mess with your might,

Where to be quiet as the humble Stock,
Standing on its one leg for the right fish,
Of opportunity that comes to its own mouth,
You are the prince of the Renaissance world,

I let you go further and further to seek the truth,
I let you go to fulfill all your desire and fortitude,
Be careful when you decide something big and trivial,
A moment of confusion may take a long time to be cleared,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are The Gold!

You are the gold yet to be polished,
Unearthed from the mine's womb,
You have to glitter to show your luster,
You are undergone the heat meditation,
In the hot furnace to melt and strip,
All the impurities and weakness of you,
Strengthened with amalgamation,
In which you are combined with experience,
To be strong to take all the beats,
To be malleable and ductile,
Sometimes you are simply poured in the mold,
Sometimes you are heavily electrolyzed,
In the acidic medium, where you can coat,
Anything that has to hide its flaws,
Even if you are thrown into the ditch,
Someone will pick up and keep you in their heart,
You are the gold, undergoing lots of pressure,
To make you as the ornaments,
For the lovely diamond to rest,
You are the gold, shines as the Sun,
Or yet to shine at least as the moon,
Still you are very precious,
For those who knows your value.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are The News!

When I go back home at eight o'clock news,
The diaper-less infants sleep on the breasts,
I am shocked and dumbfounded with our views,
Millions of our brothers and sisters on the streets,
Carrying the placards of ineffective messages,
Their sweats have no values, their breads are stale,
The men in the limousines with tinted windows and spectacles,
The men in the bus struggle to find a place to hold the straps,
The men in auto rickshaw feel so proud looking at those who walk,
The men in the wrong frame of mind occupy the parliament,
The women have the big mouth, but have no strong voice,
Watching the tricky back of their pitiful husbands,
The children are let loose on the playground,
Observing what the modern children do in their house,
The battle is going on and on every day and night,
The solutions are hard to solve the same problems,
That are being solved somewhere else,
The problems are the everyday issues with no clues,
My country men are very happy to live the life of strive,
Whenever I go back home at eight and ten o'clock news,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are The Reason!

When I try to touch your heart, I hurt you,
When I try to find the solution, I create the problems,
When I try to speak with you, I shout at you,
When I try to wipe your tears, I make you to cry louder.
When I take you out for fun, we always fight,
When we go for vocations, our hearts are in isolation,
When I try to reach you, I actually push you away,
When I think why all these happen,
I always console myself that you are the reason.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Too Great..

The smell of the beautiful roses,
Takes at least two step backwards,
When you pass by, in eye catching cheers,
The hives of honey drips,
On its own to distribute,
The kindnesses as you do,
The lights never shy away from stones,
When they are pressured as the gems,
To reflect generously to all sides,
The love in you makes you a great human,
Even the Sun hides at night, to make you calm,
As the shine in your souls guide your dreams,

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Under Attack, Poor Nations!

The wars have to be won cunningly,
The wars of hearts and the nations,
The war against the evil and the virus load,
The researchers are stationed in poor neighborhood,
Where people have no voice, guts and vision,
The hunger suppresses their spirit in delusion,
The research, having done on the soil of,
Africa, India and other dysfunctional land,
Using the medicines and placebo,
To the potentially risk groups of innocents,
How many thousands got infected and left to suffer,
To find the drugs to eliminate the virus from the coffers,
The poor colored brothers and sisters are the white rats,
Have their hands full of gifts, run down clothes,
To keep them in the altars to say good bye in a few years,
The ambitious entrepreneurs in every researcher,
Should do the research in their own backyard,
Having enough hosts who nurture the virus and bacteria,
Let them plough their own land to harvest the drug potatoes,
Don't go to the poor nations who have nothing to support,
Once the drug is invented, they will be left on their own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Welcome..Emily

You are welcome, Emily,
Soon to be the ex CE of this family,
you look pretty with the magnifying glass,
showing an eye and the beautiful smile,
You are the one, who drove us crazy,
Keeping our names up and down in the tree,
Of PH hierarchy, pushing a few to chase,
And click every other door for mercy,
A few never read the poem in the hurry,
And complemented the poems of worries,
A few never slept peacefully for days,
You are welcome. Dear CE. Emily,
Our prayers and love be with you now and always

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are You!

Since we have known to think,
The words are taught to speak,
Nothing has stopped this recreation,
To embed the image as the obligation,
Of the young, who are trained to plead,
Seek protection and the love,
Do we know how YOU look like?
Do we know what gender YOU are?
Anyone knows the secret,
That is kept in every nucleus,
Those replicate the same species,
Since the time formation,
The interval between two occurrences,
The beginning leads to the end,
Paths are different, destination unknown,
Do YOU look similar to our tall and fair siblings?
Are YOU having the complexion of the rainbow?
Visibly smooth, but have miniscule of drops,
Do YOU smell like the summer roses?
When the fragrance evaporates,
Trying to reach the noses to be admired,
The smell of the jasmines,
That blooms in the evenings,
The smell of the Orchids,
That delivers single and multiple stalks,
In the deepest parts of the tropical sheds,
The scent of the Lavenders and screw pines,
Are you odorless as some blooms?
That secretes honey effortlessly,
To attract the insects and bees,
Which organic compound matches?
YOUR wonderful fragrance yet to be known,
Or hidden somewhere in the hearts of human,
We haven't seen YOU yet, just waiting for the turn,
YOU are so magnificent, but are YOU a thief or a judge?
YOU are a good cook and know all vegetables,
Fond of producing YOUR own greens of salads,
The fries of fish plenty in the water, the tasty,
Honey in the hives, choicest meats of the brutes,

Dressing of white eggs with manmade oil,
I don't think that YOU have tried to spill,
Using the papyrus as the hand tissue,
Are YOU a single or the married?
Are YOU a vegetarian or a meat eater?
YOUR favorite food may be the salted fish,
That dried beside the ocean shores,
YOUR diet may contain all vitamins,
As the fruits are abundant wherever YOU rule,
Spring water may have the minerals in it,
When YOU visit the earth, you may travel,
With the waves, winds and rays....

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are You, My Lord!

Since the day the holy ash was rubbed on my tiny forehead,
A small dot of kumkum between my arched eyebrows,
The question of 'how YOU look like' was asked in my mind,
The answer of 'wise kids don't ask stupid question' repeated.

I try to be wise by not asking any questions, remaining confused,
The picture of YOU, resemble the faces of the regions,
Countries and continents, when I was displaced in the ships,
My love for YOU never diminishes though I am tested with whips.

YOU do look beautiful in your hurly hair with tanned complexion,
YOU do look wonderful under Michael Angelo's violent knocks,
YOU do appear clear on the empty walls of the innocent souls,
Are you a monogamous or a tetra at a time or a free or a paid spirit?

Whenever YOUR marital status is asked, these human are ignorant,
Volumes of prayers in classic and prose kept in the altar's cupboard,
Repeated for generations, not knowing of YOU, my Lord,
Are YOU good or bad? Are YOU a businessman or an Entrepreneur?

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Are Your Own Entity...

Believe that you are not born from the dust,
To taste this life with bitterly taste,
But from the womb, where the entrance is,
Completely sealed until you knock it,
With your tender head to price open it,
You had struggled hard with all your might,
The slimy path was just helpful,
You slid down in the dark to see the light,
You had made your mother to cry in pain,
When she stopped, you have gasped for air,
And cried at first, as there is no more warmth,
No more that comfort and you are on your own.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Can Do Anything! !

You can do with all your might,
just as the Sun with sunlight,
You can spread your folded wings,
just as the young butterfly from the cocoon,

You can control all your desires,
just as the earth with its five giants,
You can reign the territory of peace,
just as the hills with passing clouds,

You can hit the bites of the tormentors,
just as the ants killed after every encounter,
You can take the flight to view the wonders,
just as the migratory birds around the years,

You can do it! !

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Can Do It..

The world is such a small place,
Where I can't hide my face,
The Heart is such a big cave,
Where I can't fill all my love,
The Sky is not such a fashionable screen,
Where I can't catwalk to be a beauty queen,
The thought is such a deep mineral ocean,
Where I can dive to the depth to bring out the gems.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Have Changed Me..

There is something in your words,
That touches my heart to blaze,
Pulls my nerves strings to vibrate,
Sparks my mind to reason and resonate,

There is something from your thoughts,
That sneaks into mine to hibernate,
After a long rest in warm climate,
It may come out as the effervescence,

There is something in your poems,
That makes my spirit to be calm,
Not letting me wandering for arms,
Silenced is my frothy form,

There is something in those scribbles,
Though not written in perfect syllables,
Never followed the laws of troubles,
I like the something in your poems, adorable.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Have Made It Possible..

To be the winking wise diamond,
You can't decay on the top,
To be the heap of useless peat,
silent oxidation through entropy,
of resurrection in the closed pot,
Of earth, where light is not spotted.

Your methodological meditation absorbs,
All your desires to be totally charred,
To make you the heaviest coal,
the unwanted energy to be released,
to measure you in carats not in tons,
The piles of eternal desire,
may Start to press your heart.

Because you want to be a diamond,
When you are cut and polished,
you wouldn't even believe,
That you were the carbon once,
The color of the dark.

Now you reflect the colors of,
The rainbows that tied,
With every layer of the clouds,
That stops to move to become still,
To learn the quantum physics.

As long as not paired,
to occupy the orbitals,
The electrons are excited,
To look for the lonely pair.

Breaking your bond is very hard,
Because nothing is stronger,
Than the pressure that you had gone,
through, you are the diamond,
sparkling from cheek to cheek.

Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Have No Shortfalls!

You are as perfect as the sun, to wake up every day,
And To rest every night in the quietness of dark rays,
You have no shortfalls to concern, but you have treasure,
That is stored safely in each and every cell of the divine shelter,
The shortfalls and inadequacies are created by the mortals,
You have the divine body to keep clean and display as portals,
Ignore the gossip of the weak, that tries to collapse your Citadel,
Stand tall and be happy as you have no shortfalls, as visuals,
You can run fast and take rest as you desire,
These jungles, made of trees and concrete, are ours,
Go out and play with the rain, snow and the cheating moon,
Babies are there to watch, oldies are there to catch for wise fun,
Youngsters are there to print the genes of new generations,
So you have no shortfall, as you are among any one of them.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Have Something Nice..

What do you have in your eyes,
Those can go straight to my way,
Of thinking and then beaming of rays,
The magic wand and its spray,
Of blooming pixels in every sect,
The world without these changing climes,
May not be alive, so are the human and their love.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You Make Me Smile..Thanks.

I have no regrets,
Not keeping any secrets,
I am in laughter,
When I am alone in ponder,
A few try to keep me as a paper,
To read all and dispose in the dumpster,
A few think of me as a stranger,
To get to know about me deeper,
A few adore me as their daughter,
Hiding my tantrums in their drawers,
When I am alone in ponder,
I am filled with laughter.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

You May Live Long In People's Hearts..

Quills and pigments,
Sharp nails and dried leaves,
Dark chillness and hot wind,
Thousands of pages sustain,
Time tested newly born readers,
Blow the young breeze in their hearts,
Extracting flowing tears from their wells,
The river of metaphors still flow,
In each and every individuals,
Who call themselves as the writers and the fans,
Thousands of years have to arrive,
To celebrate the preserved materials,
From the past, what a great thinkers they are,
Staying in the hearts of many generations,
The wealth didn't make it viable,
To last for millennium in the minds,
The literature of all languages,
Still young to adore the youngsters,
With well debated thoughts,
Those are contemporary, never grow old.
you may be one of them dear friend.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Young Mother!

When the mother is left with young children,
The hands are full and the mind is not dull,
Her eyes are down on the children, who rattle,
Not on the spouse, who suddenly stops to tattle,
Young mother is as busy as a bee, flying around,
The messy house to have the neat hive and honey,
She is not a queen bee to order the servants,
She is a human and needs help and love,
Helpless responsible young mothers are great,
For they have sacrificed their comfort for their brood,
So many professionals gave up their career,
For the love that they have upon their future,
Young mothers of the world, just relax and not to cry,
So much work day in and day out, but you are the Gods,
To provide what your young children need,
To cover them with comfort of loving blanket,
To protect them from all invisible germs and harms,
To plant the seeds of care in their mind to bloom,
Disciplined children are the outcome of your salty sweat,
Continue to sacrifice as our ancestors did.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Your Creativity..

The creative sunshine is lost,
People choose to live in shades,
Thousands of designations,
Have killed the creative enthusiasm,
With the shillings and dollars,
Creation is the work of the perfect,
Perfect in every word and weakness,
Creativity from the imagination,
Say good bye, once under influence,
Let the mind be free, not aware of greed,
Money and the needs can destroy it.

When the needs of many neglected,
the flare of creativity outshine,
Relationships are wrecked and,
Sometimes displayed as the bare bones,
The creating minds are nuisance,
To the owners, as many are stubborn,
As the inert social elements,
But these shine and useful to everyone,
Who knows to make use of these mind,
Highly active even during nap,
Readily combustible with ignition tips,
If you have one, keep it safe,
The choice is always yours.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Your Family Is Your Responsibility. Be Responsible!

Our village roads are not tarred and concreted,
Red soiled paths leveled and polished by our foot prints,
Our Highways are better, but built by the foreigners,
The town roads are the worst with potholes and hanging wires,
Someone dig the roads for something and leave it,
The people of India walk on the roads as it is,
The way to live the life, in the pitiful style and manner,
Everyone speaks, everyone knows, but no one bothers,
Summer is the time for the nuclear plant of universe to scotch,
At the people of India, who live in huts and slums,
Less than eight feet high to keep the house cool,
Dried Thatched roof allow the rain and light,
People gather the disposed plastics to seal and hide,
Persistent sun rays pierce through the plastic sheets,
Life is not tough for the people who have these abode,
As they have no time to think and cry of their grief,
When the tough life is the real life for them and many,
Tougher they are, to face the challenging destiny,
People on the roads, sea of heads walk with a purpose,
I do not know what that purpose is, but everyone busy,
India is one of the countries, where people struggle to survive,
Not the survival properly planned and implemented,
IT and computers have changed our landscape,
High rises are seen here and there in Metro and Cosmo,
Prices of the land escalated as high as Everest,
We have joined the elite group of nuclear war fare,
But Indians, who work in India, can't own a residence,
Scarcity of water, electricity and stress, is abundant,
No one force us to follow, but the rituals are followed,
With utter obedience and our strength gets strengthened.
Our Men love their female folks and our women too,
Squabble may occur in a relationship, but not in our family unit,
The parents of India strive hard to keep this unit unbroken,
Our children grow to mature to follow the same unshaken.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

Your Muse..

Let us sleep for a while,
On the lap of peace,
It holds our eye lids,
The darkness never wraps,
The hungry flesh, very hot,
Always needs the fire to blaze,
The fast neurons and their appetite,
Can't be controlled by any amount,
Of fine, fast and road side cuisines,

Let us have the rest,
On the lap of the peace,
we hope that it is not kept,
On the top of the hot plate,
Peace neither steams nor is frozen,
To keep our seeking heart with liaison,
we think peace may be very gentle,
And it does not have any conflicts,
With peace of many kinds and varieties,

Peace is near the horizon,
We may not reach it in our many more births,
What is peace? where does it dwell?
Has anyone experienced holding their wealth?
Has anyone experienced saving their good deeds?
Has anyone felt though out their life?
What is peace? What a blessing that is!
'Peace be with you all, Herds and Virus'
we want to rest for a while on the lap of peace.

Veeraiyah Subbulakshmi

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Veiraiyah Subbulakshmi

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Veraiyah Subbulakshmi